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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

Victor and Vanquished.

By Maggie Fearn.

CHAPTER I.

TWO HOMES.

"It is always the way: those that have plenty are always 'Fortune's favourites'; while those that have barely sufficient, or no more than enough for the every-day necessaries of life, are never remembered by that partial and fickle mistress—it is always the way!"

"Eh, my dear?"

Little Mrs. Nelson Dean turned away from

the window where she had been standing for the last ten minutes, and looked in the direction of her husband as he was sitting upon the lounge. There was a very perturbed, not to say discontented expression on her pretty, youthful face which, beyond doubt, was extremely noticeable, and much to be regretted.

"What is the matter now, May? Why are you quarrelling with Dame Fortune again?" Mr. Nelson Dean enquired, with just a little laugh.

The sound of the laugh was just too much for his wife. "Why, over at Payne's, across the way, I saw a new phæton brought home just now. They have a brougham—have had for some time; but I suppose Mrs. Duncan Payne did not consider that sufficient, so her husband ordered her a new phæton. It is always the way, Nelson, one has everything, and another—nothing."

"My dear little May, I do not blame Duncan Payne one bit for getting his wife a new phæton if she wanted one, and he could afford to gratify her fancy. I should be only too well pleased to purchase one for my wife if I could do so!" Mr. Nelson Dean answered.

"That is just it," the lady said, not one bit mollified. "You cannot afford it, Nelson, and Duncan Payne can: that is what I complain of."

"But, May, I cannot help not being so wealthy as our opposite neighbour." Her husband was grave enough now, and possibly he was a little hurt by his wife's manner and mode of speech.

"Well, there is one thing you can help, Nelson, and you will not."

"What is it, May?"

"You can help being so dreadfully particular about taking a glass of wine, and so make everyone laugh at us. Why, I shall never forget how Mrs. Duncan Payne smiled that one time she called upon me because I apologised, as I was bound to do, for having no wine in the house to offer her; I told her you did not approve of it. She said 'Why, I did not know that your husband is a teetotaller;' so I was obliged to explain that you are only an abstainer on principle, and are not a member of any society. But, really, it was too trying, Nelson. And, besides, if it were not for this foolish fancy of yours we should be friendly with the Paynes, and, consequently, with some of the best families in the town."

Mr. Nelson Dean put his arm about his wife and drew her down beside him on the comfortable lounge.

"May," he said, gently and gravely, though his face was strangely flushed—it was by no means the first time his wife had spoken to him in this way lately—"May, you cannot mean what you have said; you cannot really mean that you wish I would break my vows of abstinence. I don't think I could do it even to please you, May, darling."

But Mrs. Nelson Dean would not easily be coaxed into a good temper again.

"It is very inconsiderate of you, Nelson," she retorted, pouting a little.

"May, shall I tell you what you should never have learned from me, at any rate, but for what you have just said? Shall I tell you what I saw last night as I was coming home? I was late; you know I came in by the last train, it was between eleven and twelve o'clock."

"What, Nelson?"

"I saw Duncan Payne staggering home with two or three more of his associates—staggering home, May! and many yards distant I could hear their boisterous laughter. What of his poor wife then? Would you have me altogether such an one as he?"

"Nonsense, Nelson! But for all that you need not be so dreadfully strict and particular in your notions; so peculiar, I may say," May Dean answered, though her cheeks were a little pale, and her eyes a little widened by her husband's recital. "You would never be so wild as Duncan Payne, you would never be so gay as he, Nelson! Let us be as others around us; let us do as they do, that is all I ask. Just let us have some wine in the house to offer to friends when they call, and take a glass when we are out anywhere, just for the sake of appearing courteous. Don't you understand what I mean, dear Nelson?" And Mrs. Dean laid

one hand on his shoulder to enforce her words, and she enforced them also with her looks.

He turned away a little. "You can't know what you are asking of me, May," he said. "You can't know the thing you are pleading for! Child, I cannot promise you how far I shall go, or not go, if once I break my vow of abstinence. I may not be able to control myself."

"Nelson," his wife exclaimed, not realising the true meaning of his words, the covert reasoning, only grasping the fact that at last he seemed to be upon the eve of yielding to her the disputed point, "Nelson, you will do as I want you to, won't you?"

"Have it as you will, May," Nelson Dean said, hoarsely, and he rose and began to pace the room. "Have it as you will. But mark me, if any harm, any sorrow come to you in time to come, don't blame me! I have struggled against this very thing for your sake, May; but at length you have made me yield in spite of myself. I am miserably weak, miserably weak," he muttered to himself. "Another Samson tempted by a Deliah—tempted and betrayed, perchance!"

But little Mrs. Nelson Dean was rejoicing that at length she had won her husband over to her wishes; she did not question if they were right.

Meanwhile "across the road," as the Deans would have said, in the Paynes' wealthy mansion a different scene was being enacted. Mr. Duncan Payne was one of "fortune's favourites," his friends said. His father was a merchant, a man of money and influence in the town; and when the son married, he was taken into partnership by his father. Nelson Dean was only a clerk at the bank; but his wife and Duncan Payne's young bride had been schoolfellows and good friends before their marriage; and, possibly, because of this, the difference in their present positions made Mrs. Nelson Dean sadly discontented; and living as she did immediately opposite to the Paynes she could be only too cognisant of their affairs.

The dainty and luxurious dinner had been served, and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Payne had returned to the drawing-room.

"Duncan, you are not going out to-night?" Mrs. Payne asked, a little earnestly.

"Not going out? Nonsense, my dear Agnes, of course I am going out! We have a particular meeting on at our club, and I am bound to be there," Duncan Payne answered, carelessly.

"Not to-night," his wife still urged, as he thought, a little inconsistently.

"Don't be a goose, Agnes," he said. "You don't want me for anything special, I suppose? No company coming, is there?"

Mrs. Duncan Payne was standing by the table toying with her bracelet; an elegant woman, young and beautiful.

"No, oh no," she answered, bitterly—the tone was quite clear, and perhaps her husband did not detect the bitterness—"No company expected to-night. I shall be all alone, without anyone chances to drop in."

Mr. Payne fidgetted uneasily. "I really would stay with you, Agnes, only the fellows will be expecting me, and it will seem so awkward if I am not there, and can urge no reasonable excuse for my absence, don't you see?"

"Oh, perfectly well," Mrs. Duncan Payne answered.

"I shall be home in good time, Agnes," he added, as he stooped to kiss his wife's cheek. He was fond of her in his selfish way.

"Earlier than you were last night?" she questioned, coldly.

The young merchant coloured a little, and laughed shortly in a forced, uneasy sort of manner. "Of course. Don't remember that little slip, Agnes! I assure you I am very sorry I came home—as I did, my dear."

When Mrs. Duncan Payne was alone she wandered about her handsome rooms in an unsettled, restless fashion. Then she leaned her hot cheek against the cool window, and looked across the road at the unpretentious home of the Deans.

"I think—I think after all that little May Dean is happier than I. If only my husband were like steady Nelson Dean! And yet such a little while ago I laughed at her, poor simple

child, because her husband is man enough to stand firm to his principles. Well, I must be content. I have my carriages and my elegant home; and surely they ought to make me a happy woman?"

But Mrs. Payne sighed as she turned from the window, and sat down alone in her stately rooms—fair, beautiful and alone.

CHAPTER II.

MAY DEAN'S MISTAKE.

Possibly very few persons would have detected much difference in Nelson Dean's manner of life during the week or two immediately following the promise he had given his wife. He had never been a pledged abstainer; only lately he had firmly but courteously refused to take any wine. His old friends laughed at him again and again, tauntingly, jeeringly in some instances, for Nelson Dean had not always been so careful in his habits. Some of the older, wiser folk, said that the young man had sown all his "wild oats," and was settling down into a steady, persevering, business-man, and that Nelson Dean would get on in the world. All this might possibly, nay probably would, have come true if his wife had not succeeded in persuading him into belying his better nature, his conscience, his principles. What the taunts of his former companions, the cravings, perhaps, of his own nature had failed to beguile him into, the wiles of his wife had accomplished. If May Dean in her foolish pride that evening had known what she was sowing, what would she not rather have done than scatter those seeds of dangerous persuasion and influence about her husband's heart? What would she not have given afterward, to be able to eradicate them? Truly as our poetess has it—

"Oh, 'tis well that the Future is hid from our sight;
That we walk in the sunshine nor dream of the cloud;
That we cherish a flower and think not of blight;
That we dance on the loom that may weave us a shroud."

It is well that the Future is hid from our sight; but we should so shape our lives, and our actions of to-day, that we may have no cause to dread a future of our own fashioning!

"Agnes, you will never credit what I am going to tell you," Duncan Payne said to his wife one morning at the breakfast-table,—and he said it with a forced laugh. "Agnes, that fellow across the way that married your little friend—what's his name?"

"Do you mean Nelson Dean?" Mrs. Payne asked without much interest in the subject.

"Nelson Dean, right, my dear! Well, you know the fellow has been as particular and prudish as a schoolgirl ever since he married little May Bevan—until last night; and then I saw him, with my own eyes, Agnes, drink off a glass or two of wine with as keen a relish as I did myself."

"Duncan!" Mrs. Payne looked at her husband with sufficient interest manifested in her countenance now. "You must have been mistaken, surely; Nelson Dean is so true and firm!"

"Firm, true? He was as great a scamp as your very unworthy husband, until he fell in love with pretty May Bevan, and then he just gave up everything for her sake! But he has had about enough of it now, I guess."

Mr. Duncan Payne pushed his plate a little way from him, and flung his serviette ring, with which he had been idly playing, on the table. "Good-bye, my dear," he said, "I must be off. Heigho, Agnes! I wish I were a gentleman and had no work to do!" And with another laugh he sauntered out of the room, and his wife saw him mount his rider and gallop away.

"So," Mrs. Duncan Payne muttered to herself, looking at the opposite house with a new feeling in her heart, "I never should have thought it of Nelson Dean. I wonder how it all came about? I have a good mind to go across and have a little friendly chat with May. Will it ever be that she will know by experience what I have to undergo nearly every day of my life?"

She shivered slightly though the summer sun shone down upon the street with a white glare; and the highway dust was scarcely stirred by a "wing of wind." Mrs. Duncan Payne's maid came and wanted to know if she should

order the carriage for her lady to drive out; or would she walk?—it was really too hot to walk, though! But Mrs. Duncan Payne would do neither; the new phæton had ceased to charm its possessor, and, certainly, walking was too fatiguing. Agnes Payne donned a fashionable morning costume, simply without a thought as to whether the style suited her or not—supremely indifferent to the fact just then—and went across the road to call upon Mrs. Nelson Dean.

The banker's clerk was a little surprised when, some few evenings later, he returned home, to find his little wife in a state of fluttered excitement. May Dean looked a little less happy and free from care than on that evening some month or two since when she had watched her neighbour's new phæton brought home; but she was the same easily-flattered, proud, pretty little lady in her secret heart.

"Nelson, guess! no, you can't," she said; "see, here, I will tell you; we have invitations to a party at Duncan Payne's; is it not capital, Nelson? I must have a new dress, of course—"

Her husband interrupted her. "Why, May, how is this?" he asked, in perplexity; "I did not suppose Duncan Payne and his wife would ever invite you or me to a party at their place."

"I cannot just tell you how it is, only that such is the fact, Nelson; Agnes Payne is very friendly with me now, and I am glad, Nelson."

Very pretty looked Mrs. Nelson Dean; and possibly she knew it, on the evening of the party; her husband was proud of her as she stood before him ready dressed; but there was a slight shadow of fear beginning to dawn upon her brow.

"Nelson," she said, "I wish you would not drink any wine this evening; you get so excited when you take it, Nelson."

Nelson Dean turned away and scented his wife's handkerchief for her. "Tush, May," he retorted, in an embarrassed way, "it looks so strange if I refuse to take any now; and, besides, I miss my wine if by any chance I go without it."

"But just to-night!" Mrs. Dean urged, half afraid and yet withal wistfully.

"Quite useless for you to ask me, May, I must have it," Nelson Dean made answer, firmly; and he would hear no more upon the subject.

To May Dean's cheeks a pallor stole. "Why," she said to herself, slowly, "I have—I am sure I have—made an awful mistake! Nelson would not have spoken like that a little while ago; not to *me*." And she grew sick at heart.

"I am glad you have invited the Deans for this evening, Agnes," Duncan Payne remarked to his wife in her dressing-room, as she was arranging her toilet. "That fellow Dean is just the one to have if you want a party to be a success; that is, you know, of course, since he gave up those Puritanical notions of his. The man wasn't worth a straw when he was a teetotaller, neither is he now until he has had his wine. I hope the champagne is all right—I'll see that he has plenty of it—and then we shall have the benefit of his wit in return! Yes, it was a capital stroke of yours, Agnes, to invite him and his little wife. He will be a popular man about town yet, especially now that we are setting the fashion of patronising him."

"I invited Nelson Dean for his wife's sake—May, May Bevan," Mrs. Duncan Payne replied, wearily.

"Never mind for whose sake, or why, Agnes; it was a capital stroke, I say, and it does you credit," her husband repeated in high satisfaction.

It would not be a very easy thing to describe the feelings that took possession of little Mrs. Nelson Dean's heart as she mingled with the gay throng in the Paynes' elegant drawing-room that evening; or sat at the supper-table, with its glittering load of silver, and china, and glass dazzling her sight; with its sparkling wines and snowy creams and ices showing like pyramids of Alpine whiteness. Dread, fear, bewilderment, humiliation and an overwhelming sense of self-reproach succeeded each other rapidly in her mind. Nelson, her husband, was

there—Nelson, as she had never seen him, never known him before! This wildly handsome man, with gleaming, flashing eyes, and crimsoned cheeks—the wit of the room—was a stranger to May, his wife! and she shuddered. Would nothing stop him? Would that scene of mock gaiety never end? Would no one stay his hand from raising that dangerous glass so constantly to his lips, as he allowed it to be filled again and yet again? May Dean felt as if she must go mad with her burden of dread and self-reproach, and her excitement almost overwhelmed her. She looked away from Nelson to the other end of the table where her hostess sat. Very fair, very quiet, very cold, Mrs. Duncan Payne retained her dignity and her position. But to May Dean that fair stately woman seemed to exist rather than live in the midst of that gay revel. And Mrs. Nelson Dean wondered if her former schoolfellow, Agnes, had to endure nearly every night what she herself was bitterly experiencing at that moment. Ay, dread burdens those two young wives carried; and one of the two, at any rate, had the heavy weight of self-reproach added to her load.

CHAPTER III.

"WELL SAID, NEL!"

ABOUT twelve months had elapsed since Nelson Dean had ceased to hear the voice of conscience, that warning voice that strove to save him, and had given up the reins of self-control, thus allowing a degrading passion to gain ascendency over him: and what an ascendency! Mrs. Dean's cheeks had lost their pretty pink bloom, her eyes their brightness, her lips their merry smile. There was no eager watching at the window for Nelson's return of an evening now; she would sit quietly with her book or her work and while away the long tedious hours as best she could, save when, perchance, some visitor might call in and bear her company for a short time. It is true Mrs. Duncan Payne was often across at the clerk's modest little house. There was a bond of sympathy between the two friends, though, as is the case oftentimes, they neither spoke frequently of the subject so constantly in the thoughts of both. As for Nelson Dean and Duncan Payne they were "hand and glove," so people said. It was to some extent flattering to Dean to be the chosen companion of the wealthy young merchant; but Duncan Payne deemed that there was no bestowal of favour upon his part, if he had the assurance and benefit of Dean's ready wit always at hand to rely upon. It was a dangerous thing, a very dangerous thing for Nelson Dean to feel that subtle power within him: and it was the more dangerous in that the power lay dormant until his brain became excited by the sparkling wine that Nelson loved only too well. This same dangerous gift made him a welcome addition to any party, any society, and gained him the *entrè* into the best houses in the town; but though he was admitted right gladly and flatteringly, those same doors were closed against his pretty little wife—coldy closed.

"Are you going out again to-night, Nelson?" Mrs. Dean asked, timidly, when her husband had returned earlier than usual, and had sat down with her for a quiet half hour; a rare thing for him to do now.

"Well, I promised Payne, you know, May. I'm sorry, really I am, dear," Nelson Dean answered, more affectionately than he often spoke; and he waited, half hesitatingly, as if hoping that May would plead with him to stay with her instead of keeping his promise to Duncan Payne. But she did nothing of the sort; so many times she had tried and failed that she was sick and weary at heart, and nearly hopeless now. Mrs. Nelson Dean turned away from her husband, and quietly sat down by the table to pass her lonely evening as best she might. And he, with bitter shame struggling within his heart all the time, went out of the room and slowly left the house.

Perhaps, because of this very reason, his conscience, which had been silent for long, suddenly wakened from lethargic sleep, and said some very hard things to Nelson Dean; things which he could not deny the validity of. The young man drank more deeply than usual

that evening with the unexpressed hope of drowning the stern condemnations of the "still small voice" within. Be that as it may, the first portion of the time, after Duncan Payne and his friends were gathered together, Nelson Dean was a very silent member of the party of gay revellers; and his associates missed the witty, brilliant sallies with which he was wont to entertain them with so little effort upon his own part.

Duncan Payne filled the young man's glass again and yet again. "Come, Dean," he said, "what is the matter, man? Anyone judging from your face would suppose that you had been in the company of spectres all day—ghosts, Nel! Or are you going over to the cold-water people again, eh? You tried it once and found it would not answer, didn't you? Here, boys, Nel Dean is going to set up for a saint again!" Duncan Payne said, sneeringly.

There was a general chorus of boisterous laughter and stamping of feet.

"Bravo, Payne! Let's give him a toast!" another one exclaimed, rising unsteadily and grasping the table. "As for Nel Dean, let him just go down again to the level from where the magnanimity of the present company dragged him! Look you here, Dean, if you are going to turn sneak we shall remember what we are all willing enough to forget in the usual way—that for position you can boast of nothing more than a clerk's stool in a banker's office!"

This speech was received with mingled hissings and applause. There were some present who could not, even at that moment, forget their gentlemanly breeding sufficiently not to be ashamed of the coarse manner of the speaker. They were all there on terms of social equality, and surely it was no fit time for one of their number to tell a fellow that he was not robed in "purple and fine linen," habitually, as the others were.

Nelson Dean rose to his feet, his eyes flashing fire, his cheeks crimson. "A saint!" he said; "there is very little of the 'saint' left about me! As for your 'cold-water people' I would rather walk a thousand miles barefooted than join them now. Do you think I could give up this beautiful thing that sends the wild blood leaping through my brain in an intoxication of excitement? Do you think I could give up everything that makes life worth the living—do you think I could? Why, gentlemen, it is my life, my very life itself! I would die rather than part from it!"

He stood there in the gleaming gaslight with a glass filled with the subtle poison, shaking, and sparkling, and flashing in his hand.—Poor Nel!

There was a thunder of applause from Duncan Payne and the rest. "Well said, Nel!" they shouted—"Well said and bravely said, my boy. Here's a toast for Nelson Dean, the champion of the club, the captain of the night!"

The glasses jingled, the wine flashed, the jest and song had place; and Nelson Dean was there the wildest, maddest of them all.

It is more than probable that he was compelled to plunge deeply into the excitement of the hour if he would keep back and overweigh the dire shame and self-reproach that was struggling to gain the mastery. Nelson Dean had allowed this powerful temptation—from which a few years since he had fled for dear love's sake first: and afterwards because of his keenly-awakened honour—so to regain ascendency over him that he was weaker and more plastic than clay in its iron clutches. It would require a greater effort of will to escape from the alluring tempter the second time than it had done the first, and Nelson Dean knew it; and in his cowardly weakness he thought that he would never have the strength to even make the attempt again! So it is that this passion for an unholy pleasure will rob men of the very pride of their manhood.

May Dean, contrary to her usual custom, felt too restless to sit quietly in her lonely home that night after her husband had gone out. She donned her walking attire, and strolled out listlessly, caring as little as one well-could where she went: caring, in fact, nothing at all, if she could only keep walking on and on, and so by sheer physical exertion outweigh the weariness of her mind and spirit.

But, bye-and-bye, outside a large hall she paused irresolutely. The Temperance Society held meetings there, she knew—why should not she go in? It was not for such as she, she told herself a moment later, in self pride; but the next instant she conquered the feeling. For whom was it but for those whose lives were made nothing less than a dreary burden of sorrow and suffering by the curse that was so subtle, so silent, yet so powerfully potent? May Dean pulled down her veil close over her face, and entered the hall.

The audience was large and attentive; and at the close of the meeting many went up to the platform, and signed the pledge of abstinence. One, evidently a lady, young and pretty, hesitated for a while. Then someone touched her arm gently, saying, "Won't you sign? Your influence perchance may be very great, very powerful with some, and it may be the means of saving a life from total and terrible wreck, if you set the example of signing the pledge. Perhaps some of your nearest and dearest may follow in your footsteps and do this thing also; won't you sign?"

The momentary indecision was over. The lady walked up to the platform with a firm step, and with unfaltering hand wrote in the book of signatures her name—"May Dean."

CHAPTER IV.

MAN OVERBOARD.

The summer was slowly fading away; the gloaming time was perceptibly earlier than it had been some weeks back. And it seemed as if the shadows that hovered around the home of the merchant, on the one side of the street, and that of the clerk on the other, were gathering thicker and faster. One evening Nelson Dean returned home earlier than was at all customary, and he was not so much excited as was often the case. His wife learned that Duncan Payne had not joined his usual associates that evening; but had gone to a bachelor dinner at a friend's house, a mile or two distant from the town. "It wasn't worth staying with the fellows when Payne was absent," the young clerk declared, and Mrs. Dean was mentally thankful that such was the case.

About an hour or so, perhaps, Nelson Dean had been home when there was an unusual confusion in the street; a bustle as of some strange event taking place. Mrs. Dean was in one of the upper rooms and she put aside the blind of the window and looked out. Duncan Payne's rider was standing outside the door of its master's home, with harness disarranged and reins broken and trailing on the ground. The beautiful animal was panting and pawing the earth with his hoofs, almost uncontrolable, and striving vainly to free himself from the groom's hold. A crowd, that every moment gained in number, surrounded the spot, and appeared to be discussing some subject with eager terror, and the excitement that always seizes the populace when some sudden and terrible accident happens. Mrs. Dean ran down stairs with pale face and trembling limbs.

"Nelson," she said, hurriedly, "Nelson, something is the matter across the road, something has happened to Duncan Payne. His rider is standing out there and the groom can scarcely hold him in, and there is such a crowd of people!" "Nonsense, May," he answered, rather testily, "You are always fancying that something is wrong; Duncan Payne is all right enough: I saw him three or four hours ago."

"Yes, yes, you might have done; but there has been an accident of some sort, I am sure there has. Do go and see, Nelson?"

And more to please his wife than anything else, Nelson Dean got up from the easy chair where he had been sitting, smoking and reading the evening papers, and, putting on his hat, opened the door and stepped outside into the street.

May Dean never knew how long she waited in suspense, never knew how long a time elapsed after her husband left the house ere he returned with such a white, terror-stricken face, that she sprang toward him with a great cry of distress and fear. His lips were blue and drawn, by reason of some mighty emotion that was shaking his soul to the very depths. Mrs. Dean's quick instinct had not been at fault;

something had happened, and it was more the sensation of certainty of her suspicions than astonishment at the terrible tidings that her husband told her, which brought such a dread feeling of helplessness over her for the moment, as if there were a great revulsion in the universe, and that things would never seem quite the same again as they had been when that day's sun went down!

"May," Nelson Dean said in a voice utterly unlike his own—"May, oh May, Duncan Payne is dead!" Then the strong man stepped forward, or rather staggered forward, and his wife with the instinct of true love moved mechanically to his side; and leaning his head heavily against her faithful shoulder, Nelson Dean wept—ah! such a flood of bitter tears.

The shock was so great, and it came so awfully near to him, this terrible accident, that had ended the life of one whom he had been in the habit of talking with familiarly every day—his friend. Nelson Dean and Duncan Payne had liked one another well and truly in their sober moments; there was something always in the easy and careless sort of gaiety that had characterized the young merchant, which made him a general favourite, and so he would be sorrowed for very truly by many. But there was also bitter shame, and grief, and repentance of his individual sins, which this swift and sudden calamity caused to face him with a distinctness that was appalling to the gay young clerk. Nelson Dean saw his own past conduct in its true light as he strove to realize what had happened to his friend; and within his heart there was this knowledge: "And this thing might have happened to you!" "*Why to Duncan Payne more than to you?*" There was the merciful Hand of Providence still ready to save him if only he would yield himself to the guidance of One that was Almighty: there was yet time for Nelson Dean to repent—yet time—and there was a terrible warning given that he might realize how "short" was the time.

Poor Duncan Payne! everyone said so—everyone who had known him. He had left his friend's house in full health and spirits; but somehow, before he reached his own home there had been a terrible and fatal accident: his rider threw him, and Duncan Payne never saw his home or his wife again—poor Duncan Payne! But it is doubtful if this fact was generally recognized as truth: that if he had abstained from such free acquaintance with the wine-cup, if his brain had not been clouded and unduly excited by the effect of the champagne he had taken, Duncan Payne, humanly speaking, might have lived to be an honoured member of society—honoured and beloved and respected till old age.

However, Nelson Dean knew it in his heart, and his wife knew it. "Nel," she whispered one evening a short time afterward, "Nel, I can never, never forgive myself for the one great mistake of my life—such a mistake, my darling! Nelson, answer me one question. Would you ever have broken your resolution never again to touch wine or spirits but for me?"

"No;" Nelson Dean answered in a low, forced, hesitating voice.

"And, Nelson, if because of what I urged you turned again to this temptation, say, is my influence sufficient to win you back again—my influence and the terrible lesson of a few days ago—these together, are they strong enough, my darling?" she asked, so wistfully.

He took her in his arms and kissed her,—she had such pale, thin cheeks now, so different from those of the pretty, blooming little May Bevan whom he had loved and wooed and won; but he loved her still! "Ay, God helping me, strong enough even for that, May. You do not know how hard it will be, harder even than it was before, but I'll do it, May! I'll give it up. And more—I will take a public pledge of abstinence."

Mrs. Duncan Payne was almost broken-hearted. She had not realized how much she had loved her young husband, until she had lost him for ever. She could not remain in the house where everything reminded her so acutely of him; so after a time she went away from her bridal home and away from the town, to the

home she had left for Duncan Payne's sake. And there she laboured faithfully to save others from the dangerous enemy that had robbed her of her Duncan.

Nelson Dean remained true to himself, true to his wife, true to his vow. And it is doubtful if in all Christendom, anyone could find a happier home than that of Nelson Dean and his pretty little wife May.

Just a Little!

Frank Foster lived next door to me, and one hot morning in August I packed up a little basket with some country butter, new-laid eggs, and a jar of honey—which had been sent to me in a hamper, with sundry other good things, the day before—and took them in to him. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when I went in; so, of course, I did not expect to see Frank. I knew he was, or ought to be, at his office by nine o'clock. He was articled to a well-known firm of solicitors, and his father and mother, far away in their country home, were dear old friends of mine. I am an old woman now, and I have a motherly fondness for young men living alone in lodgings. Nothing pleases me more than to be able to make their life more home-like. When Frank's mother wrote to tell me that he was coming up to town, and she asked me to look after him a little, I gladly promised to do what I could. Some one very dear to me, whose name is but a memory now, had once lived in lodgings, and he had told me what it was to come home after a hard day's work to find the fire out, and the tea either cold or not made at all; for his sake I was ready to help all those who were in the same position. Frank had been in town only about three months; but even in that short time I had been able to do many little things for him which perhaps he hardly knew, and yet which made him more comfortable. On this morning, when I had rung the bell, I stood with my basket in my hand, and a message ready to give the little servant girl who always opened the door to me. After waiting some time, and ringing twice, Mrs. King, the landlady, herself answered my last rather loud ring. I was beginning to give her my message when she said, "Oh! won't you come in, Miss West, Mr. Foster is upstairs, and I am sure he will like to see you."

I followed her into her sitting-room.

Frank's rooms were upstairs.

"Is Mr. Foster ill?" I asked, rather anxiously.

"No," she answered, "but he was out very late last night, or, I might more correctly say, home very early this morning, and he has a bad headache."

"But where was he?" I asked.

Mrs. King smiled as she answered, "It would never do for me to ask my lodgers where they have been when they are late, Miss West."

"But is he out often?"

"Not so very often; the fortnight you were away from home he was out a good deal with young Mr. Percy Adams."

Percy Adams; it was foolish perhaps, but quite a pang went through me when I heard his name. I knew him for a typical young man of the period—a smoker, a drinker, a fast dresser, a scoffer at all sacred things; indeed, at all things beyond his very limited understanding; and this man was Frank's companion.

"Mr. Foster is not—does not"— I really did not know how to put the question I wanted to ask—"is not at all wild?" I said, at last.

"Just a little, perhaps," Mrs. King answered; "but, then, you see, all young men are—it is what one expects when they first come to London; he will settle down steadily enough after a bit."

All young men were not wild, I knew from experience; but then there were very few like *him*.

Just then I heard Frank come whistling downstairs, and I went out of the room to meet him.

He did not look much as if he had a headache or anything else the matter with him; he was as bright and fresh and handsome as ever.

"Why Frank," I said, "Mrs. King told me you had a bad headache."

"I am delighted to see you are safely back again, Aunt Ellen," he exclaimed, taking both my hands and drawing me inside the room, where Mrs. King left us together.

I was always "Aunt Ellen" to him.

"Your short visit to the country has made you look ten years younger; you are as blooming as a daisy."

"Frank," I said, not taking any notice of his nonsense, "how is it you are so late this morning; will the firm like it?"

"I shan't ask them, one can't be always in rude health; if study knocks me up, they will forgive me for being an hour behind time."

"Was it study that kept you up so late last night," I asked, catching eagerly at the idea.

Frank's bright face clouded for a moment. "It was not study last night; I was out with a friend, but I really am working hard," he said.

He was in a hurry to be off, so I gave him the basket and said good-bye, and went home with a heavy heart. Mrs. King's words haunted me; "just a little wild;" just a little now, perhaps, but unless that little was stopped what might it not lead to? It is just a little current at first that carries along the leaf or stick thrown into the stream, but watch its pace as it nears the waterfall; it is just a little flame of fire at first, and then watch the whole building in a roaring blaze; it is just a little crack in the bank of the reservoir, then look at the devastation when the flood pours in. It is just a little spare time given to a game of chance and soon the whole soul is absorbed in gambling; it is just a little wine now and then in company, and by and by all that makes life noble and grand is bartered and sacrificed for the soul and body destroying drink. My fears for Frank were not groundless. I knew he was just the man to be a favourite in gay company, he was so clever and witty, so ready to oblige, that it was no wonder he was sought out. I felt quite unable to do anything to stop the gay whirl of life into which Frank had already entered. The one thing I could do I did most earnestly; that was to pray for him, and now and then, when I could coax him in to spend an hour or two with me, I talked to him very seriously, and begged him to think of the future. He always stopped my mild lectures with a laugh, and told me he would take care of himself. But how did it end? I can only just give you an outline of Frank's life, but who cannot fill up the sad picture. Time after time business was neglected, he was remonstrated with, and promised amendment. Yet, after repeated acts of kindness and forbearance on the part of his employers, he was at last dismissed, his articles cancelled, and disgraced and penniless he was thrown on the world To me fell the painful task of telling the sad news to his parents. They hurried up to London, and I think the sight of his mother's deep distress and his father's just and yet kind severity, for the time at least, made an impression on Frank. A situation was found for him, and for some months he worked steadily. Then, alas! he again met with bad companions, and in a very short time he was once more without employment. For a whole year I lost sight of him; I did all I could, for his parents' sake as well as his own, to find what had become of him, but after a most careful search we failed to discover a trace of him. One winter's day I received a letter from a large hospital in the east of London begging me to go at once to see a dying man, who had earnestly asked for me, and whose name was Frank Foster. Of course I hurried to the hospital as quickly as possible, and there, lying on a narrow white bed, I found Frank. Had I met him unexpectedly I should not have known him, he was such a wreck of the former fine, handsome young man I had known. I was told he had been run over by a heavy waggon, and that he could not live many hours. He knew me and took my hand in his.

"How was it you met with this sad accident?" I asked, leaning over him.

"It was last night," he panted; "I had been drinking, and I fell under the wheels; the

driver shouted to me, but I was stupid and muddled, and I didn't hear him."

"Oh, Frank," I cried, feeling sick with anguish to see such a promising young life ruined, "why did you not fight against temptation; God would have helped you if you had asked Him."

"Too late, Aunt Ellen," Frank gasped in a whisper; "I thought taking just a little could not hurt anyone, and so I went on and on till I stopped here."

Well, that is all; Frank died that same evening, before his father or mother could come to him; died in a hospital, at the age of twenty-four, leaving behind him broken promises, broken hopes, and broken hearts, and all this because he saw no danger in drinking "just a little."

L. L. P.

New Year's Eve.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

Winter.

I SAW the woods and fields at close of day,
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown
Upturned so lately by the forceful share.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently performed,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy shower, the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green
And tender blades, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

* * * * * * *

'Tis morning; and the sun with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires th' horizon; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disc emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From every herd and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And, fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the axe,
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.

COWPER.

WINTER.

Welcome, Good New Year.*

WELCOME, welcome, good new year,
Welcome to our merry band,
Welcome to our youthful cheer,
Welcome, welcome, hand in hand!
But no wine cup will we offer;
Loving parents have us taught
It is wicked e'er to proffer
What with deepest woe is fraught.

Chorus: So while we live, we'll take nor give
What fills dear homes with sorrow.
The social light wine sheds to-night
Brings in a dark to-morrow.

Welcome, welcome, good new year,
Welcome, 'midst our song and glee!
Nought but mirth should enter here;
Ye are young, and so are we.
But the wine-cup we will banish,
Lest we lose this happy hour,
Innocence and mirth swift vanish
'Neath its wild and demon power,
So, while we live, &c.

Welcome, welcome, good new year,
At thy name young hearts beat high,
When we heard thy footsteps near,
Gladness beamed in every eye.
But the wine-cup—we will pass it
Nevermore from hand to hand;
Oft our brothers, sisters, has it
Cast poor orphans o'er the land.
So, while we live, &c.

* From "Scottish Temperance Songs to Scottish Airs." By Thomas Knox. Paisley: J. and R. Parlane.

The Past and the Future.

THE new year had come, and in many homes there might have been heard the sound of mirth and gladness as the inmates held festival to welcome the advent of the new claimant to favour and attention.

Especially was this the case where little feet pattered over the floor, and childish voices prattled of New Year's Day, and little hearts rejoiced over the pretty gifts which kind friends had provided. To them this was one of the happiest days in the whole year. What thought they of the cares and trials which might be in store for them during the year which had just dawned so auspiciously upon them? They were too young to meet trouble half-way; too light-hearted to anticipate the clouds which might obscure the sunshine of life during the coming year, for even children are not exempt from the trials, afflictions, and bereavements which the changing vicissitudes of life make common to all.

And it is surely well that the hearts of the little ones —"Angels of God in disguise," some one has called them—should be free from the foreboding fears of their elders. They meet with sufficient sorrow in the little griefs and troubles incident to childhood, and which, although older people may ignore them, and descant upon the unclouded days of happy childhood, are terribly hard to bear, as those same people might know if they would only look back upon their own early years, and remember how almost insupportable appeared the things over which they can afford to laugh now.

It would do us all good, perhaps, if we took a retrospective glance over our past life oftener than we do. It might make us more tolerant of the little failings and shortcomings of others; more sympathetic with their sorrows, and more careful not to wound the feelings of those by whom we are surrounded; and New Year's Day is surely a fitting season for retrospective meditation.

Then not only the children were jubilant and happy on New Year's Day, but those also who had passed a few more milestones and had reached the enchanted ground of young manhood and maidenhood. To them in their youthful health and vigour life looked very fair, and before their eager gaze lay revealed a whole world of glorious possibilities. Life was before them, and it should be lived as never life was lived before. Fame whispered in the ear of some, and pointed to the laurel wreath waiting to be placed upon the brow of those who attained high positions, and proved themselves victors in the race of life, and many resolved that they would spare no toil—that they would unfalteringly climb those dizzy heights of ambition until they reached the summit and were crowned with success.

Then wealth, gilded wealth, was busy telling

others of fortunes to be made, pointing as examples to many who had risen even from the very depths of poverty to the possession of immense riches, and many a young heart resolved to make choice of wealth, and to leave no stone unturned in order to acquire it.

Pleasure, with her glittering robes, was also trying to allure votaries to her shrine, offering to view prizes the most attractive of all to the youthful eye, and many were there among the fair youthful groups who cast in their lot with her.

Love was there, too, wrapping many young hearts in golden dreams of happy days in store for them, when, with the object of their affections beside them, they would walk forward serenely through life, the mystic wand of love clearing their way of all doubts and misunderstandings, and robbing even the unavoidable trials and difficulties of life of their severest sting.

So these young hearts reasoned, hoped and planned, as on the first day of the year; in their own hearts at least, they mapped out the course of their future lives, forming such plans as only young and untried hearts can form, dreaming such dreams as only those whose hearts are unscathed by the storms and disappointments of the world can dream; some with a prayer for the guidance of a Higher Power to lead their feet through the intricate paths of life, and others who were willing to trust their own strength and to set forth on life's perilous journey without a guide.

Then, in addition to the gleeful children and the hopeful young men and maidens, there were others also who welcomed the advent of New Year's Day. Those who had travelled farther on in the life journey, who had reached middle age, and upon whose shoulders the burden of life's multifarious duties was resting. They had left their childhood far behind, and it was to them almost as a forgotten dream. They had outlived their youthful longings and aspirations in a great measure, for they had experienced that the ideal pictures imaginative youth is so fond of conjuring up, quickly fade before the stern realities of life. And yet, in spite of this, many of them seemed happy and contented. Perhaps this was due to the fact that life was filled too full of busy avocations to afford much time to waste in unavailing regrets over blighted hopes. They had learned to expect less, and, therefore, they were more easily satisfied. They had found that the best way to walk through life is to take up the duties nearest to hand, performing them faithfully and conscientiously, and thereby finding that the path of duty is also the way to the surest happiness to be found below. So they also welcomed the new year and made holiday, for it was to them, in numberless cases, a season of reunion with loved ones. Sometimes children who had been for a long time absent from the parental roof would gladden the parents' hearts with their presence on New Year's Day. Then brothers and sisters long separated met once more. Dear friends met together around the festive board, and talked over the days of yore, and lived over again in imagination many of the scenes in which they had taken part.

But above all others, the aged people—those who had witnessed the advent of many, many New Years' Days—were the ones who seemed to reflect most upon the time gone by for ever. Perhaps this was but natural, for, unlike the young, their life was all behind them. It was too late to think of laying plans for their future lives, for they were certain that at best a very short period of life must be their lot. It is a common saying, "the young *may* die, the old *must*," and although many aged persons live as though nothing were further from their thoughts than the possibility of dying, yet to many the opening year brings solemn thoughts over the probability that before the end they will have passed the boundary line of time into the invisible world. But it is not all to whom these reflections bring sorrow, or even regret. Some are "only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown," to receive with unutterable joy the summons to "come up higher."

But though the thought of "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," soon to be entered upon, is deeply shrined in their inmost soul, it does not prevent their still taking a lively interest in the festivities and affairs of life. They can still take their part in the innocent pleasures of the season, and especially in the amusements of the children. We often hear aged people remark how much better they can remember the events that occurred in their early days than the incidents of their riper years; and this may account for the intense interest they often take in the young, and also for the fascinating pleasure most boys and girls seem to find in the company of a kind, genial old man or woman. With their thoughts dwelling upon their own childhood, they are more patient and indulgent over youthful failings than middle-aged

people are often found to be. And then, too, they have usually a good stock of anecdotes and amusing incidents, often drawn from their own past life, on hand, to dispense to the restless, inquisitive young beings who gather round with the usual pressing request for "a story."

And so they welcomed the new year in their several ways, childhood, youth, maturity, and old age; but not all—alas! no—there were some whom the new year found in misery, sorrow, affliction, and even despair.

Nor were these confined to any particular age, rank, or station. No; the relentless hand of suffering or woe touched alike the tender child and the hoary-headed man or woman, whether high or low, rich or poor.

Affliction touched many with its blighting wand, and lo! they were immediately stricken down, and although even from darkened chambers of pain some could meet the new year with hope and thankfulness, yet many felt that instead of being a festive season to them it only made their sufferings harder to bear.

Then, in other homes, the "Reaper, whose name is Death," had entered and cut down some dear one —a parent, child, brother, sister, or some other relative—and in those dwellings the voice of weeping and lamentation was heard, and the bereaved ones felt that this was indeed a sad new year to them.

Yes, there were many who greeted the new year with sorrowful countenances, caused by circumstances as varied as were the people themselves.

But, perhaps, there was one thing which outweighed all others, legion as is their name, in producing suffering, misery and crime.

It entered into numberless homes, and made sad havoc among the little ones, robbing them of food, of warmth, and comfort, and giving them instead hunger, cold, and misery. Sometimes, ah! too often, it transformed fathers, and even mothers, from tender, loving parents almost into fiends. And what other than a life of misery and unhappiness could be the lot of the children in such cases? Not for them were the innocent joys and pleasures of more favoured childhood. They must sit shivering by fireless grates, often crying vainly for a crust of bread. They must face the inclement weather in slip-shod shoes and threadbare raiment, often thereby paving the way to disease and even death.

And surely at these festive seasons, above all others, the hearts of these hapless little ones must grieve over the sufferings and privations they are compelled to bear. They gaze wistfully into the toy shop windows, always specially attractive at this season of the year, at the multitude of gay and ingenious toys manufactured for the delight and instruction of little folks, and turn away with tear-dimmed eyes and vain longings for what they cannot obtain. They see other children dressed in warm pretty garments, and naturally wish that they could be as well clothed and cared for.

And what is it which hinders the fulfilment of these wishes? Ah! these little ones, even at a very tender age, could answer in two short words—STRONG DRINK!

Then intoxicating drink not only cast a shade over the lives of the children, and deprived them of their just rights, but it also extended its influence to those who were just in the pride and bloom of youth, and over these its power was sad indeed. And it usually appeared to them in such fair guise that their senses were dazzled and they were easily led captive, and not until this terrible vice had bound them, as in fetters of iron, did they often awake to a sense of their danger. Then what resolves were formed, what efforts made to free themselves, but in vain, and New Year's Day found them still victims to the vice which was blighting their young lives and destroying every prospect of usefulness and happiness. But if the effects of drink were apparent among the young, they were even more so among those who were further advanced in life. The habit, commenced probably in childhood, had grown and strengthened as the years passed by, until it had become almost ineradicable. And what misery followed as the natural consequence in most cases? What unhappy homes, broken-hearted wives, neglected children, shattered health, ruined reputations, wasted lives accrued from the squandering of time and money upon that which is in very truth what the Bible declares it to be—"a mocker." And many felt this, as on New Year's Day they thought over the past, and regretfully contrasted their lives with "what might have been."

"A mocker." Ah! there were many aged people also who had found it, and who were still finding it so; whose steps were tottering, not from feebleness and old age, but from that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Oh! how it had bitten them! How its sting

had infused its venom through their lives, poisoning and destroying all the budding flowers of hope, love, and peace! From what high pinnacles of worldly respectability and prosperity it had dragged some of them until it had plunged them into the depths of humiliation and poverty! And, sadder thought still, many who had once held high positions in the Christian Church, and been earnest labourers in the Lord's vineyard, had bartered even their Christianity for the love of drink, until they had become utter outcasts. And what more pitiable sight can we see upon God's earth than an old man or woman staggering into the grave?

And so upon New Year's Day intemperance brought a cloud upon thousands of faces which might otherwise have been covered with smiles; poverty and destitution into hundreds of homes which might have had enough and to spare. It made parents weep over fallen children, and children over erring parents. And it also led to many other results. Through its deadly influence the new year dawned upon thousands of unhappy beings confined in workhouses, lunatic asylums, penal settlements, and even upon condemned criminals, who had imbrued their hands in blood, and were awaiting execution; and oh! saddest sight of all! upon the pale, cold forms of men and women who had laid violent hands upon themselves and rushed unsummoned into the presence of their Maker.

May God hasten the time when intoxicating drink, in every shape and form, shall be utterly swept from our earth; and then may we hope for a more universal response to the old-world greeting—"A Happy New Year."

ARTHURESTINE.

Does Alcohol Keep Out the Cold?

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO GIRLS.

Elizabeth: Good morning, Mary; how did you enjoy the Band of Hope meeting last night?

Mary: I liked it very much, but I did not quite understand all that the speaker said. Why, you know, people always take a drop of something to keep out the cold, and yet he said that alcohol does not warm you at all.

Elizabeth: I don't think he said that it does not warm you *at all*, but that though it makes you feel warm and comfortable for a little while, it soon leaves you colder than before.

Mary: But, Elizabeth, don't you remember that dreadfully cold, frosty weather last Christmas, when my father had to take a long journey by night, and he told us he could not have kept up at all if it had not been that he had a bottle of brandy-and-water with him, and took a little drop now and then? He said it made him feel nice and warm, and helped him to go to sleep. As it was, he caught a bad cold, and got dreadful chilblains; but if it had not been for the brandy, I don't know but what he might have been almost frozen to death.

Elizabeth: Well, Mary, but I can tell you of a case on the other side of the question: did you hear that interesting lecture last week at our chapel about the Arctic Expedition?

Mary: No I didn't; I couldn't spare sixpence. I should think the poor men who went into those cold places all among the icebergs must have wanted a lot of brandy. I'm sure they couldn't do without something *there*, whatever people may do in this country.

Elizabeth: Well, do you know, the gentleman who gave the lecture told us that it was quite the other way. They certainly carried brandy and whisky and such things on board the ship, and had a little for dinner when they were staying indoors—I mean in the ship, you know—but when they were travelling in sledges, and had to be out doors all day and all night for several days together, they found it was really unsafe to drink anything of the kind.

Mary: But what do you mean by its being *unsafe* to take it?

Elizabeth: Why they found, after having tried it that if a man took spirits he really felt the cold *much more*, and was not able to work so hard as if he took a little food or tea, and no spirits.

Mary: That is very surprising; but, of course, those men were teetotallers, and they would be sure to say that their way was the best.

Elizabeth: Ah! but they were not teetotallers—at least, only a few of them were; and they did not at all like going without spirits, and so the captain used to give them a teaspoonful all round the last

thing at night, because he thought that when they were warmly wrapped up and under the shelter of a tent it would not do so much harm.

Mary : Poor men they must have suffered very much in such a miserable country, where they had to be so very particular. I think I heard once about a dreadful disease called scurvy, that people get when they go into those cold countries ; I should think at any rate they would need to take brandy to cure that.

Elizabeth : They did suffer very much, and nearly all the men were very ill with scurvy, and one or two died. I believe that among the few men who came home without being ill at all, there were three teetotallers who never touched a drop of strong drink the whole time they were there.

Mary : Well, Elizabeth, this is most extraordinary, and quite different to what people have always thought.

Elizabeth : Yes, it is not at all easy to persuade people that anything they like is bad for them.

Mary : Still, though, of course, I must believe what you say about people bearing cold better without spirits, I don't quite understand how it is that if alcohol makes you warmer for a little while, it should, as you say, make you colder afterwards.

Elizabeth : It is not very easy to explain exactly how it is done. You know, I daresay, that after you have been running very fast you can feel your heart beating very fast, and you feel very hot ; but you also feel very tired after it, and if you run so fast as to be very tired, you feel cold as well.

Mary : Oh, yes, I quite understand that ; I have often felt so.

Elizabeth : Well, in the same way beer or spirits make the heart beat quickly, more quickly than it ought for a time ; and that makes the blood run faster, and so you feel warm. But, of course, if the heart is made to work so fast for a little while it soon gets tired, and then works more slowly than usual, the blood runs more slowly, and so you feel cold.

Mary : I think I see what you mean.

Elizabeth : It is just like whipping a horse ; that makes him go faster, you know, for a while, but, of course, it does not give him strength ; and he could not go on long if you only whipped him and gave him no food.

Mary : Well, good bye, Elizabeth ; I shall be sure to come to the next meeting so as to hear some more about it, and I shall try and get my brother to come with me. B. C. D.

The Curse of the Home.

A CONFERENCE was held at Liverpool in October last, to which the members of the Evangelical Alliance were invited by the National Temperance League. Important speeches were delivered by Mr. Samuel Bowly, the Ven. Archdeacon Bardsley, and others.

The Rev. CHARLES GARRETT said :—I was, the other day, in a beautiful residence where I have often been entertained before. There was a large gathering of friends, for this family I knew had been prominent for their hospitality. I knew that total abstinence had not been smiled upon there, but I was astonished when I sat down at the table to notice that there were no wine-glasses. I almost took it as a compliment to myself in my foolishness, but whispering to the lady, I said, "I see no wine-glasses here : are you teetotallers for the day because I am here ?" and I saw in a moment the change in her face. She said "I have something to tell you about that." As soon as dinner was over she said to me, "you asked me about the wine-glasses." I said, "yes, I noticed their absence." "I will tell you the reason. You remember my Willie ?" "Oh, Yes. I remember Willie well." "Was he not a bonny boy ?" she asked, with tears in her eyes. "Yes," I said, "one of the finest lads I ever knew." "Yes," she said, "and he was my pride. You know we have used wine freely. You know that the leading ministers in the Connexion have always made this house their home, and that they have always been welcome. I used to allow the children to stay up when the ministers were here to have the benefit of their conversation. The children had a half glass of wine—the ministers a full glass, and so had their father. By-and-by," she said, "I noticed what aroused my suspicions. Willie used to come home smelling of wine, and I did not like it. I spoke to him, and he said there was no danger. He had only been meeting a few friends. By-and-bye I noticed he was husky, and at

last he came home in a state that made my heart ache. One night he came home quite drunk. I could not conceal it from his father. His father is a hot-tempered man, and met him in the lobby, and bitter words passed. His father ordered him out of the house, and he went, and for months we never knew what had become of him. Father would not let us mention his name, and I and his sisters could do nothing but pray. We did not know whether he was dead or alive; and one night when the servants had gone to bed, and we were sitting together, I suddenly heard a noise, and I thought it was Willie's voice. I dared not speak. My husband looked round and said, 'Did you hear anything? I thought I heard a voice. I believe,' he said, 'it is Willie. Just go to the door and see.'" She said, "I went to the door, and there he stood, more like a ghost than a young man. He looked at me, and I said, 'Willie!' 'Mother,' he said, 'will you let me in?' 'Aye, my lad, thou ought never to have gone away. Come in, come in,'" and she said "I had to lend him my arm. 'Don't take me into the drawing room take me into the kitchen. I feel, mother, as if I were dying.' 'No, my lad, you shall not die.' 'Will you make me a basin of barley broth like you used to make me?' 'I will make you anything you like, my boy, but you must come up stairs and lie down.' 'Oh, mother, I can't take it—I feel as if I were fainting.' I called his father, and he came, but did not say an angry word to him; he could not when he saw the state he was in. We carried him upstairs and laid him down upon the bed, and after a moment's pause he said—'Father, the drink has killed me.' 'No, my boy,' said his father, 'we shall bring you round yet.' 'Never, father,—God be merciful to me a sinner'—and his head fell back, and there was an end of our boy in this life. His father stood and looked at Willie as he lay there and said to me, 'Mother, the drink has killed our Willie, and there shall never be another drop of drink in this house while I am alive.'" Sir, and gentlemen (continued Mr. Garrett), there are many Willies. I am at the head of a mission in Liverpool, and I can truly say there is not a week in which I do not have a Willie, or a letter about a Willie, from some respectable Methodist home, blighted and withered by this terrible curse. Is this a mere idle whim that we are speaking about? Ought we not to battle with it now and ever, and exert all the power we possess in order to rescue the young people of our land, and make England what it ought to be. May God help us

The Hon. W. E. DODGE, of New York, then said: The last words of our dear friend who sat down touched my heart so that I can hardly speak, for it brought to my mind so many cases that in the last fifty years have come under my own observation. I will relate one before I forget it, as it is right in the line of that which has just been mentioned. My summer residence is on our beautiful Hudson river, lined for fifty miles from our city by the most noble dwellings of our wealthy citizens. In one of these elegant mansions was the home of one of our principal lawyers in New York. His wife was a lovely, highly-educated lady, but for a number of years there was this dark cloud of intemperance hanging over the residence. There was scarcely anyone seen about the dwelling during the summer, but one day the wife came to my door and asked to see me privately. She then opened her heart to me (I have not time to go into the whole of it), to the effect that this husband had periodical fits, during which he left his home and his business in New York, and spent two or three weeks in a state of constant beastly drunkenness till she herself had given up all society. She saw that he was going down step by step, and could not live long, and she begged that I would come and speak to him, and see if something could not be done to save him. I knew that he was a proud, high-spirited man, and I asked God to help me. I went to him, and as kindly as I knew how I opened the whole case to him, and set before him the dangers that were impending, and what must inevitably be the consequence, unless he changed. The result was a solemn promise on his part that he would abstain entirely, and that he would unite with our National Temperance Society. Two days after his father, one of the most eminent lawyers in America, and his brother, whose name is a household word not only in America but over England, came into my private office, and, with tears in their eyes, took my hand and thanked me for what I had done for the brother and son. I said, "He has promised the day after to-morrow to meet me by appointment at our National Temperance Society's offices and sign the pledge. I want you to come with him." And they thanked me and promised to come. The morning arrived, and the three came into one of our private rooms, and the father again repeated his grateful acknowledgments for what I had done. I

turned to him and said, "This is a very solemn hour. It is the turning point in your son's life. He has come here to sign the total abstinence pledge, and I want you—the father—and you—the brother—to sign the pledge with him." This tall, aged man raised himself to his full height and said, "I do not think, Mr. Dodge, that is necessary. I do not think there is any necessity for that at all." The brother said the same. I took them aside and said, "I did have hope of saving this brother and son, but unless you are willing to make the sacrifice yourselves and join with him, I shall have but little hope of success." They declined. I took up the pledge and read it, and the brother whom I wished to reform said, "I can't sign that, Mr. Dodge. I am willing to sign a pledge that I will never touch another drop of intoxicating drink myself, but I can't say I will remove it from my table. I have friends—my brother and father, and others—and I don't want to deprive them of their privileges for my sake." I said, "My friend, after fifty years' experience, I tell you your only hope is in banishing it from your house for ever." The result was he signed a compromise pledge. I went home and said to my wife: "That poor man is gone. I thought he was saved, but he is gone. Neither the father nor the brother is prepared to make any sacrifice for him, and he does not understand the philosophy of the matter sufficiently to say that he will banish it from his own table." The result was that some six months after, as we attended a great entertainment at the house of the brother, I saw this same young man bring to the wife who came to my house a glass of wine, and she took it in her hand. As I passed she said, "See that, Mr. Dodge?" "Yes, I see it." In less than three months from that day that poor man died of *delirium tremens.*

Joe's Choice: A Workshop Incident.

"I'LL bet you a sovereign, Joe, that you don't keep the pledge a fortnight!"

"Well, I'll try, Bill, at all events, but I won't bet."

"You won't bet?"

"No, I can't afford to risk the money."

There was a shout of laughter from the men who stood listening to the dialogue, at Joe's frank confession, and one of them, taking a foaming tankard from the bar counter (for it was in a public-house, on a Saturday night, and Johnson's "hands" were being paid), offered it to Joe, saying,

"Here, man, drink, and never mind taking no pledge—you won't keep it three days."

Joe looked for a moment at the tempting drink, while a rush of blood through his whole system made him tremble, and then came two pictures swiftly and clearly before his mental vision.

One represented a blooming lassie listening in the cool, still air of a summer night to the pleading of a youthful lover. The other showed the image of a woman, with a bruised and bleeding face, cowering behind a broken chair for protection from a drunken husband.

"No!" said Joe, suddenly; "no, mate, I won't drink. Thank you!" and with his basket of tools upon his shoulder he walked out of the public house amid a burst of jeering laughter. Joe Hinton was a strongly built fellow in the prime of life, but with a bloated, blotched face which proclaimed the intemperate man. Fearing for the stability of his newly-formed resolution, he hurried along the streets—setting his lips tightly together as he passed the public houses—and, having turned at last down a narrow passage, stopped at last before the door of a dirty and unwholesome looking tenement. By means of a string which passed through the centre of the door and hung loose on the outside, he obtained ingress to the house, and speedily found himself in a small and miserably furnished room.

A woman with a bruised and cut face was sitting by the hearth as he entered, as though striving to extract some warmth even from the empty grate.

"Well, lass!" said Joe to her, as she rose trembling at his entrance, "I've come home to-night for a change."

She looked at him doubtfully as he seated himself in a broken chair, but she did not speak. There was a short silence and then Joe said softly,—

"Have you had anything to eat to-day, lass?"

"No, Joe!"

"No more have I. Go and get something, while

I take a stroll," and Joe put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out two gold pieces and a quantity of silver, which he put into his wife's hand, and then left the room.

The woman stood for a moment or two in the centre of the wretched apartment, gazing at the money as though she doubted the evidence of her senses; then suddenly falling on her knees, she cried with passionate fervor, —

"O God be thanked; O God, grant it may last!"

When Joe returned an hour afterwards there was a bright fire in the grate, and a snug meal on the table, and the dismal room had put on a comfortable, home-like appearance in the glow of the cheerful fire. Joe stepped up to his wife and kissed her on the poor bruised cheek, then whispered in her ear,

"Lassie, I've taken the pledge!"

* * * *

"How long have you been a teetotaler now, Joe?"

"Nigh hand six months, Bill."

"And never touched a drop all that time?"

"Not a drop."

"Whew! I should have lost my sovereign, Joe!"

"You would so, lad."

"But Joe don't look so well on it, neither," chimed in one or two more of his shopmates, as they regarded him attentively; and to be sure his face was thinner, but the unwholesome looking blotches were gone, and the once inflamed and watery eyes were now clear, and bright, and smiling.

"Well," retorted Joe, with a pleasant laugh, as he drove off a long fine shaving with his keen set plane, "if I don't look so well, lads, I feel better, and that's the main thing, I reckon."

"But what made you turn teetotaler, Joe?" asked an apprentice.

"Well, my boy, because things had come to that pitch that I was forced to make a stand and choose. On one side was the pleasure of drinking and jolly company, to be paid for with a miserable home, an unhappy wife, a waning constitution, and the workhouse in prospective. On the other hand was an act of determined self-denial, to be rewarded with a comfortable home, a pleasant wife, improved health, and a round little sum in the savings' bank, and I chose the self-denial."

"And no fool either, Joe!" said the lad; and so say I.

The Best Jug to fetch Beer in.

PETER STOKES was a well-to-do farmer, who had for many years successfully managed a small farm, fortunately situated so near a large city that he could take his fresh vegetables into market, and realise a good profit.

But he had one sore trouble: his only son, Robert, had formed very bad habits, and caused his father many a heartache. In his youth he was a likely lad, could be very useful on the farm, and was regularly sent off to market in charge of the wagon-load of vegetables. But these market-days ruined him at last, for he would fall in with idle, drinking companions on the way, and was easily induced to stop at the saloons on the road, and "take a glass of beer or cider." And so a love for drinking gradually stole over the boy and began to produce painful results, for on one occasion he was so stupid from the effects of the drink he had taken on the wayside that he missed his way, and was so long in finding it again that he was too late for market. Another week he was robbed of all his money by two clever rogues who invited him to drink with them, and then picked his pockets when he had become sufficiently drunk for their purpose.

As it was not safe to entrust Robert with the market journeys any more, his father in future took the wagon himself.

But the love of strong drink and low company had become too strong with Robert to be easily shaken off. He did resolve to keep steady, and promised his father not to go beyond "one or two glasses," which his father had said he did not object to. We know it would have been better to have left off altogether. Finally he married a young girl as lazy as himself, and but for his father's help they would have had a hard time and fared poorly. Peter took a great fancy to their oldest son, Tom, a bright lad, and adopted him as his own. One day on returning from market Peter was unusually tired, and, before sitting down to his dinner, sent Tom off to fetch a jug of beer. Tom pretty soon returned with a troubled face, and, holding out the jug, empty

but dripping, and upside down, exclaimed: "Look here, grandfather; see what father has done!"

"Father!" said Peter, "why, what do you mean? What has he to do with the hole in the jug?" Tom then explained it all: how he had the jug filled with foaming beer and was just coming out of the door of the saloon when his father, who was there amongst a group of idlers, called out to the boy: "Hulloa, Tom, lad, what have you got there? Beer, eh? and very good too. Bring it here, I say."

"I can't father," said Tom, "'tis for grandfather's dinner. He has just come home tired from market."

"So be I tired," said Robert, "and if the beer is good for father, ain't it good for me too?" So saying he rushed after Tom, who in his haste to get off with the beer, tripped over a stone and fell flat on the ground and broke the jug.

Peter said nothing, but went on eating his dinner. The words "If the beer be good for father ain't it good for me too?" troubled him. He could not get rid of them, but kept repeating them over and over in his mind. He had not thought before of his ever giving up his occasional glass, but now it seemed the only right thing to do. His example had been wrong. He went over to Robert's cottage the next day and had a long, earnest talk with him. What passed between them we do not know, but from that time forward Robert again became a help to his father, and neither the old man nor the young one was known to take even one glass of beer, and it became a household word with them that a jug with a hole in the bottom *is the best jug to fetch beer in.*

A Happy New Year.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

FLAKE after flake, through the Winter's night
  The feathery crystals fall;
And earth is wrapped to our waking sight
  In a glistening, billowy pall.
So silently fell they, we heard no clash
  In the humid, midnight air;
No thunder's rattle, no lightning's flash;
  They were not—and low they are here.

So fall the years, one after one,
  Whence coming we do not know,
Till we wake to the sight in the glittering sun
  Of the strong man crowned with snow;
We heard no wailing, no dying moan,
  No shout at the birth of a year;
We only know they have been and gone,
  And another New Year is here.

O brothers and sisters, read, I pray,
  The rhymes of the vanishing years.
Is the snow's soft surface crisped to-day
  With a crust of frozen tears?
Does a ruddy blushing of shame this morn
  On the feathery hillocks glow?
Or pure and true lies the sculptured form
  Of thy life-work under the snow?

O sisters and brothers, another year
  Is fresh in your hands to-day;
Will ye take it in God's most holy fear
  And mould it as best ye may?
There the festering wounds 'neath the fleecy white,
  And cruel wrong and shame;
Will ye bring the things of darkness to light,
  And right the wrong in His name?

Will ye lend a hand to a brother's needs,
  Your ears to a sister's wails,
And show as the outgrowth of perfect creeds
  A loving that never fails?
Will ye hear the cry of a brother's blood,
  Or yellow, or black, or red,
And see from your upheaped stores of food
  The hungry multitudes fed?

Will ye don God's armour and grasp his sword,
  And forth to the battle go,
To fight all day at His guiding word
  Till the sun in the West hangs low—
Till every foeman has bit the dust
  And their carcasses mingled lie—
Intemperance, rapine, greed and lust,
  A tumulous foul and high—
Till the fetters drop from the human soul
  And the Nation's homes are free,

And anthems of praise from the mountains roll
  To the Eastern and Western seas?
Then, brothers and sisters, a glad new year
  I pray for your basket and store;
Beneath the snow may the Lord's warm cheer
  Make Summer for evermore;
His courage nerve you in time of strife,
  His feathers your shelter prove,
And the glittering snows of the years of life
  Be a halo of perfect love.

Little Children.

THOMAS WARR.

There is mu - sic, there is sunshine, Where the lit - tle children dwell, In the cot - tage, in the man-sion, In the hut, . . or in the cell; . . There is mu - sic in their voi - ces, There is sun - shine in their love, . . And a joy . . for e - ver round them, Like a glo - ry from a - bove. . .

2 Little children! yes, we love them
For their spirit's ceaseless flow,
For the joy that ever lingers
Where their bounding footsteps go;
'Tis the sunshine of their presence
Makes the lowly cottage fair,
And the palace is a prison
If no little one is there.

3 Oh! I wonder not the Saviour,
He, the beautiful, the meek,
To the precious little children
Tender, loving words did speak.
'Tis a pleasant thing to teach them
Unto Him to bend the knee,
Since He spoke the words of blessing,
"Suffer them to come to Me."

4 Yea, of such is heaven's kingdom,
And if we would enter there,
We must seek the sinless garment
Which the little child doth wear.
Father, bless the little children,
Bless them everywhere they dwell—
In the palace, in the mansion,
In the hut, or in the cell;
May the clouds of sin and sorrow
Never darken o'er their way,
And in heart may we be like them,
Pure and innocent as they.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depôt.

Varieties.

TEETOTAL DRINK IN THE NAVY. — Mr. Trevelyan's teetotal drink for the stokers of the fleet is as follows :—1st. Oatmeal, to be mixed with water in such proportions as may be considered desirable. 2nd. Lime-juice ½-oz. and sugar ½-oz. per diem, at the discretion of the captain.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

WOMEN AND WINE.—Of the worst foes that women ever had to encounter, wine stands at the head. The appetite for strong drink in men has soiled the lives of more women, ruined more hopes for them, brought to them more shame, sorrow, and hardship than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens of thousands—nay hundreds of thousands of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

HARD WORK DONE BY A BISHOP.—Few men do more arduous work than the Lord Bishop of Rochester. From his recent charge we find that he has had 210 ordinations, and that between January 1, 1879, and September 19, 1881, he received 19,527 letters, and wrote 13,378 with his own hand. He also had 1,489 interviews, preached a great number of sermons, and, we believe, took a flying visit to America. More than once his lordship has stated that he has done his work as a Bishop with more ease to himself in consequence of being an abstainer.

MILK *versus* STRONG DRINK.—There could not be a better service done to the State than a supply of milk equal to the actual demands of the population of guaranteed purity and strength. It is very true that we have other and even more serious difficulties to contend with—the dishonesty of producers, retailers, and servants. The great difficulty of all is the depraved taste of the fathers and mothers of families. If they preferred good milk to alcoholic drink, or if their children had the ordering of the milk, the consumption in this country would be doubled or trebled. Unhappily, the parents prefer what is most ambiguously called strong drink, and the children have no voice in the matter, being obliged to put up with what they can get. A very little calculation of the proper allowance of milk for a child will show how inadequate the present stock of milch cows is for this rich and populous country. The taste for strong drink, it is a proverb, grows with the use. But so, too, does the taste for milk, for it is an ascertained fact, the more young people are fed on milk, and the longer they keep to that diet, the less inclination have they to what really is not a natural indulgence, that is strong drink.—*Times.*

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

Dorathea's Fable.

By a Clergyman's Wife.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

Dorathea Arden had a whole afternoon to dispose of as she chose.

Aunt Grace was gone off to the station at Halesbury; thence for a week's visit to London. Mr. Arden was driving his sister-in-law, with his two little girls stowed away in the back of the pony-carriage, ready to be his companions on the homeward journey. Dorathea had watched them start, half inclined

to envy her small sisters, till she remembered a lately-granted concession to her mature age (twelve years)—*i.e.*, an hour to sit up with papa after they were gone to bed; and then she grudged them his company no longer, but set herself to pass, as best she could, the time of their absence.

If Mab had been left alone, *she* would have whiled the warm June hours over the piano, picking out chants and tunes, "making music" for herself, with a skill that earned her the reputation of being the "clever one of the family." If Trottie had been the stay-at-home, her entire stock of toys would have been overhauled and set in orderly array on nursery shelves, or the very comprehensive wardrobe of all her wooden and waxen babies would have furnished ample occupation for the seven-year-old little woman, whose instincts were of a housewifely and matronly turn already. But Dorathea was the least artistic,—perhaps, at that time the untidiest—of the girlish trio. Whoever wanted to find her strongest point had to look for it neither in her tastes nor in her talents, but in her heart: the seat of such a straightforward, loving nature as made her the best liked of the Rectory children; the quick, ready right hand of her father, so constantly on the alert to use her small powers in the service, that she richly earned his pet title for her, "My dear little practical Dollie."

Practical, the child certainly was, and so largely blessed with the unselfish disposition of her dead mother, that she was already the trusted confidante and helper of many a senior outside her home; while, within, there was never a day that Mr. Arden was not both saddened as he noted her growing likeness to one dearest of all, lost five long years before.

Five years. Years of seeming peace and plenty with him, settled for all that while in the large comfortable Newton Rectory; and yet years that had lined his face and silvered his hair, and left him looking old before his time.

That was often the comment of his people as he went among them; and that was the verdict of his little daughter, as she nodded brightly back in answer to the smile he turned upon her as they drove away.

"Papa looks tired, or ill," she thought, watching him wistfully; "I wonder what I can do for him!" And the thought sent her forthwith into her father's study, in quest of some small labour of love with which to please him on his return.

Some fading flowers in two little china bowls upon the chimney-piece first caught her eye.

"These must be done first," she whispered, reaching them carefully down. "I'll go and fetch the forget-me-nots now directly, enough for them and for my wreath."

That was one of Saturday afternoon's duties, never forgotten, never neglected. Mab and Trottie brought their offerings just when they happened to remember, and that was by no means every week—scarcely every month—but then they recollected little more than the name of "mother;" while Dorathea, oh, how faithfully she could recall the face, and form, and voice that had been taken from them; how, in her childish trouble, she yearned after the tender touch she might never feel again! There was little fear that she should let her mother's grave go untended. The sweetest blossoms of every season were laid by the child's hands on Margaret Arden's resting-place; and those two china bowls, a wedding gift long ago to the curate and his wife, were unfailingly filled with companion flowers.

And this was to be done now; but as Dorathea turned to the table with them, she gave a jump of surprise at sight of a servant who had noiselessly entered, and was as noiselessly leaving the room.

"What is it you want, Maria?"

"Nothing, Miss Dora."

"But what did you come for?"

"Only—" with a slight reluctance, "only to lay a note on master's table."

Dorathea looked, and saw instantly by the address that the note was from their neighbour and squire, Mr. Holt.

"Is anyone waiting for an answer, Maria?"

"Oh, no, Miss."

Some hesitation in the girl's manner made Dorathea put another question:

"Has it been here long, then?"

And Maria answered rather crossly that she supposed it had; she could'nt exactly say; she had been upstairs putting Mr. Reginald Arden's room to rights, and had brought the note in as soon as she saw it.

Now Dorathea very well knew that putting a bedroom straight was not the parlourmaid's work; and she knew, moreover, how vexed and inconvenienced her father often was by messages or letters not being given to him as soon as brought to the house; but she did not feel either tall enough or old enough to say a word of reprimand to this servant, who was a newcomer, not particularly liked by anyone except aunt Grace. So she ventured no further inquiries; and Maria walked off, murmuring something below her breath about the nuisance of "having children for missises."

But Dorathea cast about to make amends for the servant's carelessness.

"I'll fetch my flowers from Mr. Holt's plantation instead of our own,' she determined; "he always lets me have them. Then I shall see a gardener, perhaps, or can run up to the house and tell them Papa didn't get the note before he went out, but will send an answer as soon as he comes back. Where's my hat? Oh, here. Now, Tip, Tip, Tip; come along, sir, we're going for a walk."

Thus summoned, a ginger-coloured terrier of uncertain breed, but of profound wisdom and manifold beauties in his young owner's eyes, jumped up from a rug in the hall, by innumerable barks and crazy scamperings proclaiming his consent to the excursion; and after a word of good-bye to Nurse, who was darning stockings diligently in a back room, the two set off together; not on a very lengthy expedition.

Mr. Arden, though he would gladly have let his children go as freely about the parish as he did himself, was compelled to limit their unattended rambles to their own, or, at farthest, to their neighbour, Mr. Holt's grounds; the necessity for this restriction lying in the fact that that corner of the village was haunted by a social wild beast, of a type terrible to women and children.

This animal, Dick Holland by name, was mild and inoffensive enough when in a natural condition; but the chances of his being in that condition were so exceedingly uncertain, that his very name was something to be dreaded, his home a place to be avoided at all hours by the timid or defenceless.

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Holland, if it were not for you I might jump through the hedge and get some of those lovely briar roses opposite!" thought Dollie, looking longingly across at some sweet-scented pink buds. And, indeed, she might safely have got them without fear of Mr. Holland just then, he being engaged, as was his custom on Saturday afternoons, in getting very drunk at the "Blue Boar" at Halesbury. But her father's order had been given once and for all; and Dollie would never have dreamt of disobedience.

"But it's a great pity," she cogitated, trudging along the edge of the meadow which parted the Rectory gardens from the shrubberies, "a *very* great pity that Mr. Holland should go on in such a way. And when he is nicely dressed, and not at all tipsy, he looks so nice—just like a gentleman. Only, of course, a gentleman never could do as he does!"

Dollie's understanding of society was, as will be perceived, very limited; but on the phase that occupied her mind just now, she was upon the point of being unpleasantly enlightened.

A dogcart being driven rapidly along the road on the farther side of the hedge attracted her attention, just as she was passing through the white wicket gate into Mr. Holt's grounds. Recognising Grimes, the coachman from the Hall, Dollie signed to him to pull up, and sent by him her message about the letter.

"All right, miss," promised the man, "I'll see, and let master know as soon as I get in. P'raps he wants your pa to step up and see him. He's not wholly hisself to-day, is'nt master. He was wexed like when he sent me to the station, and I should'nt wonder if he was wexeder when I come back; that I should'nt!"

Grimes seemed mysterious. Dollie, though a wise little woman in her way, was anything but exempt from the weakness of her sex.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, looking up across the hedge, with round-eyed, anxious curiosity.

"I'm not aware that anything is," answered Grimes; "only I were sent to meet Mr. Cyril at Halesbury, and Mr. Cyril he never turned up; that's all, miss."

"Oh——h!" said Dollie, colouring up, as she suddenly remembered that her father would reprove this inquisitiveness into their neighbour's affairs. "Oh, that's all! Then good day, Grimes. I'm just going please, to get some flowers out of the shrubbery."

"An' welcome, miss, to be sure!" said Grimes, touching his hat and thinking, as he drove on, "how she do feature her poor mother! Woice and ways grow liker every day. She'll be mighty sorry when she hears my Jim's going page up at the House. He'll sure to drop out o' her Band of Hope, as she calls it, then; for masters will *be* masters, and likes their own ways followed in their own housen!"

Which, put into plain English, meant that Mr. Holt was no lover of abstinence, but liked his whole establishment to adopt his own strictly "moderate" habits; and regarded with good-humoured ridicule his little friend Dollie's childish efforts to win over the juveniles of the parish to what he was pleased to call "her poor father's narrow view of the question!"

Happily ignorant of this impending loss of one of her "best boys," Dorathea went on her way, singing softly to herself, through the gate and over the narrow bridge, and along the edge of a stream that fed a large sheet of water in front of the Hall.

Here the forget-me-nots were so bright and abundant, that enough and to spare were soon plucked, the pleasant task putting out of the child's head any more than a passing wonder at young Cyril Forbes' return.

With her treasures gathered up in her pinafore, her hat very much on one side, and a generally dishevelled air of entire contentment, Dollie remounted the bank and was turning homeward, when she missed Tip, and began forthwith calling him back, at the top of her voice. But no responsive rush through the underwood announced his obedience; and knowing that the little recreant was no favorite of either keeper or gardener, Dollie redoubled her endeavours to lure him back. Presently came a short, decided bark, at no great distance. A sort of business bark, that seemed to say he was particularly engaged on important affairs, and would thank his mistress to leave off calling him.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Dollie, "what a wicked dog he is. It must be rabbits, I suppose. I'm sure he'll hunt till he gets into dreadful mischief. Traps, perhaps. Bark again, there's a dear. Then I can come straight to where you are."

Thus adjured, Tip did condescend to bark again, and his anxious owner plunged through a tangle of young bracken and shrubs till she came out by the front of a rustic summer-house on the step of which stood the runaway, wagging his tail excitedly, and pointing, with every sign of which his canine intellect was capable, at something or somebody inside the thatched building.

The place was remote from the Hall, lonely, shut in by trees. Dorathea was half frightened, uncertain whether to investigate Tip's "find," or to run away as fast as she could, when she was saved the trouble of deciding by the appearance in the doorway of a man's figure, at which, first she gave a cry of terror, and then one of recognition.

"Oh, Cyril, how ever did you come here? Grimes has been to the station for you. And you did make me jump so!"

"Did I? Well it's Tip's fault. I did'nt want you to find me, Dollie."

"But what's the matter with you, Cyril? And have you hurt your head? And why did you not come to the station, properly?" Dollie advanced a step at each question, till she stood looking gravely up at the young man's pale face, made all the more wan by a broad strip of black plaster that decorated his left temple.

It was only the earnest, pitying gaze of an uncomprehending child, but Cyril Forbes coloured under it, as if it could penetrate the

secret of his wound, and the shame of his return.

"This isn't a bit of consequence," he said, touching his forehead impatiently; "not really, you know; but I knew old Grimes would make a fuss over it the moment he saw me, and so I just got out at Tey junction, and walked over." This sounded, even to Dollie, highly unsatisfactory.

"And havn't you been up to the house yet?"

"Well—no," said Mr. Cyril, avoiding the child's trustful, upward gaze, "I thought I'd sit down here, and cool first."

But he was ashamed of the evasion as he uttered it; and more ashamed when he caught Dollie's look of blank, mistrustful wonder.

"Murder will out, Dollie," he said huskily, sitting down suddenly on a bench by the doorway, and shading his face as he spoke, "I've made a great ass of myself. And my Uncle Forbes sent word of my doings down here, and sent me to follow his news. And I don't feel up to much, and I can't find the pluck to go and face Uncle George. That's about the truth of the matter."

"You've made a great——goose of yourself?" echoed Dollie, substituting a milder term of condemnation from her own vocabulary. "*You!* Oh, Cyril, how?"

His little friend's tone was so surprised, so almost unbelieving, that Cyril felt doubly humiliated over his confession.

"You recollect that School treat last Christmas, when I made such fun of your 'Band of *Hoppers*,' as I called the children who would'nt drink wine—?"

Dollie nodded, reddening; it was a sore subject, even yet." And I chaffed you till you got a little cross, and said I might do worse things than be one of them myself?"

"Yes."

"Well, I—I wish I *had* been one. I do, with all my heart. Then I should never have got into this row."

And Mr. Cyril finished with a groan that brought the tears into his sympathetic little listener's eyes.

But Dorathea could scarcely believe her ears. That Mr. Holt's nephew, and her father's favourite in the family at the Hall, an almost grown-up young man, and a gentleman; that he should be bemoaning himself over troubles brought about by that dreadful drink, seemed something impossible. Her incredulity found its way into her astonished question.

"Why surely, Cyril, *you* never can have been—have been—"

"Tipsy?" he supplied the hateful word ruefully, "Yes, I have, Dollie; very tipsy indeed."

This confession threw Dollie's mind into a sort of chaos, out of which her own unaided sense failed to guide her: Mr. Holt furious; Cyril in perpetual disgrace, possibly in perpetual drunkenness; herself always sorry for the culprit, who spite of his superior years, had been to her and the little ones such a splendid, good-tempered play-fellow, almost ever since she could remember: this distressing picture shaped itself with alarming distinctness before her, blotting out all answer to her instinctive exclamation,

"Oh, Cyril! I am so sorry. What *can* I do to help you?"

And, spite of her pity, she shrank a little back. The Cyril who had been tipsy could never, she felt, be just their real old companion any more It *was* a pity!

"Do?" repeated the young fellow, noticing her gesture with a sting of mortification; "why you can do nothing; but your father might. I thought Dollie I'd just hang about here till dusk, and then come down to the Rectory. Perhaps your father would go up to Uncle George with me. He'll be down upon me awfully hard, I know. For the life of me, I can't make up my mind to go to him alone. If Mr. Arden won't see through it, I must turn about and go——"

"Go where?" said Dollie, scared at his desperate look of trouble.

"To the dogs, I expect!"

At which Dollie fairly set off crying, and Mr. Cyril, to his weakness or credit be it said, felt much inclined to keep her company. "I'll tell papa," sobbed Dollie, coming closer again, and

laying rather a muddy little paw upon his arm to comfort him, "as soon as ever he comes home from Halesbury, if I can. He's clever, he will soon find a way to help you : and so kind, I know he'll do it somehow. Don't be miserable, Cyril !"

"You're a good little soul," said Cyril, swallowing a lump in his throat with some difficulty ; "but you don't know what it is to be in such a fix as this !"

"And I hope I never sh—shall !" said she fervently. "But I had better make haste home now, Cyril, and watch for papa—very likely he he will be going to Mr. Holt's. There's a note waiting for him from your uncle." (Cyril winced. To a certainty, the note was about him !) "So would it be better for him to come here to you, instead of you coming to him. Nobody would see you then." And Dollie looked expressively at the bruised, cut forehead, as the reason of this amendment, to which Cyril agreed instantly, relieved at the chance of hiding his dishonorable badge a little longer.

"Tell him I shall stay here till he comes, however late that may be. And you'll have to tell him what's amiss. Oh, Dollie, *what* a fool I have been !"

To which doleful, but strictly, correct reflection Dollie had to leave him, while she, having wiped her eyes, and waked Tip from a delightful nap in a patch of sunshine, hurried off to the Rectory, sadder than she had set out; wiser by the undesired knowledge that "gentlemen", or, at any rate, one young gentleman, could occasionally descend by the same steps to the same depths as even such social inferiors as Mr. Dick Holland himself.

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT'S TO BE DONE ?"

It was six o'clock before Mr. Arden returned from Halesbury. Dorathea, whose wreath had been lying for an hour or more on that narrow hillock in the churchyard that she could just see from her bedroom window, had brightened up her father's study, gathered a bunch of June roses for the tea-table, and waited, excited and anxious, for him to come back, wondering what delayed him.

If the time seemed long to her, what must it do to that poor unlucky Cyril shut up all alone in the summer-house ? The sight of the well-furnished tea-trays struck Dorathea with positive reproach. The most enticing little brown cakes in the world failed to tempt her appetite while her old, unwise young friend sat hungry, perhaps, so short a distance off. She fidgetted about the porch ; avoided Nurse, who was her confidante in all ordinary matters ; and at last, at first sound of the carriage-wheels, ran half-way down the drive, to meet her father the sooner.

But also to meet disappointment !

The two little girls still occupied the back seat. In the front, by Mr. Arden's side, was a stranger, with a grey beard and spectacles : an individual unknown, to whom her father was chatting with unusual signs of cheerfulness and pleasure, whose presence forbade the immediate disclosure of her secret.

"Your eldest ?" said this new comer, alighting, and patting Dorathea's brown hair. "I expect, little woman, I've kept you waiting for your father. But you must give us a free pardon. We are old school-fellows and college chums; and when we met by chance at Halesbury station, we fell into such a gossip that I've had to come here to finish it off."

Dorathea, in her capacity as hostess, was obliged to smile and do her juvenile utmost to make her father's guest welcome ; but in her inmost heart she wished his visit had come any time but then ; for Mr. Arden seemed so amused and interested in the recollections of their early days that first one and then the other recounted, that she found it impossible to get him for a moment alone, so as to ease her mind of Cyril's urgent message.

Mr. Holt's note, even, was quickly dismissed. "Coming in to-night at seven o'clock, perhaps. Well I really hope, as it happens, that he won't do so !" and then Mr. Arden devoted himself to entertaining his friend, and tea was finished, and the children gone to bed, and eight o'clock had struck ; and still Dorathea hung nervously

about, without finding a chance of edging in her important words privately. She was beginning to get frightened and unhappy, when, to her extreme relief, Mr. Bennett jumped up, exclaiming that if he was to catch the nine o'clock train, he must be off directly.

"Now I know where you're settled, I shall look you up again soon, Arden; but I must not stop now. I wonder if I shall manage to find my way."

"It was selfish of me to persuade you into coming with me, when I could'nt offer to drive you back," Mr Arden reproached himself.

"Not a bit of it. I wanted to come. And you're quite right not to keep your man late on Saturdays. I never do my own. But, now, how about the road? I came along so comfortably with you that I didn't half notice it enough. Is it pretty direct?"

At this Mr. Arden gave a general stream of instructions, all very intelligible to himself, who knew the road; all very puzzling to the stranger, who did *not*.

"Stop, stop," said Mr. Bennett, "let me fix those particular physical obstructions on my mind, please—What are they? A bridge, without a rail, over the stream we drove through? A raised path by the roadway, for half a mile, off which the unwary may cleverly slip and dislocate his ankle? And an unfenced gravel pit, close to the station, nice and handy for short-sighted folks like me to break their necks in! Thank you, Arden. If you don't hear anything of me on Monday morning, you'll know I've run the gauntlet of these man-traps safely; but don't be suprised if you're summoned to Halesbury Hospital before then!"

He meant it all in jest; but Mr. Arden, looking out at the growing twilight, took the matter in earnest.

"I should'nt sleep in peace if I did'nt know you were all right," he said, lifting down his own hat; "I've dragged you out here, and the least I can do is to see you back."

Dorathea's heart sank within her, but she dared not interpose a word. Why, it would be nearer ten than nine o'clock when her father got back! Would Cyril ever have the patience to wait till then? If not, what would happen! Would he, oh, would he go to the dogs! This was the heaviest piece of responsibility that had ever rested on her young shoulders. She was at a loss what to do for the best.

"If Mr. Holt should come, tell him I was in till an hour after he said he might be here; and—eh? what darling?" as Dollie clasped her arms about his neck and whispered an earnest petition into his ear, "Will I make haste? Yes, to be sure; the very greatest. And may you stop up till I come home? Why, my pet, what's the matter? you'll be better in bed. Well, there," as Dollie renewed her entreaties with almost tearful urgency, "if you want so very much, I suppose you may. Curl yourself up on the sofa, and go to sleep, if you can. Perhaps the mail cart will pass me: then I shall soon be home again. Now then, Bennett, we'll be off."

Hardly able to return Mr. Bennett's friendly goodbye, poor Dollie went back alone into her father's study, and waited through the deepening gloom, what to her seemed an interminable time.

"Oh Papa, Papa," she sighed "I know you were right to go; but how I wish you need'nt have done it." And then, as very often at that hour, there came upon her the shadow of her childhood's great grief. "Oh, mamma, if I only had you!" she cried to herself softly, but bitterly; "I want you, I do want you so badly!" Was it the association of the hour; or was it as an especial comfort in her troubled need that the words of her first mother-taught prayer came to her at the moment. It was almost as though that mother leant over her, as of old, repeating it, and a quiet trust came upon her restless little heart recalled thus lovingly to remembrance of a help that is always ready.

"Are you here, Arden?"

A voice outside the window brought the child suddenly to her feet, as the late visitor Mr Holt, began fumbling impatiently at the fastening.

Dorathea ran forward to open it and gave her father's message, which was received with evident vexation.

"Then he will not be home for another hour, to a certainty. I never calculated on his being out to-night. I almost think—" this to himself more than to Dorathea, "I almost think I shall drive off to Tey, then. Catch the night train to town, and push on to Derby to-morrow. t's a case of necessity!"

Dollie felt desperate. Of course Mr. Holt would be starting off to find Cyril, who was only a few hundred yards distant, at the most. Surely she ought not to allow that. It must be best for her to say what she knew! So, screwing up her courage, she began,

"Is it about Cyril you are thinking, Mr. Holt?"

"Yes, it is," answered he sharply; "what made you guess that?"

"Because I knew he was home," said Dollie, almost trembling at the outburst she expected.

"Home! Coming home, you mean, child! I suppose you've heard that already, through the servants."

"First, Grimes told me," replied Dollie honestly; "and then I saw Cyril."

"Saw—!" Mr. Holt could get no farther for very astonishment.

"Cyril, Sir. And he does look so ill. And he is waiting—somewhere, tell I send Papa to him. Because he is rather afraid to see you."

"Afraid!" Mr. Holt's face puckered up ominously; there was light enough for Dollie to see that. And his voice sounded so harsh that she quaked with good reason for Cyril's reception.

"Afraid," repeated the irate uncle, anger and pain struggling together in his tone; for he was as fond of the boy as if he had been his own son. "And good reason he has to be afraid, too! Pray did he let you into the light of his doings, and the wretched, disgraceful broil that ended them; or is he only afraid of me because I am generally of a brutal disposition, and delight in treating him badly?"

"Oh, no, you are never that," said Dollie warmly, too young to understand sarcasm. "He told me how foolish he had been, and I'm sure if you do—if you *do* 'come down upon him awfully hard,' as he said, he thinks he deserves it. Poor Cyril."

"'Awfully hard, indeed,'" fumed Mr. Holt, who, now he knew the lad was safe, felt driven to let off some of his irritation, even to this child, for want of older audience. "When have I ever been awfully hard on him, I should like to know! From the first day his father married again, have I not had him with me, as a child of my own? Have I not given him every chance in life? Even when he disappointed me, and turned his back on all professions, and chose to go off to his Uncle Forbes' cotton mills, did I oppose him? Not a bit of it! I fancied he was too good for the place, and was throwing himself away. And a pretty mistake I made, when here he comes back with a character for taking, constantly, more than was good for him, and ending up with a drunken brawl with a policeman, and a black eye!"

Dollie listened, trembling, to this tirade, not a word of which could she gainsay; indeed, Mr. Holt, pacing up and down the room, seemed to pour out his wrath as much to the walls as to her.

"And this insufferable annoyance is the only return I am to have for all my care of him," he went on, more and more aggrieved; "this is my reward from the lad to whom I've never done the shadow of an ill turn!"

What put it into her head she scarcely knew: some desire to defend the absent culprit, perhaps: any way Dollie caught at Mr. Holt's last expression, and said, very timidly—

"Oh, but, are you sure you hav'nt ever done him that?"

"*What?*" exclaimed Mr. Holt, pulling up in front of her, and looking amazed, as well he might, at her temerity.

"An ill turn," faltered Dollie.

"It seems you young people sit in judgment on us old ones rather strangely," said he, inclined to be angry on a new score; "but, would you be so very kind as to explain what you mean, Miss Dorathea."

"Don't be cross, if you please," said the child, coming up to the arm of the chair into which the wrathful gentleman suddenly subsided. "I only meant something that I heard you say yourself. Once, when you told papa I was

looking pale; and you said Cyril was a white-faced little lad when he came to you, and he was a milk and water drinker like us, but you soon taught him to take something better and put some colour in his cheeks. If you *did* teach him to drink strong things, are you quite, quite sure it wasn't doing him an ill turn? That's all I meant."

It was a home-thrust. None the weaker for coming so unexpectedly, dealt by such feeble hands. Mr. Holt's tone was considerably subdued when he essayed to parry his little opponent's attack.

"Why, child, how could I suspect an ill turn in teaching him habits that I'd practised safely for fifty years. Never, I can safely swear, has Cyril or any one else seen anything but the strictest moderation at my table! I taught him, and trained him, and guided him, by constant advice, and by my own example, to avoid anything like excess, and stick to the safe road, which is moderation."

"But there *is* a safer," said Dollie, true to her colours, though scared at her own boldness.

"Meaning your own, I suppose?" said Mr. Holt, impatiently. "And little use that would be to Cyril. *He*'d never travel far upon it! But, there, I must make the best of the business. Tell me where the boy is, and I'll go and find him. I'll tell him how cleverly you tried to shift the blame from him to me, Miss Dollie. You are a worthy little champion. Better than he deserves. What makes you defend him, eh?"

Dollie looked up very simply. "You see," she said, "we've neither of us any mother." And again, unintentionally, the shaft went home. Mr. Holt remembered, with a pang, his youngest favourite sister dying, and how he promised her to take the best care he could of her one child, if that child was ever placed in his hands. The "best care" he could! The *best*. Had he kept his word?

In the most secret recesses of his own heart had he ever really believed that "moderate road" to be *the best*?

With the calm, unprejudiced judgment of his very capable intellect, had he ever ventured to pronounce it "the best?"

Or had he not rather yielded to an early habit, a taste, a fashion, a broad easy stream of opinion; and seeing he had adopted it as his own, had he not stamped this way, "the best," out of pure self-justification?

A strange, fresh pain began to stir within him. In his perplexity he was impelled to ask the honest truth of sense and sentiment; and both gave back the same answer.

The path he had led along the boy entrusted to him was not the best, though it had been his own a whole life through.

Dorathea wondered, in those long minutes silence, if she had given offence deeper than ever, and was already shaping a sentence in which to beg Mr. Holt's pardon if she had said anything to grieve him, when, to her surprise, he put his arm gently over her shoulders and said, as he drew her towards him,—

"Suppose I took a leaf out of your lesson-book, little girl, and told this poor, foolish boy of mine I'd come round to your opinion? Suppose I said that, for such as him, your way was the safest, and so let him off this once, on condition he never drank again? Suppose I persuaded him, or desired him, to be a thorough abstainer, would that do any good, do you think? Would that satisfy you?"

"It—might," said Dollie, but not very heartily; "only you seemed to think just now Cyril would never keep to such a thing."

"Ah! but if I ordered him; strongly advised him; if he saw I wished it very much?"

Dollie said nothing, but ever so slightly shook her head.

"You are hard to please, child. What more can you want me to do?"

Now Dorathea's office, as eldest of the children, was often to amuse them with stories of her own composing. Imagination sometimes running short, she would use any passing circumstance, as the framework of a nursery tale; and those which took a pronouncedly sensible turn the little ones used to call "Dorathea's Fables."

One such was floating through her mind

when Mr. Holt asked, "What more can you want me to do?" and leaning confidently against his knee, now he was in kinder humour, she plunged straight into it.

"Once there was a man," she started—

"Myself, of course," interrupted Mr. Holt, smiling in spite of his trouble.

"No, not you; another man. And he had a friend that he was fond of. And the friend was on a journey, going straight from one place to another, by a road he knew; and this man persuaded his friend to turn off the road and go home with him up another one, a strange one. And they chatted as they went along. And the friend took no count of any landmarks or dangerous places, and never thought of the getting back again till his time at the first man's house slipped away, and he had to s:t off alone. Then, when they came to think of it, there were a good many awkward places that, perhaps, he might not remember, though told of them ever so often, or even see, for he was shortsighted; but they were dangerous spots, and he might have got hurt or killed at any of them. So then the man of the house, who was very just and very kind, said to his friend, 'I will go back every step of the way with you myself. I have led you off your own safe high-road, and it would be very unfair if I did'nt see you on to it again.' So then—then," Dollie began to stumble; the actual ending of her story not having arrived yet.

"So, then—"

"Well, where's your moral, little maid?" put in Mr. Holt, scarcely expecting her to find courage to point the application at himself.

"The meaning," hesitated Dollie. "Oh, I—I was thinking the stranger was like Cyril, and——"

"And you want me to play the same part as the man of the house?"

He spoke in such a loud, sharp voice that Dollie felt sure she had gone too far—most likely brought upon herself one of Mr. Holt's attacks of ridicule, that frightened her because she could not understand them.

But nothing of the sort. Again he sat silent for a minute; then getting up he put her from him kindly enough, and said, with a sigh of forced conviction,—

"Child, you are right!"

* * * * *

Cyril Forbes was altogether puzzled at the extraordinary and undeservedly mild reception his uncle gave him.

Still more puzzled at the strange difference he encountered at the very first meal to which he sat down, weary and worn out, ready to cheer himself with a glass of the self-same stuff that had nearly been his ruin!

But wherever the temptation might meet him, there he would never see it again; and every spark of generosity in his nature was roused when he heard why and for whom this great and at first humiliating change was made.

The high, young spirit, which would infallibly have chafed at "orders" and most likely broken through persuasions, yielded to that best of masters, "personal example."

Mr. Holt preached very little, tongue-tied, perhaps, by conscience; but he practised much. Patiently, for many months, he trained and guided Cyril's steps back past the stumbling-blocks of his own errors, on to that road which Dollie pronounced safest. And now, when he is an old man and the lad a lad no longer, each can look back to that dark Saturday which was the dawn of a brighter and a better life to both, and each can thank God that he is living out the moral of "Dorathea's Fable." A. P.

A Strong Temptation Resisted.

A YOUNG man, or rather a boy, for he was not seventeen years of age, was a clerk in one of the great mercantile houses in New York. An orphan and poor, he must rise, if he rose at all, by his own exertions. His handsome, honest face, and free, cordial manner won for him the friendship of all

his fellow-labourers, and many were the invitations he received to join them in the club-room, in the theatre, and even in the bar-room. But Alfred Harris had the pure teachings of a Christian mother to withhold him from rushing headlong into dissipation and vice, and all the persuasions of his comrades could not induce him to join them in scenes like this. He feared the consequences.

One evening, one of his fellow-clerks, George Warren, the most high-toned and moral among them, invited Alfred to go home with him to supper, to make the acquaintance of his family. The boy gladly assented, for he spent lonely evenings, with only his books and his thoughts for company.

He found his friend's family very social and entertaining. Mrs. Warren, the mother, was a pleasant, winning, I might almost say fascinating woman; one of the kind whose every little speech seems of consequence, and whose every act is praiseworthy. Mr. Warren was a cheery, social gentleman, fond of telling stories and amusing young people. And George's sister, Jessie, a girl about Alfred's own age, gave an additional charm to this happy family.

After supper, wine was brought in. Mrs. Warren poured it out herself, and with a winning smile passed a glass of the sparkling liquid to the guest. Alfred took it with some hesitation, but did not raise it to his lips. Each of the family held a glass, waiting to pledge their visitor. But Alfred feared to drink. He set the goblet on the table, while a burning blush overspread his face.

"What? do you not drink wine?" asked Mrs. Warren, in her pleasant tones.

"I have been taught not to drink it," said Alfred.

"You have had good teaching, I doubt not," said the lady, "and I honour you for respecting it; but I think it makes a difference where and in what company you take it. I should not be willing for George to go into a bar-room company with dissipated young men, and call for wine; but at home in a family circle it is different. A moderate use of wine never hurts any one. It is only when carried to excess that it is injurious. You had better drink yours. So little as that will never hurt."

Jessie was sitting beside Alfred. She took up the glass he had set upon the table, and gave it to him with a charming smile.

Again he took the goblet in his hand. The glowing wine looked tempting, but the faces around him were more tempting still. He raised it towards his lips. But at that moment there arose before him a pale, sweet face, with pleading eyes—the sweet face of his mother in heaven. The boy set down the glass with a firm hand, and with a firm voice said:

"I cannot drink it. It was my mother's dying request that I should never taste of wine; and if I disregard it now, I fear greater temptations will follow. You must pardon my seeming discourtesy, but I cannot drink it."

A silence fell upon the circle. No one spoke for several minutes. Then Mrs. Warren said, in a voice choked with emotion, "Forgive me, my boy, for tempting you to violate your conscience. Would that all young men would show as high a sense of duty."

Every one of the family put down their wine untasted.

"The boy is right," said Mr. Warren. "Drinking wine leads to deeper potations. We have done wrong in setting such an example before our children. Here, Ellen," he called to the servant, "take away this decanter."

And as the table was cleared of the wine and glasses, Mr. Warren said solemnly, "Now, here, in the presence of all, I make a solemn vow never to have any more wine on my table, or drink it myself as a beverage; and may my influence and precepts be as binding on my children as the request of this boy's mother to him."

And Mrs. Warren softly responded, "Amen."

Mr. Warren turned to Alfred. "We are not drunkards nor wine-bibbers here, my boy. I have always preached temperance to my children; but I have never realised before how an occasional glass of wine, if partaken of in good society, could injure. I see it now. If a person can drink one glass, he can drink another, and it is hard to tell just where to draw the line. I thank you for this lesson. I will show that I have as much manliness as a mere boy. My children will follow my example, and pledge to abstain totally from wine as a beverage."

"We will, father," was the response.

The pledge was never broken by any of the family; and never did Alfred Harris have cause to regret that he resisted the temptation to drink one glass of wine. Years afterwards, when he was a prosperous and worthy merchant, and sweet Jessie Warren was his wife, they often spoke of the consequences which might have followed had he yielded to that one temptation. Jessie tries to impress as firm principles upon the minds of her children as her husband's mother instilled into the hearts of hers.

The Peacock.

THIS gorgeous bird, the most gay and brilliant of all the wondrous beauties of the world of birds, no doubt very early attracted the attention of mankind, who not only sought it as an article of food, but soon came to regard it as one of Nature's choicest productions, to be carefully tended as a gorgeous ornament, worthy to adorn the palace of the most splendid monarch. Hence, the agents of King Solomon, employed to enrich his country with choice and remarkable products of foreign lands, brought home in the ships which he sent from Tarshish, among other costly articles, this splendid bird, which doubtless lent additional glory to the magnificent gardens surrounding his palace. As the Peacock is a native of India, and early made its way into Persia and Media, the captains of the fleet of the great king would have but little difficulty in obtaining specimens for their royal master. It must have appeared a wonderful creature to the eyes of the Hebrews, as it spread its greater feathers—not of the tail, but of the tail coverts—to their admiring eyes. It is truly a royal bird, and never appears to be so much at home as when it is stalking amid the parterres, or perched upon the terrace of some palatial residence.

In their native wilds, the Pea Fowl (*Pavo Cristatus*; family *Pavonidæ* of the naturalist) is found in great flocks, insomuch as we are told that whole woods are often covered with their splendid plumage, affording, as they fly from tree to tree amid the beautiful palms, canes, and glorious tree-ferns of tropical climes, a picture of such striking beauty as we inhabitants of this northern part of the globe can have but little idea of. Fine as he is, the creature is a standing and powerful protest against the truth of the old adage that fine feathers make fine birds, at least in the matter of voice, as a more discordant, harsh, and hideous noise than it makes it would be difficult to conceive. Our young readers will remember the fable which tells how the birds of the forest agreed to elect a king, choosing one not merely for his beauty, but for other good bird-like attributes. When the competition had proceeded for some time, a Peacock came, and was prepared to claim the pre-eminence. His compatriots were ready to yield, until it was suggested that he should try a song, when the noise so disgusted not only the songsters, but all the feathered tribe, that they drove him in disgrace from the scene.

This fine bird has, notwithstanding his voice, always held a high place in the esteem of mankind. The Romans termed it the Bird of Juno, as the poets sang that she had adorned its tail with the eyes of Argus. In our country in olden times it was much prized as a right royal dish, to be used only but on the highest occasions, and particularly at the Christmas feast, when it was the custom to strip the skin with the feathers from the bird, which was then roasted, and afterwards sewn up in its skin and served in all its gorgeousness. But Mr. Chambers states this service "was not allowed to be done by common hands; the privilege was reserved for such of the lady guests as were most distinguished for their birth or beauty. One of them carried it into the dining-hall to the sound of music, the rest of the ladies following in due order, the bearer of the dish setting it down before the master of the house, or his most honoured guest." Our wealthy nobles do not now indulge in such expensive and senseless luxuries as this; but it is to be feared that the taste for luxurious folly and riotous living in the matter of meat and drink has neither died out from the palace, the mansion, or the cottage.

THE PEACOCK.

A Voice of Persuasion.

"What! is it you, old comrade? Why I'd almost passed you by;
For, until you spoke, I didn't know it was you who were standing nigh;
Though I'm heartily glad to see you, too. Dear me! how time slips past;
And it must be nearly a dozen years since we met each other last.

"Ah! we were younger then than now; and life was pleasanter, too;
Tho' it seems to me, now I have a good look, that time has been kind to you;
But some have good luck, and others have bad, and mine has been stormy weather:
But never mind! Come to yonder house, and let's have a glass together."

"You won't? Why what has come over you, Fred? Have you grown so grand and great
That you feel ashamed to be seen with me because of my humble state?
Or have you grown cautious, and so are for taking care of your pence,
As the saying goes— or like others I know, have been talked out of common-sense?"

"Nay, nay, old friend, 'tis not one of these. I trust I have not grown proud;
If a brighter lot has been mine than yours, since we life-long friendship vowed;
And though I have learned to take better care of my hard-earned weekly pay.
I don't think 'twas stinginess made me change, nor that reason has given way.

"But since that time when our daily lot here side by side was cast;
When we worked, or drank, as the case might be;—and too often, alas! the last;
A light has broke on me which changed my course, (you won't mind my speaking plain,
As we used to do) and I'm glad to say that the warning was not in vain.

"It showed me, Tom, that the way I'd lived was a very bad way indeed;
Bad for the body, and bad for the soul, and at last to ruin would lead;
And it made me feel as I ne'er had felt, and think as I ne'er had thought,
Though a long, long time, ere I quite gave in, 'gainst the voice of truth I fought.

"'Twas Sunday, and I'd spent it as I used to spend it, you see—
You know the old habits—a row, or a drive, and an evening of tavern glee;
While my poor young wife, and my baby boy were alone in our dingy room,
With no pleasant comforts (so selfish I was) and nothing to lighten their gloom.

"Well on this Sabbath I sang, and drank, and treated my friends, so named,
Not dreaming what I generosity thought, 'good nature,' but tarnished, shamed,
That woe is to him who his neighbour gives that which body and soul doth destroy
Nor that in the spending, as such men do, I was robbing my wife and boy.

"But coming home in the evening hour, as I passed through the street, I met
One who was preaching the Gospel, and who uttered words I shall never forget.
His garb was homely, and all unlearned was his speech, as the world would say;
But sure it was God who had opened his mouth, and taught him to preach and to pray.

"I cannot tell you just what he said, but I know that his words struck deep,
And though I had scoffed, and had jeered at first, ere long I was forced to weep.
Ay, sharper than any two-edged sword, they struck to my spirit's core,
And conscience awoke with such bitter pangs, I felt I could scarce hear more.

"I saw things, not as they looked before; but as God's Word showed them up;
And where I had noticed but rosy wine, lo! a serpent coiled round the cup;
Till "O! wretched man that I am," I cried, "Who can deliverance bring?
Is there mercy for me? Is there hope? Is there cure to save from the poison sting?'

"And, O! comrade, I found, yes, I found there was love for one even so vile as I,
That for me there was mercy, for me there was rest, for me did a Saviour die;

And that if from evil I turned straight away, asking strength of the God who is Love,
Hope, pardon, and happiness yet would be mine, and at death a bright welcome above.

"And since that time, Tom, thro' my lips ne'er has past one drop of the stuff so vile
Which shatters the health, and debases the mind, and with sin doth the soul defile.
Tho' I'm happier now, ay, ten thousand times, and I only wish all would tread
In the self-same way, and could see the same bright light o'er their pathway shed.

"Come, comrade, you know the reason that now to the drink-shop to go I decline;
And O! if I could but persuade you as well such pleasures miscalled to resign?
For the sake of yourself, for the sake of your friends, for the sake of old friendship I plead;
And, more than all else for the sake of that Friend who for sinners did suffer and bleed.

"Come, make up your mind, it is not yet too late, and though hard it may seem, yet I know
That you'll well be repaid in the end, and will find that measureless good 'twill bestow.
You hesitate—never mind what people say, come and sign teetotal now.
That is right! I am glad we have met; and may God give you courage to stand by your vow."

FAITH CHILTERN.

"A Word in Season."

MR. CHARLTON was seated by the fire in his study, in the twilight hour of a winter afternoon. He was an elderly man; but, being energetic and active, he looked younger than he was. Just now, however, his brows were knit, as if in perplexity, as he leaned back in his easy chair, and looked into the depths of the fire. His reverie lasted for some minutes, and then the sounds of hammering in a distant part of the house roused him. He started up with a look of relief, and rang the bell. When the servant appeared to answer the summons, he said,

"I want to see Nelson Froyd before he leaves for home, send him in here, please."

She disappeared, and a few minutes later ushered a young workman into the room.

"Well, Nelson, have you finished your job?" asked Mr. Charlton, motioning him to a seat.

"Not quite, Sir, I expect I shall finish it to-morrow," he answered.

"Well, I did not send to you to talk to you about work, at least of that description. You have been a total abstainer some time now, Nelson?"

The young man looked puzzled by this sudden turn in the conversation, but replied,

"Near upon two years, I believe."

"And what have you done for the cause that did so much for you, Nelson; what have you done to increase the number of abstainers?"

"Well, I think I've done as much as most teetotalers," said he, still looking puzzled, and a little inclined to be angry. " talk to my mates about Temperance, and I show them by my example that it is possible to do as well, or better, without the drink than with it. For my own part, I don't like to see people always forcing their opinions down others' throats."

Mr. Charlton smiled.

"Neither do I, Nelson, in the sense you mean. I know you live a *consistent* teetotal life, and that is more than we can say of all our members; nor do I wish to underrate the value of that, for I have proved that 'practising is better than preaching.' But I want you to do both. I believe you have the gift of speech, and I want you to use it in a wider sphere than the workshop. I have often thought this, and meant to speak to you about it; for I have noticed that you are able to express your meaning clearly upon any subject—a great thing in public speaking. Now the reason I sent for you was this:—you are aware we hold weekly Temperance meetings in the school-room; to-morrow is the evening for one, and I have an engagement elsewhere, an important one, too. The Band of Hope children, I know, have some recitations and songs for the occasion, but no chairman; and it was to ask you to fill that position that I sent for you."

The young workman looked astonished, too much so to speak for a moment; then he stammered,

"Mr. Charlton! You can't mean *me?*"

"But I do, I assure you," replied that gentleman, "I want you to promise to take my place. I shall feel deeply grateful to you if you will."

"Oh, I couldn't, Sir; I'm no scholar."

"Our usual audiences are not very critical of grammar, I think. You have found total abstinence a good thing, have you not?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then," said Mr. Charlton, "you can tell the people so. I like to hear persons speak from experience. And—I know you will understand me to speak in all kindness—if I were you, Nelson, I would devote my evenings to study—at least two or three each week; you would find knowledge useful, whatever your calling may be; I will lend you any books that I think may prove serviceable, and render you any help in my power. But, now about this meeting; you will take it, will you not?"

"Well, sir, I will do my best, but—"

"Thank you, that is all I wish you to do; I feel sure you will succeed. You know where to get help in every time of need, Nelson."

And then, after a little further talk, Nelson left the clergyman, and went home to prepare his address for the next evening.

Only those who have been similarly circumstanced could fully sympathise with him as he faced the audience in the school-room the following night. Most of the people were workmen like himself, but Nelson dreaded the criticism of these more than that of ever so learned a person.

When he first began to speak, his voice shook considerably; but as he proceeded, he gained confidence, and at the close of his opening remarks he was heartily applauded.

As Mr. Charlton had said, he expressed his meaning clearly, if not very grammatically, and he had a vein of humour that made him a pleasant companion, and would prove, as the minister knew, a great boon in public speaking.

Altogether, the meeting was a successful one, several pledges were taken, and Mr. Charlton had every reason to be satisfied with his substitute.

Five years have passed since Nelson Froyd stood up, for the first time, to address an audience; and now he is announced to give a lecture in the Town Hall in the same place.

He left this, his native town, two or three years ago, and he has gained for himself a great name as a Temperance lecturer since that time.

The hour arrives for the doors to be opened, and the people stream in, till every seat is filled; not only the working-class, but aristocratic personages are there, paying a high price for seats near the platform.

The lecturer arrives, accompanied by friends, foremost amongst whom is Mr. Charlton, who presides over the meeting.

After the singing of a hymn, and the offering of a heart-felt prayer, he stands up to speak. He refers to the vast results of apparently small beginnings, and he tells them of the little meeting five years ago, when Nelson began his career as a lecturer.

And then Nelson rises to address them. He has altered greatly during the five years, grown graver in manner, but the humour still lurks in his speech. Great as is his fame as an orator, he has surely never spoken so eloquently as he does to-night, and he is listened to with rapt attention.

In conclusion, he pays a tribute of gratitude to the chairman, remarking that had it not been for the encouragement he had first given him, and the valuable assistance rendered by him, he should not now occupy the position he does.

And who can tell how far the results of a kindly word of sympathy and encouragement may extend?

Let us, as total abstainers, not be so chary of our kind words! We are lavish enough with our criticisms, our harsh words; let us see to it, that we give words of praise and commendation, when deserved, as freely, and always

"Scatter seeds of kindness
For our reaping by-and-bye."

LOUIE S.

Cardinal Manning on Moderate Drinking.

At the annual demonstration of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross, Cardinal Manning said:—In the South of England we call drunkenness drunkenness, but at Liverpool the other day I learned to like better the word "intemperance." It carries the war into the enemy's country a great deal further than drunkenness. When we talk of putting down drunkenness, all the people who never exceed in any visible degree begin to shrug their shoulders and congratulate themselves that we have allowed them to go free. But when we talk of intemperance it is not so. Multitudes of people

never drank to excess in their lives, and yet they are not temperate. There are many whose indulgence in drink does not reach to any gross excess, and yet nevertheless they are intemperate people—in other words, they indulge themselves to an extent which is injurious to their health, to their character, to their family, to their fortunes, to everything in life, and, what is more, they are not found out until some ruin comes. I am very glad that the League of the Cross does not say one word about drunkenness. It calls itself "The Catholic League of the Cross of Total Abstinence;" and therefore do not let them think that they are going to escape. Our net is a great deal too fine for that. If we talk about total abstinence there is no escape. I now wish to say a few words to the temperate people. I do not say, as some have said, that it is the moderate drinkers who do all the harm; and yet there is a great deal of meaning in such a phrase. The meaning is this: "Here are a multitude who drink too much, and there are a number of respectable drinkers who never exceed. Moderate drinkers give a sort of character and respectability to the practice. It is very safe for them, perhaps, but it is the reverse with others. It has been said, Who are they who make the drunkards of next year? Well, they are the moderate drinkers of last year. There is no doubt that when people go in that direction they know not where they are going. I do not think it true that moderate drinkers do all the mischief, but I am quite sure that those who jeer and laugh are able to influence wrongly on moral questions soldiers who are brave at the cannon's mouth. When drinking leads to drunkenness, then the vast catalogue of crimes is open to the man who is guilty of that first sin. So long as a man is sober, so long he will resist temptation; but when he has once lost his sense and his will, there is nothing he will not do. If drunkenness is one sin, it is the foundation out of which comes all manner of sin. Therefore the practice of drinking which began in a stealthy way, and in a small measure, grows and steals over those that are not watchful, until at last they are wrecked altogether; and what I am going to describe is that which I have seen and known, and have about me at this moment. You will see sometimes a respectable man, who has the confidence of his superiors and of his friends. Little by little there comes a change over him, and nobody knows why. His conscience is fighting to keep him straight, and his temptation is to go to drink, and he goes to it in secret. In a little while you will begin to see a difference in that man's work. He keeps his books badly; he is never punctual, and he cannot keep an engagement. In a little while his temper becomes hot, capricious, and irritable, and people can hardly live with him. Later on you begin to see that the man is heavy and stupid, and he complains that he is ill, has got the headache, and can't eat anything; and still nobody knows why. At last he comes to some great trouble. If he is in business, he gets into debt, borrows money, and never restores. Then he takes to some dishonest practice. He must get money, and he gets it how he can; or he breaks rule and discipline, and comes under arrest, and still nobody knows. But some day he is found stupefied, with the marks and proofs of intoxicating drink upon him. Now that man began as a moderate drinker, but in secret; little by little, the habit has gained upon him stealthily, until it has mastered him altogether. Now what I have described as occurring to a man, happens still more in the case of a woman. It is a grievous thing to have to say it, but it is most certain that the law which was intended to be for the benefit of the people, the sale of wine at grocers' shops, has brought the habit of drinking among women to an extent that nobody could have foreseen. How many homes there are that are wrecked because the mother and the wife has fallen under the power of this temptation! How much misery, how many broken hearts, how many husbands driven from home, how many children neglected and coming to misery and shame by the intemperance of their mothers! These are mysteries which will never be known until the Last Day; and therefore this sin is not one sin only, but the great sin which leads to others, and which is high treason against the very nature of man. Man was made in the image of God, and the use of this drink defaces and destroys that which is the dignity and the glory of man—his reason, his heart, and his will. I want to get the League of the Cross to be a great association of those who desire to do something for themselves and for others. I will only give one reason why you should join it. Anybody who has ever been under the power of drink I do not believe will ever break that habit so long as he continues to keep the taste of it in his mouth. I believe the only hope of entirely breaking off that habit is by entirely breaking off the practice of intoxicating drink. I say to all such—Stop at once. Don't say I will

stop to-morrow or the day after; but stop now, while your conscience tells you you have the opportunity of doing it. The danger is that the day may come when the power over you of the habit will be stronger than you can break. Now, a word to those who were never tempted to excess, and who may ask—Why should we belong to the League of the Cross? It seems a great shame that the Christian world cannot do what the Mahomedan world does. The "unmentionable Turk" that we have heard of is a reproach and a rebuke to us Christian people, for he drinks water, and we drink intoxicating liquors. It is almost true to say that intoxication is a Christian vice. It is a horrible thing to say, but I cannot say it without this qualification. I know this, that intoxication by opium and various kinds of stimulants is to be found among the Oriental races in the case of individuals, but if you take the races as races, there is no such thing. They are sober, temperate, and they preserve that image of God in them of which they are unconscious; and we Christians who know it, destroy and deface it as I have described. Let all temperate people set an example. Strengthen the League of the Cross, you that never did exceed. Fall into our ranks. Stand shoulder to shoulder with us. Make a solid square. Let us stand together; and if any poor man or woman, who has fallen under the habit of drink, comes fleeing to us for safety, we will open our ranks and let them come into that square, and we will protect and save them.

Harry's Wine-Drinking.

By Julia Colman, New York.

Harry was an English boy. At his home, as in many other English homes, the wine-glass always had a place on the dinner-table, and those who dined there drank wine with their food, very much as we in this country drink coffee at breakfast and tea at supper. But older people do not always consider these drinks good for children; and so it happened in Harry's case. So he never expected wine with his dinner, whatever other people had; and he had no desire for it.

Up to the time he was ten years old, Harry was a happy, healthy, merry boy, and as perfect a sleeper as you will often see. He had no dreams, and no fevered tossings. He would often tell his mother in the morning when she went to waken him that he had just only shut and opened his eyes. About this time he went with his papa to visit one of his great-uncles. This old man had great faith in wine, and he used to talk about it in a way to make people feel as if it must be something very nice. He had his rules for using the different kinds of wine, and what shaped glasses each kind should be drank from, trying to make people think there was some exquisite science about it, instead of these things being just devices for getting people to drink poison.

When Harry came he found a new subject. Nothing would do but Harry must drink wine; just one glass at dessert; that would do for a beginning. Harry disliked the wine very much at first, and he declared he would not drink it. Its taste was nauseous, and it seemed to burn his throat Still every day the glass of wine was put by his plate, and his old uncle would banter him and praise the wine, telling him that it would "build him up," "make a man of him," and all that sort of talk.

Unfortunately, Harry never had had any temperance teaching, never had seen a temperance tract or paper, nor heard of a temperance class. He saw his father and other men drink wine, and he supposed it was the proper thing to do; so he sipped at it occasionally, till at last he managed to drink the whole of his glass of wine at dinner.

After two months he returned to his mother, who was amazed to see the many changes that had come to her boy in his absence. He could not sleep at night till long after he went to bed; and when he did sleep, he was so restless and noisy in his breathing that he had to be wakened and put in shape and quieted down. Then he would wake with a start and cry out, and all his old playful energy would be gone for half the next day. His stomach was out of order, too, and he often had to take medicine, so that altogether he was very unhappy. No one seemed to think, however, of laying all this to the wine. His mother, indeed, had wished him to give it up when he first returned, but he had rather come to like it now; and, besides, the doctor said he might "go down" if it were taken away, and so the wine went on.

At last his mother began to see that he liked the wine altogether too well. He would take even more

than his one glass, if he could get it. Then the wine was taken off the table altogether. Harry missed it at first for a day or two, but he soon went back into his old ways, and instead of "going down" he went up. In ten days he was like his own happy self again. He slept delightfully, enjoyed his old pleasures, lost his indigestion, and regained his old sweetness of temper. Then it was discovered that the mischief had come from the wine all along.

Now, this is a fair specimen of the harm that comes even from a little wine-drinking; but you see that neither the uncle, the father, the mother, nor Harry himself, had any idea that the wine was to blame until after he gave it up. We who have studied about it know that wine is a poison, and that all the thousands of people who drink wine are suffering in one way or another from its use, without even suspecting it. Some people drink wine or beer or some other alcoholic drink to make them sleep, but their sleep is broken and fitful, like Harry's, never sweet and refreshing like that of a well man. Lord Holland says that he never knew what good, sound sleep was till he gave up wine; but after that he had no more bad dreams. He slept like a plough-boy. When we see people drinking wine we should think of all this, and remember that, no matter how tempting it may look, or how many pleasant things may be said about it, the fact is that it should be called and treated like a poison, a deceitful poison.

A Bishop's Reasons for Abstinence.

The Bishop of Durham recently delivered a speech at a meeting of the Cambridge University Temperance Society, in which he said: "It seems to me that there are very excellent reasons for abstention, which approve themselves to many of us. There is, first that of self-discipline. Now I sometimes hear in sermons and read in books that self-denial is self-mortification—a very poor thing, nay, a very wrong thing, unless it is done with some ulterior purpose, as, for instance, when a man fasts that he may be able to give more to the poor. I do not believe this. But repeated acts of self-denial create a habit of self-mastery. Thus the resolution is braced, the character is nerved. And you may just as well exercise yourselves in self-denial in this particular matter as in any other. But I come to a second point, on which I lay great stress; and that is, your influence with others. You may tell me again and again that it is a much nobler thing to be temperate than to be abstinent; that it is finer to use God's gift moderately than not all. I will not argue with you. This is not the question. The fact is as I said; for numbers of your fellow-creatures there is only one alternative. One could wish it were otherwise, but so it is. Only one alternative, namely, absolute abstention, or else intemperance. Tennyson's poem of "The Northern Cobbler' is as true as it is powerful. The great bottle of gin must be confronted face to face, must be defied. It must not be opened or tasted, because we know what the consequences will be from the tasting of a single drop. I daresay you remember what Dr. Johnson said of himself. He said he could abstain wholly from alcoholic drinks, but he could not take them moderately. If this were so with him, how much harder the case must be with men who have not had the same restraints of training that he had, who have not the same opportunities of recreation and diversion in literature as he had; whose chief amusement is to be found in companionships which are sought in the alehouse? It is for the sake of these men, I say, that total abstinence has its value. Suppose you are a clergyman set down, I will say, amongst a mining or manufacturing population, or even an agricultural population. You are quite sure of your own self; you can indulge moderately. By 'moderately' I do not mean that you never confuse your senses, but that you never take more than is good for your health, good for yourself in any way. You can trust yourself; but these parishioners of yours do not understand that. They do not understand why the squire or the parson should be allowed his glass of wine, while they themselves are not allowed their pot of beer. Yet too many of these indulgencies in the pot of beer means ruin. I say that total abstention places you in a very advantageous position for influencing your parishioners. I can speak for myself; I am not brought into direct connection with the working classes as a parish clergyman would be, but I do believe that the effect of my abstinence has been to me a very great advantage in the administration of my diocese. And therefore I put it to you whether

it is not worth your while to reflect on this question. I appeal to all young men, but more especially to you who are going to be clergymen, to ask yourselves whether it is, or is not, worth while to deny yourselves this little gratification, if the result is such as I think I may venture to say it is? These are some reasons; I might add others. I might speak of the expense. Even moderate indulgence makes a hole in the purse of a curate, with his very modest stipend. I might speak of health, but I know that doctors disagree. Yes, doctors disagree, but certainly of late years there has been a greater tendency to agreement. We do not now find doctors ordering stimulants wholesale, as they used to do a very few years ago. We see that they one and all proclaim, and loudly too, that even persons who are called moderate drinkers do, as a rule, take more than is good for their health."

Total Abstinence in the Home.*

It is in the home that temperance principles will achieve their greatest triumphs. If intoxicating drink be used in the home, we need not expect that intemperance will ever cease. Children who are reared up without intoxicating liquor of any kind, when they go out into the world are not put to the same test, nor are they anything like so liable to be led astray as those who have used them at home. A very dear friend, a God-honoured minister of the Gospel, who has worked hard for the last thirty years in the cause of temperance, said to me that his son, who is a worthy young man in business in the city of B———, told him that he thanked God every day of his life that he had been trained a total abstainer at home. His father never allowed intoxicating liquor into his house. His children are all abstainers, and prosperous in the world.

We do wish that every parent, especially every mother, would look this matter straight in the face. Madame de Stael once asked Napoleon I. what France most needed. He answered, "*Mothers*, madame." What is the greatest need of our land? Mothers who will teach their children to shun the wine cup. Mothers who will not allow the intoxicating beverage to be brought to the dinner table. Mothers who will break through every social custom, and break down every barrier to save their children from the subtle power of the drink fiend. Many have learned to love alcoholic liquor by drinking it at home. Sad thought that the spot that should be the most sacred and pure on earth can be turned into a place of death. Most of those who have been trained to be drunkards at the dinner table would not, in the first instance, have gone to a public-house. Their sense of decency, the respect they have had for themselves and for those to whom they are related, would have prevented their doing so. Still, the work of making them drunkards has been done as effectively and as certainly, though with less observation and consciousness, in the Christian home where the drink was in daily use. Many persons who manifest a love for strong drink cannot be said to be frequenters of the dramshop; and often those most interested in their welfare express their astonishment as to how the desire for such drink has been created, forgetting that the daily dram at the dinner table as surely tends to drunkenness as a dram taken in the whiskey-shop. Alcohol is no respecter of places; it will do its deadly work in the dining room of the mansion, as well as in the parlour of the public-house. The mischief cannot be calculated that alcohol is doing in a quiet way in the homes of our country. There are many who feel somewhat degraded if asked to enter a public-house, who are exposed to the subtle influence of alcohol in the home circle. There it is called a beverage—medicine—a guardian angel; in the licensed house, a devil; but it should be remembered that it is a devil in both.

It is absolutely necessary that Christian abstainers should bear a clear testimony against the use of alcohol in the home, and against their friends and themselves being tempted under the pretext of hospitality. The home should be as free as possible from every seductive influence, and that cannot be so long as the drink is used there, under any circumstances whatever.

Parents, as you love the character and desire the future well-being of your children, put the accursed thing out of your houses! Christian men, as you love the religion of Jesus Christ and God's cause on earth, resolve never again to offer the intoxicating cup in your homes to any one! Seduce not your children and brethren by asking them to take the poisoned dram! Seek Divine help to do this, and resolve in God's name to help on the good cause, for there is hardly "a house in which there is not one dead."

* From *Home; its Duties and Privileges*, A New Year's Address, by the Rev. Archie M'Kinley, Belfast. (Belfast: W. Erskine Mayne).

The Drinking Customs of the Workshop.

At the anniversary of the East Central Temperance Association, the Rev. W. Panckridge, M.A., vicar of St. Matthew's, City-road, said :—"I should like to mention to you the case of a man who for some years was engaged in a large printing establishment in the West End; and, unhappily, he was one of the leaders in the wrong direction. He had a good deal of fun, humour and jollity in his character, and he set his face against anything like temperance principles. There was a bad habit in this establishment of paying 'footing,' but there was also a habit rather peculiar to this place of having 'birthdays.' Every man had a 'birthday' for each quarter of the year, and each man had a 'wife's birthday,' and sometimes the 'birthdays' of a grandmother and an aunt. They used, in fact, to raffle to see whose 'birthday' it was, and the man who won the raffle had to stand 'footing.' Hence, as you may imagine, the place was pretty well charged with drink, and became notable for its drunkenness. This man was at last got hold of. He came to me one day and said, 'It's neck or nothing: I must be a teetotaler, or I must drink myself to death. I have been brought up before the magistrate, and I am tired of the whole business.' This man didn't want advice, only encouragement. It was hard for him to go back and announce himself a total abstainer; but he did it, and as a consequence brought down upon himself the chaff, ridicule, and to a certain extent the tyranny of his mates. They taunted him with meanness, and asked him contemptuously if any person had got hold of him. He had a hot time of it for months. He used to come to me and say, 'I can't hold on,' and I used to encourage him. By a happy inspiration he hit upon a plan which he carried out. He felt it would be no use to talk teetotalism, but when the dinner hour came he said, 'I am going to read aloud out of a book for a quarter of an hour. I advise you not to listen to me. You won't like this book at all, for if you hear it, you'll think differently of your beer from what you do. So don't listen to me.' The book was Dr. Richardson's work on alcohol. They did listen—I suppose, just because he told them not to; but I assure you a most striking effect was produced in that workshop. I do not say he made all in that room teetotalers; but I may tell you this, that he managed by his own personal influence to get the men to banish the beer in the middle of the day, he brought not a few over to teetotal principles, and to a large extent reformed the custom of the establishment. When his employers found that there was a movement in favour of temperance in that particular room, they introduced in a very noble manner a system by which coffee should be brought to the men in the middle of the day. My friend stayed there long enough to see the potboy absolutely banished."

John Alcohol My Foe.

BY JOHN CAMPBELL, CANADA.

John Alcohol my foe, John
When we were first acquaint,
I'd money in my pockets, John,
Which now I know I ain't.
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so.
But mark it how you've treated me,
John Alcohol my foe.
John Alcohol my foe, John
Our sojourn down through time
Reveals dark tales of woe, John,
Deep stained with sin and crime.
Dreaded monster, haste away
No longer trouble me;
I'll shun thee, hate thee, night and day
John Alcohol my foe.

John Alcohol my foe, John,
God's grace is now my guide.
Now I've signed the pledge, John,
And by it shall abide.
John the Baptist 'tis to me
To point the heavenward way;
And now I'll sing, "Thank God I'm free."
John Alcohol my foe.
John Alcohol my foe, John,
We've been so long together,
So you must take one road, John,
And I will take the other.
For we shall tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I will have the bill to foot,
John Alcohol my foe.

The Surgeon's Knife.

A SHORT time ago I was visiting in New York City with a friend who is studying medicine. One afternoon we went to one of the large hospitals where the medical students study surgery by witnessing operations performed by the professors. It had been published that there was to be an amputation, and the large lecture-room was crowded with students and physicians.

Everything was finely arranged so as to promote all cleanliness and comfort. At the appointed hour the professor entered the amphitheatre. The lady nurses with their clean white caps and white aprons, flitted noiselessly about their duties. In a few moments the assistants wheeled into the room the patient who was to undergo the operation. There was a breathless stillness, as they gently placed the unconscious sufferer on the amputating table.

How little can we realize the wonderful mercy of ether! What blessings its discovery has bestowed! After the patient was placed in the proper position, and the surgeon had put on a long white apron, everything was ready. The operation required the amputation of the leg, just below the knee-joint. The bandages were removed. Oh! such a horrid sight we never saw before. The poor fellow's foot was a purplish black. The flesh was raw and putrid, and the infection was working towards the knee. The mass of corruption hardly looked like a human foot. Every remedy had been applied to save the limb, but in vain. The leg was carefully and firmly bound above the knee with rubber tubing. The ether was again administered. The heavy breathing of the patient indicated his unconsciousness. And then the surgeon took his knife. With great care and skill he cut through the skin to the bone, entirely circling the leg in the shape of two semi-circles, so as to give a good lap over the ends. With a single sweep of the knife the flesh was severed. Then the saw severed the bones, and the foot was carried away by an assistant. The arteries were carefully tied, the flesh lapped over the end, the blood gently wiped away, the bandages carefully adjusted, and the man with the footless leg was wheeled back to his cot in the hospital ward. To one who never saw an amputation before, all that I have described was terribly real. It was no easy matter to convince myself that the surgeon's knife was not felt by the patient. At the first sight of the terrible gash it seemed as though the man must groan with the pain. But the blessed ether saved him from pain then.

But what accident injured that foot? What disease corrupted that human flesh? It was not an accident, it was not a disease; it was the awful result of frost. Yes, during the terribly cold nights just before New Year's, the young man got drunk. Some friends picked him outof the gutter, beastly intoxicated. He was kindly placed in a wagon and carried to the hospital. During the night he had lost his shoe, and his foot was so frozen that nothing could save his life but the surgeon's knife.

What a warning for the youth who is smiling over his first social glass! What a lessen on temperance that poor fellow will experience when the pain of the healing limb is felt! As he hobbles through the world his regrets will not restore his foot. His friends may aid him, but they cannot undo the work of that awful night. Oh! how true, how true of the wine-glass, "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." When you are tempted, do not touch the accursed glass; there may be lurking in that glass woe and suffering, even the surgeon's knife.—*Rev. A. F. Newton.*

Three Words.

THERE are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen.
In tracing of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! though clouds environ round,
And Gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hatn its morn!

Have Faith! where'er thy bark is driven,
The calms disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother hail;
And scatter, like the burning sun,
Thy charities on all.

Religion shall Guide.

J. A. Birch.

In life's chang-ing sea - sons, in glad - ness and tears, In the days of our child- hood, through life's ear - ly years; What- e'er may re - tard us, who - e'er may de - ride, Fair Temp'rance shall guard us, re - li- gion shall guide, Fair Temp'rance shall guard us, re - li- gion shall guide.

2 Though parents caress us, the wine-cup to quaff—
Though companions shall press us, and bad men may laugh;
Whoe'er may discard us, by our pledge we'll abide,
Fair Temp'rance shall guard us, religion shall guide.

3 Temptation and sadness may come in their power;
And the bright days of gladness, or sorrow's dark hour;
Though health is debarr'd us, and wealth be denied;
Still Temp'rance shall guard us, religion shall guide.

4 Should life's changes tear us from kindred and home,
And the wild ocean bear us in far lands to roam;
E'en o'er the broad waters, we'll nobly decide
That Temp'rance shall guard us, religion shall guide.

5 When time with its sorrow and joys we resign,
To welcome a morrow which ne'er shall decline;
To life's closing story shall Temp'rance abide,
And to bright realms of glory religion shall guide.

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THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

You have heard of "the snake in the grass," my boy,
Of the terrible snake in the grass;
But now you must know
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class,
Alas!
'Tis the venomous snake in the *glass.—J. G. Saxe.*

TEMPERANCE AND EXERCISE.—If Exercise throws off all superfluities, Temperance prevents them; if Exercise clears the vessels, Temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if Exercise raises proper ferments in the humours and promotes the circulation of the blood, Temperance gives Nature her full play and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if Exercise dissipates a growing distemper, Temperance starves it.—*Addison.*

MR. SPURGEON ON LIQUOR SELLERS.—"Are there not to be found in the world men whose very calling is contrary to the spirit of true godliness? I did know, and may I never know again, such a one—apparently most devout and gracious, who was a deacon of a church, and passed round the communion cup, and yet over the worst drinking-dens in the town where he lived, where the lowest harlots congregated, you would see the man's name, for he was the brewer to whom the houses belonged—houses which had been purposely adapted at his expense for abodes of vice and drunkenness. He took the profits of a filthy traffic, and then served at the Lord's Table. God save the man that can pander to the Devil, and then bow down before the Most High. Persons are to be found who earn their money by ministering at the altars of Belial, and offer a part of it to the Lord of Hosts. Can they come from the place of revelling to the chamber of communion? Will they bring the wages of sin to the altar of God? He who maketh money over the devil's back is a hypocrite if he lays his cankered coin at the Apostles' feet. 'Thy money perish with thee!'"

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AUTHOR OF

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CHAPTER I.

"It's downright ridiculous, for a young fellow like you, Denis, to take up with such a lot of rant. The wine you get at the Major's is something first-rate—it makes my mouth water now, I can tell you, only to think of it."

"But I'm pledged not to take any, Harry I've been a Band of Hope boy ever since I was that high," measuring off with his hand from the ground an exceedingly small space.

"More shame for them to have persuaded you so early; you couldn't know anything about it then. If a *man* likes to make a fool of himself and spoil his fun for life, why let him; there may be some that ought to, even; I won't say there are not—confirmed topers, etc. But for a boy it's very silly, babyish in fact."

"I don't see it so, despite your arguments."

"That's because you are 'wilfully blind—must be,' as our mathematical master says, when we can't do his dry-as-dust problems sometimes. Come, Denis, say you'll try a glass at the Manor House, just for once, to oblige me. It makes you look so singular, else; as though you were setting yourself up to be ever so much wiser than your elders and betters; and you needn't go any farther, unless you like. Only one solitary glass of mild sherry can't hurt you."

"It would be breaking my pledge."

"What of that? Nobody at home need know anything about the business, except you tell them."

"I should not do that."

"No; of course not. Well, say you will; you don't even know how sherry tastes!" A tone of very distinct contempt was in this speech. The other winced at it and yielded; though for the sake of consistency he still kept up the subterfuge of resistance.

"I'll think it over," he said; "there's lots of time between then and now. May be I'll give in for once."

"Sensibly spoken, old man. Now let's go and have an hour's practice with the others in the cricket field."

The two lads between whom this conversation took place one bright May afternoon, Harry Walsh and Denis Fort, were two of the greatest chums in all Stillcroft School. They were natives of the same town, Fladworth, in Brakeshire. Each was in the seventeenth year of his age, and each possessed just such tastes and such traits of character as to make him a kind of magnet for the other. In strength of body and vivacity of temperament, Harry Walsh decidedly excelled; but in keenness of intellect and politeness of manner, Dennis Fort was leader. From the confidences and little assistances which were perpetually occurring between them, the pair had been nicknamed "the twins."

Their talk has, partly at least, told its own story.

A grand cricket match—Stillcroft School against Merle Park—was shortly to come off in the Manor House Grounds, offered by Major Brayford for the occasion. The Major, as he had done several times before, proposed, very kindly, to entertain the boys at a luncheon on his lawn. A certain quantity of wine would there be provided for them, and as in those days the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors had not made the progress in school teaching which they deserved, and which, let us thank God, they are making now, this feature of the "spread"—as it was vulgarly called — was received with especial favour. Denis Fort, however, was an exception. He had been enrolled at the age of six in a London Band of Hope (while on a visit to a Quaker uncle), and had kept his infantile vow ever since. To induce him at length to break it was the object of Harry Walsh's solicitations.

The great match duly took place, and the school, after a severe struggle, were victorious. Another and a far more momentous conflict—one within the ramparts of Mansoul Castle—was likewise fought. But here the side of innocence and light was vanquished.

Harry Walsh took care to keep by his friend's elbow at the luncheon-table and to pour him out some wine. He was pleased to see that, flushing uncomfortably, Denis swallowed it, and he rejoiced at the triumph of his tactics. Could the veil of the future have been lifted for a moment, and all its terrors and toil shown the young drink advocate, the smile would have faded from his cheeks, and a far different hue have mounted in the place of his merry rosiness.

"Well, laddie, wasn't it good? and are you the least bit in the world the worse for drinking it?" he asked, as the throng poured out again into the fields.

"I liked it pretty fairly—and—I don't *feel* any the worse, I must admit."

"A jolly deal the better, I should imagine. You've broken with all that rubbish of pledge signing for ever and a day. A little innocent enjoyment like that can do nobody any harm."

Denis made no reply. The cool outside breeze was fanning his brow, and reflection was going on within. Conscience began to prick him, and the boy felt, despite all his comrade's congratulations, that he had done both a foolish and a cowardly thing. In reality he had taken the first step on the road to ruin.

CHAPTER II.

BOTH Harry Walsh and Denis Fort had grown to man's estate. They had entered on life's duties; faced life's problems, trials, temptations. The start of each, considering his position, had been eminently favourable. Harry had gone to Selbridge as clerk in the county bank. Denis had been taken into his father's business, that of a large iron-founder. Both, too, had made good progress, in a monetary point of view, during the ten years that had slipped noiselessly away. Harry had risen step by step to the position of sub-manager; Denis had become junior partner, and then, on his father's death, had succeeded to the whole control of the Fladworth Ironworks. Both were happily married. But with regard to Denis Fort, by this time a terrible danger had begun to show itself. From the day of the memorable school cricket match, when his companion's persuasions had broken down the barrier of his juvenile pledge, Denis had never again become an abstainer from strong drink. Little by little, as is the way of the fiend, the awful fetters of over-indulgence were forged and rivetted upon him. Slow were those who loved him to admit it; slow was he himself to confess to his own soul the fact. But it was true! Month by month, year by year the stamp of the vice grew more legible in blotched face, bleared eyes, shambling gait, trembling limbs; until at last all Fladworth awoke to the lamentable conviction, that the young ironmaster was a drunkard!

"That's always the way of things," said one of his men to another, discussing the matter; "here's the governor got everything, as you may say, all ready made to his hands, a stunin' business, capital to carry it on with, plenty of machinery, a lovely wife and three young children into the bargain; and he must throw it all away and ruin everything and everybody as is connected, and as he *can* ruin, just for the sake of liquor—the taste of which is gone as soon as you've gulped it down a' most. 'Tis a mystery, and a sad one."

"Aye, I'm very sorry," said the listener; "but what you say, Dick, is Gospel truth. He—master—looks after nothing now-a-days as he used to do, as he ought to do. The trade 'll go fast enough, and he'll precious soon be in difficulties. But I *am* sorry."

There was another who saw, and who watched the unfolding of the hackneyed, miserable drama with a poignant regret. It was Harry Walsh!

Upon the question of alcohol—the great, the burning question of the nineteenth century, far in advance of all Reform Bills, Municipal Government Measures, age-old improvement schemes—the two old companions had literally changed sides. Brought to a fuller understanding of his Heavenly Father's will, seeing how that will was opposed, scoffed at, hated by the vendors and victims of drink; how alcohol was making slaves of men and women on the right hand and on the left; how debasing was its influence, how heart-rending its efforts, Harry had decided deliberately to throw in his lot with the extremest abolitionists. His boyish creed of liberty had been transmuted by the bitter alchemy of facts into the truer, purer freedom of *total abstinence*. He had no sneers for the pledge-book now; his own name was in one.

Regularly, twice a year, for three or four days at Christmas, and for a fortnight at Midsummer, the young clerk came home. On all these occasions he sought out Denis Foot. Pained, inexpressibly pained, was he by the growing signs of dissipation he beheld, by the disagreeable rumours of wrong-doing and of

blunders in business, which filtered through to his ears.

At last he resolved, as he phrased it to himself, to "take the bull by the horns."

"Denis," he said, one sultry July day;—"Come and let's have a stroll out by the church, you can spare an hour, I know, It's too hot to be comfortable in your office."

"Quite so. I'm pretty busy though." Perhaps Denis suspected some trap. He was growing touchy upon many matters now, his men said, suspicious of some hidden taunt in nearly every speech. His conscience was not yet drugged into the profound slumber that shall need the trump of the Last Angel to arouse it to a very dreadful awakening!

"Never mind, put down your plans, and, 'let us away to meadows green!'"

"In a minute, Harry," and the iron-founder ran towards the house.

"Ah! He's off for his glass first, I fear me," muttered the waiter.

Even when they were alone under the open sky together, Harry Walsh found it difficult to begin. It was he that had invoked the tempest by his folly in a by-gone year. Many a time on his bended knees, with hot scalding tears, he had prayed God to forgive him his sin of ignorance. He believed that he had been heard, but the influence he had exerted was still mischievously potent. Was it likely that he could reverse the spell?

"Do you know, Denis,—you will let an old friend speak without taking offence I hope,—do you know that people are talking about you?"

"In what way? Gossip is a thriftless jade."

"They say you like the wine-cup and the spirit-flask too much. And——and, I'm afraid there is something in it. You are not the same fellow in many ways you were a few years ago."

The stake was thrown now, anxiously Harry scanned the gloomy face by his side to see how his speech was received. Denis bit his lip, and flushed, if possible, a deeper crimson. Then he burst into a hollow, unreal sort of laugh, one that strangely reminded Harry of Solomon's words concerning the "crackling of thorns under a pot."

"Well," he said, "what if I do like a drop! There are plenty in the same boat."

"Does that make the danger less—of descending the rapids?"

"No; not in the least. I don't mean to go as far as that. I can govern myself."

"Don't try it, Denis, I beseech of you; nobody starts with the idea that he will become a—a—"

"Say the word. Let's have it plainly. I shall not be offended; we are too old friends for that."

"So I think. No one sets out, then, with the will, the intention, to become a drunkard."

"No!"

"But many end there; shamefully, awfully end there."

"And you are afraid for me?"

"I should not have said a single syllable else."

"Don't you think, young man,—" there was a touch of bitter satire in the expression, and Denis's glance had a certain gleam of unholy exultation in it,—that you are not exactly the individual to preach successfully to me? I suppose you wish me to sign the pledge?"

"I do. Let me persuade you by every argument I can command. In that—if you keep it—there is safety. I have a book with me, Denis, for that purpose."

"Just so! But I asked a prior question. Do you think you are the man to induce me? Wasn't it you who at Stillcroft School got me to break the pledge? Didn't you, Harry Walsh, good as you fancy yourself to-day, teach me to drink, lead me to the wine?"

Harry groaned. "Poor as I am, Denis, I would give a hundred pounds to undo that day's work," he said; "I have repented of it again and again."

"But you can't undo it, and it's no use to try. You had better give it up."

It seemed as if that cold, harsh speech was true. On that sunken reef of the past all the

young clerk's appeals and arguments were wrecked. With a sad heart and gloomy foreboding he had to abandon his attempt.

CHAPTER III.

Another interval, of eighteen months, had elapsed. It was Christmastide, and Harry Walsh, as usual, was keeping it with his widowed mother. He was more than ever shocked at what he saw and heard of his old school-mate. Denis had neared the rapids now in very truth. He was in body, soul, and fortune, a complete wreck. His wife had left him, through his excesses, and gone to reside with a brother, ten miles away. He lived in the gaunt old house by the foundry with only an old caretaker and his wife, who supplied his needs in a shambling fashion, and left him alone, when he wished it, to sleep off his frequent, almost constant, debauches.

Harry called to see him once or twice, but was denied an audience. "The master was out," old Giles said, the smirk on his withered cheek flatly to Harry's eyes contradicting his words. He was, however, destined shortly to meet Denis in a great crisis of life and death.

"Fire!" shouted a Fladworth policeman, tearing down the deserted street in the dead of night. A few seconds later "Clang!" with its hoarse notes, went the market-house bell. Windows were quickly thrown open, and night-capped heads enquired in all sorts of accents, and with all degrees of terror, "Where?"

"At the foundry! at the foundry!" was the response from those first dressed and out, and a deep red haze to the left began to emphasize the words.

Harry Walsh was soon on the spot. It was the house that was burning, and not the workshop or the out-buildings. The worst of the matter was the inmates did not seem awake, and their heavy, old-fashioned doors were bolted and barred. A noise as of a battering-ram, or thunder, was quickly made, and after a weary time of waiting, it, or the increeping smoke-wreaths, brought old Giles to the window. The man seemed half dazed; but he announced the fact that the staircase was already a mass of flames, and that his rescue must take place from the window. By aid of the fire-escape, now well to the fore, he was released from his perilous position, and his wife soon followed.

Where was Denis Fort?

"What's become of your master?" shouted a dozen voices into the retainer's ear, Harry's loudest amongst them.

"Eh? Master? Mr. Fort?" repeated the old man in querulous, idiotic accents. Then a sudden flash of remembrance crossed his brain, and he pointed with his skinny hand to a distant casement.

"Master's up yon," he said, "sound aslee I doubt; he'd had plenty over night."

A drunken man in a room which ladders were powerless to reach was the awful burden of the revelation. An actual, contagious shudder ran through that section of the crowd which was near enough to hear. Harry Walsh stood as though petrified.

"He's a doomed man then, sure," said the chief of the Fladworth firemen.

"Can't we reach him from the inside? The door is broken open now." It was the clerk's question.

"None of us dare venture. It's suffocating in there, no, the case is hopeless."

A silent, agonising prayer went up to the King of Kings. Harry Walsh could not find it in his soul to see his ancient friend perish thus. He had led him astray in the first instance; he would risk his life to save him now."

"I will try," he said firmly.

"You!—It's out of the question!

But Harry was gone. He had plunged into the cloud of grey, luminous smoke, almost as his words were uttered. If he was to be successful there was not an instant to lose. How the throng held their breath, and strained their eyes, and surged now this way, now that, in their awed excitement! Had the young fellow gone indeed to meet death, or would he re-appear? How long the minutes were!

At last a cheer broke out. At the lofty window two forms were seen.

"Quick! Hold the escape-rug here, a dozen of you," cried the head fireman."

He was obeyed, and a wild tumult of applause over-topped the crackling of the flames as first one heavy thud and then another announced that the daring feat had disappointed the prophets of evil after all.

Harry Walsh was badly scorched and was ill for many days. But he had one great and blessed recompense for all his pain. Denis Fort came heart-broken and conscience smitten to his bedside, and there in presence of his old friend and of the Great Recording Angel vowed to live a new creature.

"The old score, Harry—forgive me for having once reminded you of it—is fully cleared now," he said, "I didn't deserve that you should peril your life for me."

"Remember, Denis, the One who not only perilled but *gave* his life for us—'while we were yet sinners, Christ died!'"

"I do, I do," and the sobs lent credence to the words.

"You will sign the pledge-book now, Denis?"

"I have already done so; at the Methodist minister's house, he is local secretary of the temperance society, and what is more, nothing shall ever make me break it."

"Not even a mistaken friend's influence."

"No; but let that be a dead and buried episode, Harry."

"I am very willing."

Reader, on this great question you too have an influence. On which side,—that of light or of darkness, of sin or of holiness, of weal or of woe, is that vast, subtle, mysterious power exerted! Some day an account must be rendered. Remember that in that hour "they that be wise shall shine—they that turn many to righteousness."

No Harm in a Glass.

"So you've brought me one at last, Ned?"

"Yea, yea, ma'am, 'tis the weather what does it, ye see the wind's in the west to-day, that brings the letters," and with this, having had his little joke, the old man was turning off, when a voice from within called out,

"Stay, and have a glass of beer, Ned; west or east, it's precious cold anyway

Nothing loth, Ned advanced to the kitchen, and standing at the door drank to the health of "you and your missis both," "and thank you kindly," he added, as he set down the glass, and wiped his lips.

But there was a shadow on his young wife's face that Joe Edwards was quick to notice; she did not even at once open her letter, though it had been anxiously looked for; her parents were old, and lived at some distance from her present home, so news was always welcome.

"What's the matter Nannie?" Joe asked, as having finished his dinner, he stood with his back to the fire prepared to enjoy a few minutes rest before setting forth to his work Nannie cleared her face, and smiled at him brightly, but after a moment's hesitation she said quickly, as though anxious to get it out, "I was a wishin' we had'nt given poor old Ned that glass of beer, Joe."

"And what for not, wife? it's not one glass will make a man drunk nor do him any harm, I'm thinking; don't you be frettin' over that, why it's done the old man good, you need'nt be grudgin' it him."

"I'm not grudgin' Joe, but you know," coming to his side, and laying her hand on his shoulder, which she could only just reach, she being a tiny woman, and he a great burly workman of 5 feet 10 inches. "You know it may be not the first nor second he's had, or will have before he gets home. Oh Joe," she went on wistfully, "It's many a time I'm wishin' I'd tried harder to get you to give up beer afore we was married."

"Why not try now, Nannie?" he asked with a little laugh, but with some abruptness.

"You see, Joe," she answered timidly, "they do say its always easier to get what you want before the wedding day nor after."

"May be so, when a man's a fool," he cried in a fiercer voice than she had ever heard from his lips; then seeing her grow pale, he went on more gently, "don't you believe that there rubbish, wife, it's what folks is too fond of dinnin' into everyone's ears; do you think any man what's got a little sense would'nt rather listen to her what's been a good wife to him than to a girl that may be he knows little about, what's trying her hand at getting something out of him?" But with this explosion Joe's eye fell on the clock, "I'm off, Nannie, give us a kiss, and dry your eyes to read that there letter; I may be rough, my girl, but you know 'tis not meant for you."

At tea-time Joe seemed thoughtful, and presently he began, "What was't made you so put out at my givin' Ned that glass of beer, wife?"

She looked up with an eager face.

"Oh Joe, I've been wantin' to tell you, perhaps it seemed foolish-like to you, but I've never forgotten, I'll never forget to my dyin' day," here her voice became choked with sobs, as she went on to relate her sad story.

She had been a servant at a gentleman's house some miles from a large town. A young cousin of hers had been working in the town, and was in the habit of visiting her occasionally; one evening he had come, and (as she knew she was quite at liberty to do, for her master was a hospitable man, and laid few restrictions in the way of food and drink on his servants), she had drawn him a glass of ale, which he drank whilst chatting to her, then as he was going off he had another to keep him warm, for it was a cold, wet night. Well, she heard no more of him for a day or two, when she was startled by the message that a policeman was waiting to speak to her; it was a summons to attend an inquest on the body of her young cousin. It then transpired that after leaving her he had walked a mile or two, and called at a public-house for a glass of brandy and water; the landlord swore it was only one he had, and that not over stiff. Was he drunk when he came? Well, no, he was'nt to say drunk, not at all, or he'd not have got nothing at that house, but he, may be, had had a glass or two, that he could'nt deny. And so towards evening the next day instead of the bright, fresh youth who should have been glorying in the strength and beauty of manhood, they took from the shallow stream by the wayside a cold, stiff corpse, with grey bleached face and clenched hand. Such was the substance of Nannie's broken story.

"And, oh Joe," she finished "I'll never, never forgive myself that t'was I gave him his death-drink. I've never touched a drop of such things since, I went straight from his poor body and took the pledge. Poor lad, poor lad! and he was that kind-hearted and merry, oh t'was awful—his poor mother was a widow too, with no other children but one, a sailor, at the other side of the world; she was heart-broke, she was, and it wasn't long after she died!"

Nannie's tears were falling fast, and perhaps Joe's eyes were not quite dry, as he rose from his chair, and yawning hard to hide any weak emotion.

"You never told me all that before, Nannie," he said, "T'was a bad job for you, my girl, and I don't wonder you're upset at the thoughts of it, but it's no good cryin' over what can't be mended."

"Only, Joe, should'nt it keep us from doing or standin' chance of doing such-like again. No, I'd not said so much of it before, 'twas years ago; only it could'nt but come back when I see'd Ned drinking his glass to our health. You know as how I tried once to get you to sign the pledge, but you said you could'nt anyways do it right off, and then I did'nt like to bother you."

To this Joe made no answer, and presently taking his cap he went out. Nannie washed the tea-things, and having put all straight, she proceeded to finish some sewing which she had in hand. Half-past nine struck, "Wherever can Joe be," she said aloud, rising at the same time to lay the supper; the words had

scarcely passed her lips when the door opened, and her husband stepped in.

"You're late, Joe?" she said.

"Yes, I am that," he answered; then as she did not turn from the cupboard where she was engaged, he went on quietly, "I've got something for you, Nannie." She came forward at that, and he held out to her a card.

"Whatever is it?" she asked, then quickly glancing over it, said "Oh Joe, how good you are, I am so very, very glad."

Her beaming happiness fully repaid Joe for the effort he had made; and when, a fortnight after, Ned Somers again brought a letter to the cottage:

"Well, Ned," was Joe's salute, "come inside and have something hot; can't offer you no beer to-day, 'cause we don't keep that liquor here, but I'll be bound Nannie'll give you a cup of hot coffee, she's not one of those what never has no water boilin'." And over the coffee they had a little chat, for Ned's morning round was finished, and what with Nannie's story, and Joe's few quiet words, and better still, the force of his example, it would not be surprising to learn that the Temperance Society had another member before long.

"Well sure enough, lad, seems to me you are on the safe side anyhow. I'll think it over, I'll think it over, sure enough now," and with that Ned took his leave.

E. L.

Fetching Beer for Father.

Now then Poppie, my dear, put on your hat, and be off for my supper beer.

These words were uttered in a kind, hearty voice, and the speaker was a kind, hearty-looking man, with broad shoulders, and a red face. He was so big, he seemed quite to fill up the little room where Poppie was sitting over a very small cindery fire. The room was almost at the top of a high house in a back street in the east of London, and the noises of the never-ceasing traffic in the streets below made a constant dull hum heard in the house. Poppie jumped up from her stool when she heard her father's voice, and taking her hat from a peg behind the door, she was ready in a moment to fetch the supper beer. It was a familiar sight to all who lived in that house, to see Poppie every evening at the same hour, with a large, brown jug in her hand, on her way to the public-house at the corner for father's supper beer. Poppie's mother was an invalid, and her father worked hard to make a comfortable home for wife and child. Poppie was their only one, and she was very much petted by both her parents, and by all the neighbours. She was a bright, pretty, little thing, with blue eyes, and curly brown hair.

"Come along, little one," said the man behind the bar at the public-house, when Poppie made her appearance there, with the brown jug clasped in both her little hands, "Come up here, you shall be attended to first, give me the jug."

It so happened that while Poppie was being made much of at the public-house, a gentleman, who had long wanted to have a talk with Poppie's father, called on him, and was very glad to find him at home. The lamp had been lighted then, and the fire made up, so that the room, although it was poorly furnished, looked clean and comfortable. The gentleman, who was an earnest worker in the Temperance cause, shook hands with Sam Norton and his wife, and at once plunged into his subject.

"Well, Mr. Norton, I am glad to find you in now. I think you know the object of my visit. I told your good wife all about it yesterday. I am so anxious for you to sign the pledge."

"Yes, Sir, my wife did tell me what you said, but I can't say I'm prepared to become a teetotaler, you see it isn't as if I was a drunkard. I am sure my wife and child have never wanted for a thing that I could get by working for them; if I spent the money on

drink that I ought to give them, I'd be quite willing to sign the pledge."

"Yes, my friend, all you say is quite true, but I am always anxious for the moderate drinkers to come over on our side, just to set the example. Does your little girl belong to any Band of Hope?"

"No, Sir; but I'd be very willing for her to, and I know she'd like it, she's uncommon fond of singing."

"Is she at home now? I should like to take her name down in my book."

"Well, no, she's out just now," said Sam Norton in a hesitating manner, and he looked at his wife, and his wife looked at him. They would both have denied they were in any way ashamed of sending their child for the beer, and yet neither of them said where she had gone. After a little more talk, which was quite ineffectual to induce Sam or his wife to sign, their visitor left them, promising to call again about Poppie's becoming a member of the Band of Hope. When he had gone Sam put the bread and cheese and some cold bacon on the table, and sat down to await Poppie's return with the beer.

"Where in the world can the child have got to?" he said to his wife, when half an hour had passed, and Poppie did not come in.

"Oh, I hope nothing's happened to her" said Mrs. Norton, her heart beating rapidly at the very thought of danger to her child.

"What could happen to her just going across to the 'Anchor,' hasn't she been every night for the last year?"

"Perhaps she's fallen down, and hurt herself. I wish you'd go out and look for her, father."

Sam, who was getting nervous, though he would not own it, was glad to do anything rather than sit still and wait, and readily got his hat and went out. All was quiet in the public-house, but he noticed that all the doors were open, and a great buzz of voices came from the direction of the front door. Sam leaned over the stairs to listen.

"I can't tell them," he heard some one say.

"It'll go nigh to break their hearts, why they dote on that child."

This was enough for Sam, he was down and among them in a moment.

"Tell me what has happened," he panted.

"There's been an accident," a man answered, "your little girl has been run over."

"Run over—my Poppie?" repeated Sam, like one in a dream. "Is she killed?" he asked hoarsely.

"Oh no, it's not so bad as that," a woman said, speaking pityingly, as if to a child.

"Where is she now?" asked Sam, "why didn't they bring her home if she isn't dead?"

"They took her to the hospital, Sam, they can do so much better for her there."

Some one told him which hospital, and offered to take him there, and another volunteered to break the sad news to his wife. It was getting late when Sam Norton and his friend arrived at the hospital. Sam was taken at once to the small white bed where Poppie was lying. The doctor and nurse told him that there were internal injuries, and they could not tell yet what the result would be. Poppie was lying still and white, with her hands outside the coverings. As the doctor whispered to the nurse that Poppie might die during the night, Sam was allowed to sit by her. He didn't ask for any explanation as to how the accident happened, it was enough for him that his Poppie was there before him *dying*. Kind neighbours had persuaded Mrs. Norton to wait till the morning, before seeing her child, and many of them were ready to go to the hospital and bring tidings of the little sufferer. Towards morning Poppie's mind wandered, and she began to talk in short incoherent sentences.

"I must run across," she murmured, "it's for father, father's waiting for his beer, it's for father, it doesn't hurt much, and it's for father." Then after a pause she began singing softly—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

When the grey morning light began to dawn in the east, Poppie was sleeping quietly and the doctor gave a little hope of her recovery, but an hour after, seeing she was very much worse, he sent a messenger for her mother, and half an hour after Mrs. Norton had reached the hospital

little Poppie breathed her last. Then the broken hearted parents learnt how the accident occurred. Poppie after having had her jug filled, started on her way home. She had a road to cross, but it was not a wide or dangerous one, only somehow just as she was half way across a cab came quickly round the corner, and in a moment Poppie was down and under the wheels. The cab was stopped, and the driver finding how much the child was injured conveyed her in his cab to the nearest hospital. After a time, when the first terrible bitterness of the parents' grief had subsided, their kind friend called on them again, and now Sam and his wife were ready and willing to sign the pledge. They could not bear the sight or smell of beer. Oh the bitter anguish it was to Sam Norton to think that it was through his sending Poppie for his supper beer that she lost her life. In after years, when he could speak of his loss, he would say to those listening to him, "If you must have beer, at least never send your children for it; God forbid that any of you should ever suffer as I have done; but it may have such an evil effect on them that it will stain all their lives. I say again if you must have beer, fetch it yourselves, and never give your children cause to say, I first went to a public-house to fetch beer for father."

L. L. P.

Putting Down the Brakes.

By Mary Dwinell Chellis.

"Good-morning, Mr. Oliver."

"Good-morning, good-morning! Glad to see you," was replied to this greeting when the speaker had removed a fragrant Havana from his lips.

"You may not be so glad when I have told you my errand," said the visitor. "I saw Martin last evening, and he said you had discharged him."

"I have. I thought I would give him a chance to show whether there was any manhood left in him. I had not much faith; but you were so sanguine, I was willing to try him, and you see the result."

"Has he not worked well until last week?"

"Yes, my foreman says not another man in the shop did so well. He was always one of our best workmen; but a man who drinks as he does is not to be depended upon. He told me he was in earnest when he signed the pledge."

"He *was* in earnest, and he is in earnest now in making another effort to reform. This time I believe he will succeed. I have called this morning to ask you to take him back and give him his old place."

"I should be glad to oblige you, but I have lost all confidence in him."

"You should have charity. It is very hard to deny such an appetite as he has for strong drink. He inherited the appetite, and so is more to be pitied than blamed."

"But a man should be master of himself and his appetites. I don't understand how any sensible person can submit to the tyranny of appetite."

"I think I do understand something of it You drink a glass of wine occasionally, Mr. Oliver?"

"I do, and I refrain from drinking occasionally."

"Would it not be a self-denial never to drink another glass?"

"Not if it was for my best good to do so."

"I had the same opinion, yet I found it hard to deny myself all indulgence. It was very hard for me to give up the habit of smoking, and even now the fragrance of a good cigar sometimes puts my firmness to a severe test. How do you think it would be with you?"

"I hope I have enough decision not to be conquered by the fumes of a cigar."

Just then the foreman of the shop owned by Mr. Oliver came into the counting-room and recommended that, in consideration of Mr. Martin's ability and the press of work, he be received back.

"Do as you please, but tell him from me that this is his last chance with us," said the proprietor.

The next day, while talking with a friend, this gentleman fell senseless to the floor. He was conveyed to his home and the family physician called.

"Will he recover?" asked his wife anxiously.

"I think he will," was replied. "I am not surprised to see him in this state. I have been expecting such an attack. The only wonder is that it did not come long ago. He must change his habits or there will be a recurrence.

"You must give up the use of tobacco entirely, or you must give up your life, and that, too, at no distant day," said the physician seriously when his patient was in a condition to listen. "I have warned you before, but you did not heed my warning."

"I thought you were mistaken, doctor, and it seems to me now that you lay too much stress upon a mere habit."

"It is a habit which has great power over you, Mr. Oliver."

"Not so much but I could throw it off if I was sure my health required it."

"You *may* be sure. It is death *with* your cigar, or life without it. That is how the matter stands, and you can take your choice. I advise you, too, to give up the use of stimulants, except when ordered as medicine."

"But, doctor, I am in no danger of becoming a drunkard."

"I do not say that you are, but I *do* say that, for your health's sake, you need to live abstemiously."

Mr. Oliver had confidence in his physician, although he had required a second warning. He wished to live and enjoy robust health. There was, therefore, but one course for him to pursue. He must hold himself to abstinence of the strictest sort. He recovered from his prostration and returned to his business.

A week's experience gave him a better understanding of the tyranny of appetite than he would have learned by a year's observation. At the end of a fortnight his charity for Caleb Martin had so increased that he gave the struggling man his warmest sympathy.

"I know how hard it must be for you to deny yourself," he said kindly. "If you have longed for a glass of liquor as I have longed for a cigar, I don't wonder that your resolution gave way. But don't do it again. We must not fall back, and so be obliged to climb the hill for the second or third time."

"Thank you, Mr. Oliver, for your kindness. God helping me, I mean to keep my pledge, or die in the attempt. It is easy to say, 'Stop,' but only the man who puts down the brakes knows how hard it is to do it."

"You are right there, Mr. Martin, and we must see to it that our children start on the up grade. We must see that they learn no habits it will be necessary for them to *un*learn!"

"Yes, sir, we must, and, please God, we will!"

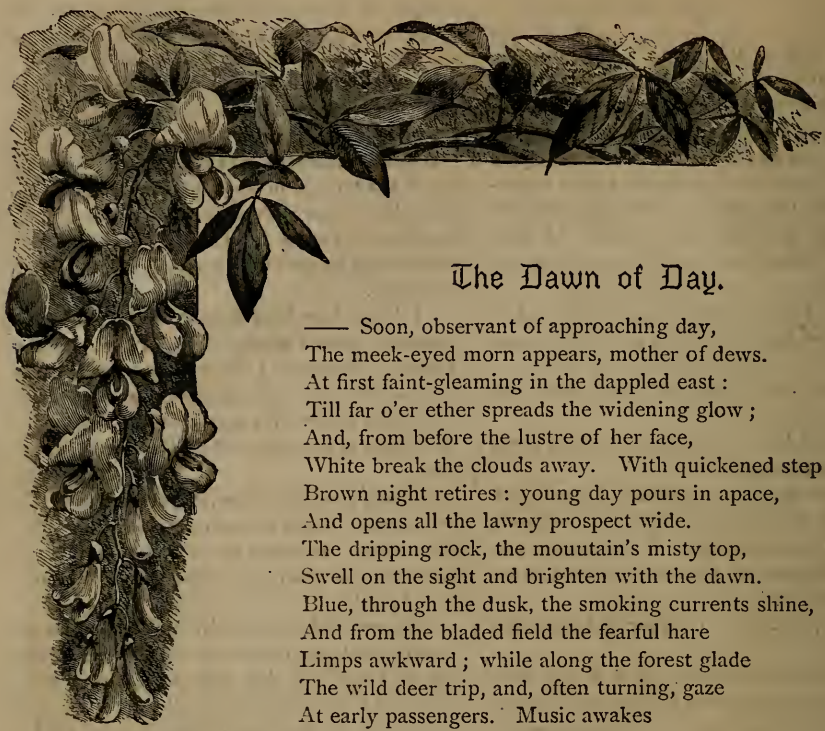
The Quaker and the Publican.

YEARS ago, several persons were crossing the Alleghany mountains in a stage. Among them was a Quaker. As considerable time was on their hands they naturally entered into conversation, which took the direction of temperance, and soon became quite animated. One of the company did not join with the rest. He was a large, portly man, well dressed and of gentlemanly bearing. There were sharp thrusts at the liquor business and those engaged in it. Indeed, the whole subject was thoroughly canvassed and handled with gloves. Meanwhile this gentleman stowed himself away in a corner and maintained a stoical silence. After enduring it as long as he could, with pompous and magisterial manner, he said:

"Gentleman, I want you to understand that I am a liquor seller. I keep a public house at ———; I would have you know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place; and when a man has had enough he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

When he had delivered himself, he seemed to feel that he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so thought our friend the Quaker, so he answered thus:

"Friend, that is the most damning part of thy business. If thee would only sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee sells to the young, the poor, the innocent, the unsuspecting, and thee makes drunkards of them; and when their character and money are gone, thee kicks them out and turns them over to the shops to be finished off, and thee ensnares others and send them on the same road to ruin."



The Dawn of Day.

—— Soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews.
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quickened step
Brown night retires : young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mouutain's misty top,
Swell on the sight and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine,
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward ; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passengers. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy ;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;
And, from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

THOMSON.

Drive the Nail home, Boys.

Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head ;
Strike with all your might, boys,
Ere the time has fled.
Lessons you've to learn, boys,
Study with a will :
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try ?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast ;
Try and try again, boys,
You'll succeed at last.

Ever persevere, boys,
Though your task is hard
Toil and happy trust, boys,
Bring their own reward.
Never give it up, boys,
Always say you'll try ;
You will gain the crown, boys,
Surely by-and-by.

"Along the Forest Glade the Wild Deer trip."

A Plea for the Tempted.

Oh, urge me not to take the wine, there's poison in the cup!
And I may 'neath its influence sink, if I should drink it up.
How many staggering drunkards are brought to grief each hour,
And filled with woe and misery by the cursed demon's power.

Go visit in the prisons, which disgrace old England's name,
And many wretched prisoners there will say drink brought their shame.
What has drink done? This question well ponder in thy mind,
Now go to the asylums. There, proofs of its power you'll find.

For drink has taken many there, dethroned them of their reason;
First drawing on with golden spell, then dealing hate and treason.
Many who throng within those walls will ne'er come out again,
But with the worst of suffering live a life of woe and pain.

Come now and see the paupers in many a workhouse thronged;
For health, and wealth, and honour to some of them belonged,
Till drink stole on their senses and ruin to them brought;
Perchance no loving gentle friend had out the wanderers sought,—

Nor spoke to them with words of love, nor gently sought to lead
Their feet to paths of peace where lives sobriety indeed.
We do not say that every one within those buildings living
Was placed there by this awful thrall. But simple truths we're giving.

That many of the inmates have been brought there by the drink.
And thousands, thousands more there are staggering on ruin's brink.
The cries of little children oft ring upon the ears,
While still the parents drink, unmoved by their children's bitter tears.

Thus many homes are wretched made, and many a tear is shed,
And many a drunkard longs to lie beside the silent dead;
But conscience whispers in his ear—Had'st thou attention paid
To thy neglected soul thou might'st not be of death afraid.

But now thy sins press on thy soul—and though the grave looks still,
And thou would'st like to quiet lie beyond the reach of ill—
Thy mind with doubts and fears is torn, thy heart filled with despair,
So sad thy state! so dark thy lot! what would'st thou now not bear—

If thou could'st live thy life again, by experience made wise,
Thou thinkest thou would'st shun those sins that on thy conscience rise;
But all these thoughts are vain, nor can one sin of thine remove,
Oh, pardon seek of God above—the God whose name is Love.

For He will never send away the guiltiest who will bend,
And pardon seek for all their sins thro' Christ the sinner's Friend.
And come and sign the Temperance Pledge, and join the Temperance band,
And help to drive the demon out from this our favoured land.

O! thinking women, thinking men, and little children, too,
Come join us, there is ample room and work for all to do.
"Deny thyself," and "Follow Me," is Jesus' great command,
And surely while the drink still makes such havoc in our land—

The path of duty should be plain to every thinking one.
To cheer and stimulate him on the Temperance race to run.
Examples in the Bible too of many you will find,
Who to true Temperance adhered, and left this vice behind.

Samson, who was the strongest man ; Daniel, belov'd by God ;
And his three brave companions all in this pathway trod ;
The Rechabites, that ancient tribe,—the holy Baptist John,—
Are mentioned all in Holy Writ to help abstainers on.

And many, many passages loudly denounce this foe,
And plainly say the drunkard ne'er heaven's sweet joys shall know.
Then while wine is a mocker, and raging is strong drink,
Let us beware lest we should fall and into ruin sink.

Abstinence is the safest path, for slippery is the ground
Of moderation, and alas ! its victims now abound.
Oh ! then, tempt none to take the glass ; let us abstainers be.
And help to drive the foe away, and set the captives free.

ARTHURESTINE.

Uncle Job's Theory.

A DIALOGUE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

UNCLE JOB	.. ..	*Man of Business.*
PHILIP	.. .. ..	*His Nephew.*
WALTER	.. .. ..	*Philip's Friend.*
TOM	.. .. ..	*An Errand Boy.*
JACK	.. .. ..	*Newspaper Vendor.*

Scene.—The Street. *Enter* UNCLE JOB, *also* JACK, *poorly dressed, and crying his papers*—

"Evening paper, Sir ! 'Evening Express !' Paper !"

UNCLE JOB. "Here, my boy ! oh, it's you, Jack ! How is trade going ?"

JACK. "Very poorly, Sir, to-night."

UNCLE JOB. "And how are things at home now ?"

JACK. "About the same, Sir—as bad as ever. We are near starvation pretty often."

UNCLE JOB. "Poor things ! You look hungry now, Jack ; take this, [*giving him a coin*] to get you some supper by-and-by. Now push your trade along, and don't lose heart. Good-bye, my boy."

JACK. "Good-bye, Sir !"

[Exit.—*Crying his Papers*].

UNCLE JOB. "Poor little fellow ! He is a specimen of what a drunken mother can bring her children to." [*Unfolds a paper, and reads aloud*] "Drunk and incapable. Child murder by a woman under the influence of intoxicating drink. Wife-beating by a drunken husband. Shocking death in a public-house brawl."

"Horrible ! Four cases on one page of a daily paper ! What are we going to do ? What is our country coming to ? What are our respectable citizens, our legislators, our rulers—our ministers and christian communities above all, thinking about, that they tolerate and keep up such a traffic as this ? What can be the end of the credulity and foolhardiness of the people who are clinging with such persistent faith to this deadly serpent ? What will be the consequence ?"

PHILIP (*who, with* WALTER, *has just entered behind him unperceived*) "What will be the consequence of these unguarded public soliloquies ? Am I to see my respected Uncle arrested as a disturber of the peace ?"

UNCLE JOB (*turning round*) "Philip ! Is it you ? I had no idea you were near me !"

PHILIP. "You see, I only appeared on the scene just in time to save you from being taken up as a lunatic at large."

UNCLE JOB. "My feelings had run away with me, and I am apt then to act injudiciously."

PHILIP. "I think I have introduced Walter to you before, haven't I ?"

UNCLE JOB. "Yes, I think you have—and I am very glad to meet you both to-night. May I enquire whither you are bound?"

PHILIP. "Oh, nowhere in particular. You are going home, of course. Going by train?"

UNCLE JOB. "Yes, I mostly do, and many interesting little incidents I meet with in my daily journeys. I had just bought this paper to beguile the way, but the first entries I saw, almost appalled me. I see you have each bought a paper, so you will read them for yourselves."

PHILIP. "Any new sensational murder?"

UNCLE JOB. "No Philip—only the old story, more raids from our national foe—something as terrible from its very common occurrence, as what you term a 'sensational murder,' but will excite scarcely an iota of sympathy and no excitement."

PHILIP. "Why, Uncle, you speak in enigmas, but I have a glimmer of your meaning; you are on the old tack of teetotal enthusiasm. But let me remind you that you have a journey before you, isn't it time you were getting on your way?"

UNCLE JOB [*looking at his watch*] "I have plenty of time to spare yet. Really, Philip, I can't let you escape the subject like this. As Englishmen, it is our duty to consider it fairly."

PHILIP. "My dear Uncle, I have considered it!"

WALTER. "And so have I many times, and I must allow that I think it is time that more active measures were taken by our Parliament to stop the flow of drunkenness and crime."

UNCLE JOB. "Are you then a teetotaler, my lad?"

WALTER. "No, Sir—I cannot say that I am a total abstainer."

UNCLE JOB. "Then you are helping to accelerate the crime, and averting the cure of drunkenness."

PHILIP. "There, Walter, you are caught in your own toils!"

WALTER. "But, Sir, I cannot see in what way I am abetting the spread of crime; my drinking is always strictly moderate."

PHILIP. "Ah, you don't know that 'tis Uncle Job's theory that it is this 'social custom' that is keeping up the rate of drunkenness and misery."

WALTER. "That seems rather hard, Sir!"

UNCLE JOB. "Hard, young man! The moderate drinkers of our country have escaped with too fair usage until now; it is time some one arose to rouse them up, to give them some blows that will bring them back from their lethargy of self-security, and open their eyes to the real weight of their own responsibility."

PHILIP. "Now, Uncle, that really is too hard! You must remember that Walter has never met with such a Temperance enthusiast as yourself, before. I am sure he must find this quite alarming."

UNCLE JOB. "Perhaps I am apt to speak injudiciously, my boy; but then, as I told you, my feelings run quite away with me. But I never regret speaking, however strongly, on this point, if I can only lead even one individual to realise the fearful consequences of this, our English social custom."

WALTER. "But I don't see, Sir, how the giving up of a daily glass, or less than that, could benefit our country."

UNCLE JOB. "Do you not? Then what is to be done? Are our legislators to stop, by main force, as it were, the traffic that the people are clinging to because they like it?"

PHILIP. "But, Uncle, that doesn't explain your pet theory. Come now, I'll guarantee that if you can give Walter some satisfactory reason for relinquishing this creature-comfort, you'll make a convert of him on the spot."

WALTER. "I think not, Phil. It would take a long time to convince me that by giving up my little drop I should be serving my country. And it seems hard to give it up needlessly—"

UNCLE JOB. "Needlessly, Walter? Hard to give up! Yes, that's where it is. But how much harder for those who have become fond of it indeed—who look to it as to food and drink—their one craving, their only maddening pleasure! And yet each one of these was once a *moderate drinker*, and so our country becomes peopled with drunkards and reprobates. Indeed, many of those who commit the crimes that owe their origin to the drink are, habitually, moderate drinkers; as secure, perhaps, and confident of safety as you, young men; but there is a moment of temptation, they overstep the bound—a thing how easily done—and with brains on fire, with the demon raging with all conquering power within, too many are led to commit some deed that blasts their whole lives.

And yet you hesitate to give up your glass! But you want to know how your giving it up is to benefit others. Suppose every moderate drinker to day in our land, resolved at once and for ever to renounce this social custom, where would drunkenness be in a few years hence? Would there be any need of legislation to close the public-houses then? No!"

PHILIP. "But, Uncle, I thought you were an advocate for legislative measures?"

UNCLE JOB. "So I am, my boy; but I also hold that while we look to our legislators to do their part, we must not neglect ours. I do not know that, after all, we have not the clearest way and easiest method set before us. But though I can hardly hope to see my ideal legislation realised, I believe the day will come. Truth must be victorious. But think of the hundreds of victims who must be sacrificed first—think of the thousands of lives that are offered to this demon-god! And yet you will rest satisfied among the number who are helping to build up the altar whereon the victims are sacrificed, frustrating the efforts of those who, in the name of true humanity, would overthrow it!"

WALTER. "I should scarcely rest satisfied with doing so, if I really believed that it had so much to do with helping on the crime and misery, as you say."

UNCLE JOB. "Can you doubt it? Are not your example, your influence, your actions, on the side of the wrong? Do you not, by your tampering with the enemy, acknowledge it to be a good thing? This is just the mistake that so many are making to-day. They strive to deal with the masses, and overlook the fact that by dealing with individual cases, we may march steadily on to victory. Legislators, Clergy, Christian communities, all are acknowledging that the great curse of our land is Strong Drink—many are taking the true course, but alas! many others, while doing what they can to arrest *drunkenness* and its frequent attendant, *crime*—forget to level their weapons against the real source of the evils—*moderation*—but go calmly on, taking and enjoying their 'little drops,' thus, by the powerful agency of example defeating their own schemes for reformation."

WALTER. "I can see that you are right, Sir. Social custom is supporting the trade—and. I cannot but see also, that it is through the drink that so great crime prevails. But I can scarcely see how I should aid its abolition by giving up my daily glass. I don't think any one would be the better for it."

UNCLE JOB. "You would be inestimably benefited, if no one else; you would be rid of an awful weight of responsibility—no, you don't feel it perhaps, but it rests on you for all that. St. Paul tells us 'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.' There is a word which is surely plain enough to show you the path of duty—which here is, emphatically, 'the path of safety.'"

PHILIP. "Now, Wat, my lad, own yourself vanquished."

[*Enter* TOM.]

UNCLE JOB. "I would give much to see *you* vanquished, Philip. But see, here is a young friend of mine. Good evening, Tom. How are you getting on?"

TOM. "First rate, Sir, thank you. I am earning eighteen-pence a week now, and hope before long, it 'll be raised again."

UNCLE JOB. "Bravo, my man! And how about the folks at home?"

TOM. "Oh, Sir, they're all so bright and happy! You'd hardly know the place now—it's all so different!"

UNCLE JOB. "That's right, Tommy! And you're a firm Band of Hope boy still?"

TOM. "Yes, Sir, and mean to be always."

UNCLE JOB. "May God help you, lad, and all at home! And you must spread the glad tidings, Tommy—let people know what temperance has done for you. Good night!"

TOM. "Good night, Sir!"

[*Exit* TOM, *whistling merrily*.]

UNCLE JOB. "That boy is one of our grand witnesses for the efficacy of our Total Abstinence plan. Did you notice the boy of whom you bought your papers?"

PHILIP. "He was like the rest ef his tribe—dirty and ragged enough."

UNCLE. "And well he may be; he is fatherless, and knows the curse of a drunken mother. That boy's family and Tom's were once lodging in the same house. Tom was then a newsboy too, as ragged and miserable as little Jack. I made acquaintance with them in the street, and went to their plague-stricken homes with my

teetotal cure. But of Jack's mother I could make nothing—she would listen neither to argument, persuasion, nor advice. She liked drink too well to give it up, even for her children's sake. What a hold it must have gained on her by this time, I can scarcely think. But Tom's father was less obdurate, for the reason perhaps, that he had a gentle and steady, though poverty-worn wife. His first question was—was I a staunch teetotaler myself? I showed him my pledge-card, and told him how I had been one of the most moderate of drinkers, but had renounced my little drop, lest I should, unwittingly, be guilty of the ruin of any of my fellow-creatures. The story made much impression on him, and "striking while the iron was hot," I got him right off to a temperance meeting, and there the truth was brought home to him, and he signed the pledge. To-day, he is no longer in that miserable place, but has a respectable dwelling, and you have his own son's testimony as to its comfort. And what is better than all, he is now a sincere Christian.

Now young men, this is our work, that if it were only urged on with more prayerfulness and earnestness, would make a sober nation. What are you going to do—will you help us or still hinder?"

WALTER. "I will help you, Sir. I am convinced that this is a good and noble work, and must have God's blessing. If I should ever be the means of bringing one to a knowledge of this truth, I shall be more than repaid for my trifling sacrifice. But is it not necessary for me to pledge myself?"

UNCLE JOB. "It will probably open a wider sphere of usefulness to you. Well, since you have resolved to take this step, could you not meet me here to-morrow night, and return home with me, and there take the pledge?"

WALTER. "Thank you, I will certainly do so, if nothing should occur to prevent it."

UNCLE JOB. "And you too, Philip? You will surely not hold out longer, now that your friend has so readily acknowledged the right?"

PHILIP. "Oh, I thought your grand logic would overpower Walter, Uncle; but I have been so used to hearing your theory, that I believe I've become hardened to all conviction. But I will come with Walter, if you'll allow me, and witness his voluntary withdrawal from the liberty of our pleasant social custom."

WALTER. "Or from its bondage, Phil. I shall not despair of you, old friend; the most hardened hearts and consciences have been brought to bend before now. I thought mine were argument-proof, but I am glad they weren't."

PHILIP. "Well, I don't know what the world will say when it hears the wonderful news that you have been vanquished by one blow. [*Looks at his watch.*] Do you know, Uncle, you've lost your train?"

UNCLE JOB. "I knew it some time ago, but I can easily find some other mode of conveyance. Even if I had to walk all the distance to my home, I should have been amply repaid for the fatigue by winning what I consider so great a victory over our national foe. Now, will you just run up with me to the cab-stand, and I shall soon be home. How pleased your Aunt will be, Philip; and you may be sure we shall both pray that we may make a convert of you to-morrow night."

WALTER. "And I believe we shall!"

[*Exuent all.*]

BIRDIE E. S.

Do Thy Little.

Do thy little—God has made
Million leaves for forest shade—
Smallest stars that Glory bring,
God employeth everything.
Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favours kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne—
These shall crown thy pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed.
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

A "Black List" of Drinking Horrors.

On Saturday, 21st January, the *Alliance News* published a supplement, having for its title, "Fruits of the Liquor Traffic: from newspapers of the last week of 1881 and the first week of 1882." The accounts in all occupy forty-one very closely printed columns, and the miserable doings are thus classified:—

Of cases of homicide, manslaughter, and murder, ...	14
Of suicides, actual or attempted	22
Of stabbing, cutting, and wounding	15
Of deaths of all sorts, "premature, sudden, or violent," and attended by all sorts of horrors	112
Of cases of "public peril" through the drink there are five, one of these being the case of a fellow who, while drunk, was in charge of a cart containing 700 lbs. of gunpowder and 65 lbs. dynamite, and so drove the cart for nine miles "through a thickly populated district"	5
Of cases of rowdyism and violence, most of them being of a very bad type, there are ..	52
Of assaults on policemen	54
Of cruelty to children	9
Of assaults on women, many of them being of the most brutal character, there are ..	66
And of "women drunk" there are	14

It is a fearful record of violence, brutality, lust, sin, and death. And it brings before us, in a terribly concentrated form, the "fruits" of our national drinking system.

But this record, horrible as it is, is admittedly a partial one. It does not embrace nearly all the information forwarded by correspondents. The cases of "drunk and disorderly," "drunk and incapable," and of simple breach of the peace which come before the police courts of the country in thousands every week are not taken into account. The record is not, therefore, a full one; it is rather a sample than a showing of the stock. It takes no notice of such a fact as this, given by Mr. G. Lewis in a recent speech on the authority of the *Daily Review*, that from mid-day on Saturday the last day of December till the afternoon of Sunday the 1st of January thirty-six individuals had called or had been brought to the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, for medical treatment. In twenty-two of these cases the injuries were said to have been inflicted by assault; the others were accidentally received. Such a fact as that, deplorable as it is, is dismissed in six lines of the daily paper, and is only a small part of that weekly average of 285 cases that came before the Edinburgh Police Court during the last three months of the year. Had the record of that fortnight been anything like a complete one, it would have had to do with the daily life and experience of an army of 600,000 habitual drunkards, our fellow-countrymen, the slaves of strong drink. It would have had to describe the privations of that other army of 170,000 paupers, beggars, and vagrants; it would have had to record the misdeeds of the 145,000 criminals who live by plunder and violence; above all, it would have had to depict the closing scene of the drunkard's life here—the passing of more than two thousand of them from time into eternity. Such a record, cannot be written by any man; and such a record, if it could be written, would indeed be one of "lamentation, mourning, and woe."

Speaking before a meeting of teachers in Exeter Hall, on Friday evening, Jan. 20, Dr. B. W. Richardson said:—The more I think of this great question of temperance in relation to our national welfare, the more troubled is my mind as to the magnitude of the task which lies before us. A scoffing but good natured friend on this subject of temperance, who was with me to-day, and who thinks temperance a "craze," was rather abashed by a simple act of mine. I said to him, "If there was a railway system in this country that would fill a column of a newspaper weekly with records of accidents and deaths, so that the paper was most properly put in mourning in reference to these events, what should you think of that system?" "Well," he said, "such a system of course could not exist. If a railway system did exist which led to these catastrophes, we should put it down." "Yet," I said, "that is what I wanted you to confess, because, although there is not such a railway system, there is another system that day-by-day and week-by-week carries out that terribly and fatal work;" and then I placed in his hands the *Alliance News* Supplement of this week, all in black lines, showing that in 24 columns of close type there was nothing but paragraph after paragraph of death and accident from alcohol. I tried to lead his mind to another

fact equally important, that while this vast mortality and accident were going on there was something not quite so shocking, something that did not lead to the coroner's inquest or the magistrates' or judges' tribunal, but something, quite as terrible in the mass, in progress in the quiet homes of the people where lives were sinking under various forms of disease given from this insidious agent alcohol, and I added, "At the very least you may put the deaths that are occurring in this way, directly and indirectly produced, at 1,000 per week more." My friend went away saying—"If these facts really be true, I have received an impression which was never made upon me before. I did not conceive it possible that any such system existed in our civilised country." Yet this is the solemn fact that stares all England in the face from day to day, week to week, year to year, census to census. Is not this a solemn view of the temperance question in regard to the work that lies before us?

The Turning Point.

TRAVELLING last summer through Vermont, I chanced to be sitting one evening upon the piazza of a little country hotel in the company of a gray-haired man, a large and wealthy manufacturer of Massachusetts, who was a native of the town; but had left it years before, and was now returning for a little visit for the first time in nearly forty years.

Our conversation touched upon the subject of temperance. He spoke of the thousands of young men of the present day whose lives were utter failures, and who were wrecks, body and soul, through intemperance.

Deploring this fact, he also spoke of his own decision in the matter as the key to all the success of his life. Then pointing to an old building across the way, he said—

"When I was a young man, that old building was a thriving factory, its manufactures the chief industries of the town. There I earned my living. These were the days before the subject of temperance was much agitated; almost every body drank more or less. It was the custom universally for the factory boys to meet on Saturday evening in a certain place, and have a jolly night of it, drinking and making merry to close up the week. None liked this better than myself and my special crony, Jim Mathers. Jim and I usually led the crowd in stories, songs, and drinking toasts.

"But after a while, one day it suddenly dawned upon me that, even as early in the week as Wednesday, I found myself longing for Saturday night.

"The consequences of this discovery gave me a shock, and, thank God, opened my eyes to the way I was tending. I said not a word to a soul, not even to Jim Mathers, but when Saturday night came I set out as usual for our place of meeting. Between here and the store—I could set my foot upon the very spot now—I met Jim coming toward me. We neither of us spoke. I put out my hand, and he his, tho' it was not a habit with us to extend such form of greeting, but it seemed as if the same thought was in each mind.

"'Come Jim,' said I, 'let's make a resolution to quit.'

"'Agreed,' said Jim.

"We kept our pledge—he till his death, some ten years after, and I till the present moment; and what ever success I have had in life, I owe to the resolution of that hour.

"I have come back now to the old town to look for 'the boys,' but I find none of them. There was not one of all that merry-making crowd that ever made an impress on the world, or won even a position of honour."

After this little story from his own life, he told another, which is interesting as showing how times have changed from that day to this.

There was another young man, who left the town about the same time as himself, with the idea of educating himself for the work of the ministry; but he found, after a little, that it would be better to change his purpose, and so he abandoned the effort, and went to Boston for employment.

Failing at first to find anything more congenial, and unwilling to be idle, he took a position as a butler or steward in one of the first families of the city.

For a time all went well. He found a good home, and his employer a good servant.

But the day came when the gentleman gave a great party, and wine and liquors flowed like water. Before it was over, the services of the steward were more in demand as nurse or attendant upon guests unable to care for themselves, than in any other

capacity. The ideas of the Vermont boy were in advance of his times; he was a staunch advocate of temperance, and he was filled with disgust that his duties forced him to mingle in such scenes.

As soon as the next day dawned he appeared quietly before his employer with a request for a settlement of accounts and the announcement that he must leave him.

"Why," said the stately gentleman, "have you not a good home?"

"Yes."

"Are you not satisfied with your wages?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you leave? I am satisfied with you, and would not have you leave me, and you will not readily find such another home, I think."

"Well, then," he replied, hesitatingly, "I cannot stay in a place where I must mix with drunken men as I did last night!"

One can hardly tell whether the Boston gentleman who opened his doors to none but the choicest society, was more astonished or amused. But it was in vain that he argued that he must set before his guests what others did, and that it was the custom of society. The youth was determind to free himself from such a custom. No inducement could tempt him to remain.

The gifted son of that very household from which for such reason a servant thus went forth forty years ago is to-day one of the most silvery tongued orators of our land, and one of his latest and most brilliant appeals is in behalf of the temperance reform.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Tragic Heart-History.

One day last summer a temperance lecturer was being driven from one town to another, where he was to hold a meeting in the evening. His friend, in whose carriage he was riding, and who was most zealous in everything associated with temperance, was asked, "How is it that you, who have never felt the tooth of the serpent, should always be so ready to make sacrifices for the good cause?"

He gave a quick, searching, telegraphic glance at the speaker. A tear gleamed in his eyes as he said, "One reason why I wanted to ride with you was to tell you the story of a most important crisis in my life.

"I was born in the year 1823. My father was a very intemperate man. The most of his time was spent in the tavern in my native town, or at a village tavern about three miles distant. We often suffered for the necessaries of life, while my father poured all his earnings into the tills of those two tavern-keepers. My mother was quite expert with her needle, and thus kept the wolf at bay by her industry and close economy. Our little home had been left to us by my grandfather in such a way that my father could not spend it or deprive us of a shelter. We kept a cow, which furnished us a large share of our living. The family consisted of myself and three sisters.

"One day, when I was about seven years old, my father went to the tavern, and, while taking his accustomed drink, discovered that some one had spoken of him as a common drunkard. He furiously demanded of the landlord the name of the person who had said this, and the fellow replied, 'Your wife knows all about it.' He came home infuriated with drink, and began abusing my mother in language which it makes me shudder to remember, she protesting that she did not know anything about it. Finally, his face purpled with passion, he dealt my mother a terrible blow, which prostrated her, bleeding, and insensible, to the floor."

Here the relater broke down completely, bursting into tears. After a moment, he said, "I hope you will pardon my emotion; but now, after a period of nearly fifty years, I cannot refer to this picture without the sad, suffering face of my mother rising before me. My sister shrieked, 'Oh, father, you have killed my mother!' Affrighted, I sprang from my bed, and ran to the barn and hid myself.

"When daylight came, all was still in the house, and I crept back to find that my grandmother had gone to seek a doctor, who, finding my mother in a critical condition, told my father, who had just risen from his drunken slumber, that he would certainly be punished for his violence. He gathered what few clothes he had together and absconded, leaving us to get along the best way we could. When my father had left the house, my mother tenderly drew me to her breast, and, with the tears streaming over her cheeks, made me promise never to drink a drop of liquor while I lived, and sealed

hat promise with a passionate kiss, which left an indelible impress upon my heart. For nearly fifty years I have kept that pledge. That summer we got along comfortably.

"With the help of our neighbours we cultivated the little patch of ground, and with our cow we did not suffer for food. My mother raised a flock of turkeys also, with the sale of which she hoped to obtain means to purchase our shoes and other necessary clothing for winter. There was to be a militia-muster near the village. The landlord of the little tavern I have spoken of came to purchase our turkeys for that occasion, offering a good price, which my mother gladly accepted. He put them in his cart, and handed my mother a bill which my father had contracted at his bar, and jumping into his cart, drove away as fast as his horse could go.

"My poor mother stood there dumbfounded, and bursting into tears, walked into the house. Early and late, all that autumn, she worked, sometimes till past midnight, to get our winter clothing, and I went barefoot until the snow covered the ground, before she could purchase our shoes. Oh! when I think of my broken-hearted mother, and my sorrow-laden childhood, do you wonder that I am a radical temperance man? It seems as if God's retribution followed that tavern-keeper. He died a poor, loathsome drunkard, forsaken of God and man."

The Mother's Place in the Great Reform.

THERE is one abiding consolation growing out of the present phase of the temperance reform, and that is, that with the women of the land rallying for the cause, the next generation must inevitably be more sober than those which have preceded it.

The writer of this can conceive of no worse horror on this earth than that of the shrinking and heart-broken wife, waiting with her little ones in trembling horror after night-fall, the mad shout and drunken entrance of one, crazed, perhaps, to blows and murder—or attempted murder—no one near to protect them from the assault.

Some writer says, that "If there could be one generation of English mothers to take the place of the Turkish, there would be no more Turks," so great is the power that woman exerts in the training and education of her children.

Acting upon this hint, let every woman in the land who sees the curse that drunkenness brings home to families, so train those entrusted to her that they shall not only be free from the curse of the vice of intemperance themselves, but that for all time a widening influence shall be exerted, such as shall at length save the nation, and ultimately, the world from the woes of intemperance.—*The Signal.*

Somebody's Servant Girl.

She stood there, leaning wearily
  Against the window frame;
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,
  Her garments coarse and plain;
"Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend,
  The red lips gave a curl;
"Really, I do not know her name—
  She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her on the street,
  With burden trudge along;
Her face was sweet and patient still,
  Amidst the jostling throng;
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
  Guarding with watchful care,
A market-basket much too large,
  For her slight hands to bear.

A man—I thought a gentleman—
  Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
  But turning not his eye;
For there is no necessity
  Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman
  To some one's servant girl.

Ah, well it is that God above
  Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
  By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure and good
  He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were
  In which the form was dressed.

And many a man and woman fair,
  By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
  With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life
  Beyond the gates of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne
  With many a servant girl.

The Pledge.

JOHN ANDERSON. FRED C. BEVAN.

The pledge, the pledge, I love the pledge, its in - flu-ence is good, For

un - der-neath its snow - y flag the no - blest souls have stood; There

cres. *f*

creeds and co - lours con - gre-gate, and like one man en - gage To

ff *rall.*

o - ver - throw life's dir - est foe— oh, yes, I love the pledge!

2 The soldier loves the trusty blade, that with his own right arm
Flung from his breast the well-aimed blow, so full of deadly harm;
And as the slippery drink o'ercomes the brave man and the sage,
I prize my armour all the more—oh, yes, I love the pledge!

3 The pledge, the pledge, I love the pledge, it brings the days to view
When man to nature's wise designs o'er all the earth was true;
Then life was free from artifice down to its latest stage,
And all was calm and beautiful—oh, yes, I love the pledge!

4 The seaman loves the magnet star that o'er the trackless main
Conducts him with its angel hand to home and friends again;
Now when the howling storms of drink with tempest fury rage,
I like my pilot in the blast—oh, yes, I love the pledge!

5 The pledge, the pledge, I love the pledge, for it has been to me
The power that broke drink's galling chain, the hand that set me free;
And as I see the thousands still in fettered bondage rage,
I like the freedom I have won—oh, yes, I love the pledge!

6 The peasant hails the curling smoke that from his cot ascends,
It smiles to meet him in the glen, as home his course he wends;
Then let us hail this star of joy, this beacon of the age,
That shines to bless the human race—oh, yes, I love the pledge!

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

Varieties.

One Glass of Rum.—At a meeting where temperance experiences were given, a man arose and told what one glass had done for him. He said :—"I had a little vessel on the coast : she had four men beside myself. I had a wife and two children on board ; the night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch that night. The seamen prevailed on him to take one glass to help him to perform his duties, but, being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I awoke to find my vessel a wreck ; took my wife and one of my littles ones in my arms, and she took the other, and for hours we battled with the cold waves. After hours of suffering, the waves took my little one from my embrace ; then after more hours of suffering the waves swept my other little one from my wife's arms, and our two little dears were lost from us for ever. After more battling with the storm and waves, I looked at my wife, and behold she was cold in death. I made my way to the shore, and here I am—my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions lost for 'one glass of rum.'"

Forty-five Years' Experience of Total Abstinence.—Speaking at the opening of the Shanklin Coffee House, in the Isle of Wight, Colonel Cotton, a hearty, active, and hale gentle man, of about eighty years of age, stated that he had been a teetotaler forty-five years. In his young days he was engaged in very laborious work, in a tropical climate, exposed to a burning sun ; and in the evening when, thoroughly exhausted, he reached his tent, he often, as was very natural, drank his glass of pale ale, according to the fashion of the day. But there was a reaction, as was generally the case. When he got up in the morning he was very little better than when he went to bed, and quite unfit for the laborious work he had to do, which was the mangement of great rivers, diverting the waters on the land for the cultivation of rice, and all day long he was exposed to a tropical sun. Finding pale ale injurious he thought that he had better try another system ; so he tried a little weak brandy-and-water, and he got up a little better. However, he resolved upon making another change, and took to tea. Tea gave him quite a pleasant night, and he got up in the morning fit for his work. He carried on that work for years, during which time many of his assistants who drank intoxicants were knocked up, not being able to stand the work as he could.

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THE

Drink Problem and its Solution.

By DAVID LEWIS, J.P.,
EX-MAGISTRATE OF THE CITY OF EDINBURGH ;
AUTHOR OF "BRITAIN'S SOCIAL STATE," "THE GOTHENBURG LICENSING SYSTEM," ETC., ETC.

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

Mr. Sharman's Work; Mrs. Sharman's Victory.

In a town, not far from the great Metropolis of the world, there lived a family that had some influence for good or for evil on those around them, by name, Mr. and Mrs. Sharman, with their five children, the eldest of whom was a boy of nearly a dozen years.

The town of Wisburn, for such was its name, was prettily situated on the side of a hill; it had a southern view to the extent of not less than nineteen miles, and a western view which included thirteen church steeples. A river ran along its valley on the western and

southern side, winding in and out through woods and meadows, which made the locality quite picturesque. Along the banks of the river many boys might be seen on Saturdays serving their apprenticeship as anglers; hour after hour would those patient little fellows stand or sit waiting for "a bite." On bank holidays, indeed, might be seen, parents and children doing their best at catching fish, but being inexperienced anglers from the Metropolis, shouting was not thought to be a hinderance, consequently many an one cried out: "There's no fish here; let's be off." Now and then a pic-nic party would arrive from a distant town to enjoy an outing along the river's bank: these little sights made Wisburn quite gay at times, but alas, an old evil often made itself manifest here as elsewhere, namely, drunkenness.

The people of Wisburn were of what one might call, a dual class. There were but few middle class people; a goodly number of the élite resident in pretty mansions around the neighbourhood; a large number of the upper strata of the lower class; a fair sprinkle of the lower strata of the middle class, and a good many of the very lowest element of society. There seemed to be a great gap between the people; the rich seemed to care little for the poor, forming a caste by themselves, and the poor, indulging in a sort of radical spirit, believing the rich to be the enemies of the poor; and thus little influence prevailed on the score of love to neighbours on either side. The working classes were living in a very careless state, both socially and religiously; many of them spent their hard earnings at the "Blue Boar," "The Golden Fleece," "The Red Lion," and "The Green Man," names all significant of the business carried on.

When Mr. and Mrs. Sharman first went to Wisburn, they could not but observe that there was great need for something to be done on all sides. They thought first of consulting a few of the gentry by suggesting an united effort, but on giving only a *hint* to one, cold water was thrown upon it, and so Mr. Sharman saw clearly if work for God or for the benefit of man was to be done those who have it laid on their hearts must simply do it, thankful to get sympathy if volunteered, but if not forthcoming, to go on alone, remembering Solomon said "Whatsoever THY hand findeth to do, do it with THY might." United effort needs to some extent kindred sympathy and judgment, and as all men are not endowed with the same faculties, there is a time and place for every one's individual responsibility: happy are those who can realise that they are, though it may be but feebly, fulfilling the responsibilities allotted them by an unerring Creator and Preserver of men. Two thoughts occupied the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Sharman, even before they came to Wisburn, viz., first: they were in the world (and at Wisburn) for a purpose; secondly, the needs of men were great. These two self evident facts resolved themselves into the question, "What can we do?"

Mr. Sharman opened an evening class for young men in which he gave instruction in the elements of a general education and a few lectures on scientific subjects—a little singing and Scripture reading being added to the list. Fathers and sons attended the class; in a very short time it became a large class, and all who attended seemed particularly interested and thankful for the lessons; not only was the evening class well attended, but also a weekly lecture Mr. Sharman established, the subjects being somewhat varied, but always instructive and useful. The result was a vast improvement in many ways among those who attended, but still, there seemed to be a class unreached, men and women who could be seen almost daily going to the public houses, spending their money in waste, and alas, taking their children with them. Occasionally Mr. Sharman went round to some of the public houses to see who the people were that turned out at the time for closing. He could scarcely believe his own eyes when he saw persons, men and women, who, perhaps the day before had been at his house asking alms; indeed men and women actually drunk and wearing the very clothes given them by himself and his wife. "Goodness!" said Mr. Sharman to him-

self "it is not only ignorance and immorality that need to be grappled with, but another monster!" The giant evil of drink so pressed itself upon the mind of Mr. Sharman that he determined to do something towards combating it; the ravages *it* worked were ten thousand times worse than ignorance, indeed the more he thought of it, the more it seemed to him to require checking. But first of all thought he, "I must not indulge in even taking a little, if I wish to rescue these poor slaves from this pitfall."

Mr. Sharman had always been very temperate, in fact, he was *almost* an abstainer, not because he had ever fully considered the effects of the drink-curse, but as a matter of practice, he took but little stimulant; therefore his sympathy did not spring so much from a knowledge of its power over man as from observing the result in families blighted by its subtle workings wherever indulged to a very great extent. He determined, therefore, to begin at the beginning by setting the example of doing without alcoholic liquors for the sake of others, and in order that he might be able to talk to those who from whatever cause indulged in the ill-afforded and, to say the least, ensnaring cup. For "how can I ask others to do what I will not do myself," thought he; and "what shall I say to the man whom I ask to sign the pledge, should he say, 'Have you signed?'" Counting the cost seemed to him a very important matter; and is it not true that if men generally would be a little more careful to practise counting the cost in matters of everyday life, we should not see so many suffering from circumstantial defeat of every kind. Patient activity is a happy combination, but few possess it.

Mr. Sharman talked this temperance question over with his wife, who quite sympathised with her husband in his desire to help the people out of this quagmire, but she did not see the necessity of his giving up his glass of wine or ale because others could not control themselves. If one has to travel by rail it is of little use going within one hundred yards of the railway station and there stopping. It is an absolute necessity to get *into* the train in order to go. The little Mr. Sharman had heard of the temperance question, had not made a very favourable impression upon him, hence he did not feel particularly anxious to be counted in the ranks of what he thought "rabid teetotalers." His views on moderation had not led him to be very favourable to a wholesale denunciation of what some had called "good creatures of God." The temperance question, therefore, became more and more the absorbing one of the day; in spite of himself he found the conversation turning upon that topic all the week through. Moreover, he seemed inclined to buy temperance literature every time he went into the town, and to his great surprise found himself ere long writing his name in the agent's book, and giving a subscription to one of the national societies for the suppression of drunkenness. Now that he had fairly made a start he soon set to work and commenced meetings for the purpose of speaking on this subject. The usual way was to invite a number of men to a cup of tea, and give them an address on the evils of drinking and its remedy, at the same time inviting discussion and a free expression of opinion by those present. Those who had signed the pledge were invariably asked to give their *reasons* to the rest; and the result was far more effectual than the logic of a well-ordered lecture among the class present. Mr. Sharman could honestly say he had given up his little for their sakes, and these repasts were an evidence of his desire to help his neighbours by talking over the matter in a friendly way. Thus far these meetings were a success, and many, young men especially, gave up the drink. Thus far the question of temperance gained good ground, and the converts themselves were advocating the movement.

It was soon known, however, that Mrs. Sharman was not a total abstainer; consequently, Mr. Sharman had a battle to fight which he little expected. Ere long, as he sought to impress upon the women how good the example of abstinence would be for their children, the reply was frequently put in the form of a

question, "Does your good lady abstain, sir?" To this he had to reply in the negative, at the same time excusing Mrs. Sharman on the ground that she was not likely to suffer from the *little* she took; "then," replied several, "I don't see that I shall suffer from the little I take." "Begin at home, sir," said one woman, "You've set an example to my husband, sir, and I'm much obliged to you; but the mistress must start if us women are to abstain. You well-to-do people, sir, have nice things to eat; we poor people have little, and like a glass o'ale now and then, so you don't need it as much as us."

Mr. Sharman winced under this sort of logic. He positively could not say these women were wrong; he only wished his good wife could have heard the little speeches and seen the gestures of these logical, argumentative women. Of course they chuckled over the defeat of the "teetotal-man," as they called him; and God only knows how poor Mr. Sharman felt as he wended his way home during those days. Work among the men was of great importance, but to feel and find oneself powerless among the women, generally the most impressionable of the two, was a new experience, indeed. The working husbands would ere long excuse themselves when they found their wives *against* signing the pledge. Mr. Sharman felt he could only pray that he and his wife might be found doing what was right in the sight of the Lord. Hitherto many husbands had said, "I'll give it up if my wife will;" but 'twas no use. Mrs. Sharman took it, though probably not more than a shilling's worth in a month. Still that was their excuse.

Of course, Mr. Sharman could have insisted on not having alcoholic drinks in the house, but that would have been an arbitrary proceeding, and probably would have hindered the work still more, for people would soon have said Mrs. Sharman took too much, or that Mr. Sharman was fanatical. No; he thought the best way was to pray about it, and speak quietly to his wife on the subject. Accordingly, one evening when alone by the fireside, the temperance work was the subject of conversation. Mrs. Sharman herself commenced it by saying, "My dear, how respectable Harry Wilson looks now he has given up the drink!"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Sharman, "If only for his sake my efforts have not been in vain."

"Then there's Tom Cox and David Seal, they all look the better for it; and I saw Mrs. Henrick in church on Sunday; she *has* changed."

"I'm glad your eyes are opened as to the *improvements*, my dear," said Mr. Sharman.

"I was speaking to that wretched Mrs. Goodman the other day about giving up the drink, but she said 'no,'" added Mrs. Sharman.

"Did you ask her *why* she would not give it up, my dear?" enquired Mr. Sharman.

"Yes," replied his wife, "she said she does not see why she should give it up while many people who call themselves respectable take it."

"Ah!" added Mr. Sharman, "that's just my difficulty, my dear wife. Do you know that Mrs. Hounson, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Bell have all told me that they will not sign my pledge-book while *you* take drink."

"I suppose you have been telling people I take stimulants," added Mrs. Sharman, in a rather disturbed tone of voice, and a little flushed.

"No, my dear," replied her husband, "they asked me and I could not say no; to have said nothing would have had an appearance of shame, and *you* know, dearest, I could not say yes."

"Ah, well, let people mind their own business," rejoined Mrs. Sharman.

"Will you not for Christ's sake, for my sake, and for these peoples' sake, give it up, dear; it only needs a little self-sacrifice?"

"You know I *need* it, dear, and why do you ask me?"

"Think about it, Eva, and pray about it," replied her husband.

Mr. Sharman saw the little talk had some effect, and he wisely stopped, so that his wife could consider the question in her quiet hours.

The next morning, Mr. Sharman's eldest boy came to him and asked: "Papa, may I join the Band of Hope?"

"Why, George?" asked his father.

"Because I don't want to drink that which makes people drunk like Mr. Watts," replied the boy, "and I want to help you, papa."

"All right, my boy, but you must always pray to God to keep you from drinking it."

Upon this the little fellow signed the pledge and asked, "What can I do, papa?"

"Oh, give out the hymn books at the meeting to-night, George." With this the boy ran off to tell his mother.

Ere long two others of Mr. Sharman's family came forward *beseeching* to be allowed to join the "Band of Hope," which was, of course, readily granted. The servant too had voluntarily signed the pledge, and given something out of her small wages towards the expenses of giving suppers to the inebriates. The children were in high glee concerning the temperance movement, and only wished "dear mamma would join papa's band," as they chose to call it.

Mr. Sharman plodded on amid smiles and frowns from those around him. What were the smiles of the approvers or the frowns of the disapprovers compared with the hearty thanks and kind words of those who had been reclaimed! Little indeed! Whence so many opinions on this subject! thought Mr. Sharman; one says "I *must* have it," another "I *will* have it," a third, "I *need* just a little, only a *little*," a fourth "I *hate* it." Some ridiculed poor Mr. Sharman because he was advising others to give up what he *allowed* in his own house.

He knew, however, that his wife was a pattern of every thing good; and a more *loving* wife was not to be found he was quite sure. The mighty weapon of prayer; the quiet urging of self-sacrifice; the little lectures from the children, and now and then a remark from a neighbour, all had the effect desired, and ere long Mrs. Sharman asked for the book and *signed the pledge!* Now there was joy, a household of teetotallers, nine in number. It is a true adage, "Work in a thing constantly if you want to be strong upon it." Mrs. Sharman now became a thorough advocate of temperance reform; she actually wrote to a friend on the continent, "You will be glad to hear, as I am to know, that my dear husband is an earnest temperance worker."

It is astonishing how persons can make themselves believe they need these drinks. How many ladies and gentlemen there are who might be exceedingly useful among their neighbours if they would only exercise a little self-denial on this subject. There are but few families (the writer has not yet found one) but what suffer in some way from the drinking customs of our country. Can the reader point to the present and past generations of his family and say drink has wrought *no* mischief?

It is unnecessary to say how delighted Mr. Sharman was to have the sympathy and help of his intelligent and respected wife. The people soon found out that in her little measure Mrs. Sharman was a "temperance woman."

No more did Mr. Sharman hear the mothers say they would sign when his wife did; other excuses quite as frivolous were made. Some, however, *did* sign the pledge, and it was not long ere whole families joined the movement, so that the influence of many advocates wrought wonders; the men's meetings increased, and they began to tell considerably on the supporters of drinking. The publicans would get the band of Wisburn to play on the night of any particular meeting and thus seek to draw away poor fellows after a hard day's work to spend their money in useless and injurious drinks, but it was of no use. Many blessed the day they signed the pledge; numerous were the thanks given to Mr. Sharman. Thus the little effort went on increasing until it became one of the most flourishing societies in the kingdom.

With so many blighted lives around us, and not knowing what effect our example may have upon others, even our own children, does it not become all earnest thinking people to consider well what their course ought to be. Neutrality is out of the question. It is an easy matter to ridicule teetotallers, but it is *not* an easy matter to bear the burden of a wandering son or daughter through drink.

May God help you, dear reader, to see your duty in this matter; the times are serious. Parents do not take the question sufficiently to heart; many sons and daughters are to-day speaking unkindly (but in many cases truly) of their parents for teaching them to drink. Total abstinence is the only *safe* path, we are quite sure, from experience. Will you pray to be guided aright?

D.S.

Amy's Home.

They had been married little more than a year, Walter and Amy Millington. Walter was a carpenter; an honest active young fellow; and a smarter hand at his work was not to be found in the village of Netherway, nor in all the country round. Amy had given up the post she had ably filled—that of village school-mistress—to become Walter's wife; and she had done so somewhat against the dictates of her conscience, for Walter had the character of being "a little too fond of his glass."

Amy had been a staunch member of a Band of Hope ever since the day when a child of six years she stood on a high stool at the Rectory table, and signed her name, Amy Munro, in large quaintly formed characters, by her dying mother's wish. The embossed card, the witness of her childish pledge to be a life-long abstainer from every kind of intoxicating drink, with the blue ribbon attached, somewhat faded by time, was still preserved in her little treasure-box; together with a lock of her mother's hair, a bright four-penny piece with a hole in it, and various other small relics of days that had been.

Amy was an orphan, and had no relations in the world; or at least was not aware that she had any. Her parents had come to Netherway when she was a babe, and had set up a little general shop.

Mr. Munro was a reserved man, and spoke little of his antecedents; and his wife, a timid and apparently broken-spirited woman, had gone off in a decline before her little daughter was old enough to ask questions.

Munro had not long survived his wife, dying suddenly from heart disease, according to the medical evidence; but rumour hinted that his death was the effect of long continued habits of intemperance secretly indulged. Painful memories of sufferings endured by herself in consequence of those habits had probably prompted Mrs. Munro to induce her child to pledge herself, even in infancy, to join the brave little band, defending like the Greek of old, the narrow strait against the large and powerful army of the foe.

A honey-suckle climbed about the porch of Walter Millington's cottage, and the garden was gay with red and white stocks, roses, sweet peas, and other common flowers. Amy had never walked down Regent Street or the Strand, but no odours proceeding from either of the famous shops of Monsieur Eugene Rimmel could have surpassed in sweetness and delicacy, the perfume from those flowers inhaled by the young wife with the soft, cool air of the summer evening. She stood at the cottage door waiting for Walter.

To wait—that is surely part of a woman's lot in life; to wait in hope, in fear, in anxiety—often, too often, to wait in vain! But Amy waited with a light heart, and sang little snatches of hymn-tunes to herself, as she kept her eyes fixed on the path by which Walter would come. At last! "What kept you so late?" she cries, as her husband vaults over the low garden gate, clasps her waist, and kisses her affectionately.

"I'm in for some rare luck, my girl. Sanders and I have been having a long talk, and that is the reason I'm late."

"What Sanders?"

"The agent, to be sure—Sir Valentine Hornby's agent. He is coming up in about an hour to smoke a pipe, and show me the plans for the new hot-houses. And Amy, dear, you

must manage to get a bit of hot supper; I got a pint of whisky on my way home from the 'Boar.'"

He took a bottle wrapped in a piece of old newspaper from his pocket, and placed it on the table as he spoke.

"Oh, Walter!" cried Amy. "You promised before we were married, you'd never have spirits in the house."

"I promised that I'd never *keep* 'em in the house, dear, and no more I shall, not in a general way. But it's different when a friend drops in; and it ain't often a gentleman like Mr. Sanders comes to visit poor folks like us."

"You said you'd give up drink, altogether, Walter. Take the bottle back to the 'Boar'—please do. I can't bear the sight of it."

"Silly child! Do you think old Barnes would give me my money back?"

"Never mind; we'll be content to lose that."

"Nonsense! I'm not such a fool. One must have something to offer one's friends, and Sanders prefers whisky. All the world ain't going to abstain because you do."

"Walter, I didn't think you'd break your word to me; and so soon!"

Amy's eyes were full of tears, and her voice had a plaintive sound, as though it were about to break into a sob.

"Come now—you're not going to turn rusty, and we scarcely married a year?. I'd rather never touch a drop of the stuff than vex you. Put the bottle in the cupboard, my girl, and see about getting some supper; there ain't no harm done yet."

Amy dried her eyes, and proceeded to obey her husband's directions. She took up the obnoxious bottle as if she had been handling some poisonous reptile, placed it on a shelf, and took down her silver tea-spoons and glasses.

"I could fry a little bacon and some eggs," she said, "would that do?"

"Capital; and there's a bit of blue cheese, ain't there? You see Amy" he continued, as he seated himself comfortably in the large wicker chair, "you see, this is a fine chance for me to get in with old Sanders. I thought when Richardson died I might come in for some odd jobs of work, and there's a pretty penny to be made up at the Hall one year with another, besides the cottages are always wanting repairs."

"And you think Sir Valentine may choose you to succeed Richardson?"

"Bless you! Sir Valentine ain't nobody in the matter: it's all in Sanders' hands; and it's my interest to curry favour with him you see He's got a notion of what I can do, that's plain, or he wouldn't have asked my opinion to-day about the frames; and he's sure to be took with your pretty manners."

Amy laughed, and suffered her husband to draw her upon his knee. Then she pushed back the rough mass of curly hair from his forehead and kissed him. "You won't touch a drop of *that* yourself, will you, dear?" she said, "and I'll make you a nice cup of cocoa as usual."

"Not touch a drop? Eh, I don't know as that would look neighbourly. Well, I won't do much more than make believe—bless your little heart."

The agent arrived; ate heartily of the frugal supper; chatted pleasantly with Mrs. Millington, and talked confidentially about Sir Valentine's affairs with her husband. There was very little whisky left in the bottle when he left. Amy was about to pour away the remainder. "What are you at?" cried Walter, "Put it away, child, another friend may drop in unexpected some day. 'Wilful waste makes woful want,' so they say."

Amy thought the proverb misapplied, but did not say so. The young couple retired to rest that night in high spirits. To Amy, as well as to Walter, the result of the agent's visit had been most satisfactory. Fair prospects had been held out: Walter felt sure of constant work and regular payment. The beginning was good—what would the end be?

Another summer evening, and once more Amy Millington stands at her cottage door Ten years have changed her from a pretty, fresh-coloured girl to a worn, sad-looking woman. She is too well accustomed to stand

on the look-out now for one whose return often brings only an increase of sorrow. She dates her trouble from the day when a certain black bottle found its way into her cupboard. There it had remained ever since—at least, a similar one had never been absent from the shelf. Amy stood looking down the lane as usual. The scent of the flowers was not so powerful as formerly, for the garden had been much neglected of late, and the broken fence and hingeless gate enabled the neighbour's children and pigs to run riot in it whenever Amy's back was turned. Only some self-sown mignonette was humbly doing its best to render the air fragrant, and Mrs. Cox's children had almost succeeded in stamping the life out of that. Amy had once had a child of her own, which had grown to an age to toddle after her steps and lisp her name; but it was lying in the shadow of the Church down below, underneath the daisies. Amy might be thinking of her child now, as she listened to the bells chiming for evening service from the old Norman tower. She remembered something that happened six years ago—it was seldom out of her mind. Walter had thrown one of his heavy boots across the room. He had not intended to hit his wife or the child—Oh, no! He had done so in an impulse of anger, because Amy had neglected to get his gin-bottle refilled; but the boot had struck the babe. Did it injure the child? Surely not: in her inmost heart she trusted it was not so. Babies often got a blow and no serious consequences follow. The child did not even cry at the time: it could not have been much hurt. Walter was so sorry. He watched by the babe as it lay moaning day and night; he kissed and wept over it when it lay dead—that was some weeks later. The Doctor said it died of brain disease—the very same doctor who gave judgment in the case of her father, David Munro. Amy never told her neighbours how the boy came by the bruise on his head. She let them think he had fallen out of bed. Why brood over the past? Her thoughts reverted to her husband. He had promised to return by six o'clock to do a little job at the rectory. When would he come? Where was he? Not at the "Boar," for she had been there to enquire, and nothing was known of him. He had gone to work at the Hall, and was no doubt stopping at the "Hornby Arms" with that worthless set he had taken up with of late, and would be sure to take more than was good for him. Would he be capable of walking home? What if he should take the shorter road across the common where the old gravel pits were?

She tried to banish such thoughts, and re-entering the house began languidly to set the room to rights for the second time. The interior of the cottage bore marks of change as did the garden. Much of the pretty china and glass had been broken and not replaced. The illuminated scripture texts on the walls were soiled and faded, and hung unevenly where the supporting nails had given way. Some articles of value had been sold to pay debts and buy spirits. The mistress of the house herself had become careless and indifferent to the state of her belongings. Order and cleanliness no longer reigned in the once pleasant rooms; Amy's dress was soiled and disordered. Half-an-hour afterwards she opened the door again and looked out. The shades of evening had begun to darken the landscape. The browns and greens and greys were all blended in one neutral tint. The corn-crake had commenced its harsh monotonous cry. Old Susan from the alms-house passed on her way from church, and wished Mrs. Millington good evening. The next-door neighbour was calling her children in to go to bed. Amy sighed, and uttered an impatient exclamation; she had almost forgotten the times of the hymns she used to sing. Then she seated herself by the open door, took up some needle-work and stitched away for some time to finish the patching of an old waistcoat of Walter's; but her eyes could scarcely distinguish the stitches in the dim light, and dropping her needle she gave way to a feeling of drowsiness which had come over her.

Waking with a start, she went again to the door, and looked forth into the darkness. Night was closing in; the moon in her first

quarter. Few lights were to be seen in the direction of the village, for the people of Netherway were mostly labouring folk, who kept primitive hours. Amy's anxiety increased every moment. How slowly and drearily the time had gone by since she laid the tea-things on the table. What a long interval seemed to have elapsed since the church bells had ceased —since she had said good night to lame Susan —since little Jim Cox had been fetched crying home to bed. Where could Walter be? At the Hornby Arms still, or, perhaps crossing the Common. The path passed so close to the old quarry—such a deep awkward place—and Walter would be alone probably, unsteady on his feet, unable to see clearly. God help him—God help *her!*

Then a sudden determination seized her. She would go; yes, she would go and seek him. He had sworn at her—beaten her for going once before, but she would risk his anger again. She might meet him on the way before he reached that dangerous place; if he had not left the "Hornby Arms," she might persuade him to return by the high road, or guide him herself across the common.

Not a moment did she hesitate, but pinning a light shawl over her head hurried out, leaving the cottage door on the latch.

The walk over the common was a dreary one, and on an ordinary night she would have been afraid to venture on it alone: but now her anxiety gave her courage. There was light enough to make out the path, and that was sufficient for her. Onward she went, passing several awkward pits of no great depth, till she approached the larger quarry. Here she paused, for an unexpected sight met her view. The breaking up of the frost of the last winter, which had been unusually severe, had caused the loose gravel and earth at the side of the opening to fall in, forming a landslip, and making a complete break of about a couple of yards in the path which skirted the chasm. Passing feet had since worn a narrower track a little farther to the right, but this was scarcely observable in the semi-darkness. Walter would no doubt have kept to the original way, and might not have seen the gap till he came close upon it.

Bewildered with drink, how could he be expected to do so? Poor Amy fervently hoped that he had become so stupefied as to be incapable of leaving the Hornby Arms without assistance. A sort of petition escaped her lips that it might be so. What a prayer for a Christian wife to offer before the throne of God for the husband she is bound to honour! A sudden sound startled her; a groan—yes, surely a groan. Anxiously listening she heard it repeated, twice, thrice. It came from beneath: the cry was that of some person in pain. It was her husband—it must be he—and he lay somewhere down there—in the quarry.

She waited but a few seconds to fix on the safest means of descent. Choosing a spot where the earth in falling had formed a sort of gradual incline, she turned her back towards the chasm, and scrambled down on her hands and knees, now crawling, now sliding to the bottom, where her progress was suddenly stopped by a large block of stone. Another groan guided her to the spot where Walter lay mangled and bleeding.

The next morning, when the dew was thick upon the grass and weeds growing among the rubbish, some navvies on their way to work on the new line of railway were attracted by the sight of a woman's shawl lying at the edge of the old quarry; and searching, found the two bodies: the man dead, the woman insensible, locked in each other's arms. With more reverence and gentleness than might have been expected from such rough natures, they lifted up the inanimate forms, and procured means for conveying them to the village. The features of Walter were so much cut and bruised as to be scarcely recognisable; his wife's face, hands and gown were disfigured with blood and red clay. Her recovery was slow. She lay in a darkened room, watched and worried by well-meaning but injudicious neighbours, while the solemn service was being read over Walter, and all that remained of the once strong handsome young man was lowered into

the grave. Must she not mourn for him? Had he not won her young heart's love years ago, and never lost it quite in spite of all his misdoings? Through the closed shutters she listened to the tolling of the bell, counting the moments during the intervals between the strokes, in spite of the busy tongues of the women round her bed, who tried with much noise and little tact to distract and console her.

Some years after these events had taken place I visited Netherway, and found the village somewhat improved. A new School-house had been built, and a grave elderly widow, named Millington, was mistress of the girls there. Her sole interest in life lies in her work. Her mission, she says, is to scatter good seed, especially among the young, by precept, by example, by love. Her cottage is the neatest in the village; her flowers attract the attention of every passer by. Young men and women go to her for advice, the aged for comfort, sinners for help to lead them to better ways. Peace is always to be found in Amy's home, for God's blessing rests there.

S. E. R.

Only One Glass of Beer.

Has it ever struck you, when drinking your glass of ale at dinner, how much ruin and misery have been brought on homes by the first glass of beer? I hope the following narrative, taken from real life, may prove a warning to many, and induce them to give up even the one glass; and that those who feel the habit of drinking has gained the mastery over them may be encouraged to make another effort to throw off its power, which, by God's assistance, shall be successful.

It was in the year 1874, when visiting one day in the parish of L——, I was requested by one of the women in my district to go and see a Mrs. Smith, who was in great distress and misery through her love of drink, being told that if nothing could be done to induce her to give it up she and her children would soon be homeless. I at once determined to visit her, and on arriving at the house knocked, but obtaining no answer, opened the door, and found the object of my search sitting by the fire, half intoxicated, dirty and untidy, with a large jug in her hands, out of which she was drinking beer; a girl of fifteen and a little boy of three were the only other occupants of the room.

As I entered Mrs. Smith looked up and said, "I don't want any ladies prying about my place; you had better go, I can tell you."

"But I have come to try and see if I cannot help you. I have heard you are in misery and sorrow; will you not let me be your friend?"

"Be my friend! No one cares to be my friend; my husband beats me; see here—" and pulling up her sleeve I saw a large bruise.

"But indeed I do want to be your friend, and show you how to feel real comfort and happiness; and sitting down by her I told her about Him who had left His home above to dwell on earth and heal the broken-hearted; to comfort those who mourn, and in His words invited her to 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and the way to obtain that rest and happiness is to give up your beer and ask Christ to forgive you your past life and help you to be a better woman in the future."

"Give up my beer! Never, never," was the only answer I could get.

A long time I stayed, trying every inducement to persuade her to give me the jug of beer and sign the pledge, for I knew when I was gone she would not only finish the drink

she had in her hand, but send for more, and that her husband, coming in from his work, finding his wife in such a wretched condition, would beat her, and probably a fight ensue with terrible results, for only a few months before, in his anger, he had injured her very severely. But no words of mine seemed to produce any effect, and in my despair I put up a silent prayer to Him who alone can help, beseeching Him to have mercy on this poor fallen one, and to dispose her heart to give up the drink, when, as if in direct answer, she looked up suddenly, and said—

"If you will give me a kiss you shall have this jug of beer, and I will sign the pledge, for I do believe you want me to be happy."

My heart sank; kiss that dirty, drunken woman, could I? Then came to me the thought of what Christ had done for me, and could I refuse this act of love for Him? So stooping down, I gave her a kiss; this was the way to that poor creature's heart, and never shall I forget the scene that followed, her cries of distress and despair that she might be able to conquer her fatal love of drink—"O that I had never taken that first glass of beer, it brought all my sorrow; and then I took more and more to try and drown my thoughts, but it only led me deeper and deeper into sin and misery. God bless you, ma'am; I will sign the pledge, and you will come and see me, and ask God to help me to keep it."

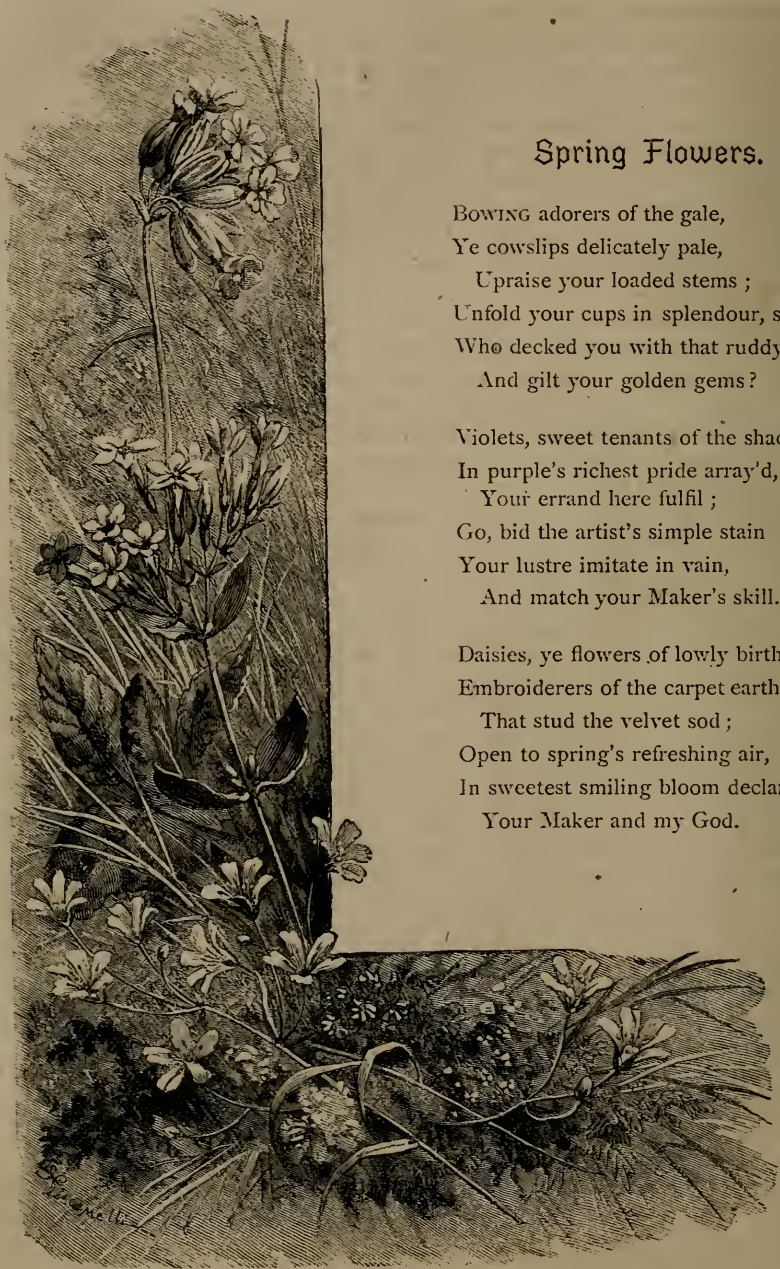
"That I certainly will;" and after signing we both knelt down to ask the help of Him who has said, "If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it."

The next morning I went to see her, and she then told me her history.

"I was brought up in a public-house, and when old enough became barmaid, but during the whole time I never touched anything but water. At twenty I married. My husband had a nice little business, but was fond of his glass, and he soon persuaded me to try just one glass. At first I did not often take too much; it was the death of my boy that drove me to the drink. He was such a bonny boy, just three years old, and one afternoon, when I had taken just enough to make me drowsy, he was playing about the room. 'Mammy,' he said, 'the fire has gone out; Georgie will light it.' I suppose I never answered. The only thing I remember next was a scream, and looking up saw my boy in flames. That sobered me, but nothing could be done, and he was burnt to death. Then I did not care what became of me. I drank more and more till the business failed, and we sank lower and lower till you see the condition we are now in; but, please God, better times are coming, for my husband has also promised to sign the pledge, and I am resolved to keep true to mine."

The determination has been nobly persisted in, though in her struggle to conquer her love for drink once or twice in despair that God would not help her, and the fight prove too much for her, she threatened to commit suicide; yet by His grace at last she has overcome, and is victorious. Her home is now comfortably furnished; her husband is also true to his pledge, bringing home all his weekly earnings. They have now taken a little house of their own, and besides have money in the Post Office Savings Bank. Let the reader remember that God is always true to His promises, "Whatsoever ye ask in prayer believing ye shall receive;" and shun the first glass of beer, which generally leads to more, and frequently ends in a life of misery and a hopeless death.

J. R.



Spring Flowers.

Bowing adorers of the gale,
Ye cowslips delicately pale,
  Upraise your loaded stems ;
Unfold your cups in splendour, speak !
Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
  And gilt your golden gems ?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
In purple's richest pride array'd,
  Your errand here fulfil ;
Go, bid the artist's simple stain
Your lustre imitate in vain,
  And match your Maker's skill.

Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
  That stud the velvet sod ;
Open to spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
  Your Maker and my God.

Clare.

EXPECTATION—WHO'S COMING?

A True Tale of City Life.

THE following verses give the substance of what transpired at an inquest, held by the Coroner for Middlesex, some few months back. The Editor of a paper in which the report appeared, wrote a leading article, in which he said: "One of the worst features of the drink question is undoubtedly the spread of the vice among women. We do not now refer to the *secret tippling* which goes on in private houses, amongst all classes of the female community, but to the open and unblushing drunkenness to be seen among women in the streets and gin-palaces of our large cities. To show that there is no exaggeration in this statement it is only necessary to turn to the records of the police courts; and the remarks made by Mr. de Rutzen this week at Marylebone, are equally applicable to all the other police districts. At the very same time that Mr. De Rutzen was complaining of the drunken women in London, Mr. Justice Kay was holding forth on the same painful theme in Liverpool."

WRITERS inspired declare that woman may
Forget her sucking babe,—and every day
Affords sad proof, that neither wailing cries,
Nor pleading looks, nor deeply sunken eyes,
Can turn *some* mothers from their drinking course,
Or in their hearts beget a true remorse.
See! at that public bar a woman stand,
A glass still reeking in her trembling hand;
See how she pours the fiery dregs a-down
Her baby's throat,—it moves e'en hearts of stone,
To see the tender being writhe with pain;
But all remonstrance with her is in vain:
Drink blinds *her* vision, but the lookers on,
Harden'd themselves, can scarce suppress a moan.
Yes, woman can forget her sucking child,
Nay, worse than this, *forget's* a term too mild;
If this you doubt, list to an "*ower true tale*,"
It is not long, your patience will not fail.

Not far from where our great cathedral's dome,
Rises in stately form thro' mist and gloom,
There dwelt, not long ago, a faithful pair,
An only child their fond and tender care,
A blue-eyed curly headed darling boy,
Whose presence was a sunbeam and a joy.
The father worked in factory hard by—
His wages good, he toiled contentedly,
Steady and just, th' esteem of all he won,
Approved of God and man his life passed on.

Words fail me in describing *her*, the wife,
Of John's glad home, the joyous light and life;
She realised the picture, greatly drawn
By England's wondrous poet, noblest son:
'Grace was in all her step, heaven in her eye,
'In every gesture love and dignity,'
But yet, alas! she fell as Eve did fall,
By listening to the tempter's honey'd call.
A neighbour was the tempter here, who came
To have a morning chat, good pleasant dame!
Who neither meant, nor thought, the slightest harm
To any of God's creatures,—yet alarm
Was writ in Jenny's face when first the dram
Stain'd her fair lips and brought the blush of shame
To die those cheeks that needed no false bloom;
These drams, instead of cheering, cast a gloom
O'er Jenny's mind,—gloom she would oft relieve
By visits to her friend, there to receive
What yet she could not bring herself to buy,
And there, too sure, she met with sympathy;
Then would she stealthily creep home to sleep,
Or, stung by conscience, bow her head and weep.

John was full slow in noticing the change
Wrought in his darling spouse, yet thought it strange,
That no complaint of illness from her came,
But ne'er divined the secret of her shame,
Thought it still stranger when from work returning
The welcome form no longer met him, yearning
For the fond kiss or ever grateful smile,
Ample and sweet reward for all his toil.
He sought by each fond art to soothe her sorrow,
And hoped each passing day for brighter morrow.

But Jenny's state went on from bad to worse;
No longer shrinking timid from the curse
That wound its toils around her, she appeared
With others at the *public bar*, nor feared
(So callous did she grow), the prurient gaze
Of semi-savage men, beneath the blaze
Of countless lights reflected from the walls
By gilded mirrors, as in noble halls.
There, with her child, she pass'd the morning time,
Witness of scenes that must not stain my rhyme,
Tippling with blear-eyed women standing by;
Till, money failing, then a fresh supply
Was soon procured by means I need not tell,—
Thus from her blest estate poor Jenny fell.

Returning home from work one dismal night,
John found his rooms in miserable plight.

—Confusion everywhere,—a fireless grate,
And all around in careless dirty state.
Drawers ransack'd of their prized contents—a cup,
The gift of god-pa, gone ! Careful wrapped up,
As it had been for months in 'kerchief white,
To keep its silver framework clean and bright,
Now nought but 'kerchief left ; a bitter sigh
Came from his burden'd heart as days gone by,
Thrice happy days rush'd on his memory !
He turn'd his back on the sad scene and sought
Comfort elsewhere—can he be blamed if thought
Distracted his poor brain and urged him on
To do what erst he dared not think upon ?
To seek oblivion in the mocking bowl,
Tho' at the peril of his dear bought soul ?

Close by a lofty *palace* rear'd its head,
And thither John with hesitating tread
Took his slow way,—an animated scene
Within its walls fell on his vision keen ;
But *one* sight only drove him well-nigh wild,—
A tall pier glass reflects his wife and child !
She dozing on an ample bench and *he*,
Squatting on the floor, viewing with childish glee
Some little mounds of sawdust he had piled,
His dimpled fingers with the stuff defiled.

He neared the spot and seized the lovely child,
Who knew not his own sire, so scared and wild
He look'd—then bursting forth in screams,
As at some nightmare in his infant dreams,
Awoke the mother from her guilty sleep
Who rose to clutch her babe,—but with a sweep
Of his right hand the father pushed her o'er
And there she lay extended on the floor.
The lookers on of course enjoyed *the sport*
(Like scenes were common at this famed resort).
Police were sent for, John to station hurried,
And to the court next morning he was carried.
Remanded for a week,—in jail immured,
No words can paint the woes he there endured.
—At the next hearing release came at last
But all desire with him for life was past.

Of martyr's fortitude he could not boast,
And all his former trust in heaven was lost.
Want stared him in the face, a hideous train
Of mocking ills besieged his softening brain.
All he had read, all he had heard, or feared,
Of earth's sad catalogue of woes, appeared
Before his mental vision magnified
Beyond their true and just proportions, tried
The poor man's tortured brain 'till reason fled.

He reached his home once more,—the little bed
(Where in sweet slumber lay his darling child
As yet by sin or sorrow undefiled).
He knelt by for awhile, but no fond prayer
Came from his lips now closed in mute despair,
With horrid calmness he surveyed the scene
Around him, noting where once had been
A fav'rite chair, or cherished ornament
Of no great value, but in kindness sent
By loved and loving friends in days gone by.
No soothing tears gush'd from their bed, no sigh
Came from his o'er charged heart to give relief
Or 'suage the rigour of his desperate grief.

Those dark blue eyes with golden lashes fring'd,
Those angel lips with purest coral tinged,
The pearly teeth, the dimpled chin, pug nose,
And cheeks the colour of the opening rose,
He saw but heeded not, one thought alone
Possest his lab'ring mind and urged him on.

Thro' crowded streets without a pause he ran,
Heedless of omnibus, or car, or van,
Until he reach'd the gates of Hyde's fair park,—
Then, for a moment, just one glimmering spark
Of pity for the helpless innocent,
Sleeping so soundly in his arms, found vent.
He kiss'd the fair round face a thousand times,
And (strange enough !) some quaint old nursery rhymes
Of babes, the robin redbreasts once took heed
And covered o'er with fragrant leaves, blest deed !
Flitted across his mind, but turned him not,
Nor shook his fell resolve—despair had got
So firm a grip that nothing made him shrink,
And with quick steps he reached the river's brink.
The Serpentine by moonlight ! There he stood,
And for a moment watched its rippling flood,
Destined so soon to give him sure release
And bear his offspring to the realms of peace,
No thought of *self* disturbed his reverie,
All that he had to do was just to die
And nothing more! to die beside the child
He loved, "not wisely but too well"—exiled
From hope's fair shore to him this wond'rous earth,
So late a paradise, and bringing forth
All that upon that earth he craved, now seem'd
A dreary void ; the starry sky that gleamed
In radiant glory o'er his head, to him
To him (poor wretched dying soul !) look'd cold and dim,
He made one desperate plunge and all was o'er :—
Cold were his boy and he when dragged to shore.

B. M.

The Three Noes;

OR, HOW WILLIAM DEANE CAME TO SIGN THE PLEDGE.

It was six o'clock; a factory bell rang noisily, a pair of massive gates were flung open; then was to be heard the hurried tread of many feet, accompanied by shouts and laughter.

The men and youths employed by Messrs. Board, Plane & Co., cabinet makers, of Mile End, had finished their day's toil, and were hastening to their several homes. Amongst the employés, might have been seen a fine stalwart young man, who had a merry black eye, crisp curly black hair, and a smile pleasant to behold. His name was William Deane. No more skilful workman than he turned out of that shop; we will trace his footsteps.

For the length of several streets he had company. Many a joke fell from his lips, or smart repartee to his mates, with whom, evidently, he was a prime favourite. Now and again he sang a snatch from some popular song, with a pleasant tuneful voice. At length his companions had dropped from him with hearty good nights, and he hurried on alone; he was about to turn down a bye street when he suddenly pulled up, muttering to himself, "I feel a bit faint, I'll just step in and have a glass." With that he stepped up to the door of a large gaudy looking corner public house "The Three Magpies." It was astonishing how the sight of that house so often caused William Deane to feel faint. Just before he was singing merrily, and to all appearance was as right as possible, not at all the fellow to turn faint or qualmish.

As he touched the well-hung, well-oiled door, it noiselessly flew open, revealing a dazzling, bright interior. There was a large open space, with seats round the walls, pictures, mirrors and gilt adorning the room. A handsome fireplace was at one end, with a splendid fire burning in the grate. Along the opposite side ran a bar resplendent with mahogany, glass, and pewter, all polished to their utmost limit; in keeping with all this were the landlord and landlady, the latter attired in handsome black silk, and adorned by a profusion of jewellery; her cap was a magnificent affair, trimmed with the pinkest of pink ribbon and roses. As William Deane approached the bar he was smilingly greeted by the pair, who knew him well, as a jolly fellow, who could sing a good song, and keep a company together.

The glass was drawn; he drank, and chatted merrily, only just noticing a man who stood near, and presented to an onlooker, a complete contrast to himself.

The man, was that fearful, marred, blasted, much to be pitied creature—a drunkard. Drunkard was stamped upon every lineament. His eyes were fiery, nose blotched, cheeks bloated; his lips presented the dry, thirsty appearance, always indicative of heavy drinking. His attire was dirty, and slovenly to a degree; his shoes were a mere apology.

This man gazed very fixedly at William Deane, at the sight of whom some memory seemed stirred, but he uttered no word of recognition. Again the door flew open; a woman entered, she had a wan, sad, hungry looking face; it was evident she had lost heart, and that no human soul cared for her welfare, as she looked utterly broken down and neglected. There was no sign of debasement about her; she was not a drunkard, but that next most to be pitied object, a drunkard's wife. A poor make-believe of a bonnet was upon her head (a contrast to the landlady's head gear), her gown was whole and clean, but scant; an old grey shawl was pulled tightly round herself and child; yes, she had a companion in misery, a hapless drunkard's child. The little thing hushed the cry upon her lips as they neared the wretched man, and stretching out her little wasted arms, called in baby tones, "daddy, daddy;" and the mother in beseeching accents pleaded thus, "Jem, for the love of Heaven! give me a copper, we are both starving, little Alice ate the last crust four hours ago, and I have not tasted food to-day."

The man thus appealed to, was not touched, but angered; he raised his hand to strike that jaded creature, and as he did so reeled forward; she recoiled, and the blow fell full upon that little upturned face. A shrill scream from the mother, a little moan from the child, and all was over. That husband and father stood there a murderer; the fright sobered him, and he piteously called, "Alice, baby, speak to daddy." He would have given worlds to hear that little voice, now hushed for ever.

A great scare ensued amongst the company. William Deane kindly took the child from her

mother's arms, telling the pot-boy to fetch a doctor. Just then one stepped out from the bystanders, saying, "I am a medical man and will examine the child." Everyone looked astonished; he was as sottish and out-at-elbow as the meanest there, a striking proof, that alcohol is no respecter of persons, the only sense in which "The Drink Demon" can be said to be akin to God.

The doctor pronounced life extinct, and said, "The blow is full on her temple, a very little would crush out so frail a life." A chorus of abuse fell upon the father, the landlady joining in shrill tones, for she was much annoyed that anything so unpleasant should occur in her *well regulated house.*

William Deane was deeply affected by this episode, and more so when the unhappy man looking him full in the face, said, "Will, don't you know me? I'm your old mate, Jim Stone; little did I think it would ever come to this, when we left our dear old village, and came to London to make our fortunes. It's all the *cursed drink!* Take warning, Will; it's not too late for *you; I* used to take my *one* glass, and then it became *two*, then *more* and *more*, until I am the wretched man that you see, that even my old shopmate did not know."

By this time, a policeman having been summoned, Jem Stone was arrested. He begged Will "to take his wife home to his missus, and comfort her all they could." She hung over the lifeless child, pitifully talking to it, not realising that the one she loved so much was dead. They moved her aside, and carried the little form to another room awaiting the inquest. The husband was taken off by the police; Mrs. Stone, woman-like, followed him, refusing to go with William Deane, who gave his address, and she promised to call next day.

William Deane left "The Three Magpies" a sadder and we believe a wiser man, for he there and then determined to touch the drunkard's drink no more for ever. His eyes were opened, he saw himself on the verge of the precipice, down which had fallen his old friend and companion. Arrived at his own home, or rather lodging, a comfortable tea awaited him, a comely wife and two black-eyed curly-haired children saluted him, the latter with a gleeful shout. When he had washed and was seated to his meal the younger, Lizzie, perched upon his knee, said, "I so glad you come home, Daddy." He pressed the little one more closely to him as he kissed her; a tear fell upon her cheek, and she said, "Daddy kying; is you naughty, Daddy?"

It was too much; the strong man broke down, and sobbed like a child. Then they all cried for very sympathy; to see him weep was so unusual, they could not witness his grief unmoved. At length Will was able to tell his wife all the sad story, and of his resolve to sign the temperance pledge.

Mrs. Deane was a wise little woman. She knew her gay, good-humoured husband was in danger, and had long felt he was treading a slippery path so she replied, "We will sign together, Will, I am sure we shall be better and happier." "Where shall we sign, Jennie?" "I'll manage that. Only to-day our Tract Distributor was in; she is a staunch teetotaler, and will gladly bring her pledge-book for us to sign. I will see about it to-morrow."

On the morrow Will went to his accustomed work, and the struggle commenced. At dinner time his mates said, "Come along, Will, let's go to the 'Rose and Crown' to eat our dinner and get our pot of beer."

"No! I'm not going there any more; I shall go to a coffee house."

"What rot, man, come along, do; you ain't a-going to drink that sort of slop, only fit for women and babbies."

"No," said Will, "I'm going to turn teetotal."

"Ah! ah! ah!" rang out; "Will Deane's going to turn tail and join the cold water party; I say, Jack, what do you bet he won't keep it a week?"

It was up-hill work, but Will fought manfully. His old foreman proved a true friend; he heard the chaff, called him into his office, and when there said, "Give us your hand, Will; I have hopes of you now, lad; many's the uneasy hour I've had about you. You know we are from the same village; I knew your old folks well, so feel more than common interest in your welfare. I'll stand by you. I've watched your hand shaking on Monday mornings; I've seen the gay company you've kept. Many a prayer have my old woman and me put up for you. We'll help you, lad. Bring your Jennie and the little ones round to tea on Sunday, and go with us to God's house to ask His blessing upon what you are undertaking. How sad about poor Jem Stone! He'll be charged with manslaughter, I expect, and he'll get a twelvemonth or so. We must do what we can for him and his poor wife; a good thing the other children died. The drink will be out of him when his time's up, and we must try and get him not to touch it any more. I'm glad his old mother hasn't lived to see this day; she was a good old woman."

In the evening Will found a pledge-book at home; he and his wife signed, as did the poor heart-broken Mrs. Stone, and they did all they could to cheer the childless woman, but she fretted very much.

Will was summoned to the inquest. As he entered his accustomed haunt the smell of the liquor was trying. The landlady was smiling, and enquired "What will you take, Mr. Deane?"

"No more of *your* drinks, thank you. I saw enough when Jem killed his child."

"Ah! but *you* would never be such a *fool* as he has been; a *little* will do you good. Why, Mr. Deane, you'll lose all your good looks if you join that miserable looking lot, the teetotalers."

Their arguments were specious, but Will was firm. He felt the power of the temptation, but he overcame.

Reviewing the week on Saturday night, William Deane remarked to his wife, "Jennie, I've had three noes to say this week; it has been a hard struggle, but I shall win, by God's help."

"What do you mean, Will, by three noes? What are they?"

"Why, my girl, the first is to my mates; a pretty badgering the fellows have given me, but they'll drop it after a bit, and I shall try and persuade some of them to sign it. Our old boss is a brick; he sticks to me through thick and thin.

"The second no was to the landlords; they've run against me all they could, and offered to treat me; it's only because I am a merry fellow and can sing a song. I often kept their company together, and so they don't want to lose me. You and the bairns shall have more of my time, and I'll go on with my designing; I've neglected it long enough for 'The Three Magpies.'

"The third no is to my own passion for the drink; I would not have believed it had gained such a hold upon me. I find now that I was in a very dangerous position, and that the drink would have mastered me as it did poor Jem. None but God and myself know what I have passed through this week. This third no is far harder to say than either the first or the second, but it gets easier each day, and I shall soon feel far better without than with intoxicating drinks."

Jem Stone stood his trial for manslaughter, and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. During that time his friend visited him twice, cheering him all he could, and assuring him that he and their mutual friend the foreman intended to help him out of the mire and back to respectability. They kept their promise, too, and have had the joy—there is none higher—of raising a fallen fellow-man. "Go thou and do likewise."

B. C.

"Only Herself to Blame."

"WHAT a disgraceful sight!" said a lady to her young companion, when out upon a shopping expedition, she almost touched the rags of a drunken woman, who stumbled against her upon the pavement; quickening her pace so as to avoid the gathering crowd who were jeering the fallen woman, she managed to reach the Library and obtain a shelter. The lady was tall and exceedingly graceful, handsomely clothed in velvet and fur. The maiden by her side, as a beautiful bud, promised to develop into a still more beautiful flower. Yet, though alike outwardly, mother and daughter were very unlike at heart.

As they stood in the porch a well appointed carriage drove up to them. "Look! Mamma, those cruel boys have got her down," making an impulsive movement forward. Her mother almost forced her into the carriage, thankful to prevent her making any exhibition of herself, and spoke in no measured terms of her conduct. "Really, Ethel! I am amazed at you, I believe you were actually contemplating a rescue; what do you suppose your Papa would have thought could he have seen you?"

"Mamma, she was being shamefully treated, those boys were absolutely cruel to the poor creature, chasing her as if she were some wild animal." The face flushed and the tender eyes flooded with tears as she tremblingly added—"And one of God's children too."

"I cannot imagine what is coming to you, Ethel," fixing her gold eye-glasses upon her nose. "You seem to delight in mixing yourself up with every

degraded object that crosses your path. That disgusting creature having her few filthy rags almost torn off her, and you to stand by, a witness of her shame.'

"Mamma, she is a woman! That should be enough for our sympathy and help. It would be a grand work to reclaim her."

"Say no more—I insist—*she has only herself to blame.*" Touching the check string she ordered her coachman to drive home. Opening a novel she ensconced herself comfortably among her cushions, and Ethel was free to indulge in her thoughts, which, however, were more sad than joyful, although from them she was enabled to form a resolution, which remained unbroken for the rest of her life. The unhappy creature who had caused this little passage of arms, viz., the 'drunken woman' was being hustled, and bustled about by a yelling, shouting mob. There were some few who cried "Shame! Shame!" but the majority delighted to witness the vain attempts of a besotted woman to "keep her feet from falling."

It was a scene which should have called forth the horror, if not the sorrow of the multitude: one arm was bare to the bosom, the sleeve having been torn from the dress, yards of flounces were only so many temptations to fun-loving urchins, who delighted in their sport.

At last, mud-stained, bruised, and bleeding, she was conveyed to the police cell, "in her carriage," as the mob jeeringly called the perambulator which the constables brought. Had she only herself to blame? Alas! Who can tell?

"Not any wine, thank you," said Ethel, refusing a glass which her maid brought to her dressing-room, "You may give me a glass of milk if you please."

"Miss Ethel, your Mamma insists upon the wine, she says your pale looks quite alarmed her during your drive."

"Tell my Mamma I will never touch a glass of wine again as long as I live," said the girl solemnly.

"What do I hear?" said the lady, entering her daughter's room at that moment.

"I prefer a glass of milk, Mamma! Please do not be angry. You know I am very fond of wine, and perhaps"—she did not finish the sentence, for her mother sailed haughtily out of the room, not wishing the matter carried any further before the maid.

At dinner the same temptation awaited her. Her father, a rich city merchant, looked with surprise, as she refused the wine, and asked for water. Two handsome youths, and one fair girl of twelve completed the family circle, which sat that day at the well-spread table. "Maud" was the pet of them all, worshipped by her vain mother for her marvellous beauty, idolized by the best of fathers, fondly petted by the boys; Ethel felt she alone could save her from becoming fond of that which might be her bane in the future.

"Maudie, darling, don't take any wine to-day," whispered Ethel to her sister.

"Why not?" said father and brothers, who observed and understood the whisper by the child's refusal.

The girl's shudder seemed to surprise them all, as she said—"Don't ask me why!"

"Oh, she happened to see a horrid woman fall down in a state of intoxication this morning," said the lady smiling sarcastically, "and so she imagines all the rest of her sex should become teetotalers to expiate her sin."

"Is that so, Ethel?" said her father kindly. "Surely my darling need not fear; taking a glass of wine will not make a woman a drunkard! Depend upon it you will never stamp out the vice until the masses become more civilised by education, then their sense of shame would deter them from, from, well! from exposing their vice—at least."

This illogical reasoning in no way deterred the brave girl, for at this moment one of her brothers handed Maud her wine; and she exclaimed excitedly: "Oh Papa! Don't tempt us! Surely that poor degraded woman was once free from vice. Maudie, darling, do as I do; you love Ethel! don't touch a drop—for the love of God!"

"You see," said the lady pointing her husband's attention to the girl who was sobbing violently. "Heroics and hysterics generally go together, she is over-wrought, refused to have her usual glass of port wine this morning, although she knows what Dr. Farnworth told her; and this is the result. Maud, I insist upon you not being so foolish; she has only herself to blame if she is really ill again," said she in a vexed tone.

"Papa dear! don't you think I should be safer—morally safer—without it, as I am really very fond of wine?" Her father was angry, saying to his wife, "There is no need to make any fuss about it at all, my children shall be free agents, so far, surely. Ethel is quite old enough to decide upon such a simple matter for herself."

"Certainly!" said the lady, "but Ethel must also remember other people older than herself may claim the same consideration."

"Maudie is not older than I" was the gentle rejoinder."

"And is still under the guidance of wise and loving parents, I trust. Let us have no more such scenes, I beg." And the matter ended and was probably soon forgotten by most, if not all of those who heard it. Maudie drank her wine, and for years was the joy of those with whom she came in contact.

Twenty years have passed away since then, and a knot of people stand gazing up at the window of a gentleman's residence.

"I tell you it is quite true, for I saw her face at the window, and I have seen her many times, she's raving mad, and her screeches are awful sometimes."

"Why don't they put her away then. It seems wrong to let her go about half-naked as they do, her husband can have no feeling."

"Don't you make any mistake about that, her husband is one of the best fellows living. The only thing he has done wrong is in being blind to her fault."

"I don't understand you. If the woman is deranged, what do you mean by her fault?"

"Drink has brought her to this pass, *she has no one to blame but herself;* she had everything her heart could desire, the sweetest children you ever set your eyes upon, but it was all of no use. I believe her husband has gone down on his bended knees and implored her to give it up, but when it has got such a hold of anyone as it has of her, it is hopeless."

This conversation took place between two men, who were painting the houses on the opposite side of the road; and had been attracted by the awful shrieks of a woman who had escaped from her keeper, and had alarmed half the neighbourhood by her cries.

Let us enter the house, and if possible, depict the scene. She is in a room devoid of all moveable articles, her clothes are of the strongest description, her boots padlocked on, her hair is cut short, the crisp curls proclaim its once glorious beauty, her eyes are wild and deeply set in hollow rings, she is imploring to be set free, for she is strapped to an easy chair made firm to the floor. An attendant is soothing her, saying when she is quiet, she shall be free; this has been one of her bad days, she is not always violent, there are times of melancholy when she has to be guarded from self-destruction. 'Tis questionable which is the more pitiful state of the two, for then she is full of remorse at her fall, and seeks to cover her shame by death.

Her husband is twenty years her senior. A man whose scientific researches have benefited the whole world. When he led to the altar his bride, she was but eighteen—young men were not even puzzled. The beautiful Maud Leslie was known to be highly gifted herself; no one was surprised at her choice. It was years before the truth dawned upon him; their home was the resort of the gifted and the great—her sparkling wit and merry repartee began to be commented upon. Beautiful children there graced the scene, and everything seemed fair to the husband's eye, when the full horror dawned upon his mind. His wife, the mother of his darlings, the beautiful 'Maudie,' had a demon feeding upon her vitals, she was a victim to drink.

There came a day when she could no longer keep her secret. He who loved and trusted her had to hear she could not give up the habit. He shielded her from the eyes of the world as long as he could, implored her in loving tones to try and conquer the habit.

"Pity me, oh, my husband; scorn me if you must, but I cannot do without it."

"For the children's sake," said he, as his bowed head rested upon her knees. "For their pure lives, Maudie, try my darling, try."

"It is too late, I have had a passion for it from my earliest years," was the answer.

Pleadings and entreaties were all in vain. If her children had no power to save her, how much less her pure-minded sister? even though she failed not to use all the influence she possessed, which was great, inasmuch as she was the wife of a Christian Minister of God, who helped in her vain endeavours.

Sterner measures had to be resorted to; madness, unmistakeable madness, at last developed itself. For the past three years, the wretched woman had been hopelessly insane, requiring constant watching, night and day.

Could that mother have seen her daughter at times, chased round the grounds by her keeper, from whom she had managed to escape, or strapped to her seat to prevent violent hands being laid upon herself, could she have said in this case she has "only herself to blame?"

When her mangled remains were tenderly laid in her coffin did not her blood cry aloud for vengeance? For with all the care and attention bestowed upon her, she managed at last to succeed in reaching an open window. One terrible shriek; a heavy thud upon the pavement, and all was over.

Nay! not all, for there is yet the day of reckoning at hand; when the books are open, shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

Maudie was laid in her grave. And as Ethel sat near her husband's side, she laid her head upon his shoulder and said "Thank God our children have never tasted it, for oh! my husband, you never knew it; but it was my love for the taste of wine which made me shun it. If I had tampered with my taste my fate had been sealed ere this."

"Poor Maud, she confessed as much to me, and said from her earliest years she craved it," said her husband.

"Yes! and oh, do not be shocked," said the grief-stricken sister, falling upon her knees. "I have even dreaded to sip the Sacramental Cup, lest it should be a snare to my soul. This was after my determination to abstain, but God held me up—while poor Maudie fell. For at one time she was greatly impressed by the thought of her own danger, and promised me to abstain entirely from it. It was after her second confinement, she was ordered to take a little wine daily. Alas! doctors have much to answer for. In her case it was fatal. Her only safety lay in never touching it.

"True, too true" was the mournful answer, "it is a snare to many. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall,' and those who are proof against this particular temptation should beware of judging others."

In its main incidents, this is a true story, and the moral may apply to us all; whether we be high or low in station, educated or ignorant, our influence is certain to be felt.

There is a heavy responsibility resting on those who place a stumbling block in the way of another. Those who press a single glass of wine upon one, may do it to those who are striving against their own longing desires, and even struggling with the fiend which is gnawing for ever at their vitals. Then when utter ruin has overtaken them, they will say, calmly—nay cruelly—of such a wreck, she, or he, had no one to blame but themselves.

E. I.

Where there's a Will there's a Way.

THOUGH troubles perplex you,
Dishearten and vex you,
Retarding your progress in sombre array;
To shrink with terror
Is surely an error,
For where there's a will there's a way.

The task may be teasing,
The duty unpleasing,
But he who confronts it will soon win the day;
Half the battle is over
When once we discover
That where there's a will there's a way.

Misfortunes uncounted
Are often surmounted,
If only we quit not the field in dismay:
Then once more endeavour,
Remembering ever
That where there's a will there's a way.

A Discourse on Drink.

ITS DISMAL DOINGS:—DRINK drains the purse; disturbs harmony; divides friends; degrades character; disfigures beauty; deadens sensibility; drowns conscience; dethrones reason; debilitates health; destroys peace; divulges secrets; deranges order; damps joys; delays progress; darkens vision; damages property; depraves the mind; debases youth; depresses the spirits; defeats improvement; defiles purity; diminishes life; dishonours God; delights the devil, and damns the soul.

ITS DELUDED DUPES:—DRINK conducts you into debt; into difficulty; into dishonesty; into discredit; into distress; into destitution; into debauchery; into disgrace; into degradation; into despondency; into distraction; into delirium, and drives you to disregard duty; to dislike labour; to desert your homes; to disown your dear ones; to defy heaven; to dare hell, and in droves you are dragged down through death into the dreary domains of Diabolus. Drink slaves, desist; give up your drams, your draughts, and your drops. Denounce the deceiver; do not despair; disregard scoffers; depend on divine aid; "Dare to be a daniel;" and delightful will be your deliverance.

ITS DEVOTED DEALERS.—The dreadful doings of the deleterious decoctions which you deal out, are disgustingly displayed and deeply felt; every drink district is demoralised with vile discourses; violent disorders; fatal disturbances; and frightful disasters. Don't forget, divers drawbacks have to be deducted from your dubious gains, including home deprivations; disagreeable duties; disreputable

drunken scenes; heavy rent dues, and burdensome rate demands. Does not duty say, depart? Dislodge your dangling signs; and with determination, decline to draw another drop.

ITS DAUNTLESS DESTROYERS.—Declare your disinterested designs; demonstrate and diffuse your "touch not" doctrine; be decided; be deaf to tempters; dumb to deriders; and dead to discouragements. Dally not with danger; deliver the dissipated; defend the defenceless; be diligent and decorous; be discreetly daring; and daringly dutiful; do well and deserve well; dedicate yourselves to Daniel's God; direct your desires heavenward, and in due time, the day will dawn, when this desolating drink-curse shall be dashed down, and destroyed. And who will demur at its demise? or say its doom was not deserved?

East Grinstead. THOMAS CRAMP.

Total Abstinence and the Small-Pox Epidemic.

AT a public meeting recently held in Bolton Dr. Joseph Thornley speaking on the subject of temperance, with special reference to the epidemic of small-pox in Bolton, said he had seen in one of the newspapers an account of a van, in which was a small-pox patient, being stopped at a public-house door, while the driver and the man in charge of the patient went inside the house to take a drop of what they perhaps thought would stave off small-pox from them. Again, the other day a sanitary officer of the borough, whose duties took him among infectious patients asked him (the doctor) his opinion as to what he ought to drink that he might avoid contracting the disease, and said, "What kind of liquor do you think the best?" To which he, (Dr. Thornley) replied, "The liquor that will prevent you from taking the fever, and other fevers also, is that which is so very cheap and which comes from Belmont and the district of Egerton in the shape of water, and no intoxicating liquor will prevent you taking fever, but rather bring your body into such a condition that you will be more likely to receive fever." There could be no doubt of this, for by taking intoxicating drink the stamina of a person and the vital force was reduced. This had been proved many times, one of the most important authorities in this matter being Dr. B. W. Richardson. Dr. Thornley quoted from Dr. Parkes' work on "Hygiene," to show that, in the Southern States of America, and also in the West Indies, where there were repeated epidemics of yellow fever, that those who took intoxicating liquors were more frequently attacked, and, when attacked, the mortality was much greater than amongst abstainers. If any in the audience had a relative or friend suffering from small-pox, or indeed any kind of fever, do not let them take intoxicating liquor under the impression that it would prevent fever, because, as he had said, by it the body was reduced, and they would be the more likely to contract the fever. He would detain the meeting for a moment to tell them what the epidemic of typhoid fever in Darwen in 1874 had proved. From tables which had been printed it was shown that in Over Darwen, at that time the Rechabites—who he need hardly say did not take intoxicating liquors—numbered 164, and that only three of their body died. And he should say at this point that the epidemic was worse than was the epidemic of small-pox in Bolton to-day, for he remembered that in one week more than 500 cases were reported to the authorities of Over Darwen. Well, in the Oddfellows' Society—in which they were not bound to be total abstainers—ninety-one deaths occurred, out of 620 members; so that the death-rate of the Rechabites was 18 per 1,000, and the Oddfellows 31 per 1,000, while the publicans of Over Darwen died at the rate of 150 per 1,000. It would be seen from this that were one Rechabite died, eight publicans succumbed to the disease. Apart from all this, the Government Assurance Company had found that since grocers began to sell intoxicating liquors the death-rate amongst grocers in the country was twice what it was, and as a fact the Company refused to take men into membership who sold beer, whatever premium they were ready to pay. Let him strongly advise his hearers, then, not to be scared into the idea of taking intoxicating liquors to avoid disease. His advice to them in the present juncture was, and whilst small-pox was in the midst, "To prevent small-pox keep your houses clean, live plainly, and on an unstimulating diet, go to bed early, rise early, do everything to get good and sound health, keep from those who are suffering from small-pox, and then I do not think there will be much fear for you."

Come, all Dear Children.

J. TUNNICLIFF. Old English Air, Harmonised for this Work.

Come, all dear chil-dren, sing a song, Join with us heart and hand; Come,

make our lit-tle par-ty strong, A hap-py Temp'rance band. We can-not sing of

ma-ny things, For we are young you know, But we have signed the Temp'rance pledge A

short time a-go, But we have signed the Temp'rance pledge A short time a-go.

2 Our parents we will ask to come,
And join our happy band,
True Temperance makes a happy home,
And makes a happy land.
By God's kind help we all will say
To every tempter—NO,
For we have signed the Temperance pledge
A short time ago.

3 Brothers and sisters then must join,
We'll ask them every one,
We'll ask our neighbours too, to sign,
And help true Temperance on.
We'll sing and talk to all around,
That all the town may know,
That we have signed the Temperance pledge
A short time ago.

4 And thus we'll spend our youthful days,
And grow up happy men,
Just like a full-grown English oak,
We'll be the stronger then;
And if degraded drunkards should
Invite with them to go,
We'll say we signed the Temperance pledge
A long time ago.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

Varieties.

A MARVELLOUS CHANGE.—The funeral of the late Thomas Frost recently took place at the Burngreave Cemetery, Sheffield. The deceased was a sawsmith. At thirty-nine years of age he was an old man in every sense of the word, and an avowed infidel. He became a total abstainer, and from that moment a gradual improvement took place in his appearance and character, until at eighty-one he was a man of the finest presence to be found in Sheffield. Soon after becoming a teetotolar, he made a bonfire of all his infidel books, and from that day up to his death was a most active worker whenever and wherever there was a movement on foot for the restoration of fallen humanity.

WARM MILK AS A BEVERAGE.—Milk that is heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for the time a degree of its sweetness and its density. No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its having been rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately; and many who fancy that they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this simple draught an equivalent that shall be abundantly satisfying and more enduring in its effects.—*Medical Recorder.*

SELLING WITHOUT A LICENSE.—The wife of a hard drinker made the following proposal to her husband:—"Let me supply you with your drink. I want to sell to you and save the profit. I am compelled to go in rags and have the poorest to eat, while the publican's wife has the grandest shawls and bonnets and silk dresses, with fine furniture, and the best for the table. Let me sell to you and I will have all this. I will get a keg of beer or a cask of whiskey, whatever you may prefer, and sell to you at so much a drink—the same price you pay the publican." The experiment was tried for a while, when the husband himself saw how much money he had been throwing away, and concluded not to make any further purchase of any one. But his wife had already gained a nice bonnet and dress and other comforts of life.

THE

National Temperance Reader.

RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, READINGS, &c.

In Prose and Verse, Original and Selected.

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National Temperance Publication Depot,
337, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

Another Man Missing.

By Hayward Heathe.

Aunt Agatha's sitting room is evidently one in which to laugh, talk, walk, read or sing, in fact do whatever one for the moment takes the most delight in. It is not always seen in perfect order, for at present papers, diaries, old yellow letters and little pencil sketches are

littered about in wild confusion. The pleasant window sloping to the ground is filled with flowers, and from it can be seen the sea, ebbing and rolling, half trying to reach the high wall enclosing Aunt Agatha's home.

Two figures are seated near the window, talking in the twilight. The one resting in the arm-chair, with the calm, happy, though not beautiful face, is Aunt Agatha. The pretty, dark-eyed, fair-haired girl sitting at her feet is Maggie Gorange. Maggie is watching the waves as they rise and dash higher and still higher, lashing in angry foam against the breakers. She is also listening to the fierce wind, as it seems to howl a death dirge for those upon the wide waste of waters. Her hand now resting upon Aunt Agatha's knee is clutching her fingers tightly. Not many months ago the little village of Seaburn saw Maggie Warpole standing at the altar beside Harry Gorange, the Squire's sailor son, and heard her firmly say "I will" (for Maggie always speaks out what she means), when a certain question was put to her.

Maggie's friends said "she might have done better with her pretty face and prettier fortune," but Maggie loved the tall bronzed fellow at her side, and declared she would rather marry Harry, if he spent only twelve days out of the twelve months with her, than any other man though he was at her side every day of the year. Besides, hadn't Harry a six months' leave now! How happy they would be all that time, and what letters they would write to one another when the time for parting really came! And then, how much Aunt Agatha would miss her, if she married any other man than Harry. Now, they could always live together, the same as they had done since she, a little, lonely orphan child, had been taken into Aunt Agatha's motherly heart. Aunt Agatha saw others who loved her Maggie, who would never give her half the anxiety and pain, for there would be no need of the cruel separation;—others far wealthier than Harry, upon whom their little world would look with mild complacency, feeling Maggie had bestowed herself in a proper and becoming manner, but like a sensible woman she put these latter considerations aside, and thought of what would be for Maggie's greatest happiness. In forcing her into making what their world would term a good match, might she not be making her into a fretful, repining woman, always wishing for what even wealth could not give, always thinking of Harry, her first and only love, thereby extolling him in morbid fancy into an ideal of all good, whom she in spirit must ever love and worship; thus, shutting out the present love and happiness she might enjoy. And after all, Harry was a very honest, kind-hearted, affectionate fellow, and though he had not much of luxury at present, he would be in a better position by-and-by, and Maggie who had a good fortune of her own, declared boldly that during her life-time no man should touch a penny of it but Harry; she would live a maiden lady for the rest of her life, and make her will for the benefit of some charitable institution at her death. Harry would also come and reason with Aunt Agatha, so at last it was decided as the two young people wished, and she was happy also, seeing their love and trust. The old church bells had pealed to greet their bridal morn but two short months, when Harry received notice that he must rejoin his ship, for arrangements had been made for leaving England four months earlier than was expected. What parting words, what farewell sighs, what mute looks of agony, what trembling lips were pressed together when the final day of parting came; how Harry, having gone, after a minute's space, returned for one more kiss and one last look at his little wifie! All this we will not roughly gaze upon, but turn to where we see Aunt Agatha and Maggie Gorange sitting one chill autumn evening by their window, with eyes intent upon the wild sea waves, seeming as they gazed, to frown, and writhe, and struggle like some huge animal in pain. It is only a month since Harry left them, but Aunt Agatha finds that Maggie Gorange and Maggie Warpole are entirely different creatures; the playful light-heartedness, the fun, the merry mirth of the former Maggie are gone, and in her place she

sees a thoughtful, earnest girl, fast merging into the dignified, yet kind and sympathetic woman. Aunt Agatha is wondering what she shall do with Maggie all through the long winter evenings, when the dash of the spray will be heard, and the voice of the wind will howl round the house, and enter at every key-hole, when Maggie will think of Harry as she so often dreams she sees him, clutching at a drifting spar and calling, help! oh help! or sinking down into the darkness, crying softly, "Good-bye, my darling Maggie." But she does not ponder long, for silence is not good for Maggie.

"Come Maggie child, you look quite sad to-night, this solemn gloaming tries weak women's nerves."

"Yes, indeed it does, it is foolish I know, but I feel more fear for Harry when the gloaming comes; I wish, Oh, how I wish his Captain was a teetotaler! I am perfectly certain that when I saw him he had taken something more than was good for him. Harry tried to reason me out of the idea, because he thought it would worry me, but that is not a thing one can easily mistake. Supposing any sudden storm should arise, and he should lose his wisdom and forethought through the spirits he carries with him, think what foolish commands he might give, and how he might imperil the lives of all on board. Oh! Auntie darling, it makes me shudder to think of it. Do you believe in presentiments, Auntie?"

"I think, my dearest, it is better to discourage such feelings as much as possible, lest we should overcast present happiness and content by misgivings which may never be realised."

"Ah! yes, that is very wise and spoken like my own cheerful, sensible, little Auntie, but for all that do you not believe there are times in our lives when coming events do cast their shadows before them in the shape of uneasy forebodings?"

"Yes, certainly, some of our forebodings come true, but then if we are always looking for troubles a-head, some must of necessity be put down to a rare intuition on our part; only we take note of the things we feared might come to pass (when they actually do), but we do not heed the many, so-called presentiments, which we think we have, and which are never realised. Depend upon it, my dear, such things rest more with a derangement of the nervous system than anything else."

"Yes, but Auntie, there have been cases where people are in perfect health and almost perfect happiness and yet these presentiments come to them, how do you account for that?"

"I cannot altogether deny that you are right, though I think the cases rare, and I have put it down in my own mind to God's mercy and goodness in 'tempering the wind to the shorn lamb.' There may be cases where unlooked for and dire calamity falls upon one suddenly, calamity which has been preceded by these nervous misgivings of something sad about to happen. Perhaps the Father, who is all love to His children, is by that means gradually preparing them to bear that which otherwise might be too much for their mental strength to endure. In the same way I have known people, in seasons of deepest agony of spirit, feel near them, supporting and comforting them, the presence of some very near and dear friend who has already reached the home above, an entirely different thing from spiritualism, which I believe to be a work of the devil. I should say, rather, this proceeds from the Father of Comfort who says of those who have already reached His kingdom, 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation.' But you, my Maggie, must not cherish sad thoughts. It is natural this separation should prey upon your mind, but you must try, darling, not to let it unduly burden you. We must find something more for you to do. All my life through I have found the best antidote for trouble is work, with a full trust in God to lead us aright, and a firm belief in his power and willingness to help us through whatever may befall us. And keeping near Him though we may at times be almost overwhelmed, and feel to lose all heart, yet we shall not utterly sink. Some verses came to me once when I was in deep trouble and were a comfort to me. I will repeat them to you, perhaps you will like them also.

"Father, when darkly fall the gathering clouds,
Keep near me still.
When hopes dead leaves lie thickly round like shrouds,
Keep near me still.
When for the future dim forebodings rise,
And fears of coming ill in dark disguise,
Keep near me still.

When my best loved ones pass from out my sight,
Keep near me still.
When life is lone and gone my spirit's light,
Keep near me still.
When fierce temptations surge, I question How?
And wherefore, my fair flowers, thou cull'st now?
Keep near me still.

In days of pain when ease is all my quest,
Keep near me still.
When utter weariness will give no rest,
Keep near me still.
When duties numberless around me lie,
And that I cannot compass them I sigh,
Keep near me still.

When poverty's cold wind wakes her low moan,
Keep near me still.
When over petty things I well nigh groan,
Keep near me still,
Or in prosperity, when round me smile
Full many (who prove summer friends the while),
Keep near me still.

If 'neath a cloudless sky the days fly fast,
Keep near me still.
When every way is strewn with mercies vast,
Keep near me still.
For in the sunlight I shall need Thee more,
Lord ever give me grace Thy praise to pour,
Keep near me still."

"Thank you, Auntie dear," says Maggie softly, the quaver in her voice testifying to her enjoyment of the repetition.

Weeks pass on for Maggie, not so quickly as she could wish, but she had found work, and the filling up of time and mind takes off something of the length of days which must elapse before she can again see Harry. And work, which was in the first instance taken up in a fight against *ennui* is now carried on for sheer love of it. It is work after her own heart, work for the benefit of sailors, and is not her husband one of them? She has heard, through the National Temperance League, of the work of Miss Weston, of Devonport, and she is trying to follow her example as far as she can, by going about among the sailors of her own little town with the good news of Temperance.

It is a bright sunshiny morning, the waves seem literally dancing in the sunlight. The cliffs gleam forth in garments grey and white, with many a red and yellow flower adorning them, while a fringe of brilliant sea-washed green hangs in tasselled splendour at their base. The fisher boys are out shrimping, and the fishermen are just returning with boats laden with shining silver ones, fruit of their night industry in plying the darksome waters. The fisher wives and girls are busy mending nets or washing shirts. Maggie is in their quarter of the town, darting in and out of their houses like a very flash of sunlight, which indeed some of them say she is. Somehow, Maggie has got very near them these last few months; she has been trying to bear other people's burdens, and they in turn have lightened hers.

"Don't she look just for all the world like an angel?" says one woman to another as she gazes from her washtub at Maggie's retreating form.

"You're right there, she don't seem to want for nothing to transmogrify her, savin' one o' them tall lilies what they always puts in pictures o' angels, why she's got the gold hair and everything!"

"Sure she have," says the first speaker, in a meditative tone, "though I don't see why for people with dark hair could'nt be angels too, it comes 'ard on us dark 'uns if none of us ain't to be took in on that account. My little gal, what died, with 'air as black as a coal, the Parson hisself said he felt right down sure on her soul a'going straight up in the way it should."

"In course, in course Mrs. Jannie, I 'wernt a making any insinuations o' that sort, as I've told you a'fore you're over partic'lar about a manner o' speech, what I was a thinking about was, the pictures o' angels what's always drawed with hair o' gold," she says, stroking with a loving touch her own auburn locks. "But who knows, the good Lord may change 'em all to that colour. Be sure o' this, if it's right for them to be that colour, that colour they'll be, Mrs. Jannie."

"Well, for myself personally, I don't believe as they'll be that colour, leastways, not all on

'em, because many a one here with black 'air is quite as handsome as them with red, and thank the Lord, his handiwork's upon every soul that breathes, and if we're made now after a pattern what He approves, He won't alter nothing like that only to make us a deal more beautifuller. Why, bless you, the Lord ain't one to chop and change like the tide! Only jest think o' that psalm what says, 'For His mercy endureth for ever' the hull way bang through."

In the meantime, Maggie, all unconscious of the remarks her appearance had called forth, was tripping hither and thither. Entering one house, saying she must apologise for coming so early, and they must please go on with their work just as if she had never come, to pay her out for her bad manners; entering another with smiles and kind greetings—even tears on occasions, for poor fisher folk have many a sad grievance to relate, and Maggie possesed that sympathy and imagination which could enter into, and take hold of the grief which was affecting her narrator. Then, she makes her way down to the quay, where the men are unloading the treasures for which they have imperilled their lives. As she gets nearer, the word is passed round by a nod and a look, and when she stands before them, each man pauses for a minute from his toil to touch his cap respectfully, and look upon her as if she were indeed a visitor from another sphere. She has some kind, some special word for each, for she knows and understands every circumstance of their daily lives.

Then raising her voice slightly she addresses them collectively, "Shall I see you all to-night? I hope to do so. Remember, I do not wish to see *only* those who have signed the pledge, I shall have tea prepared for *all*, and I know you wouldn't like me to have a lot of cake and bread and butter left on my hands, I should get rather tired of eating nothing but cake and bread and butter for a week to come, now don't you think I should?"

This is greeted with knowing winks and low chuckling laughs by the men. "Then you mean to come," she says, looking first at one and then at another. "I shall feel very jealous if one of you seems to prefer the 'Neptune' parlour, snug as I know it is, and bright as I know it looks to hard wrought tired men as you so often are, but with all its snugness and brightness there is a temptation for you there which you will not find with me. I have nothing on my premises which might cause you to go home and beat your wives and children (here one or two of the group hang their heads in a shame-faced manner), but I shall have plenty of nice hot drinks and plenty of tempting things to eat, which you do not get at the 'Neptune.' After the meeting to-night, you will find the place always open, ready for you to go for a chat with your mates, or a look at the newspapers, or a game at draughts, chess, or dominoes. I shall be there myself nearly every evening, and when you like we will have recitations and readings. If you are too shy to begin, I will begin for you, and I know you are all too brave and manly a set of men to be afraid to follow where a lady leads. I should be sorry I had taken the house and had the rooms all fitted for the purpose, if after all it should turn out a failure. That it should *not* do so, rests with you and with your comrades, but you will give me your support to-night and always, will you not?"

"Aye, Aye Mem," answer the men heartily, and there is not one dissentient voice. So Maggie trips off again to her "Fisherman's Club" to see that all things are ready for the opening, which is to take place that evening. She goes over everything carefully with the man and wife, whom she has put in charge; feeling everything will be right, she trips home to Aunt Agatha, and finds her sitting at her desk with letters strewn all around her.

"My dear Auntie! Are you writing to all the world, or are you addressing envelopes at so much per hundred?" exclaims Maggie with uplifted hands and a wicked wry face.

"Not doing either, my dear, but you have so infected me with your Temperance Mania, that I really feel I must bestir myself as I have never done before."

"But why these letters?"

"Don't you know, my dear, what a large

correspondence Miss Weston has with sailors in all parts of the world? So large, that she has inserted a slip in the 'Temperance Record,' begging all those who have leisure at their disposal, to assist her in this good work. I wrote to her for particulars, and now I am writing to the Sailors. You know how poor Jack loves a scrap from the old country to show that he is not forgotten, when he is hundreds of miles away without a vestige of land in sight."

"Ah, don't I!" says Maggie, putting her hand in her pocket and tenderly fingering a letter.

Then coming behind Aunt Agatha, and throwing her arms round her neck, she draws her face gently up to hers and kissing it softly says, "Thank you so much, Auntie dear, I almost feel at times as if anything done for our sailors is somewhat done for Harry. Who can tell what a great good you may be doing? Our poor men are exposed to so many temptations, and a letter coming along unexpectedly may just serve to keep them in the right way.

"Miss Weston has branches of her Temperance Society upon so many of our vessels leaving port now. It is not altogether unusual either for the Captain to sign his name first on the Temperance roll. Ah, how I wish that Harry's Captain had done so!"

"He may yet, dear, who knows; at any rate he has a staunch Teetotaler for a first mate, as not a few can testify."

The opening of Maggie's Fisherman's Club was a wonderful success; many of those who had not already done so enrolled themselves under her banner, and the Temperance flag was unfurled over Seaburn in a way astonishing to the eyes of all beholders. As the months passed on too, the attendance did not decrease but rather enlarged, and many a wife and widow came to Maggie thanking her in terms of deepest gratitude, for giving their men a place where they could be happy and comfortable without the drink. Perhaps the only enemies Maggie had were the proprietors of the 'Neptune.' They railed and stormed against her tea and coffee, and wishey washey drinks, but for all that they put up a notice over their doors, Tea, Coffee, and all Temperance Waters sold here.

Yet notwithstanding this success, and all the work it brings to Maggie, those who watch her narrowly can see at any moment of leisure, her eyes turn anxiously seawards, as if she would find there that which she is looking for. Now and again, too, she turns deathly pale, and starts nervously whenever the postman's knock is heard. The postman might bring much to Maggie, yet from the one whose letters outweigh all others he brings nothing. Nothing—and the weeks and months are dragging slowly by. Aunt Agatha is growing worried and nervous also, she can no longer pass it off as a mere accident of circumstance. Anxiously she scans down the shipping news every day before handing the paper over to Maggie. And so the days pass on.

"For men must work,
And women must weep."

And ever is the waiting and the weeping far harder than the rowing and the working. Still the men must work while the women, blinded by bitter tears, roll up stone upon stone a mighty tower of patient endurance, the windows of which shall cast their light adown the ages, for the strength and upholding of those who shall come after. Thus do our women wait, and their hearts are breaking while they suffer, and their voices quaver while they sing, yet they will not be conquered in the conflict, or overcome in the battle; "in quietness do they possess their souls," and in faith with a fortitude stronger than death do they compass the night of their agony, the throes of their anguish, "until the day dawn and the shadows flee away." Those who know the depth of bitterness contained in a dragging suspense, will know what Maggie suffered as the months went by bringing no tidings of the "Crusader," the ship in which Harry had gone forth so hopefully. At last came tidings. Aunt Agatha read them over to herself slowly and sadly, again and again, before she could take in all that they meant for her Maggie. And then how could she break it to her? Oh, saddest of all sad tasks to break the news of trouble to those we love!

"Aunt Agatha!" cries Maggie, entering the

room suddenly, "you have read bad news, I can see it in your face."

"Oh, my darling! I fear for you. How can I break it to you? There is still hope, but it is not very much."

"He is drowned," she answers, in a cold far away voice, "I know it, I have felt it for months past. There is no hope. But what have you seen? Tell me at once, I must know."

"The 'Crusader' has been sighted, but none of the hands were seen upon her, she must have been abandoned by them many days before she was sighted, they could just see her name upon the hull. The crew must have taken refuge in the life boats, so Harry may be coming home even now in another vessel."

"What was thought to be the cause of abandonment?"

"The owners, and those who sighted the ship, think it must have been through fire."

"Yes," answers Maggie slowly, "no doubt it was. My Harry would be the last to leave in such a case, he would not stir until the women and children were provided for, and there might not have been room for all on the life boats."

"Maggie, darling, don't, for my sake, don't," and she throws her arms round the trembling girl. She is terrified by her calm manner and unnatural appearance; she has no tears, nothing but an occasional fit of trembling betrays the least emotion.

"My dearest, how willingly would I have laid down my life to have spared you this blow."

"I know it, but you could not have averted it."

"Be not so sure of trouble, dearest, there is yet a hope."

"I do not feel it, Auntie, I shall go to him, but he will not return to me."

Four months more pass slowly on. Maggie has awoke from her apathy, she is feeling the full weight of her grief, for she still mourns without hope. It is evening, the sky is pouring out a steady, constant rain. Through the damp street of Seaburn passes a tall, bronzed sailor; he is poorly clad for such unhappy weather, his shoes do not look thick enough or sound enough to keep out the wet and mud through which he is walking, and his whole appearance would denote a shipwrecked mariner. He makes his way straight up the village to Aunt Agatha's house. The servant gives him ready admission. Soon he is bowing low to Aunt Agatha, but no smile of recognition crosses her face as she looks upon him. "I sailed out in the 'Crusader'" he says, looking at her intently, "and I came here thinking you might like to know a little about her crew, and how she fared." Aunt Agatha cannot find breath to speak, she bows, clasping her hands tightly the while.

"Mrs. Maggie Gorange is still living with you, I believe? Is she well?"

"She is not well, but she is not dead, and at one time I trembled lest by this time she might have been; but tell me how it has fared with her husband. Is he living?"

"If ever a good man walked this earth it was he, and a brave one too. You should have seen how he took the lead and command of everything when the Captain couldn't."

"But why couldn't the Captain?"

"You must understand, madam, our Captain wasn't a teetotaler, and although it was seldom he so far forgot himself as to be unable to give his orders, yet such occasions did arise, and one of the worst of such was the night on which our ship caught fire."

"But is Mr. Gorange living? I can listen to nothing until I know that."

"He is not living here, he is living where a brave life meets its reward, and a good life its recompence. I would stake my life on his happiness, he has done more to make me believe in religion than anyone or anything in the whole world, and I have travelled that pretty widely."

"My poor darling," Aunt Agatha murmurs from white blanched lips. Until that moment she little knew how she had built upon the idea of Harry's return. "You are sure, quite sure then, there is no hope of his coming to us again."

"Unless the sea can give up its treasures.

am afraid it is a case of another man missing who never ought to have been."

"But how was it you escaped?"

"If you can bear with me, madam, I will give you a hasty glance from beginning to end. The Captain, as I told you, was not a teetotaler; he had been making rather free himself, and all at once the idea struck him, that he would treat the men all round, being generally inclined to be very free to others when he was 'three sheets in the wind himself.' Eyeryone was invited down, Mr. Gorange among them, but of course he did not go, and I being rather inclined to take his view of the subject refused also. What the Captain gave them I don't know, but I think it must have been some kind of Dutch Liqueur from the strength of it, for it took rapid effect upon the men. I don't mean to say they were 'half seas over,' but they wern't fit to work a ship in danger. About three quarters of an hour after they had been down below, there was a cry of fire in the steerage, and everyone was seized with sudden panic. The Captain stumbled up the bridge, shouting out commands of a contradictory nature, first the men were to do a thing and then they were not. This caused great confusion as the men stumbled against each other and knocked each other over in their wild and bewildered efforts. Thus, what might have been done to put out the fire at its commencement, was bungled and left undone. Then the passengers rushed on deck, the women screamed and the children cried, making confusion worse than Babel, and Mr. Gorange seemed the only man among them all with a head upon his shoulders, and a proper tongue in his head. He sent the women and children down below, and pressed the men into service with the water buckets; he told the crew how to act for the best, and did everything, so far as in him lay, to reduce confusion and work in systematic order to put out the fire. But the long and short of it was failure. All our efforts were of no use, for the wind was against us and carried the flames a'head of us. When Mr. Gorange saw that, he gave orders, 'Out with the boats,' and all the women and children were put in first (fortunately there were not many of them), a man or two among them to row, and one set in command over the others. He put me in command of the principal boat. I was second mate, and should have stayed by him to the last, but he said the women and children needed me more. At the last minute, he whispered to me to find you and break the news gently to his poor little wife at home, if he didn't escape the wreck, and he took this little packet from his breast coat pocket for me to give to her.

"Then I jumped into the place he assigned me, and we pulled the boat off to a safe distance, where we stopped and gazed on the scene we had left, and never shall I forget it to my dying day. There stood Mr. Gorange, shown up by a background of livid fire, quite forgetful of self; here, there, and everywhere helping and aiding those who needed him, carrying the frightened little ones in his arms to place them in the boats beside their mothers (for it's hard not to mix them up in such a scene), giving orders to the crew, for the Captain had stumbled down the bridge again, and was now lying utterly unconscious of all that was going on around him. There was not room enough in the boats for all the passengers on board, so Mr. Gorange picked out the men with families first. Afterwards the men with mothers or wives to support, and he knew their history so well, it didn't take him five minutes to call out the names of the men to jump in the last boat. Then he remained with a few of the passengers who had stood bravely by and seen the others push off, several lads and boys, and they were all left on the burning ship with no refuge but the dark waters beneath them. We saw Mr. Gorange kneel down and stretch up his hands to heaven; all the rest did likewise, clinging round him while the flames rose higher and brighter, and spread lower and lower, till they lapped along the water like a living thing. Then came a bursting, hustling, splitting sound, and the ship parted asunder in the middle, and the waters rushed in between the riven parts, and swallowed down huge tongues of fire in one great gulp; they spread around her deck and bulwark, and leaped over

her flaming upper deck, while the fire hissed and roared and crackled in the conflict, as if it hated to be conquered, and then slowly, the light died down. We rowed as near as we dared, in the hope of picking up some out of the water, but not one did we see, so we just drifted about till daylight, when we saw the bigger part of her had turned right over in the burst up, and lay bottom upwards in the water, and there wasn't a soul to be seen near her. We reached land in about a week. It was an island I had never been upon before, and did not even know its name, but the people showed us no little kindness. They had been a man-eating race at one time, but thanks to the Missionaries, who had come among them we were spared that fate. It was only very occasionally indeed, that vessels came near them, so we had to wait a long time before we could get back to our own shores. But here we landed safely at last, and I came on at once to tell you all I know, and give you the packet which I know will be a comfort to Mrs. Gorange. Although it is all so sad and heart-rending for her, I do hope she will not let it knock her over completely, for she has the consolation that her husband was a good, brave man, and lived up to his faith, glorifying and adorning it to the last moment of his life."

Maggie Gorange is ten years older now. She has lived through the worst and bitterest of her sorrow. Many a struggle has she had with herself lest her grief should unnerve her, and unfit her for the duties which—whether we will or no—lie within our path, and she has not succumbed. She is one of our most active workers, ever busy for the Master in His work of saving souls among the fishermen; busy in her fight against the drink which draws so many who otherwise would serve Him willingly, busy among the mothers, wives and daughters, teaching them to wield their mighty power of influence, with the noblest, truest and divinest sway.

Mercy's Sunflower.

What should she do with it? This question had perplexed Mercy again and again, and still she could not find an answer to it. It was a splendid flower, there was no doubt about that. It had such a lot of long golden pointed leaves, and such a small black middle, and it was the only flower in the garden. Mercy Lavender was an only child, and she lived with her father and mother in one of a row of small neat houses in a suburb in the north of London. The garden was a small walled-in yard, with a pear tree in the centre which never had, and never would bear fruit, and a vine which grew over the back of the house and the water-butt and produced the smallest, sourest, teeth-setting-on-edge grapes that were ever seen. The sunflower occupied the only bed in the yard, and with the whitewashed wall for a background, looked very big and grand. Mercy had stood in front of it and gazed at it with intense admiration, and then she began to wonder what she should do with it. It was her very own. A gardener, who was a friend of her father's, had given it to her in the early spring, when it was only a tiny plant, and now it was much taller than Mercy, and nodded at her in quite a patronizing manner when the wind blew. Once Mercy made up her mind that she would give it to father on his birthday, then she remembered with a pang of disappointment, that both father's and mother's birthdays were in the winter. The sunflower was quite in perfection one evening early in September, when Mr. Lavender came in from work. How to make the best use of her treasure had been troubling Mercy's head all day, and she was still thinking of it as she drank her tea and ate her bread and butter in silence. Her father was the foreman of some large stone works in the neighbourhood, and

he often talked to his wife about the workmen under him. He was a man who was anxious to do all the good he could in his day and generation, and he took up the temperance cause warmly.

"I feel sometimes as if I would give all I possess if I could see Tom Austen sign the pledge and keep it," Mr. Lavender said to his wife. "He might be earning just double the wages he now gets, if he would only keep sober."

"What is 'signing the pledge,' father?" asked Mercy.

"Why, dear, it's being what you are, a teetotaller."

"And why won't Mr. Austen be a teetotaller?"

"Because he's too fond of his beer, he says he can't give up drinking."

Mercy did not ask any more questions, but she pondered the matter over in her wise little head. She knew Tom Austen very well, and also his wife, and their dear little baby. They lived in a miserable court not far from Mercy's home. She had been there with her mother to visit them, and she knew that there was very little furniture in the room, and that poor Mrs. Austen said that she often did not have enough to eat; but until to-night she did not know that all this unhappiness was caused because Tom Austin spent all he earned in drink. Mercy was a thin, pale child, with a thoughtful little face, and straight brown hair that just curled at the ends.

"You are looking very serious to-night, what are you thinking about, my darling?" her mother asked, as she tucked her up in her comfortable little bed.

"I was thinking of my sunflower," Mercy answered.

And she had reason to think of it; she had at last made up her mind what she would do with it. Mercy had learnt all about the Lord Jesus when she was a very tiny child. Her mother had told her that He came down from His beautiful home in heaven to die for us, and Mercy loved Him very much, and because she loved Him, she was always trying to please Him. Now although she was very young, she was old enough to understand the meaning of that verse in the bible that says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." And now she saw a way in which she might use her sunflower to serve Jesus. The next morning when Mercy came home from school, she went into the garden, and gathered her flower, then without a word to anyone, she went off with it hidden under her jacket to the house where the Austens lived. It was a tall, narrow, dirty house, and lots of families lived in it; Mercy went up the stairs till she reached the top landing, then she knocked at the door opposite to her. A man's voice called out "come in," and Mercy entered the room. Rather to her dismay, she found Tom was alone, he had been drinking so heavily the night before that he was quite unfit for work. Mercy closed the door and stood against it with the sunflower held behind her.

"How do you do, Mr. Austen," she said quietly. The man look very much surprised to see her.

"If you want the missus," he said, "she's out at work."

"I don't want to see her, thank you, Mr. Austen," answered Mercy, "You'll do just as well; I've come to ask you to do something that I am sure you will like to do."

"Have you, well what is it?"

"I want you to sign the pledge."

Tom's face darkened with an angry frown "Your father sent you with that message, I suppose," he said.

"Father does'nt even know I've come. Only he said last night at tea he'd give all he possessed if you'd sign the pledge, but I know he couldn't do that, because Mother and I belong to him, and our house, and the chairs and tables, and all the furniture, and he couldn't give them all to you; but if you'll sign the pledge, and you must want to, if it will make you get more money and give Mrs. Austen enough to eat, and make you happier, and gooder and better, and if you're so very *very* fond of beer that *you can't* give it up for all

this, why then if you'll sign the pledge I'll give you *this*."

And Mercy produced the sunflower with great triumph, and walking across the room she presented it to Tom Austen.

Tom looked as he felt, quite dumfounded. He could not be angry with the child, when he knew that she had come quite of her own accord to try to do him good. But it was not her words that touched him, and brought the unaccustomed tears to his eyes, it was the sight of the sunflower, recalling as it did the memories of his childhood's home, and the widow'd mother who loved him so dearly.

"Bless me," he said, addressing the flower rather than Mercy, "why it's years an' years since I've seen a sunflower."

"Are you fond of 'em ?" Asked Mercy, drawing near.

"My father was, and if you like 'em, I wish you could have seen our garden down at my home, we'd rows an' rows of 'em ; I remember mother saying once, they took up all the room an' she'd have them taken up, an' father, he said let 'em bide, an' he died soon after, an' then mother 'as never have 'em touched."

"Oh, did you ever live in the country," asked Mercy, much interested.

"Ay that I did, in as pretty a cottage as ever you saw, with a deep thatched roof and all overgrown with roses. There was an apple tree in our garden, such a tree. I've never seen such apple blossom since, and the grass underneath it was all soft and mossy like, so that when Jim and me climbed up the tree, if we fell it never hurt us. There was a lane by our cottage with such a mass of wild flowers in it, we always found the first primroses there, an' I never saw the sky as blue as it was down at my home."

Mercy fixed her great serious eyes on him. "Is'nt your mother very sorry you're so fond of drinking ?" she asked.

"Oh lor' child, my mother's been in her grave these many years."

"What made her die ? I've often heard father say that when men drink very much they kill their mothers, did you kill your mother ?"

"No, no, thank God, I did not do that, she died before I was what I am now."

"But you won't drink any more, will you ?" said Mercy. "'Cause I can't give you my sunflower if you do. You will sign the pledge ?"

"I will, I will, have you got a book with you ?"

"A book ?" repeated Mercy, wonderingly.

"Yes, to write it down in."

"Oh ! I did not know I had to do that, I'll ask father to come to you."

It was a proof of the genuineness of Tom's resolve that he did not decline to see Mr. Lavender, and when Mercy went home and told him all she had done, he readily promised to go and see the Austens. Tom really did sign the pledge, and what is more he kept it. Not without a struggle, and a hard fight against temptations without and within, but with God's help he conquered, and the Austens became a happy home, all through Mercy and her Sunflower, Tom said.

L.L.P.

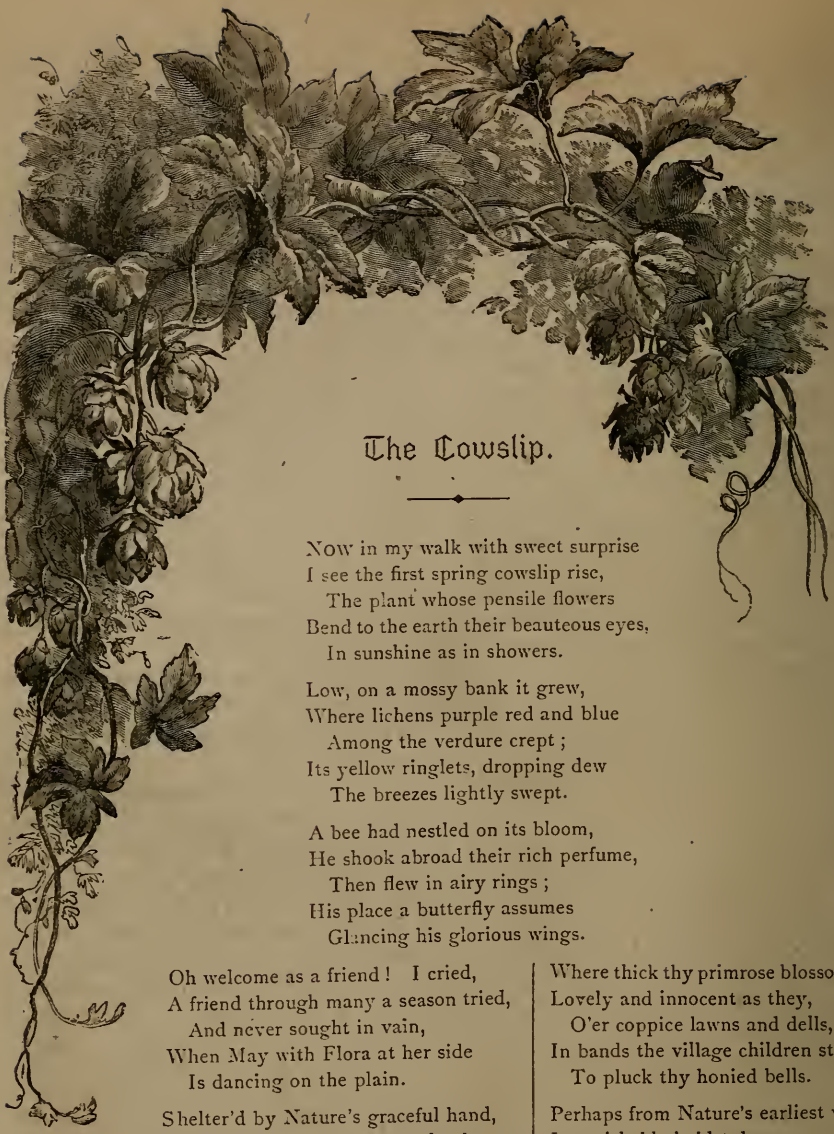
Always Learning.

WASTE not your precious hours in play—
Nought can recall life's morning ;
The seeds now sown will cheer your way ;
'The Wise' are always learning.

Nor think, when all school days are o'er,
You've bid adieu to learning ;
Life's deepest lessons are in store ;
'The Meek' are always learning.

When, strong in hope, you first launch forth,
A name intent on earning,
Scorn not the voice of age and worth ;
'The Great' are always learning.

When right and wrong within you strive,
And passions fierce are burning,
Oh, then you'll know how, while they live
'The Good' are always learning.



The Cowslip.

Now in my walk with sweet surprise
I see the first spring cowslip rise,
  The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
  In sunshine as in showers.

Low, on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens purple red and blue
  Among the verdure crept;
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew
  The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its bloom,
He shook abroad their rich perfume,
  Then flew in airy rings;
His place a butterfly assumes
  Glancing his glorious wings.

Oh welcome as a friend! I cried,
A friend through many a season tried,
  And never sought in vain,
When May with Flora at her side
  Is dancing on the plain.

Shelter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briery glens, o'er pasture land,
  The fairy tribes we meet,
Gay in the milk maid's path they stand,
  They kiss her tripping feet.

From Winter's farm yard bondage freed
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
  Where green the herbage grows,
Among the fragrant blossoms feed,
  Upon thy tufts repose.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play
Lovely and innocent as they,
  O'er coppice lawns and dells,
In bands the village children stray
  To pluck thy honied bells.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest way,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
  Thy self renewing race
Have breath'd their balmy lives away
  In this neglected place.

And oh! till Nature's final doom
Here unmolested may they bloom,
  From scythe and plough secure,
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
  While earth and skies endure!

MONTGOMERY.

"THE VILLAGE CHILDREN STRAY TO PLUCK THY HONIED BELLS."

The May Party.

THE rich, sweet bloom of health was on their cheeks,—
Their rounded cheeks, on which the dimples played ;
And the fresh, sparkling, unsuspicious eyes
Which find delight in every common thing,
Yea, which each common thing make beautiful
With their own light ; this, childhood's happiest gift,
Was not yet lost. Clear rang their voices out
In snatch of merry song or laughter, which
In silvery echoes floated back again—
As the gay band of boys and girls, bent on
A pleasant holiday in country scenes,
From the small town wherein their homes were found
Set gaily out one morning.
Overhead
The sky was fair with light and shade. High hills
Of fleecy clouds seemed almost to invite
The feet to try the ascent. Forms, fairy robed
And ever changing, all fantastic showed ;
While, far beyond, deep azure depths were seen
Pure, undisturbed ; as if to show what peace
Cometh from heaven's near presence.
All around
The air was ringing with a hundred strains ;
The skylark soaring up till lost to view,
As if to catch the echoes of the song
Of heavenly birds,—if birds there be in heaven,—
And imitate them with its own glad voice.
The brown hedge-sparrow, homely, yet beloved ;
The little yellow-hammer hovering near,
Friendly yet shy. And cuckoo's loud refrain
Filling the air of this its favourite month
With ringing sounds. All these and many more
Blended together.
While by the winding road
The hedges long undecked grew fresh and fair
With hawthorn bloom, and bursting buds of green
And grasses in their delicate array
Pushed up. And 'mid them many a lovely flower—
The last few loitering violets of the Spring
As loth to leave ; the daisy's pink-edged cup,
The curious arum peeping from its cell,
The speedwell with its tender deep blue eyes,
The ladies' smock, and stitchwort's starry flowers,
With wild geraniums and ground ivy seen
Braiding the banks with kindly hand. All these
And more the happy pleasure seekers found,
And hailed each one a prize. And filled their hands
And in their baskets laid them 'mid green moss,
And twined them round their hats and laughed in glee,
And drank their fill of beauty.
This was May—
May, lovely month ! And life was also May,
With pleasant skies, and fresh green leaves, and flowers
Of hope and trust.
And so they walked and talked
And told each other, as the young will tell,
Of what they meant to be, what meant to do
When childhood's track was left behind, and they
Attained to manhood and to womanhood,—
That all enchanted time which the young heart
Looks forward to so eagerly, and deems
So to be envied.
And the lives they planned,
How wondrous beautiful they were to be,
How full of joy, and of great things achieved.
If only but the half should come to pass
They well might rest content.
Anon they spread
Their cloaks upon the ground beneath a tree,
And, as the air had made them hungry, ope'd
Their basket of provisions and began
To take their lunch.
Kind friends had well supplied
Their every want, and much the pic-nic feast
They all enjoyed, while still, as never tired,
Their tongues ran on.
But, ah ! Not always love
Is wise and watchful as it needs to be
In such a world, where 'mid the sweetest scenes
Hearts will go wrong, and snares attract the eye ;
And where the best intents the tempter turns
To suit his own devices. And was there
No better, simpler beverage, no well
Of purer water to allay the thirst,
That even in the hand of childhood shines,
The bright but snaring winecup ? That of which
The Bible says "Look not upon it, for
It is a mocker and at last will bite
As serpent bites and sting as adders sting."

But, ah! they think not of this warning, they,
The gay, the young, no tongue has taught them this,
No hand has drawn aside the veil. And love,
Love gives the cup. And so they drink and laugh
And seem to like the shining liquor well,
And wish the quantity unto them given
As treat to crown their pleasant rural feast
Were more. So well does even childhood learn
The fatal taste. And learnt in such a scene—
With all the misery it causes hidden,
And all the pleasure it can add shown out;
What marvel if they think it good, and when
The golden hours of liberty had flown,
And the bright sun which had so friendly proved,
Sank in the west, as townward they returned,
They carried with them memories long to last
Of song and light—a day filled full of joy,
And blended 'mid it all—the rosy wine.

* * * *

Swift is the march of time. And years whose place
Is far away in youth's bright calendar—
So long they deem them, almost without end,—
Yet by degrees roll ever on, and merge
Childhood in youth, and youth in middle age,
And with them link the histories of all;
Till they whose young glad feet in childhood trod
The self-same road, their minds from the same fount
Of knowledge drank, and conned the same tasks o'er,
And knew no separate thoughts,—what different paths
They learn to tread! What different interests know.
Scattered one here, one there. Yet taking still
Life's early influence with them everywhere.
So parted they, the merry pic-nic throng,
And years passed o'er.
A woman dying lay.
Not more than thirty summers had she seen,
And trace of beauty yet around her clung—
But beauty marred how sadly!
By her side
A kind friend sat, and tried to lead her thoughts
Away from the dull workhouse ward around,
Away from all the trouble of the earth
To God's forgiveness and the Saviour's love,
And spoke of heaven. And thinking they might please
And tell their story where her lips might fail,
She laid a bunch of lovely, fresh spring flowers
Beside the pillow. For a moment gazed
The sufferer on their graceful forms, and then
Burst into tears:—
"Ah, me," she cried, "the flowers!
The pretty flowers! Yet wherefore bring them here
To twit me with the memory of the past,
And show how far my feet have strayed since when
I wandered 'mid them. 'Twas a lovely day,
Bright with May's bloom, now sixteen years ago,
When we, a band of merry boys and girls
Upon a holiday from school set out,
And lingered hours amid the woods and lanes,
And made us wreaths, and chatted, laughed, and sang
Till we were tired with joy.
Ah, well I mind
The things we spoke of too, and how we planned
What life should be. Each chose a different lot,
Yet each a happy one. Could I but then,
And others too—have seen what lay before,
What was in store, I ween that not so gay
We should have been, nor yet so eagerly
Have drank the wine we took to quench our thirst'
And which we liked so much. Our friends had given
It to us in all love, but 'twas a snare,
And well I know had I not learned to take
It as a treat in childhood, and to think
It good and nice—a 'thing to be desired,'
Never should I have sunk so low. For oh!
Is it not this has marred my life, and robbed
Me of my innocence and of my health?
Is it not this dark, fatal appetite
Has driven my friends away and wrecked my home,
And brought me to this dismal workhouse bed
To die unloved, unmourned for?
If the years
Could but return and bring me back the past,
Could but bring back those peaceful, happy days,
How different would I live! No drop should then
Pass through my lips.
I wonder of them all,
That gay young band, how many have escaped!
Not all, I know; for I knew one who turned
Out wild, tho' every chance in life was his,
And people called him promising, and said
He might do well were he not fond of drink,
That was his only failing. *Only!* What
Greater, I wonder, would they have? For none,
Except the person tempted knows the power
Of that vile appetite. He died at last,
After a brief career of drunkenness,

From wounds one gave him in a tavern brawl,
And left his wife and child in poverty.
And there were other two or three who seemed
In danger of its sting, when last I saw
Or heard of them.
But one young girl there was
Who gave it up and joined the Temperance Band.
Yes, and how earnestly she begged of me
To join it too. And said she felt quite sure
The path we had been treading was not safe,
And that we should be better far without
The use of drink. But I was thoughtless then
And could not see my danger, so I laughed
And bantered her upon her eloquence,
And would not be persuaded. She is now
A Temperance worker 'mid the poor and lost,
And people say has gathered many in,
And made hearts happy.
Others too there were
That sweet May day among our pic-nic band,
Whose fate I know not nor have heard of them
Since those far childish days,—I only hope
No more have sunk so low as I. Oh, if
The guardians of the children, those to whom
They turn as unto oracles of truth
And think all wise. If they would only pause
And ponder ere they give them that which 'lures
So many unto ruin here;—and worse
Shuts them from God and heaven; there would not be
So many golden hopes of youth dispelled,
So many lives wrecked, nor so many homes
Made wretched, nor so much of sin and death.
You tell me there is mercy; that the blood
Of Christ can wash away e'en sins like mine
And make me white as spotless snow. And, oh!
Your words are sweet, and I will try to trust,
And my poor sin-stained soul on Jesus cast
Resting upon His promises. But go—
Go warn the parents, warn the guides of youth,
And warn the boys and girls by my wrecked life
And by the sins and sorrows I have borne,
To touch, taste, handle not. For not in vain
'Tis called a mocker. Tell them I have found
It so indeed.
I may not see you more
For death may come ere long. But take this word
My last, my parting message.
Now farewell!"

FAITH CHILTERN.

No Danger.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO YOUNG MEN.

FRED. "Hulloa, Will, how do you do? I don't know when I saw you last."

WILL. "Don't you? Well, I shan't refresh your memory. How are things with you now?"

FRED. "First class, thanks, was never better or happier in my life."

WILL. "Glad to hear it, I'm sure; wish I could say the same."

FRED. "Anything the matter then? You look all right."

WILL. "So I am, so far, but you know I'm not one of the happy, ever-contented fellows of your sort. I live in the 'Grumbling Street' you were talking about the last time we met."

FRED. "Well, I'm grateful for the day I left that wretched place for 'Thanksgiving Square,' and I hoped you would have done so before now, but you know, Will, you have just reminded me of the last time we met. It was just before Christmas, wasn't it? And you were looking forward to all kinds of festivities."

WILL. "And was to be a drunkard before the end of them; don't you remember the grand temperance lecture you gave me, all the good arguments you wasted on my welfare?"

FRED. "Yes, I remember it now quite well. I have often thought of you since, and wondered whether my words had borne any fruit."

WILL. "I hope you won't be very much disappointed to find they haven't. But perhaps your caution did me good, for you see I got over Christmas, and all these months since in safety; haven't you got another dose of strong, wholesome temperance physic to give me, to brace me up till next Christmas?"

FRED. "Certainly, if you want it. I haven't much time to spare though."

WILL. "What's your hurry? Some meeting or other, of course! Why, a fellow don't see you but about twice a year, and then you're driven up

to a minute of time through these precious meetings! I wonder you teetotalers don't spend your time entirely at them."

FRED. "Don't abuse our pleasure taking, master William, we teetotalers need a good deal of "tonic" sometimes. But to-night, we're to have just the sort of thing you need; if you haven't got any particular engagement, you can't do better than come and get it."

WILL. "What kind of fare is provided?"

FRED. "Good, substantial warnings, grouped under the title of 'Danger ahead!'"

WILL. "Thanks, I'd rather be excused! You know I'm sceptical on that point. You told me there was danger for me last Christmas, but I haven't met it yet."

FRED. "Haven't you? Then you think you would be able to see it if you did? Do you suppose all those who are drunkards to-day, knew just the time when they passed the boundary line?"

WILL. "Well, I don't know. A man must know when he is getting fond of the drink."

FRED. "But supposing he does know, is he likely to stop then? Do you understand what getting fond of anything means? Don't you know that when the liking for strong drink is at first unchecked, it goes on and on into a passion, till it becomes master of the man."

WILL. "Granted, Fred, but the man must be weak and foolish who does not check it, and if he finds that he cannot govern himself, why, he ought to take the pledge, if that is any help, and I don't doubt it is, to many. But we aren't all so weak as that, and it would be cowardice to give up our glass out of fear; we know when to leave off, and can take a little for the sake of our health and pleasure, or for friendship's sake, without any danger of becoming drunkards."

FRED. "'Take a little for your health and pleasure or for friendship's sake!' If I had time, Will, I believe I could show you that strong drink is not conducive to either health, pleasure or friendship, but I have not time now. But I must say a little more on this question of danger. You say it would be cowardice to give up your drink out of fear, but I don't think you have well considered that point. Cowardice, to protect one's-self against a thing that God Himself has warned us of in His Word! To abjure the great enemy that is blighting and cursing our loved country! To help in making the path easier for our weak brother, and to raise the fallen one! If this be cowardice, Will, what a blessing if all in our country could be turned into cowards of this kind! But this is not about your danger, and that is what I want to show you. When did you first take the drink?"

WILL. "At home, ever since I can remember. My father and mother always took a little, but they have never had a drop too much."

FRED. "That means, I suppose, that they never overstepped the bounds of strict moderation; you know we teetotalers hold that the least quantity is a 'drop too much.' Well, there are hundreds of people who do this, Will, but nevertheless the danger remains the same. Let us look at the other side of the picture. I have a friend, about my own age, at whose home I used to visit when I was quite a little chap. It was a happy home, and the parents were moderate drinkers: I used to like the drink the kind mother gave us; I remember how at meal times we had a little mugful each, and Harry, who was a bright, intelligent boy, used to drain his at once, and beg to have it filled again, not always in vain, and his parents laughed, and said 'Harry could drink as well as his father!' A kind friend warned them to be careful, but they only said,—'Oh there's no danger for Harry! He's so thoughtful and manly, he'll grow up into a strong man, with enough self-control to keep him right.' So the years passed, and Harry seemed likely to fulfil their hopes. Day by day he took the drinks at the family board, but still 'there was no danger for him, he knew when he had had enough.' He was apprenticed to a good trade, and is now a skilful workman. His father died some years ago, and he became the support of his home, the stay of his widowed mother, and his younger brothers and sisters. But his strength was false, Will! His self control was a weak staff, and gradually it got weaker and weaker, until it let him fall. I don't suppose he actually met and recognised his danger, and in a hand to hand fight was conquered; indeed, I know he did not, for I had the evidence from his own lips that he could'nt tell how it happened! No, Will, believe me, the danger is always near, and generally unseen, and so he gradually slipped past the boundary, and to-day he is at the very beginning of life, as it were,

fast becoming a confirmed drunkard. Three years ago I urged him to take the pledge, but he laughed and made fun as you do, and said, 'Oh there's no danger for me!' To-day he admits the danger, but will not give up the drink, *it has become his master!* Now, Will, you may believe his case is not the only one I could point out of my acquaintance, and you, too, must know some who have fallen."

WILL. "Well, what if I have? I know there are drunkards, and others becoming so, but then there are thousands who are not, so the argument is as much in my favour as in yours. Give up my glass of beer or wine because other people are foolish enough to take too much—why the idea is absurd! You may as well say that because there are frequent accidents on the railway, and hundreds of lives lost, nobody ought to travel by rail, and they ought to be stopped from running trains."

FRED. "Wait a minute, Will! I have heard that, comparatively speaking, and taking into account the millions of people who travel by rail, there are fewer killed by railway accidents than are hanged—and as the larger portion of criminals are brought to the gallows through strong drink—besides the thousands who meet their death through it in other ways, directly and indirectly, you see that must be the greater agency of death and destruction; ay, Will, and you know what the destruction of a drunkard means. Many of those who are hurried into Eternity by the fearful railway collisions, may but find that a shorter road to a happier home, but those whose murderer is this Drink, are condemned to an awful fate in the world beyond. And then, Will, you know the Railway is necessary to the world at large—why, how strange it would be to have it taken from us now! The commerce, trade, and occupations of the world would be at a stand-still, it would be an inestimable loss. But take away the whole of Strong Drink, and what would be the consequences? Would it stop useful trade? No—what a brightening up there would be of all sorts of commerce, and what a jubilee it would be to keep in years hence! We should have a better country, a happier country, a wiser country, a richer country."

WILL. "Oh, I daresay, but how about the poor brewers and publicans? What would you do with them?"

FRED. "Why they'd find something better to do, I hope, but I can't stay to pick them out occupations just now. Only, Will, before I go, I do want to hoist up the danger signal before your eyes."

WILL. "Well, I must confess you have done it in a measure. Your story of that young man has called up a recollection of some I've known, but then, I don't quite see why I should be in danger because others have fallen."

FRED. "Don't you? Can't you understand that because the serpent is so wily he knows just in what place to hide to trip your steps? If you would but believe it, it is often just when you feel strongest that there is the greatest danger for you, and some day, in a weak moment or an unwary one, in a time of pleasure, excitement, or illness, or at the persuasion of some unwise friend—your 'rotten bridge' will very likely cave in, and your eyes will be unpleasantly opened to the fact that the danger is real and imminent."

WILL. "You don't give me credit for much strength of mind or purpose."

FRED. "Because I know that the best of men cannot with truth affirm that there is 'no danger' while they tamper with the foe, and try to stand in their own strength. Have you never seen any one on the ice, Will? And have you noticed sometimes in one corner a board marked 'Dangerous,' and the skaters avoid that corner—but if the board was not there, how would they know that the ice was perilous? It looks as smooth and clear as the rest, and if it had not been tested and marked with that kindly caution, those pleasure seekers might unthinkingly pass the boundary of safety, and meet their doom. Now, Will—those poor creatures who have sunk through the drink are so many warnings with the word 'Dangerous' written in letters of blood, and those who refuse to heed it are more foolish than those people on the ice would be if they wilfully passed their safety mark—as they recklessly do sometimes."

WILL. "Your illustration of the ice reminds me of one day when I was a schoolboy, Fred. I was impatient to be sliding, and though everybody told me the ice wasn't safe, I wouldn't believe it, so I went on, and got a good ducking for my pains."

FRED. "You may be thankful if you escape a

worse punishment for your refusal to listen to my warning of this great danger. Now, confess, don't you believe the path of Abstinence is the safe path?"

WILL. "Assuredly I do, and a wise one for those who are weak."

FRED. "Then for the sake of those weak ones abstain—and so gain for yourself a safe-guard we all need more or less."

WILL. "Well, Fred, I won't say you've vanquished me, but I see a glimmer of the 'red flag,' and I tell you what, I'll come to your meeting, and see if the speaker will be able to point out any 'danger ahead' in my path."

FRED. "I'm sure he will, now your eyes are open. We shall be late I am afraid, but there are some preliminary items on the programme to precede the danger signal, so you'll be in time for your object."

WILL. "Don't be too sure that he'll convince me though! I must just run indoors and leave this little parcel I came out for. Will you go on? I'll overtake you."

FRED. "All right."

[*Exit* WILL.]

FRED (*addressing the audience*). And now I want to speak a word to you, dear friends—especially to those who, like myself, are beginning their career in this world of temptations and sin. Is there one here to-night who is trusting in his own self control or his strength of character to keep him safe? Are there any who are ridiculing the idea of danger? Will you not to-night open your eyes to that which is going on around you? Do you not see the power of Strong Drink manifested on every hand? It brings down to poverty, disgrace, and death the richest and the best of our loved country—how can you hope that it will not be too strong for you? To-night, we offer you once more the safe-guard of the Total Abstinence Pledge, and we give you a solemn warning of the treacherous wiles of Strong Drink—if you refuse to believe it, and fall through the enemy, this will be one more rejected opportunity of escape, that will make more bitter your condemnation."

[*Exuent.*]

BIRDIE E. S.

Our Annual Drink Bill.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE, ESQ.

ALONG with the Board of Trade returns for February, we have also the Excise returns, which enable us to calculate the expenditure upon intoxicating liquors during the year 1881. The following are the particulars thereof. I also give the figures for 1880:—

	1881.	1880.
Beer consumed, 970,788.564 gallons at 1s. 6d.	£72,809,142	£67,881,678
British Spirits, 28,730,719 gallons, at 20s.	28,730,719	28,457,485
Foreign Spirits, 8,295,265 gallons, at 24s.	9,954,318	10,173,014
Wine, 15,644,757 gallons, at 18s. ...	14,080,281	14,287,102
British Wines (estimated), 15,000,000 gallons, at 2s.	1,500,000	1,500,000
	£127,074,460	£122,279,279

If the percentage of the increase of the various liquors be calculated, it will be seen that the consumption of beer shows an increase of 7.3 per cent., and British Spirits 0.96 per cent., while Foreign Spirits show a decrease of 2.1 per cent., and Wine 1.3 per cent. Taking the percentage of the total, it gives an aggregate increase of 3.9 per cent.

It will be seen from the above figures that the increase in consumption is almost entirely in beer. Those who followed the debates in the House of Commons, when Mr. Gladstone transferred the tax from malt to beer, will agree with me when I say that this increase in the consumption of beer is more apparent than real. Up to the year 1880 the quantity of beer consumed was calculated from the malt used, and the basis of calculation used by the Excise was that it would take two bushels of malt to brew a barrel of beer of the strength of 1,055 deg.; but when the tax was transferred from malt to beer, and Mr. Gladstone proposed to levy the duty upon beer at a strength of 1,055 deg., the brewers objected, and contended that two bushels of malt would brew a barrel of beer of the strength of 1,060 deg. Mr.

Gladstone ultimately compromised the matter by fixing the taxing strength of the beer at 1,057 deg. The brewers and their friends, however, strongly resisted the proposal, and Mr. Watney, the brewer, moved an amendment to the effect that the tax should be levied upon beer at a strength of 1,060 deg. He was, however, defeated, and Mr. Gladstone's resolution carried.

Now, if it be a fact, as the brewers assert, that two bushels of malt will brew a barrel of beer of the strength of 1,060 deg., it must follow that the calculations as to the amount of beer consumed prior to the abolition of the malt-tax must have been understated to the extent of 1-11th of the total amount of beer given in the drink bill figures; because, instead of getting 55 barrels of beer from a given quantity of malt, the brewers got 60 barrels; and so the expenditure upon beer, which I have calculated as reaching an average of £78,521,677 yearly for the past ten years, must have been about £85,660,011, or £7, 138,334 more per annum than the amounts which have been published. And if the calculation of beer consumed last year had been made upon the basis of beer of the strength of 1,060 deg., as formerly, instead of 1,057 deg., it would have given 1-19th less of consumption, or, instead of being £72,809,142, it would have been £68,977,082, and the total of the drink bill would then only have been £123,242,400, or but 0·8 per cent. increase upon last year.

The total expenditure upon intoxicating liquors of all kinds during the past ten years has been £1,364,118,357, or, in round numbers, £136,500,000 yearly. But if the brewers' corrections be made, it will give £143,600,000 as having been spent upon intoxicating liquors during each of the past ten years, or a total of £1,436,000,000—a sum nearly twice the amount of our national debt. And let it be borne in mind that these figures in no way include any of the indirect costs and losses which result from drinking. These will amount at the very least to another £100,000,000 annually, giving a total cost and loss to the nation from our drink expenditure of £240,000,000 yearly.

But if we look only at the money directly expended upon intoxicating liquors, the figures are really appalling. Let me give one illustration to show their magnitude. The gross rental of all the houses in the United Kingdom is variously estimated at from £70,000,000 to £77,000,000. I will take it at £75,000,000. The gross rental of agricultural land was estimated in 1871 to be a little short of £60,000,000. Since then rents both in houses and land have fallen; but I will take the figures given above, and adding them together, they amount to £135,000,000. As I have before stated, even without the brewers' corrections, our drink expenditure during the last ten years has averaged £136,500,000 yearly, or £1,500,000 more than the rental of all the houses and land in the United Kingdom. What an outcry there has lately been that a reduction of rents is needed to secure a restoration of our prosperity! I express no opinion upon this, but I would remark that, if such a reduction of rents will insure the prosperity spoken of, what would be the financial prosperity that would result from the saving of an amount greater than the sum total of all our rents both of land and houses? And let it not be forgotten we should not only save the £136,500,000, but we should further save to the country the indirect losses which our drinking customs impose, and which are themselves nearly double the rent-roll of all our farming land. What a mine of wealth we should have at command within our own border, if we only acted with a view to the nation's well-being!

If we view the social condition of our country in relation to the crime, pauperism, lunacy, &c., which exist, we shall see that the country has largely lost ground during the last twenty or twenty-five years. In 1880 the amount paid for poor and police rates in the United Kingdom was £16,165,220, and in actual relief to the poor only, £10,088,121, both amounts being the largest ever paid in the nation's history. If we examine the judicial statistics of the country we find that for the three years ending 1861 the convictions for crime of all kinds averaged 259,041 yearly, whereas for the three years ending 1880 they reached 520,628 yearly, being more than double. In 1859 the number of lunatics in asylums in England and Wales was 36,762; in 1880, 71,191, being nearly double. The number of vagrants convicted for the three years ending 1861 was 25,278 yearly, whereas in 1880 they numbered 53,983, or more than double.

These are all evils which result very largely from habits of drinking, and they prove that, while we have been congratulating ourselves upon the financial success of our budgets, these successes have been largely bought at the price of the nation's demoralization.

"Left-handed Men."

SOME years ago I was seated before my desk, with an open letter in my hand. These were the words which arrested my attention, "Do come to our meeting, and give us a few earnest words upon the necessity of total abstinence. We can get together a large number of men and women, most of them drunkards. Several have signed the pledge, but many have fallen into the old temptation, who may by your means be led to try again to do right."

My first thought had been to decline. I had certainly been successful in winning many young women to the side of safety, but to attempt to influence men, and these of the lowest and most degraded type, seemed beyond my task. How can my feeble words, be they ever so earnest, reach the ears, let alone the hearts of drunken men? "How?" This was the question I asked myself, and the answer came involuntary, "Ask for help: who ever asked in vain?" So I accepted the invitation.

It is no light thing to stand before a multitude of upturned faces, when you are sure of a welcome and receive earnest attention, but to face a number of men and women, all more or less uncomely, and decidedly hostile to your opinions, requires both courage and fidelity to sustain you. The bloodshot eyes and repulsive looks of these men and women told their own sad tale. They had been drinking heavily. There were women whose wickedness seemed to blaze from their eyes, and whose scornful sneer withered my hopes as I gazed upon them. Others who leered at their companions, putting their tongue in their cheek and winking horribly at their nearest neighbour or friend. One woman "wished she had a quartern of gin," and another "could do a pint of fourpenny." "Hush, Sal! let's hear what she's got to tell us," said another. These remarks were made so loud that I know they were intended for me to hear. I sat unmoved, outwardly calm. The gentleman who occupied the chair was speaking, and I had time to survey my audience critically. Mothers had babies at their breasts; fathers had little ones upon their knees. "Courage," I said to myself; "you need not fear. Touch them in the tenderest part and see if their hard hearts do not melt."

I stood up to speak. A dead silence fell upon the meeting. The power of "a few earnest words" had entranced them. I was relating a painfully true story—the deathbed of a little child. The mother in her lonely midnight watching, listening for a long-expected footstep, and when its unsteady tread fell upon her ear, she knew, alas! the same old story, "drunk again."

Many a wan, worn face showed traces of emotion. One rough-looking, horny-handed man drew his coat-sleeve across his eyes and kissed a little three-year old, who had fallen asleep upon his shoulders. One of the turbulent women who sat nearest me gulped out, "My own little Bess!" At last from the extreme end of the room, there sounded a voice, loud and coarse. I could not hear whether his curses were meant for me, but they were long and deep. "Hush! for shame!" fell upon my ear. The hubbub continued. I was compelled to pause until the disturber was removed, but received encouragement to proceed. I took altogether new ground, and was thankful for the opportunity afforded me to give the following practical lesson:—

I perceive we have a few left-handed men amongst us, was my first remark, and you know we can never depend upon them. In fact, I believe there are considerably more left-handed men and women among this audience than there are right-handed. This seemed a riddle, but I got their attention, which was the main thing. So pulling off my own gloves I held up my left hand, saying I am thankful you are neither deaf nor dumb, but still I want to teach you a lesson upon my fingers. See what can be spelled upon the hand. D R U N K—that is a left-handed man. Now from my right—S O B E R—beginning at the thumb upon my left hand I proceeded to explain the difference between a left and a right-handed man.

D—Determined, defiant, and dangerous, doing desperate deeds in despair, disgusting, despised, and devilish, drunken, diseased, and in debt.

R—Reckless, riotous revellers, shewing rage, remorse, or regret, regardless of right or religion, riding at random to ruin.

U—Unhealthy, unhappy, unholy, unwept, unsaved, and undone.

N—A nasty, noxious, nervous, needy, naughty noodle, undoubtedly a

K—Knave, who kicks instead of kisses, uses the knife on kith and kin, killing kindness, he knocks at the kingdom of Jack Ketch, who ties a knot which kills, and rings his own knell!

knell! knell! Heaven or hell! Alas! poor drunkard! who can tell?

This appeared to make an impression upon the meeting. After each letter I heard sounds of approval; at the close one man stood up and said, "It's all true every word on it." "Stop a bit," I said. "I mean to hold out the right hand of fellowship to you. If it were possible I would give it to every one separately; but you can take the lesson home to-night, every one of you, if you so will it, and become for the rest of your lives right-handed men and women." Beginning again at the thumb I was delighted to see open eyes, open mouths, and some open hands imitating my movements, as I laughingly told them to see I did not miss a finger.

S—Sober, sedate, seemly, sensible, sociable, safe-footed, and sound.

O—Obedient, observant, obtaining opulence and office, overlooker, often becoming owner, whose offspring are as olive branches ornamenting old age, which is generally—

B—Bright, brisk, beaming and brave, blest, bountiful, beloved and beautiful, without bills or a beer barrel; he has a bank-book, and a balance; is—

E—Erect, excellent, earnest, esteemed, entirely elevated, and ennobled, through eradicating early evils engrafted by excess.

R—Redeemed and rational, he becomes real, reliable, and regular; is responsible, and reasonably recommended. Can you refuse to reform? It is right! Respond to my reasoning. Re-sign then to- night!

I shall never forget the thunders of applause which those poor, erring sons and daughters of humanity poured forth; nor the hearty "God bless you, Missis" of their lusty throats. It proved to me unmistakably that there are few, if any, who would not be thankful to burst the fetters which bind them, and become sober men and women. Since that meeting, God has blessed the "few earnest words," and has made me the humble instrument in His hands to turn many from the paths of drunkenness.

E. M.

Where is Your Boy To-night?

LIFE is teeming with evil snares,
The gates of sin are wide,
The rosy fingers of pleasure wave
And beckon the young inside.
Man of the world with open purse,
Seeking your own delight,
Pause, ere reason is wholly gone—
Where is your boy to-night?

Sirens are singing on every hand,
Luring the ear of youth,
Gilded falsehood with silver notes
Drowneth the voice of truth.
Dainty lady in costly robes,
Your parlors gleam with light;
Fate and beauty your senses steep—
Where is your boy to-night?

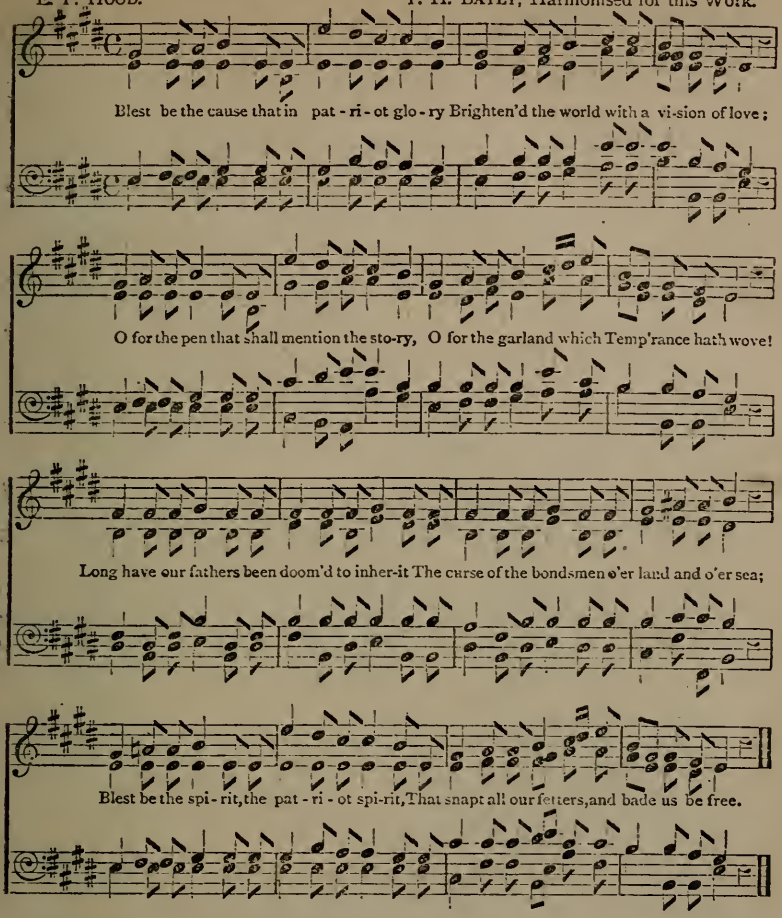
Tempting whispers of royal spoil
Flatter the youthful soul
Eagerly entering into life,
Restive of all control.
Needs are many, and duties stern
Crowd on the weary sight;
Father, buried in business cares,
Where is your boy to-night?

Pitfalls lurk in the flowery way,
Vice has a golden gate;
Who shall guide the unweary feet
Into the highway strait?
Patient workers with willing hands
Keeping the home hearth bright,
Tired mother with tender eyes,
Where is your boy to-night?

Turn his feet from sinful paths
Ere they have entered in,
Keep him unspotted while yet he may
Earth is so stained with sin.
Ere he has learned to follow wrong,
Teach him to love the right,
Watch, ere watching is wholly vain—
Where is your boy to-night?

Blest be the Cause.

E. P. HOOD. T. H. BAYLY, Harmonised for this Work.



2 Children no longer shrink back from their father, [roses bloom;
Lo! how their cheeks with the bright
Husbands and wives all earth's wild roses gather, [tomb;"
"And beauty immortal awakes from the
Thus then combining, beauty entwining,
Far round the world in its glory we see;
Blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snapt all our fetters, and bade us be free.

3 Say, shall we offer our praise to the warrior? [gore;
Lo! how his laurels are dripping with
Say, shall we offer our praise to the merchant, [store.
Where gold fills his coffers with riches in
These will not save us, these will not bless us, [by sea;
Great though their triumphs by land and
Blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snapt all our fetters, and bade us be free.

4 Twine then the myrtle, the holly, the laurel,
Raise high the shout on the festival day;
The tempest is over, the storm and the battle,
And far o'er the mountain behold the glad ray;
Onwards again on the glad path of duty,
Onwards a joy and a blessing to be;
And blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snapt all our fetters, and bade us be free.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

Varieties.

DRINKING AND ACCIDENTS.—At the annual meeting of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society, Dr. J. W. Moore, vice-president of the College of Surgeons, contributed some valuable facts to the discussion. Dr. Moore is connected with the Meath Hospital, and, taking the past three months of that establishment alone, they have dealt with 577 cases of accidents. They were divided thus:—Sunday, 14 per cent.; Monday, 18.7 per cent.; Tuesday, 14.5 per cent.; Wednesday, 9.7 per cent.; Thursday, 13.4 per cent.; Friday, 12.2 per cent.; Saturday, 17.3 per cent. In other words, the three idle days, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, contribute 50 per cent. of the cases, and Dr. Moore believes they arose almost entirely from drink.

WHAT BEER DOES.—A writer in the *Boston Advertiser* says that, "while spirits stimulate to violence and lust, beer produces merely somnolence." But we know a man who for twelve years has never used any liquor save beer. He comes home from his elegant store behind his handsome pair of horses and makes home a terror. He runs after his wife with an axe, and makes a beast of himself in a thousand ways. Is that somnolence? We know another man who uses only beer who has beaten his wife so as to make her helpless for days; was dead drunk on beer when the neighbours helped to bury his infant son; and has repeatedly knocked down and beaten his girl of eight and boy of five. Is that somnolence? We never heard it called by that name before.—*The Congregationalist.*

MR. SPURGEON ON ABSTINENCE.—A Total Abstinence Society has been formed at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, with the Pastor as President. In consequence of illness Mr. Spurgeon was unable to preside at the inaugural meeting, but he sent the following letter:—

"Dear Friends,—I am exceedingly sorry to be absent from this first meeting to form the Tabernacle Total Abstinence Society. The worst of it is that my head is so out of order that I cannot even dictate a proper letter. I can only say, 'Try and do all the better because I am away.' If the leader is shot down, and his legs are broken, the soldiers must give an extra hurrah, and rush on the enemy. I sincerely believe that, next to the preaching of the Gospel, the most necessary thing to be done in England is to induce our people to become total abstainers. I hope this society will do something when it is started. I don t want you to wear a lot of cocks' feathers—(laughter)—and pretty medals, nor to be always trying to convert the moderate drinkers, but to go in for winning the real drunkards, and bringing the poor enslaved creatures to the feet of Jesus, who can give them liberty. I wish I could say ever so many good things, but I cannot, and so will remain, yours teetotally, C. H. SPURGEON."

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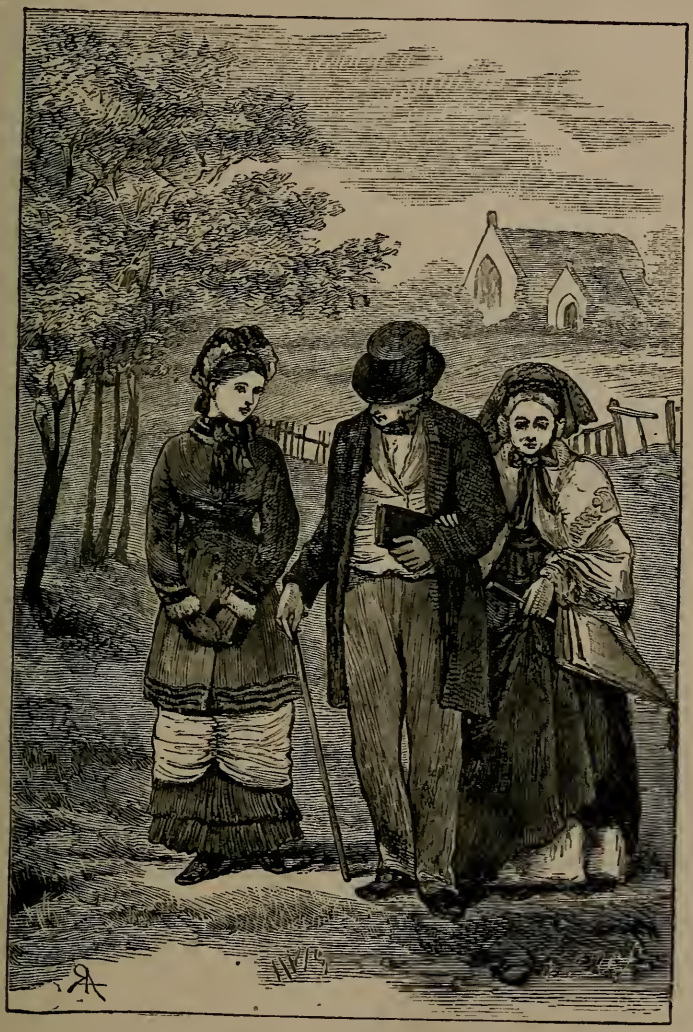


Kate's Resolve; and How it was kept.

CHAPTER I.

It was a peaceful Sabbath evening—one of those calm, pleasant times when one feels unwilling to go indoors, and lingers in the sweet cool air as long as possible.

The congregation of one little village Bethel had been for some time dismissed, but groups might still be seen taking their way in a leisurely fashion to their homes, some talking of the service, and others about more worldly matters.

One of these groups consisted of an elderly gentleman, and his wife, and a young girl—a visitor. They had taken the farthest way to their home, so as to prolong the pleasant walk. Mr. and Mrs. Norris had had the conversation to themselves chiefly, and now the gentleman began to rally his young companion upon her silence, for she was usually very lively and talkative.

"How very quiet you are, Kate," he said, "Are your thoughts travelling towa-wards?"

She started and blushed slightly, as she answered, "No, indeed. I was thinking of the sermon."

Mr. Norris smiled and shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Ah, Mr. Leeson did give us some very hard blows, didn't he? What did you think of it, Lucy?" turning to his wife.

"I think that Mr. Leeson carries his teetotal fanaticism a deal too far. I could see some of the people didn't like it. He used such very strong language, too; and neither of the deacons are total abstainers."

"I think he was rather unguarded in his remarks," said her husband, "for the most influential members of the congregation are moderate drinkers."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Norris, "but he seems entirely indifferent as to whom he offends or pleases."

"But don't you think he ought to preach what he believes to be *right*, whether people are offended or not?" asked Kate.

"No, not at the risk of hurting people's feelings;" said the elder lady with decision. 'Why, he made us moderate drinkers out to be as bad as drunkards, almost."

Her husband laughed. "So that is the sore point, Lucy? I was wondering what the Holmes's thought of the discourse; you know they get their living out of the sale of the drink—and a very good living it is too. I hope they won't leave the Chapel through it, for they are a great help to the cause."

And so they talked on, speculating on the probable effects of the sermon, while Kate walked beside them in silence, apparently listening to the conversation, but in reality engrossed with her own thoughts and reflections. Whatever other people's opinion of the discourse might be, it had set her thinking, and wondering whether after all she might not be doing wrong by continuing a moderate drinker.

She had sometimes heard eloquent, brilliant lectures on Temperance; she had listened to the narration of terrible facts, the result of indulgence in the intoxicating cup,—but she had never thought of them as things that in any way concerned herself. But to-night in that little rustic chapel the message had touched her. The grey haired preacher had set total abstinence before his hearers as a Christian *duty*. The language was simple, but it seemed to come from the heart. Perhaps it was the earnestness of his manner that chiefly impressed Kate. She felt that he *believed* what he preached.

He had spoken from the words, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." And he had urged total abstinence upon all professing Christians for example's sake.

"If you are strong enough to govern yourselves, strong enough to stop when you have had enough," he said, "there are those around you who are not; they think themselves as strong as you, but trying to do as you do, are lost. Oh, think! What a little thing to deny yourself just your daily glass!

"Jesus says, 'Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.' Will you do it? Will you, for the sake of those by whom you are surrounded, relinquish the 'little drop?' You cannot tell how far your influence may extend. Those of you who are parents—can you continue to take the cup that has proved so fatal to happiness in so many instances; more ruinous to domestic peace and comfort, perhaps, than any one other thing? Shall your children—those little ones for whom you would readily die if there was need—learn at your table the love of that which may in after years wreck their lives, and imperil their very souls? For the declaration of scripture is that 'No drunkard shall enter heaven.'

"And I would especially urge total abstinence upon the young who are here. Oh, what a glorious sphere of labour is open to you ! A life consecrated to Christ ; how many more opportunities of doing good you might have as abstainers than as non-abstainers. I think that Religion and Temperance should go hand-in-hand. I do not say that you cannot be a Christian without being a total abstainer, for there are many good, earnest Christians who have not seen it to be their duty to renounce strong drink. Oh, if I am speaking to any such now, let me ask you to give this subject your consideration. Think of the vast numbers enslaved by drink, and then say whether you, by your example, will help to rivet the chains more closely around such, or whether you will not rather help to loosen them ?"

And a great deal more he had said, to all of which Kate had listened with the deepest attention, and which had, as we have said, set her thinking. She was a Christian, and she was anxious that any influence she had, might be used on the side of right. She shuddered as she remembered the awful consequences of influence mis-used, in one case of which the preacher had spoken, and she knew that such cases might be multiplied. Had she an influence to be used either *for* Temperance or *against* it ? Should anyone ever be able to say that *her* example had proved his or her ruin ?

She thought of those who might come under her influence ; and first of all there were her pupils, for she was the mistress of a day school some thirty miles distant. She recalled one or two instances in which the little ones had told her of their having joined a Band of Hope, or that they were about to join one ; intelligence she had received with indifference, when she might have given them a word of encouragement. Surely she had influence with them. Then there was *home* influence. How needful that that should be exerted on the side of right. If, in later life, some loved one should prove wild and reckless, how painful to remember that in days gone by, we, by a simple word, it may be without even a word, only by our *lives*, might have checked those propensities to evil, but we neglected to speak the word, we were not careful that our lives should be all they ought to be. *We* were strong, and we thought not that by trying to do as we did the dear one would fall. Oh, what bitter anguish might be saved many a one if we were more careful of our influence in the *home* circle.

Kate thought of this, for she had brothers at home younger than herself. Should they be able to say that she encouraged the use of the drink, which "at the last biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder ?" And then there was one other person to whom Kate's thoughts turned, and her cheeks flushed as she thought of him. A tall, manly fellow, with a pair of dark eyes, whose eloquent appeal had often made Katie's own droop beneath it. Would she have any influence over *him ?*

Perhaps this, more than anything else, determined her in her course. If she could win him over to Temperance, what a grand noble worker he would be ; what a power for good he might become. So she made up her mind that for the sake of those amongst whom she lived, she would entirely renounce the drink.

Her friends were so absorbed in their discussion of the sermon, that they did not again remark upon her abstraction, and it was not until they were seated at supper that they addressed her on the subject.

Mr. Norris prided himself on his home-brewed ale, and Kate generally testified her approval of it at supper, but to-night her glass remained untouched.

"Come, my dear," said her hostess, "drink up your beer ; or did Mr. Leeson make a convert of you ?"

She spoke jestingly, but Kate answered seriously ;

"Yes, Mrs. Norris, I could not after to-night's sermon taste it again. His words showed me it was my duty to give it up, and I mean to do so."

"Kate !"

"You don't mean it ?"

She could not repress a smile at the surprise depicted on their countenances, and expressed in their tones.

"Yes, I really mean it."

"But, my dear, the little you take can't possibly hurt you," said the elder lady.

"But it may hurt someone else," said Kate.

"There, wife, you see she's got Mr. Leeson's arguments by heart;" said Mr. Norris, "I don't think persuasions will be of much use with her. She always was a self-willed puss—weren't you, Kitty? I am going to show my appreciation of to-night's sermon by tossing off this ale." And so saying he raised his glass to his lips and drained it.

Kate looked on in silence, pained that her friends should treat a matter so lightly which now appeared to her so serious, and while she pondered over it, Mrs. Norris's persuasions and arguments fell on her ear unheeded.

That night after the narration of the day's events in her journal, she added the words, "Resolved for the future, by God's help, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks."

And she would henceforth regard that pledge as binding as any printed form of words could be.

CHAPTER II.

When Kate returned to her home, and the duties that awaited her there, it was with the firm determination to adhere to her newly formed resolution in spite of all opposition.

She knew that she would meet with opposition—she expected that her brothers would laugh at her—that her mother would be displeased and try to induce her to take to the drink again; and she half dreaded that that other one, for whose sake she had chiefly taken this step, would at first treat it as a joke; but she hoped, by her firm adherence to her pledge, and by her persuasions, to soon overcome all prejudice. She was even sanguine enough to hope that before long they might all be induced to do as she had done.

Kate's mother was a widow, and perhaps it may have been that the struggle she had made to maintain herself and her children respectably, had worn her temper and spirits—whatever was the cause, she had certainly a very sharp tongue, though a kindly intentioned person—and even Kate, the eldest child, and only daughter, stood a little in awe of her.

She rather dreaded the avowal of her Temperance principles, but it could not be deferred, for when the supper was upon the table the first evening of her return, her mother said as she filled the glasses with ale:—

"You will miss your beer to-night, Kate, this, though very good, is not to be compared to Mr. Norris's home-brewed."

An unusual feeling of timidity came over Kate, but she managed to reply:—

"I have given up beer, mother; indeed, all kinds of alcoholic drinks."

At first her mother was incredulous, and the boys wondered what was come to Kate.

Of course an explanation was demanded, and Kate earnestly tried to give them some account of the sermon that had led to her decision; but she felt that she failed lamentably, and she did not wonder that they were still unconvinced.

"And do you really mean to persist in this folly, Kate?" said her mother sharply.

"Yes, mother, that is if you call teetotalism folly."

"Which I most certainly do in this case. The temperance pledge may be all very well for those who drink to excess, who can't stop when they have had enough; but for people like you it's ridiculous. Besides, Kate, you will injure your health by it. Haven't you often said you did not think sometimes you could keep about, if it were not for your beer?"

"Yes, I know I was silly enough to entertain that notion at one time," answered Kate, "but I have proved that to be all nonsense, for I have taken none for the last fortnight, and instead of feeling worse, I am better without it."

"Tut! Why, you have had nothing to do at the farm—of course you feel better after your nice long rest. But how will it be when you begin teaching again, and working as you do in the evening? I tell you, Kate, you will ruin your health."

"When I find my health suffering, mother, it will be soon enough to take to it again."

"Oh, will it? 'Prevention is better than cure;' and we cannot afford to pay a doctor's bill all through your ridiculous fancies."

In vain Kate quoted instances in which the discontinuance of alcoholic liquors had proved beneficial rather than otherwise. Her mother admitted that a few people might be able to do without it, but she was not one of the number.

Mrs. Millard was one of those persons, who, though having an utter abhorrence of excess, yet believed the 'little drop' absolutely necessary. The boys laughed at the idea of Kate's turning teetotaler, but when she ventured to advocate total abstinence to them, they were highly indignant, especially Fred, the eldest, who declared that he would sooner give up anything else than his beer.

As for Philip Blythe, as Kate had feared, he considered it a mere whim, and would playfully call her the "Temperance Enthusiast," and other such names.

Poor Kate was very much disappointed. She found that even now when total abstinence was become almost fashionable, there yet existed a great deal of prejudice against it. And she began to be haunted by a terrible fear for her brother Fred, and for her friend Philip. They say that love is blind, but surely sometimes it is the reverse, and renders people far sighted, and quick to see anything concerning the beloved one.

Now that Kate's eyes had been opened to the value of total abstinence she began to suspect that these two were in danger—in danger of becoming drunkards. They would both have been highly incensed had anyone hinted such a thing to them; Kate would not admit it even to herself, but she *felt* it. She was quick now to notice the irregular hours her brother kept, to mark the flushed cheeks, the unnaturally loud laugh. And she knew that he and Philip were constantly together. Oh! how fervently she longed that they might be saved from the terrible fate that seemed to threaten them.

Fred was a good-natured, high-spirited lad of twenty, the pride and idol of his mother, who, however, seemed in ignorance of his danger. She would sometimes question him as to where he had been when he returned later than usual, but she generally appeared satisfied with his replies, evasive though they often were.

Not so Kate, and once, finding her entreaties and persuasions useless with Fred, she ventured to speak to her mother about him.

"Don't you think Fred is getting a little bit wild lately, mother?" she asked one evening.

"What do you mean?" was the sharp rejoinder.

"Why, he seems to keep rather late hours; I fear he has got in with bad companions," faltered Kate, "and I fancy he drinks more than is good for him."

"Kate!" said her mother indignantly, "Do you mean to imply that your brother is a drunkard?"

"No, mother, only in danger of becoming one."

"My boy in danger of becoming a drunkard! How dare you hint such a thing? And so you think he has got in with bad companions? Well Philip Blythe is his chief friend, I did not know you entertained so low an opinion of him."

It cost Kate a great effort to control her temper and answer calmly—

"But, mother, suppose I am right, and Fred should ever get very fond of the drink, like Harry Bond for instance, how dreadful it would be."

"Kate," was the stern answer, "my children have been brought up in a Christian home, and they will never, I believe, so far forget the principles instilled here, as to lead such a profligate life as the young man you name. Does home training go for nothing? The Bible does not teach that—we read, 'Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.'"

"Yes, mother, but—"

Here Kate's speech was cut short by her mother.

"There, Kate, don't let us talk any more on this subject. You are quite a fanatic with your teetotal fancies. I have been a moderate drinker for these forty-five years, and none the

worse for it; and why should not Fred be able to keep straight too? And your poor father always took his daily glass. I don't like to see children setting up to be wiser than their parents."

So Kate was reduced to silence upon the subject that lay nearest her heart.

It seemed that it had been of no use her becoming an abstainer. Perhaps she had not seen the need of it soon enough, she would think sadly sometimes. If she had only used her influence with these two before the drink had got such a hold upon them, it might have been different. By her persuasions one ortwo of her pupils had become members of a Band of Hope, and her friend and companion, Lizzie Dell, had been won over by her to the side of Temperance.

But those nearest and dearest were still opposed to it, and it was a source of great grief to her. Having no one to speak to of her trials,—for womanly delicacy forbade her telling her fears for Fred and Philip to Lizzie—and brooding over them in solitude made her grow pale and thin, and her mother insisted that it was the abstinence from drink that was causing this change in the usually bright, healthy girl, and would alternately urge her to take to it again, and upbraid her for her obstinacy.

It was a trying time to Kate, and had she not known to Whom to go for strength, she must surely have yielded. But the promise, "As thy day is so shall thy strength be," was fulfilled to her; and though ready to give up in despair sometimes, she looked to Him, "Who is able to keep us from falling," and received the help and strength she needed.

CHAPTER III.

And now there came to Kate another trial—harder than any she had yet experienced.

There was no engagement between her and Philip, nothing but a tacit understanding. The acquaintance commenced some months ago, had gradually merged into a more tender feeling.

Of late, Kate had rather avoided him, fearing an avowal of love which would necessitate a termination of their pleasant intercourse, for how could she bind herself to a man who laughed at what she felt to be right; who ridiculed the notion of giving up the drink which was daily gaining a power over him, which it would be difficult for him to cast off?

He was quick to notice Kate's avoidance of him, but he misunderstood it; he thought, with all the jealousy of a passionate lover, that some one else had gained her affections, some one in the country place where her summer holidays had been spent. He resolved to put an end to the uncertainty at the very first opportunity, which, however, was some time in coming.

It was a winter's evening, when a merry party of young people met at Mrs. Dell's, Lizzie's mother's, to celebrate that young lady's birthday. Of course, Kate was among the guests, as were also Philip and Fred.

Lizzie had insisted that no intoxicating liquors should be provided for her guests, and although her parents at first objected to this arrangement, on the ground of its seeming peculiar and inhospitable, yet she at last got her way. Though these sparkling beverages were absent, plenty of other good things were provided, and there was no lack of fun and merriment; and not one of the party, however bitterly opposed to total abstinence, could refuse to admit that it was quite possible to spend a very enjoyable evening without the aid of strong drink.

Kate had thrown off for the time being the weight that generally oppressed her, knowing that for the present, at least, her brother and friend were out of the way of temptation, and was her old self again—merry and sparkling—the life of the party. Philip was more madly in love with her than ever. What wonder then when, owing to Fred's discernment, he found her placed under his escort home, he should take advantage of the opportunity, so often wished for, and tell his love?

Kate listened with a throbbing heart. The moment had come when she must give the answer to that important question, put in such

impassioned tones, and tender language "Would she be his wife?" and for several minutes she could not give any reply, her lips refused to form the negative answer she had meant to give. He was so terribly earnest, she had not thought he cared so much for her, and not till now had she dreamed how much *she* cared for him, not till the time had come when the pleasant friendship must be broken off.

Presently her answer came falteringly.

"It can never be."

"Why, is there any one else?" asked Philip bitterly.

Could he not see that there was a barrier between them that separated them as completely, perhaps, as though a third person had come between them? It seemed not, for when in answer to his repeated question, Kate gently stated her reason for her refusal, he smiled as if amused, as he said,

"And is that all, Katie? You do not mean to say that you will let such a foolish whim come between us?"

"I do not call it a 'foolish whim,'" answered Kate, her self-respect coming to her aid at this speech. "I cannot call the renunciation of that which has caused so many ruined homes, so many broken hearts a 'foolish whim.' I feel that I cannot trifle with such a deadly enemy, nor dare I ally myself with one who does."

Philip was surprised, for she had never spoken to him so before, yet he still continued to treat it as a joke; but finding this of no avail, he tried to reason with her, using the argument she repeatedly heard at home, that the total abstinence pledge was only necessary for drunkards; preaching moderation, as so many do, even when on the verge of inebriety himself.

But all he said did not make Kate swerve from her purpose; while he appeared incredulous, and tried to reason down her prejudices, there was no danger of her yielding. It was when he became reproachful, and accused her of not caring for him, that she had a difficulty in remaining firm.

"You cannot really suppose me in any danger of becoming too fond of the drink?" he had said, and she had answered in a low tone, "I hope you are not."

The answer, and the manner in which it was given, showed him plainly that she did think him in danger, and although the supposition touched his dignity, yet he was too fond of her to be offended, or to so readily give up the hope of winning her.

"Then you are rather unkind to deprive me of the help of your presence, Katie," he said, "you know that I am in lodgings now—and a dull enough place it is too—and I can't spend all my time there. I have no relatives, and but few friends, and a fellow must spend his evenings somewhere! Now if I had a nice little home of my own, with a wife waiting for me there—with *you*, Katie," and he lowered his voice to a tender whisper, "why, of course, I should not have to seek enjoyment elsewhere, but should think 'There was no place like home.'"

It was when Philip talked in this way that Kate was in danger of yielding, and seeing the advantage he was gaining, he pursued that strain, now using persuasions, then tender reproach, until the poor girl felt that she knew not what to do.

They parted that night with the understanding that he should receive his final answer a week later; and with a strong hope on his part that she would relent and accede to his proposal.

Many a girl would have tried to extract a promise of total abstinence from her lover under such circumstances, but Kate did not; perhaps she had seen what such promises were worth. It may have been that she thought he would voluntarily relinquish intoxicants rather than risk losing her.

She was greatly puzzled to know how to act. There was surely something in what Philip had said about having no friends, and no home. What young man but would seek companionship and recreation somewhere? And if she refused this offer, might it not be the means of driving him deeper into sin? when, perhaps, the gentle influence of a loving companion was all

that was needful to help him to lead a noble, useful life.

She had no earthly friend of whom to ask counsel. Her mother, she knew, would be displeased if she rejected Philip's offer; for though Mrs. Millard was no match-making mother, yet when her daughter was sought by a young man in a fair position, and with good prospects, and who was, moreover, a professing Christian, she would think her foolish in refusing such an offer; for as she was blind to her son's danger, she was also to his. So Kate had to decide for herself, without advice from anyone, and a hard task it was.

She was very ready to make excuses for him, and it was rather flattering to think that she might have it in her power to save him, and raise him up, and help him to lead a better, nobler life. She tried to persuade herself that it would be cruel to act otherwise, and that by rejecting his proposal, she was lessening his chances of reform.

But then the thought would come, "If he were not already enslaved by the drink, would he not voluntarily for my sake have given it up? It would have been a small sacrifice, if he were not *very fond* of it—far less than he asks of me—the sacrifice of principle, of truth, —for if I consented to become the wife of a non-abstainer, I should apparently be setting a very low estimate upon total abstinence, and weakening my influence. No, I dare not do it."

And for a whole week Kate was torn by such conflicting thoughts as these, but she tried to act in accordance with the dictates of her conscience, and the teaching of the Bible, which says, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" And the result was a firm negative reply to the repeated question.

What that decision cost her no one ever knew. How hard it was to give up the bright dreams of love and happiness! Philip thought the pain was all on his side, and said many unjust and unkind things in the first moments of his disappointment. It was better for Kate that he received her answer so, for it roused her pride, and enabled her to hide beneath it the struggle she had gone through.

CHAPTER IV.

And now she had to "take up the burden of life again," and a heavy burden she found it, with the hope hitherto cherished, of gaining Philip to her way of thinking—crushed, and with it the bright dreams of which he had been the centre and the hero.

But the sacrifice, cost her what it might, must be borne with cheerfulness, for how could she bear that those around her should guess her sufferings? She could not keep from her mother the knowledge of what had taken place between Philip and herself, even had she wished, for the cessation of his visits had to be accounted for; and, as she had feared, she was very angry with her for allowing her total abstinence principles to stand in the way of so desirable an alliance. If Kate appeared more than ordinarily fatigued by her day's labour, she would make unpleasant allusions to the episode, reminding her that, had she so chosen, she might have been the mistress of a comfortable home, instead of continuing a teacher; allusions that always made Kate wince, and sometimes led her to question whether after all she had acted rightly, and for the best; or whether it would not have been well to have listened to his pleadings, and trusted to his Christian principles, and her influence to keep him straight? But then the words would ring in her ears, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"

There was one person who guessed pretty well how matters stood with her, although she had never spoken a word on the subject—and that was her friend Lizzie. Since she had joined in Kate's temperance views she had gone through something of the same experience, only with a happier result, for her lover, finding that she remained firm, had taken the pledge also. So she could sympathise with her friend very truly now, and her sympathy took a practical turn, and she did Kate a great service in getting her thoroughly interested in the cause they both felt of so much importance, and thus in working to rescue others from drink's thrall, she had less time to brood over her troubles.

Both girls threw themselves with such hearty

zeal and earnestness into their "labour of love" that Lizzie's lover used laughingly to call them the "Temperance Missionaries." They took an especial interest in Bands of Hope, and presently became the joint superintendents of one, a flourishing one too, for they took great pains to amuse as well as to instruct the children, and so diversified their plan of entertainment that the little ones were always delighted to be present.

But although Kate met with encouragement outside her home, within it there was little to cheer or encourage her. The brother who should have been the stay and comfort of the household, was instead only a trouble and disgrace. He was so completely beneath the power of strong drink that his mother could no longer blind herself to the fact, but she saw it when she seemed powerless to help or save him—and she had the bitter reflection that her example and influence might have helped to bring about his ruin.

Slowly, step by step, he had fallen. He had been very ready with promises of amendment, and of moderation, but they were always broken. His employer had borne with him for a long time, unwilling to discharge him, both for his own sake, and that of his mother; he had tried to induce him to alter his mode of life, and to give up the drink, but in vain, and when he had at last fallen so low as to forget all laws of honour, and kept back some money that had been paid to him, he could no longer keep him in his employ, and he went home to be a burden to his mother and sister.

There was one good resulting from this trial, and that was the softening of the mother towards her other children, especially towards Kate. She was now as anxious as her daughter that the other boys should take the total abstinence pledge, and, alarmed at the terrible consequences of indulgence in intoxicants in their eldest brother's case, they were persuaded to do so. It would be impossible to say which suffered most keenly through Fred's downfall, Kate or her mother.

It wrung the mother's heart with grief to see her eldest son—bright, clever, and loving as he used to be, always the one to whom she seemed to cling most fondly—sinking down to degradation. But Kate, as well as suffering on her brother's account, saw in him a picture of what Philip had, possibly, nay, probably, become by this time. She did not know, for he had left the town almost directly their intercourse ceased, and she had heard nothing of him since. It seemed as if the grief of both mother and sister were almost more than they could bear when Fred returned home disgraced, branded as a thief; and they knew that it was only owing to the leniency of his employer that he had escaped the punishment his act had merited.

Fred himself seemed almost heart-broken, and in a fit of contrition took the total abstinence pledge. It is doubtful whether he would have kept it had he been exposed to temptation—for it is very difficult to break away from the habits of a life-time—but he was taken ill a day or two after the disclosure of his guilt. For some time past he had seemed to have a slight cold, caught upon leaving the heated bar-room of a public-house one cold, frosty night; but they had taken little notice of it, but now it became apparent that it was something more than an ordinary cold, and upon consulting a physician he was pronounced to be in a consumption.

For many months he was confined to his room, sometimes being unable to rise from his bed. During that time he had ample leisure to reflect upon his past life, and he would shudder as he looked back upon it, especially the latter part; but he was at length led to look away from himself to the One who has promised that He "will in no wise cast out" any that come to Him, and believing in Him, he found peace.

In spite of this cloud over their home, Mrs. Millard and Kate enjoyed more comfort and tranquillity than they had known for many months. It was hard to see Fred suffering, especially to witness the mental anguish, the bitter, unavailing regret over his mis-spent, wrecked life; but not so hard as it had been to see his former mad career, his indifference to consequences, blinded and infatuated by the drink. They could guess what an effort it cost

him even now, to go without the stimulants to which he had so long been accustomed; but they knew that he would soon be taken away where temptation could never reach him, and where the craving for drink would never be felt; safe, safe for ever.

And that time did come. After an illness of nine months, Fred died—with almost his latest breath begging his brothers to remain firm to their pledge. So the brief span of life was ended—the twenty-three years, so many of which had been wasted in folly and sinful indulgence, were told—and Fred Millard passed away to a premature grave.

"Safe, safe and happy!" were the words Kate uttered, as she kissed the cold brow; but he died with no comforting reflections of a life well spent, no sheaves to lay before the Master who had had such unspeakable mercy upon him; but keen regret for his wasted youth to trouble his last moments; and a struggle with his evil appetite.

But what inexpressible thankfulness filled Kate's heart as she thought of what might have been—how he might have gone on in sin, and reaped its fearful wages, which "is death"—but beside his form she could kneel and raise her heart in thankfulness to the One who had received him ere it was too late, and done for him what none else could do.

CHAPTER V.

Five years had passed away since the preaching of that Temperance sermon, and once again Kate found herself among the worshippers in the village church. Little change seemed to have taken place around her since then:—there were the same old-fashioned high-backed pews, the same preacher, scarcely more feeble or grey to all appearance than then; the faces of many around her were familiar, but ah, what a change had taken place in Kate herself since that time! The vivacious, sparkling girl had given place to the gentle, thoughtful woman.

Only those who knew what had wrought the change, regretted it; for now, to know Kate was to love her. She was the comfort and stay of her mother, the companion and adviser of her brothers; for though more than Philip Blythe had sought her hand in marriage, good, earnest men, workers both for Religion and Temperance, yet Kate refused every offer; her heart remained true to her first love, and her one desire was to know him to be reformed.

As she sat in the corner of the seat by Mrs. Norris (for she was again her visitor), every effort she made to fix her attention upon the discourse was vain; the revisiting of the place had awakened a train of thought that would not be put aside, she was compelled to take a retrospective view of the years that had passed since the last occasion on which she sat in that seat on just such an evening. As she thought on the events which had taken place since, there arose a cry of thanksgiving from her heart for the strength which had been given her to remain firm; and a prayer for the one through whom her chief suffering had come. A prayer often offered, and which had been heard and answered, as she was on the point of discovering.

The service was over, and they were once more outside the building; and while Mr. and Mrs. Norris lingered at the gate, exchanging greetings with friends and acquaintances, Kate walked slowly on. Had she not been so deeply absorbed in her own reflections, she must surely have seen, or felt, the earnest gaze bestowed upon her by one member of the congregation, apparently a stranger like herself, and she would have known that now she was being followed; but as it was she was unaware of both circumstances, and it was only when she noticed what a long distance she had come, that she turned to see if her friends were near. Then she found herself face to face with Philip.

"Philip!" the name escaped her lips before she could command herself.

"Kate!" In an instant both her hands were clasped in his.

Neither of them spoke again for a few moments, then, drawing her hands away, Kate said softly, "I hardly expected to see you again."

"Did you not?" he said with a tender glance into the flushed face beside him, "I've come all the way from America to learn news of you;" he continued.

"America!" she echoed in surprise, "Have you been there?"

"Yes; I will tell you all about it if you care to hear it," he answered.

Of course Kate cared, so as they paced slowly through the pleasant lanes in the soft twilight, Philip told her of all that had befallen him since they parted.

When he left the town he went to London, where he had become acquainted with other young men as reckless, or even more so than himself, and there, in drinking and gambling he had striven to forget Kate, but in vain; her face continued to haunt him, her words still rang in his ears, and at last he made up his mind to reform. But he had found that habits are not so easily broken off, especially among old associates; so he wrote to an uncle who lived in America, asking him if he could assist him. His uncle replied by offering him employment if he would go out to him, and promising to pay his passage out if he accepted his offer. Philip gladly acceded to this, and having renounced the drink, he had by steady, persevering labour attained as good a place in that country as he had formerly held in England.

As may be imagined Kate's heart was filled with thankfulness upon hearing this, and then Philip, encouraged by her manner, and the evident pleasure she felt at seeing him again, ventured to renew his suit; and she did not this time say him nay.

"How did you know where I was?" she asked, when the all important question had been settled to the satisfaction of both.

"Why, I called at your home when I heard from outsiders that you were still free; for Kate, you must know that during the time I have been away I have been tortured by the thought of you as in all probability the wife of some other man, more worthy of you than myself. Oh, Kate, how could I hesitate to give up the drink for your sake? I returned to England on purpose to learn tidings of you; how little I deserved to find you still free, and with some love left for the selfish being who wanted you to sacrifice your principles for him."

"Are you sorry I refused to do so, Phil?" asked Kate, with a return of her old manner.

"Sorry, no! Had you consented, I can see now that you would have had less influence with me than you had. Having gained you, I should never, I think, have been able to give up strong drink."

Then the trial had not been in vain.

"How came you here *to-night?*" she asked again, "you never travel on Sunday."

"No, I came to the town last night, and got lodgings there; I waited, thinking I might find a better opportunity of seeing you alone this evening, but I had some difficulty in finding my way here, and got late for the service at the church. I was so glad to see you walk on before your friends, and was puzzling over the best means of making my presence known to you, when you turned and recognised me."

"You say you have seen mother?" said Kate.

"Yes."

"Did she tell you about Fred?" Kate's voice was tremulous as she thought of her brother, in the midst of her happiness.

"Yes, darling," he replied huskily, "and, oh, how I blame myself for my conduct to him! I cannot but feel that I may be responsible in a measure for the grief he caused you, for, instead of trying to draw him away from the public-house, and from bad company, I encouraged him to frequent such places, and introduced him to those I knew to be undesirable friends for him. How bitterly I regret my folly now, words cannot tell! Oh, Kate, if I had only been as careful as you to exert a *good* influence how differently might things have turned out. Can you forgive me for the part I played towards your brother?"

"Yes; for I know you did it thoughtlessly. Fred spoke of you often, and I know prayed for you too. He was very anxious to know where you were."

There had been so much to talk about that the gate of the farm had long been passed

before Kate was aware of the fact. On retracing their steps they found that Mr. and Mrs. Norris had arrived there a long time before. They had seen Kate and her companion, and had guessed rightly, that he was a lover; but when they came to hear the whole story, they gave him a hearty welcome, and Mr. Norris declared, jocularly, he would drink their health in his home-brewed ale.

A month later there was a wedding at the village chapel—the pastor officiating. It was a source of surprise to many of the villagers that this particular place should have been chosen; for the bridegroom was a complete stranger, and the bride only known to them as the occasional visitor of Mrs. Norris. It was Kate's especial wish that the marriage should take place there, and that it should be solemnized by the minister whose words had shown her that the path of temperance was the *right* path.

It was a simple wedding, but there was *love* there; and shortly after, Kate left her native land, and sailed across the ocean to a happy home, with the man of her choice. It was hard to part from her friends at home, but she could leave them now with the assurance that all would be well with them—the boys were growing up to be the stay of their mother.

And the mother parted from her daughter with tears; yet joyful that at length her patient fidelity and her faithful adherence to her vows, had been crowned with reward.

LOUIE S.

Country Life.

WHEN the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The Labourer with the bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lay waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws;
But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
The experienced Swain foresees the coming hour,
His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake.
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains;
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle pathway basks the snake;
Oh, lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bow'rs:
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the woods resound;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

GAY.

THE MURMURING BROOK.

Whitsuntide.

A PLEASANT time is Whitsuntide,
In this green land of ours,
When Spring and Summer, hand in hand,
Are wandering through the bowers,—
One with a wreath of hawthorn crowned,
And one with lilac flowers.

The elms are all in fullest leaf,
The shrubs in brightest bloom;
Here droop the gay laburnum chains,
There shines the golden broom;
And the deep green of the chestnut-trees
Their countless flowers illume.

A joyful time is Whitsuntide,
When skies are blue and clear:
It is the children's festival,
To Sunday-schools so dear;
No day will bring them such delight
In all the circling year.

In long procession on they come,
A gladsome sight to see;
All down that dancing stream of life,
Run rippling sounds of glee,
And flags and banners held aloft,
Are waving joyously.

Bound on a happy pilgrimage,
Their steps the teachers lead,
Until they reach the spot at last—
Some daisy-sprinkled mead,
Where gathered on the fresh green turf,
Their little flock they feed.

And now with softer, sweeter sounds,
The youthful voices ring;
The very angels might rejoice
To hear the children sing;
"Hosanna!" loud the chorus swells,
"Hosanna to our King!"

Then over all the sunny field
Disperse the merry crew;—
Was ever grass so green as this?
Was ever sky so blue?
And there untiringly they play
Till falls the early dew.

O, ye who taught their infant lips
Hosanna to repeat,
God grant you in the better world
Your flock again to meet,
And cast your crowns of many stars
Before your Saviour's feet!

Yet of the precious seed you sow
With many hopes and prayers,
The enemy will snatch away,
Or choke with thorns and tares:
The soil your careful hands have tilled,
An evil harvest bears.

And they who in the Sunday-school
Have sung sweet songs of praise,
Have turned aside from Wisdom's path,
And trod in evil ways,
Unheeded every sacred truth
They learned in childhood's days.

Through that ensnaring Drink they fell,—
How could they see the wrong,
If those they thought the wise and good,
Praised it, and drank along?
A thing to make them glad it seemed,—
A thing to make them strong.

Thus tempted, blinded, and betrayed,
They drained the poisoned bowl,
Till stifled Conscience ceased to warn,
And Reason to control;
But Self, and Lust, and Sin usurped
The empire of the soul.

Then darkly o'er their hearts and homes
Crime's heavy shadow came,
And only in their oaths was heard
God's great and holy name;
And they who should have been her strength,
Are now their country's shame.

Alas! that Sunday scholars sigh
In half our prison cells,*
And faintly hear perchance the sound
Of merry Whitsun bells,
While of the happy days gone by
Their saddened memory tells!

* This statement is below the actual number, 64 per cent. of the criminals of this country having been Sunday scholars.

Yet from the long forgotten past
Haply that sound may bring
The lessons learned in Sunday-school,
The hymns they used to sing,
Before their life was what it is—
A weary guilt-stained thing.

Therefore toil on! though lost it seem,
That sin-parched soil below,
Some buried seed may yet remain,—
God's rain may make it grow,
And in the last great harvest day
Some fruit it yet may show.

But have no friendship with the power
Which makes your labour vain,
Beware, lest ought ye do or teach
Delay your Master's reign,
Lest while ye think to work for Christ,
Ye strengthen Satan's chain.

A. L. WESTCOMBE.

The Demon Lodger.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO WORKING MEN.

THOMAS GOODFELLOW and JACK MORTON.

THOMAS. "Come in, lad. Good evening. Wot's up? Can I do anything for thee?"

JACK. "Thank ye kindly, Thomas. I shouldn't ha' disturbed ye to-night only the missus is very bad, and the doctor he says she's to be kept warm, and we ain't got any blankets in the house, and I thought may be you would—"

THOMAS. "Lend thee one, eh, Jack".

JACK. "For the sake of the wife, if you would, just for once. I'll take it very kindly, and you won't lose nothing by it, Thomas; its such a bitter cold night or I wouldn't ha' troubled ye. I don't mind the cold for myself, but the poor lass."

THOMAS. "Well, man, my wife is out just now, so I can't get ye the blankets till she comes back; but sit ye down, she won't be long, and then I'm sure she'll find one for her old friend, Mary."

JACK. "Thank ye kindly, Thomas, I should like a warm for a few minutes. I'm terrible cold. I wish we had such a good fire at home. Ah, dear!"

THOMAS. "What ails the wife? She was always a strong, bonny lass, much stronger than my Susan, and she never has a day's illness."

JACK. "I dunno exactly, and I forget what the doctor calls it; but she ain't bin well for some time past. She wants nourishment the doctor says; but I'm only a poor man, and——"

THOMAS. I know. You can't afford to give her beef-tea and jelly, and good milk and such like, eh, lad? That's about it, isn't?

JACK. "No, Thomas, I can't; and that's where it is, you know. Besides I haven't bin doing very well lately, since——"

THOMAS. "Since you took in that 'lodger' of yours, I was afeered you would not get on well after that, Jack."

JACK. "Eh? Wot? 'Lodger!' I ain't got no 'lodger' in the house."

THOMAS. "Nay, man; I don't want to hurt thy feelings, but you have a 'lodger,' and a very bad one. You have the 'Demon drink' lodging in your house now."

JACK. "Ho! I see your a trying to be funny. That's one o' your Temperance jokes, I suppose. That'll be a rare good un to tell 'em at the 'Red Lion;' but I don't want none o' yer preaching, lad. I didn't come for *that*."

THOMAS. "No offence, Jack, I meant none, and so don't take it; and I never felt less like trying to be funny than I do to-night, when I think what you have come *for*."

JACK. "Well, I was a bit hasty, perhaps, but a man don't like to be preached at for doing wot everyone else does now and then."

THOMAS. "Hold hard a bit, your going too far, everyone *does not* do as you do now and then. There are thousands of working men—and thank God for it—as never get drunk from one year's end to the other."

JACK. "Well, I know a lot of good fellows as does, and they ain't any the worse for it."

THOMAS. "No worse! No worse! Now listen, lad, and let me put it to you plain and sensible like. I spoke about your new 'Lodger' just now. I didn't mean any joke, but its my way o' putting it. There are a lot of homes to-night where that 'lodger' will go back with the husband and put him up to all sorts of devilry, make him beat his wife, perhaps murder her—make him scowl at his little children, and perhaps hit them over the head or cripple 'em; and then make him lie down like a beast before God with a volley of foul oaths on his lips instead of a prayer; and that's the kind o' 'lodger' you have given house-room to for some time past."

JACK. "It all very well o' you to talk ——"

THOMAS. "Stop a bit—hear me out, I mean to *have* my say out to-night, anyhow. Them as keeps that 'lodger' gets put up to other mischief by him too. They are put up to shirking their work and doing it so badly that no master can afford to keep them among his hands."

JACK. "Well, I don't shirk my work anyhow, when I can get any."

THOMAS. "May be not, you are a good workman if you like, I know well; but when you do get a job, your 'lodger' goes and says that you are not to be relied upon, and then he takes you off to the 'Pub.' to prove as what he says is true."

JACK. "You are too hard on a chap. I only go to the 'Red Lion' reg'lar on Saturday nights."

THOMAS. "Yes, I know all about it; I am coming to that; and if I am hard on you, Jack, I'm afraid I shall be harder afore I've done. Saturday night is the 'Demon lodger's' grand flare-up night. The money is in the drunkard's pocket, and he takes him to the gin palace or some low beer shop, and sees that he takes none of it, or very little home to his wife. Ain't that true?"

JACK. "I dunno—I s'pose it is; but its very hard if a hard-working chap can't have a little jollification after the week's work is done."

THOMAS. "Isn't it very much harder that the working man's poor wife shouldn't have money enough to buy clothes, and food and firing for herself and her children? Eh! lad, isn't it?"

JACK. [Says nothing, but nods, and hangs down his head.]

THOMAS. "Isn't it very hard too on cold nights like this that the poor wife should not have a bit o' fire and a blanket to lie under—especially when she is ill, like your Mary?"

JACK. "It ain't so bad as all that; there is a fire."

THOMAS. "But you said a short time ago that you wished you had as good a fire as mine. Where are your blankets, Jack?"

JACK. "They had to go to get the fire and bread."

THOMAS. "At the pawn shop instead of on your wife's bed. Your 'lodger's' work again, Jack. That 'lodger' is always taking things to the pawn shop, and he never stops until there is nothing more to take, and then do you know what he does last of all?"

JACK. "No, wot?"

THOMAS. "He takes the drunkard he lodges with to his master, and I need not tell you who that is. You learned about *that* 'Master' when you went to the Sunday School. Yes, he takes him to the workhouse coffin or the hospital dead house, or entices him to the black river and shoves him in—and then he finds someone else to lodge with."

JACK covers his face with his hands.

THOMAS. "Nay, man, cheer up. There is time to save you yet. Go home and turn that 'lodger' out this very night, and never let him darken your doors again. Then you will get back your work, and your wife will regain her strength and health, and you will never have to come to borrow a blanket again."

JACK. "God bless you, Thomas, for showing me what a brute I have been. I will turn my horrible 'lodger' out and do better, if I can."

THOMAS. "Nay, man, don't say 'if you can.' Say you will do better like a man, and I will tell you how you may make sure of succeeding."

JACK. "Aye, lad, do, for I dunno what to do myself."

THOMAS. "First of all you must get a new 'lodger'——"

JACK. "Eh! what, another 'lodger?'"

THOMAS. "Yes, one who will help you to keep out of the 'Pubs.' and set you a really good example."

JACK. "I don't think any decent man would come and live in my house now."

THOMAS. "The 'Lodger,' I mean will come most gladly and live in your house and in your heart, if you will only ask Him. Have you got a Bible, Jack?"

JACK. "I don't think I have, Thomas,"

THOMAS. "Get one, lad, to-morrow, and look out the third chapter of the Revelation, and the twentieth verse, and there you will see the promise Christ made to 'come and dwell and sup with *anyone* who opens the door to Him. Get Christ into your heart, man, and then you need have no fear of the old 'lodger' ever coming back. But, remember, you can't hope to turn out the 'Demon drink' unless you do get the new 'Lodger' into your heart."

JACK. "I understand you now, Thomas. I will ask Him to forgive me, and come and help me and my lass in the future."

THOMAS. "Well, lad, if you are in earnest, you must do something else too."

JACK. "I'll do anything you advise, Thomas, for I'm sure you will give me good counsel."

THOMAS. "You must join a temperance society, and publicly promise that you will turn over a new leaf, and have nothing more to do with drinking."

JACK. "Nay, man, I won't turn teetotaler."

THOMAS. "Nothing else will save you, Jack. You must never enter a public house again, nor have a drop of the stuff in your house. You will never, never get rid of that 'lodger' unless you show some strength of purpose now, and make up your mind never to pour another drop of intoxicating liquor down your throat."

JACK. "But it's rayther hard on me not to let me have a glass just now and then. I'll promise true never to get drunk agin."

THOMAS. "Look ye here, lad, suppose you went again to the 'Pub.' after promising to keep sober, your old 'pals' would see that you had changed, and you would get chaff and jeering all round."

JACK. "I shouldn't mind that."

THOMAS. "Nay, Jack, but I know better; the chaff and the old thirst for the liquor would be too much for you. You would get drunk again, and all your good resolutions wouldn't help you one bit—and listen to this, man. Suppose you got drunk only once more, and came home and killed—killed your wife!"

JACK. "You'r right, Thomas, it might come to that. I'll give it up and sign to-morrow. There's my hand on it."

THOMAS. "Thank God for that. I'll take you myself. Now go and tell your wife about it. 'Twill cheer her up more than the blankets which I'll bring round myself when the missus comes home."

JACK. "Thank ye kindly; you've done a good night's work, Thomas. I'll come to-morrow, but I'll ask the new 'Lodger' to come in to-night, and please God He will stay with me and my Mary till our time's up in this world."

W. S. R.

Experimental Results of Abstinence.

DR. R. W. BATTEN, Physician to the Gloucester General Infirmary, was one of the speakers at the last Annual Meeting of the National Temperance League. After mentioning that for sixteen years he had never taken alcohol as an article of daily diet, he asked, what facts can we bring to bear upon it? Let us look at alcohol as a force giver; and as force givers I would allude to the great forces of heat, muscular power, and brain power. You take a dose of alcohol, and you say "I feel it down to my finger ends." You can feel it in the glow going all over you, and you say, "I do not care what one doctor, or the whole medical profession may say, I know that it warms me." And there is your first impression in which you are so happy that you never trouble to pursue the matter further, and what is the truth of it? You feel the blood at the surface, creating a sense of warmth on it, but you entirely forget the fact that the heat of the surface is gained at the expense of the organs of the inner part of the body, which are essential to the animal life. That is the theory. Let me give you one ounce of fact. Take the case of Sir John Ross. Read the account of that expedition some fifty years ago, when there was scarcely such a thing as a fanatical teetotaler to be found, and you discover that old man, twenty or thirty years older than the majority of his crew, going through all the hardships of the north winter, and doing it more comfortably and safely according to his own fashion than any others of the crew, that man doing it entirely without one drop of alcohol. And then you have the experi-

ment of how when the ships are blocked in the ice they have to be left, and the men go 900 miles along in sledges, how that the wine and the rum were left behind, and the men had to do without it; and then you had the record coming out distinct and strong that these men did their work better and were better in themselves after they had said good-bye to the rum casks than ever they had been before. You say you need this to keep you warm. Then pray how is it that 2,000 *employés* of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada have found that they work better without it than with it? You say that you need it. How is it then that in these woods of Canada the lumberers wholly abstain in their snow-huts in the winter whatever they may do in the summer months? If there is one thing clear on this question it is this—that the use of alcohol is in no degree an aid in keeping up the warmth of the body. It is one of those cases to which I have alluded where the first impression is not borne out by ultimate results. Then comes that great question of the muscular powers of the body. You who take alcohol for the spurt it gives never think how long that spurt is going to last, but are contented with the fact that it lasts a few minutes, and say that the ultimate end has been a gain. If you want a proof to the contrary, read the wonderful statement by Dr. Andrew Clark and the experiments of Dr. Parkes. Soldiers divided into two bodies as nearly alike as possible were tested for endurance, the one set with alcohol and the other without it. The inducement in both cases to exertion was extra pay according to the result. The men with the alcohol made a good spurt at first, but after the first hour the beer barrel was nowhere, whilst the men who had not spurted had still the power within them of going on to the end of the day, leaving, as I say, the others nowhere. Day after day the experiment was tried, and even reversed, but with the same results. Do you doubt now? Take this other experiment. Dr. Parkes tested men on beef-tea, on coffee, and rum. What was the result? The men who took the rum said they could have jumped a five-barred gate. Yes, but they could not do their day's work. At the end of these experiments it was shown conclusively that they did their work best on beef-tea, that after that came the coffee, and the rum left them worse than it found them. And then, although I do not admire the experiments that have been taking place in the Agricultural Hall, I cannot help thinking that Weston and Gale and all these men have been hired by the Temperance Society to make the experiment for them, for I find that this great fact comes out of them all:—Here are men having no high philanthropic purpose. They are not biassed or prejudiced in any way. They do it to make money, and they may take anything they like to fulfil their task, and yet from one and all of these great athletes comes back the same story—if I want, as Weston did, to walk 500 miles in six days; if I want, like Gale, to do 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consecutive ten minutes all night and day for one entire month, every ten minutes doing a quarter of a mile; if I want to swim the Channel; if I want to go down in a diving-bell and remain a healthy and strong man; if I want to win a boat-race like Hanlon—or Nottidge; or if I want to beat the best cricketers—my own countymen, the Graces—then I must give up all alcohol, for such things as these are not done to perfection by a man who is even a moderate drinker. Then when I come to deal with great classes of men. Look at Sir Frederick Roberts and Sir Garnet Wolseley, or others whom I could name to you. I find again that there is better endurance, better power, and better spirit altogether when men take no stimulants than when they are having their rum rations. I stop on this point, not because my observations and reading are small, or my illustrations are few, but because the time at our control forbids me going further. Then when I come to the question of mental power given by stimulants, you know there is not a man who uses his head who would tell you that he did his work better after dinner than he did before it. I have only to take the statements made by such men as Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. Andrew Clark, Professor Rolleston, and any other number of men whom I honour and delight to mention. I could show you statement after statement on their part, setting forth that the best mental work is done by taking no stimulants whatever. Not only does it interfere with mental work, but it interferes with the delicacy of our sensations. I wish anyone in this room who cares for such reading to refer to the current *Medical Temperance Journal*, there to see the experiments by Dr. Ridge, where he shows you that even such a moderate dose of alcohol—a dose with which no one would think of being contented—the sense of weight, of touch, and of sight are affected. If you want experiments to prove this, I should have to take you to Partello, the long rifle shot, and to Dr. Carver, the great crack American shot, Sims Reeves, &c.; and all these men state that if you

want thorough delicacy of muscle, it is only to be obtained by the abolition entirely from your diet of alcohol. My duty is almost done. My duty has been to tell you what I would tell with no bated breath, that this use of alcohol in your daily diet is wholly and entirely unnecessary, and if it is unnecessary, I cannot leave this subject without asking you whether your taking it is expedient. I have to point to you what this evil really is, and forgive me if I tell you that the evil of drunkenness is very largely the outcome of the moderate drinking of society. There is no one who becomes a drunkard straight off. It is always a process—a slow manufacture. And you, dear friends of the poor drunkard, can always remember the time when he could be classed amongst the moderate drinkers. I would ask you, then, if you are sincere in your statement that you are as anxious as we are to put down this curse of drinking, what is the remedy that you propose instead of ours? I know of no remedy so simple, so practical as the one we suggest. I challenge you, as honest men and women, that if you do not approve of the one we have, and if you are honest in your statement that you wish to put down the vice, then you should tell us what your remedy is; and if it is better than ours, we will join yours, and give up ours.

"Love's Sacrifice."

'Is it to be Good Night then or Good-bye?" said a tall young man as he stood at the corner of a quiet street in Murdstone, apparently taking leave of a young lady whom he had escorted home. As the girl so addressed did not immediately answer, he repeated his question somewhat petulantly.

"You know very well, Arthur," she responded slowly, "what my answer must be. If you cannot give up that which may do you harm, you must give up me." "I think it is very selfish of you," retorted Arthur, "to expect me to make the sacrifice. If you loved me, Alice, you would not wish it." "It is because I *do* love you, that I wish it," and there was a pained look in the girl's face as she continued, "You don't know how much it hurts me to give you up." "Very well," was the somewhat ungracious reply, "let us say no more about it. Good-bye!" He stooped and kissed her cheek, then strode away, trying to seem as indifferent as he possibly could. Alice stood for a moment stunned by such unkindness from one whose protestations of love had been a little while ago so ardent. When she recovered herself, it seemed as though her affection had overcome her resolution, for she made a step forward, as if with the intention of calling her lover back, but by a strong effort she resisted this inclination, and turned towards her home. "I fear he is lost to me for ever," she thought to herself as she went wearily to bed, but before she lay down to sleep, her prayers, though sadly interrupted by choking sobs, were for the young man whom she had learned to love, and no one but God and herself knew what pain and anguish her determined stand for the right had cost her.

Arthur Heckford and Alice Robson had known each other for years, but had never suspected until a few weeks before this eventful evening, that their friendship had slowly but certainly ripened into love. A pic-nic at a little village in the loveliest part of Lampshire had given Arthur an opportunity of making known to Alice the secret he had discovered, and he was not surprised to find that the feeling which filled his own heart was reciprocated by her. When it became known that there was the prospect of a more intimate relationship between this pair, kind friends reminded Alice Robson that though honest and upright, loving and generous, Arthur Heckford was not an abstainer, and that it was whispered that he had been known to drink to excess. Alice was profoundly moved by these representations, and made the subject a matter of earnest prayer. It became evident to her that her duty was, being herself an abstainer, to endeavour to use her influence to induce her sweetheart to forswear the intoxicating drink, and if he refused, she must crush as best she might her new-born affection. Perhaps if she had been a heroine, the thought of sacrificing love to duty would have given her joy, but as she was only a fatherless girl, whose future had been greatly brightened by "the fond light of love," the performance of that duty was very painful.

When Arthur strode so determinedly away he did not know how soon a revolution would take place in his feelings. What he believed to be righteous indignation bore him up for a little while, but he had not gone very far before he could not resist a sudden conviction that stole over his mind and felt that he had acted in a very brutal manner. It was useless to try to excuse himself to himself. "What a plucky girl she is! How bravely she stood by her resolution. You know she loves you." This was what conscience told him as he went along, and he found that he had no argument to urge against these eulogies, and could only allow that they were well deserved. "Do you love the drink better than Alice?" was the pertinent question that the inward monitor next sent home with a force that admitted of no subterfuge. "No, of course not, only"—the excuse died away on his lips, and feeling more than ever convinced that he had made a mistake, Arthur reached home determined to write at once to Alice, placing his future entirely in her hands, telling her how blank the prospect seemed of life without her, and asking her, if she could forgive him, to meet him the next evening by the old way-side cross.

It was late in the afternoon of the next day that she received the letter, the hours had gone by dull and dreary, but when she read her lover's communication, her heart was filled with joy. The lovers met, and though we do not purpose to reveal their mutual confidences, it may be stated that as a result of that meeting, Arthur Heckford became a pledged abstainer; and it was not many months after the reconciliation that the bells of the old church at Ayleswood told to all the country round of "two lives made fast in one with golden ease." Years have gone by since then, and many who by Mr. Heckford's earnest speeches at Temperance meetings have been led to sign the pledge, bless God for his influence, though few people know how it was that he became an abstainer.

J.F.H.

Mr. Gladstone's Temperance Budget.

THE portion of Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Budget, in which he dwelt on the decline of the alcoholic revenue, may well suggest some very encouraging reflections. In round numbers the Excise on alcohol now produces £28,500,000, whereas seven years ago it produced £31,000,000, having risen to that point from £23,000,000, in the previous seven years. The decrease of revenue in the last septennial period have coincided with an increase of considerably over 2,000,000 in population, while the latter portion of the period has been one of reviving commercial and industrial prosperity. To state the matter in another form, it appears that whereas 51 per cent. of revenue, exclusive of income-tax, was raised from alcohol in 1874-5, an equality between the two sources was established in 1879, and the alcoholic percentage has gone on decreasing down to the present time, when it stands at 47 per cent., as against 53 per cent. of non-alcoholic revenue. A similar result is exhibited by an examination of the sources of alcoholic revenue in detail. The beer duty, owing to certain changes in the incidence of the tax, should produce a larger yield to the revenue than the malt-tax, for which it was substituted, and yet, notwithstanding this, and in spite of the increase of population, the beer duties now produce about £90,000 less than the average receipts from the malt duties during the years between 1873 and 1879; in like manner the duty on wine has fallen from £171,000 in 1874 to £136,000 in 1881. However we may explain it, therefore, the fact is indisputable that the alcoholic revenue of the country shows a tendency to decline in spite of a steady increase in population, and that it has not yet shown signs of recovery with the general recovery of prosperity. The alcoholic percentage, which was 51 per cent. in 1874, in the midst of abundant prosperity, had only declined to 50 per cent. in 1880, after several years of depression, while it has since declined to 47 per cent. If this rate of decrease were to be maintained, Sir Wilfrid Lawson would soon find his occupation gone, while that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be beset with unexpected difficulties. In a little more than a generation the alcoholic revenue would be reduced to infinitesimal proportions, even if it did not disappear altogether. We are, of course, far enough at present from any such result, but it would certainly seem, to judge from the progressive decrease of alcoholic revenue, as though time itself and the forces of civilisation were fighting on the side of temperance.

The inference, so far as it goes—which is not perhaps very far at present—is justified not merely by Mr. Gladstone's figures, but by facts patent to common observation. Undoubtedly the present generation has witnessed a vast change in the public sentiment and usage in regard to the consumption of stimulants. Total abstinence is certainly on the increase, and the use of alcohol by the habitually temperate is far more moderate than it used to be. Already in America, among the more respectable classes, and in general domestic life, water-drinking is the rule, and the use of stimulants is the exception. Not only is water good and plentiful in America, but the climate itself sets its canon against alcoholic indulgence. The tendency is by no means so strong as yet in England, but still it exists, and is apparently rapidly growing. Drunkenness, which was once common and venial among high and low, has now disappeared almost entirely from certain classes, and is coming to be regarded by all as a disgraceful vice. It is true that the deplorable results of intemperance are still visible on every side, but the public sentiment is steadily making for temperance, and the habits of strict moderation already established among the more respectable classes are slowly leavening the whole mass of the community. The decline of the alcoholic revenue may very likely be attributable as yet rather to the greater moderation of strictly temperate consumption than to any serious diminution of actual intemperance; but the one phenomenon is the natural antecedent of the other, and so long as the alcoholic revenue continues to decline it is impossible to doubt that we are at least in the right path for amendment.—*Times*, May 2nd.

Drowning Worries.

THERE is one purpose for which alcohol is used, and that, sadly too much, which makes one shudder to consider it; and that is its use as a moral anæsthetic. Permit me to explain this: an anæsthetic is an agent which lessens or destroys the sensibility. Such is chloroform. Alcohol blunts the sensibility of the mind; and that which seems intolerable, after a draught becomes mitigated, and is again bearable. In aggravated cases the past is drowned in oblivion, in unconsciousness, which, while it lasts, is bliss; and many a poor soul, man and woman, has 'drowned their trouble in drink.' This is a most horrible thought; and the vacant, hollow, unreal mirth, or spirits, of those under the influence of alcohol, taken for this purpose, is a hideous mockery. Each act of intoxication leaves the nervous system more unstrung, the determination less earnest, the power of endurance further lowered, and the prospect of ultimate recovery of self-control further away than ever. When, then, we see a person, after misfortune and ruin long bravely struggled against, beginning to take alcohol till its effects are obvious, we all know that that person is doomed. Doomed almost beyond the possibility of doubt! It tells at once that the resistance is no longer genuine, no longer contains the elements of possible success. Alcohol renders the irremediable condition tolerable while the person is under its influence. Sobriety brings with it the tortures of hell, and alcohol alone furnishes relief. The moral anæsthetic comes in, and first alleviates the suffering and then wraps the victim in oblivion. Life then consists of alternations of sober misery, drunken relief, and ultimately of unconsciousness, which is no longer a negative happiness, but a state of active bliss. Alcohol used as a modern anæsthetic is ever dangerous; and though there is no question but that alcohol does give relief from the worry and bother of life, and more wearing than work itself; there is risk hidden in such use of it, and danger, grim and serious, lurks behind the goblet and the wine-glass.

This use of alcohol is terribly seductive to women, and the hopelessness with which we regard habits of intoxication in women is really founded on the motive for which they resort to it. The good old bustling matron who goes about her house actively, and finding her appetite not very good, resorts to little sips of alcohol to enable her to get through her duties, is in a secure position by comparison with the woman who flies to the sideboard because she is intensely miserable.—From *The Maintenance of Health*, by DR. J. M. FOTHERGILL.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

S. WOODWORTH. JOHN CORNWALL.

Humming accomp., with closed lips.

BARITONE SOLO.

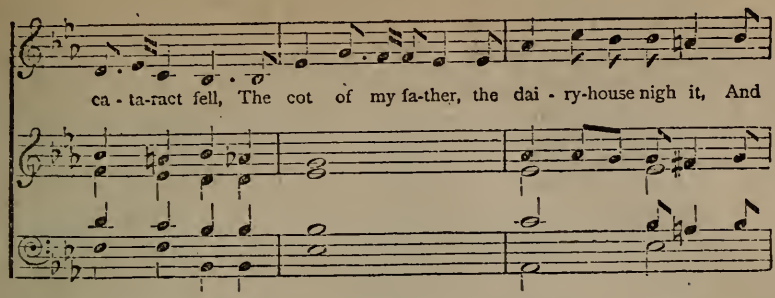
How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When

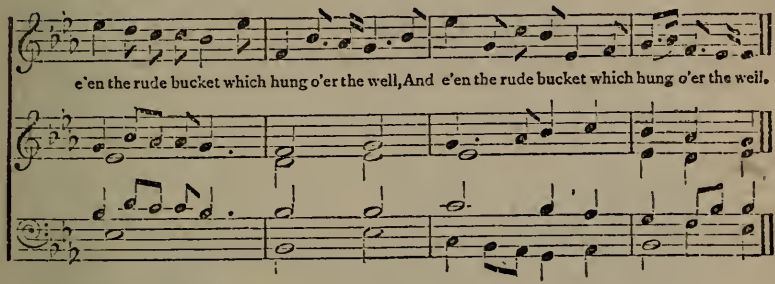
Hm.

fond re - col-lec - tion pre-sents them to view; The or - chard, the mea - dow, the

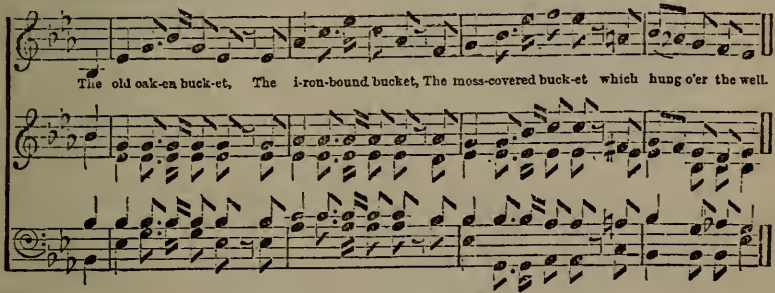
deep-tangled wild wood, And ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in - fan - cy knew; The

wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood near it, The bridge, and the rock where the





SOLO & CHORUS.



2 The moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs o'er the well.
The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs o'er the well.

Varieties.

A DANISH BISHOP'S PLAIN SPEECH.—"The Danes were approaching, and one of their Bishops asked, 'How many men the province of Dalarna could furnish?' 'At least twenty thousand,' was the reply; 'for the old men are just as strong and as brave as the young ones.' 'But what do they live upon?' 'Upon bread-and-water. They take little account of hunger and thirst, and when corn is lacking they make their bread out of tree-bark.' 'Nay,' said the Bishop, 'a people who eat tree-bark and drink water, the devil himself would not vanquish, much less a man.' And neither were they vanquished. Like an avalanche from the mountains, they fell upon their foes, beat them with clubs, and drove them into the river. Their progress was one series of triumphs, till they placed Gustavus Vasa on the throne of Sweden."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1845.

CHRISTIAN OBLIGATION FOR THE COMMON WEAL.—The true welfare of a country is not that of a class, but of the whole body corporate. The rich cannot prosper without the poor, nor the poor apart from the rich. The workman suffers if the master is impoverished, the employer is a loser if the artisan declines. Socially we are one body, and a sickly member is an injury to the whole. Drunkenness in one class is damage to us all; a want of thrift causes loss to the whole community; vice anywhere prepares contagion for all ranks; abominable laws oppressing a few are a real injury to the many. As in a sea-dyke every single rat is an enemy to every Dutchman, so every wrong in this kingdom wounds us all more or less. It were well that all good men felt this, and bestirred themselves. To benefit the community we must seek the good of every individual man, woman, and child; and for a nation to do well each individual must work righteousness.—C. H. SPURGEON.

BEWARE OF INTEMPERANCE.—"What's a drunken man like? Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman. One draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and the third drowns him."

"Every inordinate cup
Is unbless'd, and th' ingredient a devil.
O thou invisible spirit of wine!
If thou hast no name to be known by, let
Us call thee devil.
O that men should put an enemy
In their mouths, to steal away their brains!
That we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause,
Transform ourselves to beasts."

"Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyrant: it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings."

"It is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduced, and taxed of all other nations.
They 'clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute."

SHAKESPEARE.

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

Matthew Holton's Lesson.

BY WILLIAM J. LACEY.

CHAPTER I.

MATTHEW HOLTON was a very important person indeed. At least, so the inhabitants of Glenborough believed; and himself among them. Time was when he had been sole proprietor, and conductor in person, of the famous Hepbury Spinning Mills. Now that he had retired and settled down as a rural magnate fifty miles beyond earshot of the factory thunder he was still a despot. He had

strong opinions upon most matters, and he hated to be crossed. The Glenborough people soon found this out, and if they had anything to hope for at his hands, were shrewd enough to humour his whims. After all words were cheap, and a "Yes; just so; 'zac'ly, sir;" committed them to very little.

In person, Matthew Holton was eminently noticeable. Although only the descendant of an obscure line of traders, he had a good and commanding presence. He was tall, well-built, with regular features, iron-grey locks of hair, keen penetrating eyes, and a mouth whose curves bespoke an infinite reserve of resolution.

Matthew was a widower; but he had two children, and his home was rarely dull. His daughter, Elsie, was a lovely, lovable maiden of twenty, and kept his house with a wisdom and experience far in advance of her years. His son, and the heir to his wealth, was a lad of sixteen, just now at a public school. Elsie possessed her fair share of her father's love and confidence, but in Phil his pride and his hopes naturally centered. He had mapped out the lad's future in his mind well-nigh as distinctly and with as much detail as the chart of Brakeshire on his library wall. At this date the boy should go to college; at that, marry rank; at still another, enter Parliament. Dreams, idle dreams!

It has been said that Matthew Holton detested opposition, and that he was a man who took one side or the other upon nearly every question of any public importance. The Temperance crusade was one of these. Matthew's dead wife had been a distiller's daughter, and with her he had received the huge increment of capital which had enabled him to extend his works, spread his business on the right hand and on the left, and ultimately reach the proud position of a man of fortune. It was hence only to be expected that he should be hard to convince of the righteousness and wise policy of total abstinence. But he was worse than this. Not simply did he hold aloof and refuse to aid in the mighty reformation that had just begun around him, but he set himself in arms against it, and could think and say nothing too bad of the fanatics who were leading the movement.

"Harm in drinking a glass of wine!" he said to the new vicar, as scornfully as politeness would allow. "Danger in a little strong drink, Mr. Furley! Pardon me, sir, it's just a craze of the times, this teetotalism; and it'll have its day and die, like other fashions."

"I hope not, I believe not, till its grand aim is accomplished, and England made a sober nation, Mr. Holton."

"Why, look at me. I've taken it all my life, Am I any the worse for good old port and sherry? Would any doctor—even the most advanced—dare to say so? My dear sir, you must permit me to differ from you, and, privately at any rate, to call your creed upon this point—ahem!—humbug."

The supercilious smile scarcely toned down the insult, and the earnest young clergyman, who had called at Hepbury Lodge on a kind of reconnoitering expedition with a view to the formation of a Glenborough Temperance Society, had to go away disappointed and sad at heart.

The Rev. Robert Furley's scheme prospered, however, in other and less prejudiced quarters, and promised to mark an epoch of progress in the social life of the small midland town. A league to fight the drink curse was gradually formed of enlightened artisans, struggling tradespeople, and Christian Ministers of several denominations. They engaged lecturers, scattered tracts, and angled skilfully for pledges. The enemy tried at the outset the favourite weapon of ridicule. But it by-and-bye dawned upon sundry of the scoffers that the laugh was not altogether on one side. It was easy to sneer at Dick Wandboy as being tied to his wife's apron strings because he had come to prefer that lady's company once again to their own at the "Boot and Jack." But when Dick smiled contentedly back, and in the course of a few months gave every evidence of being better fed, better clothed, and more amply provided with cash for the demands of his sturdy youngsters, some awkward questions cropped up. Mine host's pewter pots seemed

to shine with less brilliancy then. Was it *quite* certain that to be toasted night after night as "Jolly good fellows all," compensated sufficiently for the stress of continual poverty and for the home discontent induced thereby?

Matthew Holton was disgusted at the whole concern, and took his clergyman's share in it as a personal affront. After the succinct and plain-spoken explanation of his own view it was outrageous to see affairs going to such lengths.

"Furley's a very obstinate and self-willed man, as well as a soft-witted idiot," he said to the landlord of the chief Glenborough inn. "I gave him my opinion very straight at the beginning, and expected to hear no more of it."

Boniface shrugged his shoulders and laughed a little ruefully.

"Seems to mean business, he does," he answered. "And he's got such an oily manner with him, he manages to get over the men somehow."

"He hurts you a bit, I suppose?"

"Rather! Trade's uncommon dull, at least. Bar yonder used to be nigh full of an evening, now!—But there, I must'nt grumble; others in the lower parts of the town feel it more than I do. Still it is annoying."

"Very. I'll see what I can do to stop the absurdity. Reformation! Pshaw! We were well enough in the old vicar's time, I reckon."

"To be sure we were, sir."

Mr. Holton was a man of his word and a man of action. He went home and meditated, and the next day commenced operations. Rumours had reached his ears of Stillford, his gardener, having signed the temperance pledge at a recent meeting. At first he had preferred quietly to disbelieve, or to ignore the scandal. Now he would know the truth. Stillford was an honest, industrious man, and the oldest servant Matthew Holton had on his place. But that should not shield him if he had really been guilty of so great a piece of folly. To part with him would be unpleasant and hard for the man. But if necessary Matthew would not hesitate a moment.

It was a mild spring morning, and Stillford was busy about the budding trees when his master came through the gate. He touched his hat respectfully, and went on with his task.

"Promise well, don't they, Henry?" said the magnate, halting.

"First-rate, sir; 'tis going to be a splendid season for fruit, if we don't get too many late frosts."

"Late frosts, aye, just so; they are very nipping," said the other drily. Then, abruptly changing his tone to one of ill-concealed menace:—

"I've been told that you've become a teetotaler. Is that true, Stillford?" he asked.

The labourer was taken sadly aback; as Matthew Holton intended he should be. But he was a brave and a truthful fellow, and he saw no reason for blinking the fact.

"Ye-es, sir," he said; "I signed matter of a month ago."

"Mr. Furley persuaded you, I presume!"

"He and the missus, Mr. Holton. I was getting a deal too fond o' my glass, I know, and Mag—that's my wife—saw it an' trembled. I don't wonder at that, considering all the mischief as we hear about through drink."

"Bosh!" ejaculated the listener with rising temper. He had not bargained for an extract from a temperance speech, and this sounded very like it. "It's utter rubbish," he went on wrathfully; "no man is obliged to take too much because he likes a little, or because it suits itself to the needs of his constitution."

"The doctors have got somethin' to say on that point, sir; and the best of them tell us as alcohol ain't much better nor a poison."

"Bosh!" repeated his employer. It was a pet exclamation of his when disagreeably excited. "You all of you seem to catch the disease of ranting pretty quickly. But I'll have no such humbugs on my premises, not I. Understand that very distinctly, Stillford. I told the parson plain enough what I thought of his notions when he came dinning them into my ears a long while back; and I'm not one to alter—to mean one thing to-day and a different one to-morrow, as you well know."

The man was listening with blanched face.

"What do you mean, Mr. Holton!" he gasped.

"Total abstinence doesn't seem to have sharpened your wits," sneered the other; "or you'd guess at once. Just this. If you are determined to stick to this madness and become a namby-pamby goose like the parson—for he is not much better, despite his cloth—you must find a fresh shop. But there, Henry, you won't want to do that; you've more practical wisdom; come along indoors with me now and have a glass of honest old ale."

Stillford drew himself slowly together and rubbed his forehead with one horny hand, like a man facing a problem he but half comprehends.

"Be I to leave else, sir?" he asked.

"Yes."

Which would conquer, the self interest of the moment, or principle? It was a hard decision to make. The poor fellow's face worked convulsively, and Matthew Holton watched and waited with not the least sign of relenting.

"I can't, sir, I can't, really," Stillford said at last; "I didn't do it before 'twas necessary, drink'll ruin me if I don't leave it alone, I'm sure, an' I *can't* break the pledge now I've signed it."

"You know the alternative. I'll give you till four o'clock to think it thoroughly over," and the unjust master turned on his heel.

Over and over again the perturbed gardener argued the question with his own conscience in the interval. There were iron strands in his character as well as in his muscles, and he did not grow the more minded to surrender as the considerations on both sides ranged themselves before him. To lose his situation was bad, but to be a traitor to duty was worse. To be turned adrift and made a wanderer at his years and with his family was terrible, but to risk the living death of the drunkard seemed more fearful still. The hours went on and the stroke of fate drew near.

"Well; you've decided like a wise man, I daresay, Henry?"

"I think so, Mr. Holton."

"That's right, that's right; we'll say no more about it. I should be sorry to lose you, very, and I am glad you've settled it so, you'll come in and have a drop before you leave to-night."

"No, sir; I have'nt decided in that way,"—the voice shook a little, but there was no hesitation in it, and Stillford's gaze met his employer's without shrinking,—"I am going to stand by my word, Mr. Holton, come what may. I shall be sorry to go, of course, but I can't play fast and loose with my conscience, an' 'tisn't what any master—begging your pardon, sir—has the right to expect."

The rebuke was mildly, even humbly, given, and was thoroughly well deserved. But it aroused a wild storm of passion in the hearer's breast.

"And who are you to preach to your betters?" Matthew Holton queried fiercely; "you are insolent as well as obstinate, are you! I've a perfect right to say who I'll have working for me, anyhow, and no teetotaler shall do so; I'll make certain of that. Take a week's notice, unless you meanwhile come to your senses."

"Very good, sir." The man was pale, and his eyes gleamed with anger in their turn. Yet he restrained his feelings and spoke in as even and civil a tone as before. Matthew strode away and left him to his thoughts.

At the week's end Stillford *did* leave. His master and he were equally determined, and so the parting was inevitable. It was a great sacrifice for principle, and it probably enough meant hard times and trouble for the gardener. Outside the great iron gates he could not resist the temptation to turn round and shake his fist wildly at the injustice that had been dealt out to him.

"I'm mistaken, master," he groaned, "if 'tisn't measured back to ye some day. There's a God above us and He'll not forget to take note of this. It's cruel—to Mag, and the children! Cruel!"

Matthew Holton did not hear. If he had, the passionate outburst would not have moved him much.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE years had fled, and had left their marks in many changes on people and things. The Temperance cause, in spite of the passive opposition of many and the active measures of the owner of Hepbury Lodge, had made great strides in and around Glenborough. The Rev. Robert Furley was very pleased, and was just a little proud (as he had a clear right to be), of the progress.

The dismissed gardener, Stillford, had obtained work after a lengthy and tiresome search, in a somewhat larger town twenty miles away. Matthew Holton had never seen him since his exodus, and his figure had well nigh faded entirely from the retired manufacturer's memory. It was to come back again, to be startlingly revivified in a crisis of great anguish. But as yet the future held this.

So far as the world could judge by its usual standard of pounds, shillings and pence, and of outward prosperity, matters were going as well as ever with Matthew Holton. Within the last twelvemonths his daughter, Elsie, had married a barrister of good standing and of better prospects, and his own name had been added by the Lord Chancellor to the commission of the peace for Brakeshire. The dignity was currently thought to sit well upon him, and to be the latest drop in an overflowing cup of happy fortune. But those of his own household knew better. . "All is not gold that glitters," says an over true proverb, and not one of the dozens who cast looks of envy at the new magistrate would have willingly elected to stand in his shoes and to suffer as he was suffering.

Hepbury Lodge possessed the traditional "skeleton in the cupboard," and a grisly object it was.

Young Phil Holton had by no means turned out the paragon of ability and of sound sense that his training ought to have made him; estimating results by cost, as is the logical way. His parent's fond hopes and vaulting ambitions had one by one been disappointed. The prizes of future fame and position which his only son was to gain had vanished from his dreams like delusive November meteors. His glorious anticipations had turned to dust and ashes in his grasp. It was very sad for both father and child, and the cause of the declension was to be summed up in the ominous words,—Strong Drink.

The days had for ever gone by in the which Matthew Holton could speak of the peril of over indulgence in alcoholic beverages as a mere chimera in the disordered brains of fanatical temperance advocates. He understood now by a bitter experience that to some, at least, the wine cup is the greatest danger in life.

At school, Phil Holton had been under a strict rule, and it was impossible that he should go very far astray. But when he entered upon college life it was different. It is to be feared the drink craving was more or less born with him, and here it quickly and unmistakably displayed its awful power. Temptation faced Phil at Oxford in its most specious and irresistible guise. He stumbled frequently, and every single fall made the next one the harder to guard against, and the less thought about after it *had* taken place. His father supplied him with abundance of spare cash, and Phil was consequently "hail fellow, well met," to an alarmingly wide circle of dissipated comrades. At last he fell under the direct ban of the authorities, and at the end of a series of mad and sinful escapades was expelled, with a couple more. He cared very little for that. He went home and brazened out his disgrace with imperturbable face.

Matthew Holton sternly reproached him, and he encountered harsh words with hard words.

"Not drink so much wine," he echoed once:—"and who taught me to take it, sir, pray? Didn't you used to laugh and cry 'well done, Phil,' when as a mere lad I had swallowed a whole glass of your extra aged port? It's very good indeed, a capital joke, to advise me 'not so much wine,' at this time of day. Hah! Hah! But it won't wear, sir, I'm afraid."

The young fellow was far advanced in his cups when he said this, and the leer with which he emphasised it was almost idiotic in

its cunning. But the rejoinder effectually closed Matthew Holton's lips upon the point. It was an argument to which he had no answer. He had over and over again done precisely what Phil said, and was beginning, all too tardily as it seemed, to regret it.

Intemperance is the prolific mother of many other vices, and Phil Holton added a passion for the card-table to his love for stimulants. This vexed and troubled his father still more. Matthew had always been a careful man, and having through a hard struggle in his early years obtained his wealth, he knew the value of it. He found it easier to pardon follies cf strong drink than the reckless making ducks and drakes of hard cash which marks the frenzied gambler. Here he felt impelled to take a firm stand.

"Tell you what it is, Phil," he said, "this is the third time in as many months that you have appealed to me to pay your so called 'debts of honour.' I won't have any more of it. You get a bigger allowance by a long chalk than you deserve, and you shall keep within the four corners of it, or shift for yourself entirely. Be quite sure that I mean what I say."

It was winter, and the fire in the library at Hepbury Lodge, where this decision was delivered, had burnt very low. The chilly atmosphere might account for the shiver which ran over Phil's frame as the clear, resonant words fell on his ear. He bowed his head as if to hide the pallor of his countenance. When he looked up his father was still watching him, and it seemed incumbent upon him to make some reply.

"I am sorry to have needed so much, father," he said, slowly, forcing the words up as if from some profound and hollow sounding depth; "but Bridham led me into this particular mess, and it shan't occur again, I promise you."

"It had better not, for all parties," the elder said, and he resumed the reading of his *Times*.

It was comparatively easy for Phil to promise, for his word had long since ceased to be his sacred bond. But there was that behind the scenes of which his father guessed nothing, and which now he dared not reveal. The cheque for which he had asked would not nearly clear him, would merely stave off for a while the evil day of complete exposure. He had plainly come to the end of his tether in this direction. Some new resource must be tried.

A few hours later found the foolish young man in his favourite haunt of vice—the "Bell" Inn at Cairnholm. It was a wild night and he had had a rough journey. But the passing of the wine cup and the absorbing madness of the green-baized table soon banished recollections of the storm outside.

Midnight came and he had both lost heavily and drunk heavily. He sprang on his horse for his homeward ride with a wild and dare-devil *abandon*. The howling wind, the thick-driving sleet, and the fact that his road lay in the pitchy darkness over Holmside, might have made a wiser and a more sober man tremble a little. But not he. "I'm off; good night, Diggles," he hiccoughed to the ostler, and in another second he had disappeared.

* * * * *

"Master, I am afraid there's something amiss. Mr. Philip's horse has just come in without him, and snorting and trembling ever so."

The speaker was Matthew Holton's butler, and general male factotum. "Eh?" said his master, just on the point of retiring. "Where's Phil, then?'

"That's what we don't know, sir. He went to Cairnholm hours ago, and the streams are fearful high on the moors."

"You don't imagine he's drowned?" The sudden terror and anguish in the question touched the domestic's heart. But he had no comfort to give.

"Hope not, sir," he answered; "but we'd best go and search for him, hadn't we?"

Both master and man knew what was usually Phil's condition on his return from one of those Cairnholm expeditions. There was probably peril, at very least, in his present position.

"Yes," replied Mathew. "Call up Watson and we'll start at once, all three of us."

Watson was the gardener and slept in the

house as an extra guard, being unmarried. He and the others were soon ready.

What a search it was! A mounted Glenborough policeman soon joined the little party, but his services were of not much more use than those of an ordinary civilian. The night was so dark and the wind so high that there seemed every probability of the hunt being in vain. Sergeant Rowney thought this. "Better wait until morning," he said, under his breath, to Watson. "All this riding and tramping about won't find him if he *is* out. We can neither hear nor see anything."

But Matthew Holton would not desist. Rarely had those desolate moors been haunted by a gloomier spirit. He was heart-broken and remorseful. The blunder he had made in the training of his only son had at last come home to him in terrible shape and with irresistible power. "Scarcely a home in England without one dead, or dying of this plague," the vicar of Glenborough had said to him, and he had sneered at it. Now he too could curse the bondage of alcohol.

They were miles from Hepbury Lodge, and nearing Cairnholm. Morning was breaking, the wan light fighting a hard battle with the grey, thick storm mist. Suddenly the little party, almost in despair, met a pedestrian hurrying towards Glenborough; Mr. Holton recognised his old employé, Stillford, and a deep blush of shame mantled his cheek. The man stopped and recognised *him* likewise :—

"You are looking for Mr. Phil, sir!"

"Yes."

"I was just coming to tell you about him. My daughter's married and lives at Cairnholm, and I've been on a visit to her. I was out on the moor last night, stoppin' at the Keeper's cottage yonder—and I found Mr. Phil in the river, sir. His horse, it seems, had thrown him, and if nobody had a come by he'd a been drowned. I couldn't do more nor get him out myself, he wasn't sensible. I waited with him till somebody else came, and then we managed to carry him into the town. He's there now, at the 'Bell,' and I was just coming across to tell you, sir. I'm very sorry."

Stillford remembered well his own unjust dismissal and its cause. He thought of his old, fiery prediction that some day his master would receive measure for measure. He could see by his countenance and demeanour. that that day had come. Yet, like the good-hearted fellow he was, his heart really bled for the other's grief and shame.

Phil Holton was long and seriously ill. He had an extremely narrow escape of paying the last penalty of his folly. But he recovered after many days, and in weakness and affliction he too learned a lesson. The Rev. Robert Furley came frequently to see him, and greatly did it rejoice the worthy clergyman's heart to carry back with him on one of these occasions a pledge book, wherein were newly inscribed the names of Matthew and Philip Holton.

To-day there is in all Brakeshire no more ardent advocate of extreme total abstinence principles than their old foe. Matthew Holton's lesson has been well learnt.

Little Daisy's Warning.

We always called her Daisy, although that was not her real name, which was Emily. She was very fond of daisies and flowers in general, and she loved birds, and bees, and domestic animals, and lambs, and everything that was simple and pretty, and joyous, and innocent, and good. She was a dainty little creature, loving and lovable, always bright and cheerful, yet with a sweet seriousness about her which was not the least of her many charms. You could not look on her without loving her; and when you came to know her you could hardly choose but think that she was too good for this rough work-a-day world of ours.

Daisy was an orphan. Her parents had died in India within a week of each other, confiding their infant daughter to the care of her aunt

a maiden lady, who lived on a modest but sufficient income, in the outskirts of a pretty village not far from Maidstone.

The days of her childhood were days of peace and quiet happiness. The repose of the Kentish village was rarely broken, except during some weeks in the autumn, when the rough hop-pickers came down from London and turned everything topsy-turvy. Fences broken down, crops trampled upon, the roads lined with noisy and profane wayfarers, the public-houses and beershops ringing nightly and even on the Sabbath with the sound of ribald song and drunken revelry, all made up a scene which many of us would have wished considerably shortened, if not dispensed with altogether.

Apart from the annual incursion of the hop-pickers, life at Milford was very quiet and pleasant. The village is picturesquely situated about half way up the slope of a green and well wooded declivity, whence you look down upon a far stretching valley of fertile meads and smiling hop-gardens; while, bounding the prospect, the blue Sussex hills, with their flowing lines and graceful undulations, lift up their heads far away in the distance.

It was a pretty sight in the early spring time to see little Daisy playing with her two pet lambs, Darby and Joan, in the paddock behind her aunt's cottage. Of course, every succeeding year there was a new Darby and Joan; but Daisy always clung to the old names. It seems that she had heard or read somewhere that at one time there lived a happy couple bearing those names; "and I call my lambs Darby and Joan" Daisy was once heard to observe, "because I want them to love one another and be very good." Daisy always rejoiced exceedingly whenever her only brother, Harry, a great boisterous boy nine years older than herself, and who was at school at Brixton, came down to Milford for the holidays.

Harry was very fond of little Daisy in his way and she adored her brother. Until she had completed her ninth year, and Harry was eighteen, and had taken his place on a stool in a merchant's office in the City of London, nothing occurred to make her suspect that her brother was not the finest, manliest, and most sensible youth in the whole world. Then she noticed that he drank beer at meals and several glasses of sherry of an evening. On more than one occasion he went to bed more than half tipsy. Daisy grew anxious and uneasy to a painful degree. Since her sixth year she had been a member of the Band of Hope, and she firmly believed that drink taken in ever so small quantities, is always hurtful and nearly always dangerous. She did not like to speak to Harry about it at first; but she consulted her aunt.

"Oh, Aunt Margaret!" she said, "what a dreadful change has come over Harry!"

"Whatever do you mean?" rather sharply inquired her aunt, with whom the youth was an especial favourite, "I see no particular change in him."

"Oh aunt, he drinks a great deal, and surely that is a dreadful thing," was the reply'

"And is that all you are alarmed about?" said Miss Fay, laughing outright. "You should have seen my father drink when I was a young girl. Besides Harry touches scarcely anything until the evening, and then he only gets a little merry, as I'm sure its only natural for him to do, and as he's very welcome to do, under the roof of his old aunt. If he were a regular drunkard it would be a different thing. In that case I should turn him out of doors."

Of course this settled the matter so far as Daisy was concerned. Though grieved beyond expression she held her peace. She was too gentle to pursue a subject which gave anybody pain; and her sense of duty was too refined to permit of her setting up her own opinion against that of her aunt. Yet though silenced she was by no means convinced. After much consideration she resolved to take the first opportunity of opening Harry's eyes to the evils of drinking. Such an opportunity did not present itself until the following spring, when Harry, by the indulgence of the managing partner in the firm, was permitted to run down into Kent for a couple of days to visit his aunt and sister.

The morning before his return to town he went out with Daisy for a walk in the fields. The weather was sunny, with occasional light showers which freshened the face of nature and added new charms to the verdant landscape. Brother and sister strolled along, chatting gaily on indifferent matters, and occasionally pausing to admire the beauties of the prospect. Presently they came upon a most repulsive object. Turning a corner they saw stretched on the ground before them at the sunny side of a hedgerow, a drunken tramp, ragged and dirty in the extreme. Daisy could not help shuddering at the sight; and her brother hastily took her hand and led her away out of view of this foul excresence on the fair face of creation.

Before they got home a light shower came on, but it did not last long, and the pair found a snug shelter underneath the branches of a spreading elm tree. Presently the clouds dispersed; the sun came out again, and shone more brilliantly than ever; the fleeces of the sheep looked cleaner, the grass greener and more fresh, whilst the leaves on the trees and in the hedgerows were hanging with pearls.

A bright idea occurred to Daisy. Here, she thought, is the very opportunity I have been so anxiously waiting for. Then aloud,

"Harry," she said, "is it not a very good thing to be clean?"

"Of course it is. What do you mean by asking such a question?"

"You saw that poor drunken stranger just now. Well, I thought if he drank only water he might be clean. He drinks a great deal of beer, I suppose, and that's the reason he's so dirty and ragged. Now how different he might be if he followed the example of those dear little flowers, bless them!"

So saying she pointed to a group of daisies at her feet. Refreshed by the recent rain they held up their heads and spread out their tiny petals, and looked altogether so fresh and bright and pleasant, that it would have done your heart good to look on them.

Harry clearly comprehended Daisy's meaning; but gave her clearly to understand that if she wished him to give up his glass of beer or wine, her efforts would be in vain. What would he not have given in after years to recall the moment when he foolishly spurned the artless and affectionate lesson administered to him by his gentle little sister.

Once more Daisy felt herself foiled in her earnest, albeit childlike endeavours to withdraw her beloved brother from the downward path. From her aunt, who had been brought up to believe in the drinking customs of the country, she knew she could expect but scant sympathy at the best; so she pined in secret. But soon the tears were wiped for ever from her eyes; for before the summer of the year had mellowed into autumn, Emily Fay left the sunny slopes of Kent to enjoy the kindred society of the angels; and the following spring saw the daisies growing on her tiny grave in Milford churchyard.

Harry Fay was sincerely grieved at the loss of his affectionate little sister; yet it never occurred to him to take her simple but striking lesson to heart. No, he continued to go on in his rash, reckless way straight to destruction. He experienced more than one sharp check in his downward career; but there are many people, and he was one of them, who will never learn wisdom. Of these, perhaps, the most severe was his estrangement from his aunt, which event came about in this wise. On the Christmas of the year after Daisy died, he went down as usual to spend the holidays at Milford; and having by this time completely lost all self-control and sense of decency he, one night, got extremely tipsy, and abused and insulted his aunt in the vilest manner, which so incensed the quick-tempered old lady that she turned him out of doors there and then, and made no secret of her firm resolve that he never should receive a single farthing of her money.

Shortly afterwards he lost his situation for an almost similar reason. Thrown upon his own resources without a character, and being unfitted by training and habits, but especially by his habits for humble drudgery, he sank, not gradually but swiftly, into the most deplorable condition. But I do not intend to tell the full story of Harry Fay's ruin and degradation.

Enough that on a fine morning in spring exactly three years from the day on which he had so rashly declined to listen to Daisy's wise warning, he found himself a ragged, homeless outcast, kneeling by her little grave. He had been to see his aunt, and had pleaded in the most abject terms for forgiveness and assistance; but both had been sternly denied him. Miss Fay told him frankly that thenceforth he was no kin of hers; that he was free to go and work or beg; that he might die of starvation if he liked, and the sooner the better. Crushed and hopeless, he bowed down his head upon the green turf and cried himself to sleep like a child. As he slept he dreamed. In his dream he acted over again the memorable scene between himself and Daisy just three years before. Again as on that other spring morning there came a gentle shower; and the raindrops descending on his bare head awoke him at the moment when in his dream he saw the vision of his angel-sister disappear and vanish in a radiant blaze of glory. He opened his eyes and saw the daisies on the grave, like their sister-flowers on the hillside, lift their heads and expand their tiny petals as though they were living creatures, glad of the blessing of the gentle rain.

His resolution was formed on the instant. He sprang to his feet—a man for the first time in his life. He would take the pledge—he would strive hard to redeem the errors of his hitherto misspent life. Strengthened by his wise resolve, he went boldly and called upon Mr. Thomson, an old friend, whom he had not seen since he abandoned himself to evil courses. This gentleman was a teetotaler and the soul of benevolence itself; he received the prodigal with open arms, and kindly assured him that if his repentance were genuine all the past would be forgotten as though it had never been. After a due interval of time, in the course of which he amply satisfied himself of the sincerity of the young man's reformation, Mr. Thomson, who possessed considerable interest with a City firm, procured him a situation in every way superior to the one which he had lost. Later on he effected a reconciliation between Harry and his aunt. Thenceforth young Fay's prospects were brighter than they had ever been; and the sole drawback to his happiness was regret for his lost sister, who had died too soon to rejoice in the happy change in his life.

So Daisy's lesson bore rich fruit in due season, although it blossomed and ripened only on her grave. J. E. C.

"I can't do without my Beer."

"Oh yes, I believe teetotalism is a good thing—I should like to be a teetotaler myself, but my health won't stand it. I don't take much you know, but my constitution is so weak that it is really necessary for me to take a glass of beer every day to keep myself up."

This is what people often say when they are asked to sign the pledge; and they firmly believe hat a little beer or wine does them a great deal of good. But the truth is, they are making a great mistake, and in most cases they would be really better and stronger without anything of the sort.

It is very common to suppose that beer is nourishing, and that in order to get through a hard day's work you must take an extra half-pint "to keep up your strength." But in fact there is very little nourishment in beer. Those who understand the matter tell us that there is no more nourishment in a gallon of beer than in a penny loaf, and often much less.

A pint of beer contains hardly any nourishment at all; and if you want extra support to enable you to do a hard day's work, you had much better buy a rasher of bacon, an egg, a cup of cocoa, or a glass of milk, all of which really do contain nourishment, and give you something worth having in return for your money.

But though the beer cannot *give* you strength, it can, and does take away your strength.

It has been proved by experiments that a man can do more and harder work without alcohol than with it; and it is a well known fact that a little beer

or wine taken every day does gradually undermine the strength, and leaves a man or woman less able to resist an attack of illness.

It may not often appear to be doing any harm, but none the less is it a fact, that people who take a small quantity of alcohol every day (what are called moderate drinkers), have on an average a year or two less of life than people who abstain altogether.

"But," perhaps some may say, "I don't take my beer as an article of food; I know there is not much nourishment in it; but I require it as medicine."

Well, if it is useful as medicine that is one of the strongest reasons why you should not take it every day: for if medicine is taken every day for a length of time it loses its good effect, and you would be much better without it.

The alcohol in beer and wine is certainly a powerful medicine, but it does not at all follow that it must be the right medicine for every complaint. It may possibly be the right thing sometimes, but there are many more cases in which some other medicine would be better.

Doctors are often fond of prescribing alcohol because they know their patients will like it; but they could generally prescribe something else which would do you more good, if you ask them to do so.

We come now to another point. People like to take a glass of brandy or wine when they are a little unwell, because they say it is sure to make them feel better; and very likely it does, but then they will have to pay for it afterwards.

If you are in weak health, and hardly able to go about your work, you take a little brandy perhaps, and it seems to put new life into you,—*for a time*—but you must remember that the brandy or the beer does not really *give* you strength, it only enables you to use up to-day the strength which you will want to-morrow.

It is just as though on some cold Saturday you were to burn up all the coals which ought to have lasted over Sunday. You would have a fine hot fire on Saturday, but on Sunday you would have no fire at all, and sit shivering with cold.

This is exactly what alcohol does for you; when your stock of coal, that is your strength, gets low, the alcohol will enable you to use up some of to-morrow's stock; and you feel better to-day, but when to-morrow comes you are worse off than ever.

The right thing to do when you are weak and overworked is this: first, take a little more rest if possible, though that can't always be done; and in the next place, take some extra nourishment.

Instead of a glass of beer at eleven o'clock, take a glass of hot milk and some bread and butter: instead of a little hot brandy and water the last thing at night try an egg beaten up with hot water, a basin of hot soup, or a cup of gruel. If you have never tried this plan, you will be surprised to find how much good it does you. For taking a glass of beer when you are exhausted is like whipping a tired horse: we all know that the whip does not give him strength, though it makes him trot faster. But taking a glass of milk is just like giving the horse a feed of corn.

It is also much better to take it hot, for the warmth acts as a stimulant, and unlike beer, it is a stimulant which leaves no bad effects behind it.

On the whole, then, it appears that there is very little to be said in favour of taking beer or spirits, and a great deal to be said against it.

Do you take it as nourishment? There is more nourishment in a penny loaf than in two shillings' worth of beer. Do you take it in order to get through more work? It makes you less fit for work and less able to stand fatigue.

Do you take it in the hope of raising your general health and lengthening your life? It has exactly the contrary effect. Its tendency is to lower your health, and to shorten your life.

Since, then, we are healthier, stronger and longer-lived without beer than with it, and since it causes more poverty and more crime than almost anything else in the world, surely the common sense course, and the only right course for us all, is to go without it altogether, to bring up our children without it, and to do all we can to put a stop to its use throughout the country.

C. D.

The Better Way: A Recitation.

SOME folks drink because they're hot,
Some folks drink because they're cold;
Some folks drink because they're young,
Some folks drink because they're old.

Some folks never touch a drop
Of whisky, wine, or beer,
Which is by far the better way
For all assembled here.

Archie Butler's Fault.

Archie Butler was a bright, merry, chubby-faced orphan boy, who lived with his grandmother in a pretty little cottage in the village of Bloomfield, on the Southern coast of England. His eyes were blue as heaven, and his hair, like that of his mother, was as fair as the dawn. His round, open face, his rippling, joyous laugh, and his quick movement of hand and foot and eye served to make him a model child in nearly every respect. He was a great favourite with all that knew him, and particularly with his aged grandmother. Her love for him tempted her at times to think him faultless. She, however, discovered, one day, that he was by no means perfect. Thus it was that it came about.

It was a bright morning in September. It being a holiday at school, Archie and some of his companions went nutting in the woods that abound in the neighbourhood of Bloomfield. In pushing his way through the thick undergrowth of the copse, a straggling briar caught one of Archie's garments and made a large rent in it. Upon his return home, his grandmother at once bade him take off the garment that she might there and then mend it, for, as she said, "a stitch in time saves nine." The garment was doffed, and while it was being mended, Archie stood on one side looking on. It was necessary to clear out the pockets in order to make the mending a little easier, and this, therefore, the grandmother proceeded to do. But lo! what is this? Out there comes, first a pipe; then follow a tobacco pouch, and a box of lucifer matches! The old lady was speechless with horror and disappointment. Archie stood with his head bent by guilt and shame. Archie then, after all, was a smoker, and he had concealed this fact from his grandmother, who fondly supposed she knew all the secrets of his life! He was not as faultless as she loved to imagine.

Now, his fault was one that is by no means rare among both the young and the old. He was considered a very truthful lad; and, in a word, he was truthful to this extent—he would never tell a falsehood in so many *words*. He frequently forgot, however, that it is possible to tell falsehoods in more ways than one. To *act* a lie is as bad as telling it. Falsehoods can be told by looks, by gestures, and even by *silence*. His grandmother had never asked Archie if he was in the habit of smoking. She never for a moment supposed that he could be guilty of such a gross impropriety. Had she asked him if he was a smoker, he would have told her with probably little or no hesitation that he was. But,—and here we find the falsehood he acted,—he always behaved in her presence as if he did not smoke. He never smoked before her, for he knew she would be displeased by such conduct. He concealed his pipe and his tobacco from her, and in short, acted throughout as if he was guiltless of the sinful folly of early smoking. He did not *tell* a lie about the matter in so many words. He acted a lie, and this was nearly as bad.

He saw his mistake. He saw clearly and immediately that he had by his conduct deceived his fond and kind grandmother, and he had therefore grievously disappointed her. What was he to do? Why, the course he was to take was as clear as the day. He could at once give up the disgraceful and baneful habit of smoking; and, what was more, he could hold aloof in future from the evil companions that had led him astray. Away then went the pipe and the tobacco pouch, and the companionship of the wicked boys of Bloomfield, and over went a new leaf of the book of Archie's life. He was a noble-minded boy, and has grown into a brave, upright, and noble-minded man. He holds a very high and responsible position, and has abstained from the use of tobacco ever since the memorable day on which he discovered this one great fault of his childhood. His grandmother, too, is still living and is as proud of her orphan boy as ever.

THE GRIEVED GRANDMOTHER.

Hay Time.

THE gloom of the Winter has taken flight; the Spring too has come and gone;
Leaving their footprints to guide the way to the Summer's glorious dawn;
When thickest the foliage that decks the trees, and longest the smiling day,
And fairest the flowers and the meadows' wealth, for 'tis the time of the hay.

Oh, lovely the colours that greet our eyes as we look abroad o'er the land,
Where clover and sainfoin, and daisies and all in richest profusion stand;
While the breeze of the delicate grasses makes flutes, and the sunbeams among them play
In the beautiful days, the golden days preceding the making of hay.

The mowers go forth in the sunny morn with a joyous heart at the call,
Prepared to toil with a right good will before the rain shall fall;
While a voice is speaking which bids each one work *always* while yet 'tis day,
For the night is coming also for man, as it cometh unto the hay.

The cottage mother her children takes and sets 'neath some spreading tree,
While she works and chats with the others there as busy as she can be,
And the little ones proffer their tiny help, and think it good fun to play,
And cover each other and toss about the fragrant pillowy hay.

The youth and the maiden too seek the fields in the sunset's golden hours,
And dream out the dreams of life's young romance 'mid the Summer's dying flowers,
And tender secrets and words of love flow soft as a poet's lay,
And long, sweet memories are blended in with the happy time of the hay.

While others come who bow down with age and grasp a staff in their hand,
And with failing eyes look upon the fields, and the bright, haymaking band,
And talk of the time when *they* took *their* place and toiled thro' the livelong day,
With comrades then young but now dead or gone—in those far off times of hay.

But alas, alas! tho' the scene is fair and peaceful as Nature can be,
Yet we see not alone the cheerful toil and the pleasant industry,
For harsher chords mingle, and darker deeds o'er the labour oft bear sway,
And the curse of our Nation mingles e'en with the gathering of the hay.

But still from the meadows arises some voice to all who will heed its breath,
And not alone does it speak of gloom, and not alone of death;
But it tells us also of that deep love which encompasses ever our way,
Which blesses our labour with sunshine and showers and crowns it with useful hay.

And it whispers hope e'en amid the scenes that make our spirits sad,
That there will come a day—a glorious day—when the gathering of earth-fruits glad,
Shall know no blight from the tempter's spell, and for ever shall flee away
The curse of the Drink from the field of toil at the gathering in of the hay.

They point us also, the sweet bright flowers, and the grass with its beauty green,
To that happier land, and that fadeless bloom which no mortal eye hath seen,
And bid us be tender and useful and true until God shall call us away,
That we need not be fearful when death shall cut us down as the flowers of the hay,

FAITH CHILTERN.

The Broken Pledge.

It was at the close of a Public Temperance Meeting that two persons went forward to enrol their names on the Total Abstinence Pledge Book.

One was a young and well-dressed individual, and about him a group of congratulatory friends gathered. He was "a good young man," said many of his fellow members of the Christian Church; a "good son" was the testimony of his aged mother; a kind teacher, so the little ones in the Sunday School thought. Even those who had no faith in "that kind of thing," meaning Sabbath School teaching and other Christian work, admitted that Horace Blackall was a "good, straightforward fellow."

So, as may be supposed, the teetotalers thought that in securing him they had got a prize.

"He isn't one of the sort to sign the pledge to-day, and break it to-morrow;" remarked the President of the Society with a smile of triumph. "And then see what a help he will be to the cause! I think we may congratulate ourselves on the evening's work."

"Yes," assented his companion, "we have had some trouble to persuade him into it, but now we have got him, we may be sure of his turning out a thoroughly earnest worker. I don't know when any pledge has given me greater pleasure."

The other person who took the pledge that night was a poor, ragged, broken-down man, who had gone into the Hall merely to win a wager laid at "The Red Lion," but had been so impressed by the truths he heard there that he made up his mind to abandon his drinking ways, and turn teetotaler.

There were no congratulations over this shattered wreck of a man taking the pledge, for this was not the only page in that book where the signature "John Dawson" appeared; they merely shook their heads, and "hoped he would keep it this time."

After that evening Horace Blackall's name figured on all the notice bills in connection with this Temperance Society, and he took a prominent part in every branch of temperance work. There was one point in his favour: he was rather better to do in the world than were some of his colleagues in the cause, those who had hitherto been the chief promoters of it in the place, and who were for the most part labouring men who had to work hard to maintain themselves and families in comfort.

To the honour of these humble workers be it said, that though they were put somewhat in the back-ground on public occasions after Mr. Blackall joined, yet they never manifested a sign of jealousy, nor lost one atom of their zeal for the cause.

And in justice to Horace Blackall be it stated that this popularity was not of his own seeking. It was not his wish to be placed before others so much older in the cause of teetotalism than himself, but as it was always the case he came presently to look upon it as his right. The President of the Society was also the principal officer of the Church of which he was a member, and in both Church and Temperance affairs he was anxious to give the young man a prominent place.

And it was a real love for his Divine Master that had led Horace to the Sabbath school, and a desire to be of use in that Master's service, and to lead others to Him as he himself had been led, which made him take so warm an interest in Church work, So when he saw total abstinence in its true light, and how, in many instances, it is really the forerunner of religion, he went into that work also with great zeal, and an earnest desire to do good, and bring sheaves to his Master.

Time passed on, and still the young man was a staunch teetotaler; but things were not now in such a flourishing condition with him as when he took the pledge. He had encountered reverses in business, and as he did not meet with such warm sympathy in his troubles as the great cordiality shown to him in prosperity had led him to expect, he began to feel discouraged and downcast, though he tried to keep these feelings to himself.

At last the climax came. He had been obliged to run in debt; there seemed no way out of his difficulties, he had no means to meet the demands which came pressing in upon him; and Horace Blackall became a bankrupt; and presently obtained employment at the very place where he had been an employer. It was galling to have to endure this, but he did it for his mother's sake. Had he sought employment elsewhere she must have left this town to which she had come as a youthful bride, and which was endeared to her by many associations.

So Horace stayed on, and put up with many slights from those upon whom he had formerly looked as friends. But he had the comfort and satisfaction of knowing that it was through no fault of his own that he had fallen

It was when he was feeling weak and depressed on account of his hard lot, that a temptation came to him for which he was quite unprepared. He could never quite understand how it was that he yielded, but he had made so sure that strong drink had no power to tempt him now; he had been amongst non-abstainers and had borne alike their jeers, ridicule, and persuasions, and never felt any inclination to give in. But now when a glass of wine was pressed upon him by some friend (?) he yielded and drank it.

Of course it was not long before the intelligence that Horace Blackall had broken his pledge was rung through the whole place. He himself had meant to go at once and confess to his weakness, and make a fresh start, but he found that the news of it was already well known, so, utterly ashamed and cast down, he retraced his steps to his home.

And how was the intelligence received?

"Well, I never!" was the ejaculation of the gentleman who had been so delighted when he took the pledge, "I shouldn't have believed it of him, he's the last person I should have expected to give way to temptation, so firm as he seemed. And see how he advocated it! I am so sorry, it will bring such reproach upon the cause!"

This was what Mr. Turnitt, President of the Temperance Society, said.

"Bring reproach on the cause," "So sorry" because of that! No thought of pity for the young man, overwhelmed with shame and contrition for the momentary weakness, and yearning for a word of sympathy as only those who have been in the same condition can understand.

"Yes," said another member, "he seemed such a promising young man too; we shall miss him in the cause."

"And in Church work also," said the President, "I don't suppose he will care to come now; and I am not sure either whether we should be justified in letting him continue teaching in the Sunday School. You see it isn't as if he hadn't signed at all, or even if he had not advocated our principles so strongly. It's a great pity!"

The subject was discussed too in the bar-room of a public-house. Horace's employer, Mr. Day, called in for a glass of ale, when another customer observed—

"So young Blackall's left off his teetotal whim, Mr. Day?"

That gentleman was quaffing his ale; he slowly removed the glass and replied, "he understood he had, though he never saw him drink anything."

"Don't the other water drinkers give him the cold shoulder too?" said the other; "I should think he won't have anything more to do with 'em now."

"They don't seem as if they mean to have anything more to do with *him*," remarked another with a hoarse laugh; "commend me to the jolly fellowship here, they don't turn against ye when you're poor."

"Don't they?" the question was asked by a poor ill-clad woman, in tones of bitterest sarcasm; she was the wife of the last speaker. "Ask any of your friends," she continued, "if they would treat you to a pint of beer when your money's gone."

"You had better stay at home and mind yer own business," the husband said in angry tones, "and not come here after me. But as for standing treat for a pint I know they 'ud. Wouldn't you now, Jackson?" appealing to the very one who had first spoken of the teetotalers giving Horace the "cold shoulder."

"No!" was the man's answer, spoken very sullenly, but very decidedly.

"You would, Mayers, wouldn't you?"

The person thus appealed to fidgetted about, drained his glass, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and finally answered—

"Well, mate, I hope I shan't ever see you so bad off that you can't pay for your own beer."

"Do you think young Blackall will take to drinking much, now, Mr. Day?" asked the landlord, anxious to put an end to the other dialogue.

"Can't say, shouldn't think it likely though; he's the steadiest, most honest and trustworthy man on the place, so I'm sure I hope he won't. Queer, though, the teetotalers should be so ready to give him up, when he was such a good worker too!"

This was how the conduct of the total abstainers got commented on in the bar-room.

And was there not something almost pharisaical in their treatment of poor Horace? He had yielded to a sudden temptation, and surely his own bitter remorse, and the accusations of his conscience were sufficiently hard to bear, without being looked upon with coldness by those who had so heartily welcomed him to their ranks at first.

Mr. Turnitt did not have the trouble of telling him that it was deemed advisable that he should

discontinue his labours in the Sabbath School; for he was too utterly cast down by their avoidance of him to take his place among them as usual, unasked

It seemed as if his feelings were almost unbearable sometimes; that he, after advocating total abstinence on occasions out of number, both publicly and privately; after speaking of its advantages to the children in his Sunday class, as well as to those in the Band of Hope; that he who had taken so prominent a part in the work in all its phases, should have fallen! It was almost intolerable. He did not plunge into excessive drinking as so many would have done, placed as he was; that one glass of wine was the only drink of an intoxicating nature that passed his lips. But he did not sign the pledge again until there came to him a friend with words of real, heartfelt sympathy. This was a working man, comfortably clad, but still in spite of this he was to be recognised as John Dawson.

"Mr. Blackall," he said, giving Horace's hand a hearty grip, "I'm here to ask you to come back amongst us again."

Horace shook his head. "No, no, I can't!"

"I can understand your feelings a bit," continued the other, "for I fell myself many and many a time, and I know very well how it feels afterwards. But don't let that keep you back; you believe teetotalism is a good thing as much as ever you did, in spite of your slip, don't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then join us again, and speak for our cause; having fallen beneath temptation yourself, you will be the better able to talk to those who have backslidden from teetotalism."

And much more did John Dawson say, and his words were not without their effect.

Once more Horace took his place as a total abstainer, though it was some time before he could bring himself to publicly advocate his principles; yet that day did come at last, and many a poor weak individual was won back through his efforts.

LOUIE S.

A Lady's Reasons for Abstinence.*

IN the present day, when the Temperance question is so freely ventilated among all classes of society, it seems almost superfluous to quote statistics showing the rapid growth of Intemperance. The facts and figures connected with this monster evil have been promulgated throughout the length and breadth of the land, and those who are unacquainted with them are alone answerable for their own ignorance in not having bestowed any thought or attention upon the subject. This being the case it suffices to reiterate the fact that our national honour is tarnished, our glory is departing, the country which we so dearly love, our so-called *free* England is groaning under the bondage of a mighty tyrant—the demon of Intemperance who, in point of fact, is Satan's most effective tool.

It is well known that wherever Englishmen go they become the very curse of the country they populate, and Indians and other barbaric races have cause to rue the day when a Briton set foot on their territory, bringing as he does the fire-water of destruction and death. Alas, that a time should have come when we, who call ourselves a God-fearing people, should be obliged to admit such a disgraceful, such an appalling fact. But now comes the question, what can we do personally to prevent the spread of this fearful scourge?

As the nation is made up of individuals the responsibility rests, in some measure, on each one of us, unless we have honestly made some effort to oppose the raging tide, which is now devastating and ruining our land. Have you ever realised that if you make no such effort the blood of some of your fellow-creatures may be laid at *your* door? It is indeed, a solemn and awful thought, and one which very many resolutely and wilfully ignore, though probably in the majority of cases it is mere carelessness and want of reflection, which prevent people from seeing the matter in its true light. It is indisputable that the use of alcohol is not a necessity, except strictly for medicinal purposes. It therefore follows that it is merely a luxury, and this being the case, we call upon every man and woman to renounce that, which though they may deem uninjurious to themselves is unquestionably the cause of ruin to thousands and tens of thousands. This course we urge for the sake of example. How, with any appearance of justice, can you ask or expect a

* From a Paper read at a Conference of Ladies.

drunkard to give up that which you yourself are taking, though in a more modified and refined form. You condemn those wretched creatures whom you see reeling home in a state of intoxication, or of whom you read in the police reports, with a feeling of abhorrence and disgust, and yet you have no hesitation in putting to your own lips that which has been the cause of the degrading spectacle you witnessed, or of the revolting account you perused.

Do you say, "I have no influence," "My example will never lead others to abstain." These are two plausible excuses, but they are merely excuses and not reasons. It is utterly false that you have no influence—such a thing is impossible. Every action of your life, every word you utter has an influence, direct or indirect, for good or for evil upon those with whom you associate, and this influence must of necessity act and re-act upon others with whom your connection is more distant. Then as for your example, never inducing anyone to abstain, on what grounds do you make this assertion? Are you possessed of the spirit of divination, or have you the gift of prophesy, that you can look into the dim future and declare what would be the result of such or such an action?

Again you say, "If I were sure that by abstaining I could induce others to do so too, I would not hesitate a moment." If you were "*sure*." Are you *sure* of anything? When you start to go to church, to a friend's house, to an entertainment, are you *sure* that you will reach your destination? No; in this uncertain and transitory life, we cannot be sure of anything nor guarantee a moment of our future. You give a guinea to send the gospel to the heathen. Are you *sure* that the heathen will be any the better for your guinea? You sow a seed in the ground; are you *sure* that it will spring up and blossom? No; you can but do the deed and hope for satisfactory results. But one thing there is of which you can be very sure. That if you sow a little seed of self-sacrifice with the humble earnest prayer that God will vouchsafe His blessing and cause it to grow and increase abundantly, that petition will be heard, and though in this world you may not see any result, yet you may be quite certain that in the Great Hereafter there will not be wanting those who will rise up and call you blessed. If you plant in faith, God *will* give the increase.

I have frequently heard it urged, especially by young ladies, that as they never come into contact with drunkards, it is of no use for them to become total abstainers. To such I would say, "Are you sure that you are justified in making such an assertion? Perhaps you do not come into contact with those to whom the term is usually applied—those degraded beings of whom you read in the newspapers, and occasionally see staggering along the streets." But what about the young men whom you know, those pleasant, gentlemanly young fellows, who are such charming partners in a waltz or in a set of tennis? Do you know that a very large percentage of them are already on the high road to becoming confirmed drunkards, and probably even now are entangled in the meshes of intemperance? You say, indignantly, "That can't be true. I have never seen one of them in the least the worse for drink." Very probably. A gentleman must, indeed, be far gone before he would betray himself in the society of ladies; but what do you think will be the result of the numerous glasses of sherry or beer, which a young man finds himself obliged(?) to take after every little exertion, to recruit exhausted nature? It means that the man's whole system is so impregnated with alcohol that he feels that it is utterly impossible for him to get on without repeated recourse to stimulants. The effect of these soon wears off, and then the dose is repeated and increased until his entire system is so weakened and deteriorated that he falls a victim to the first malady with which he is attacked, or he becomes at length a hopeless inebriate. This is the case with scores and hundreds of young men in the present day.

If you will not become a total abstainer for the sake of others, I would implore you to do it for your *own* sake. I have not the slightest hesitation in affirming it as my positive opinion that *no man or woman is* SAFE *who is in the habit of taking intoxicating drinks, no matter in what small quantities.* The drunkards, who throng our police courts; the murderers, wife beaters, and suicides, who, through the influence of alcohol, committed their horrible crimes, were once "moderate drinkers" such as you. Had you then foretold them their future degradation and misery they would have laughed you to scorn, just as *you* now ridicule the idea of your ever becoming such as they. What particular grace or innate power do you possess which will prevent you from following in their footsteps? Kings, statesmen poets, men of learning, rank and power, nay even good and holy men, have, in all periods of the world's history, succumbed to the fatal influence of drink, and wherein are *you* stronger or better than they?

But you say, "If I found that it was gaining a hold upon me, I would give it up at once." There lies the danger; the habit of Intemperance is so insidious, that its victims are entrapped and overcome before they are even aware of their danger. How do you know that the reluctance which you now feel to giving up your daily modicum of wine or beer may not be a sign that even now you are gradually being encircled by its deadly coils, and are slowly but surely being drawn into its relentless grasp? How do you know that the evil work has not already commenced; are you sure that your reluctance is not a proof of it? The more dislike you entertain to the thought of renouncing stimulants the greater danger you incur, and the greater probability exists that you will eventually become a slave to the fearful vice of Intemperance. Your eyes will be opened when, alas, you are powerless—when the chains securely encircle you, and it will then require more than your own unaided feeble efforts to break them asunder.

C. R. G.

Wine and Sleep.

HELENA. "I was inquiring of Physicus what effect alcohol had on sleep."

JURIDICUS. "And he told you, like a true philosopher, that very often a man cannot sleep without it."

HELENA. "He did not. He explained quite truly that nothing so surely diverts and prevents sleep as alcohol. I adduced our Harry's case in support of that view."

JURIDICUS. "I see! It is true that Harry, a boy, did get on better after we took away his wine. We are all as one on that point, and as to children generally. It is different when we come to people of middle life. Them, I am convinced, a moderate allowance of alcohol soothes, and when they are tired it gives them sleep. I am speaking on this point from personal experience."

PHYSICUS. "I regret to hear you say so."

JURIDICUS. "Why?"

PHYSICUS. "Because it is an unhealthy experience, and again brings on another of those starting and distressing slumbers."

JURIDICUS. "But the alcohol answers the purpose."

PHYSICUS. "Not correctly. It produces a narcotism, not a pure, undisturbed, refreshing sleep."

HELENA. "I am sure you are right. I have said so over and over again. He returns home in the afternoon, dines, takes his wine, and almost directly afterwards dozes for half-an-hour. The doze is simply a troubled dream, with irregular breathing and frequent starts."

PHYSICUS. "A bad condition altogether, and subversive of the natural rest that ought to occur at the natural time."

JURIDICUS. "I wake up at any rate, feeling wonderfully refreshed and ready for anything. I can write in the library, read, play a rubber, listen to music, or enter into conversation with all the pleasure in the world."

HELENA. "And sit up any time, wakeful as ever you can be until you have taken another glass of wine to compose you."

JURIDICUS. "Sleep from alcohol. Physicus said that the sleep it induces is not healthy. I should like the RATIONALE of that statement."

PHYSICUS. "The RATIONALE is easy enough. Natural sleep is a condition in which the brain and nervous centres are quite relieved from the pressure of the blood. The brain does not work because it is, for the time, unexcited to labour. If you could see it, you would see it bloodless in the ordinary sense of that term."

HELENA. "The poet's idea of the 'shutting up of the senses' is literally true, then."

PHYSICUS. "It is. But when the brain is under the influence of alcohol its vessels are full of blood, and if the influence be extreme the organ is positively congested. The sleep, therefore, of the alcoholic is the sleep of congestion or narcotism, not the true and natural sleep."

HELENA. "That too, is the cause of the difference of the phenomena in the sleepers."

PHYSICUS. "Precisely. The natural sleeper presents the phenomenon of entire and perfected repose. The alcoholic sleeper presents the phenomena of a man with congestion of brain."

JURIDICUS. "Upon my word, Physicus, you explain as if every man who was having a deep snore after a sound potation was a man in a fit, and as if all the jolly old dogs of the empire were semi-apoplectics. It is too bad."

PHYSICUS. "It is too true, and you have tersely defined their position."

HELENA. "The flushed alcoholic face for instance, is not that in fact the outward and visible sign of the flushed alcoholic brain?"

PHYSICUS. "You may put it in that way without any error, and it is a striking way of putting it."

JURIDICUS. "You do not easily forget the condition when it is impressed in that way, and it brings to my recollection many painful examples. I once rode by a night train to London with one of my colleagues on circuit. We had spent a merry mess-time, and when we got into the carriage he commenced to sing. He was not in the least intoxicated, but mellow. He was a young man and too stout for his years. As the night progressed he fell asleep, and I am bound to say his sleep alarmed me. His head sank collapsed on his chest; he had what you doctors call 'stertorous breathing;' he blew his cheeks out with a puff; and his face, at first very red, became so deathly white I thought I must actually try and call the guard to stop the train. However, with a little difficulty I succeeded in waking the sleeper, and though he had some other spells of a similar kind, we got to our journey's end safely, to my immense relief."

(From *Dialogues on Drink*, by Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S.)

Advice in a Basket.

"WHEN I was married," said a lady recently, "I was quite young, and, of course, received the usual quantity and quality of good wishes from young friends, and good advice from those older and more experienced than myself. My father was a physician with a large country practice outside our village, and as I often rode with him while on his professional rounds, I made a variety of acquaintances.

"One day an eccentric old basket-maker, who lived in a hut on a mountain side with his dogs and books, and to whom I had once carried broth when he was ill, came to bring me a mending basket which he had made for me with elaborate care. 'Remember the words of the oracle,' he said, as he handed me the basket, 'Thou canst not prevent birds from flying above thy head, but thou canst prevent them from building their nests in thy hair.'

"I pondered a little over the quaint words, and for fear that I should forget them wrote them down on a card which I put in one of the many funny little covered pockets of the split birch basket.

"My husband was a lawyer, and we went to house-keeping at once in a large, wealthy, and growing borough. A round of select dinner parties given in our honor followed immediately upon our settlement, over which our neighbours and friends vied with each other with the elegance of their entertainment. There was always wine at those dinners, and I soon came to know those young gentlemen who were in the habit of joining the ladies in the parlour, flushed, heated and foolish from partaking too freely of it.

"At the same time there was a temperance movement going on in the village, in which all my sympathies were enlisted; but whenever I spoke of the good work with which I was associated, they told me that the 'Teetotal Society' consisted entirely of the lower working class, who were, indeed, they added, the only class in the community who needed such a reformatory movement.

"After a while it came to my turn to give a dinner party. I was a good deal exercised in mind over the matter of the wine, and appealed to my husband to know what I should do about it. He was in his library deep in some of his miscellaneous reading. I well remember the book which he held in his hand—a number of the 'North American Review.' When, standing by his side with my hand upon his shoulder, I timidly broached the subject, he said kindly, 'You know, my love, that I am a temperance man from principle, but I prefer to leave all these little matters to one who understands them far better than I do,' and resumed his book.

"I went to my own pleasant little room, where I cried a little and prayed a good deal, without coming any nearer the solution of my social problem. After a while my husband just opened the door a few inches to say, 'Please don't forget, my love, that a stitch is needed in my white waistcoat."

"I reached for my mending-basket in which that gar ment was lying, and while looking for thread of

the right number, I chanced upon the card containing the old basket maker's advice and read it carefully over: 'Thou canst not prevent birds from flying above thy head, but thou canst prevent them building their nests in thy hair.'

"'That is true,' said I to myself, grown suddenly enlightened, 'neither can I prevent other people giving wine parties, but I can prevent such an entertainment in my own house. This little social event may mark an era in my existence. I will not only take a stand for to-day, but for life; a stand which in future shall have a salutary effect upon our friends and acquaintance, whatever position we may fill, and promote the welfare of my husband, and of our children, if God should give them to us.'

"Our party was a perfect success, and what made it perfect was, there was no wine. I had an old doctor of divinity, a dear friend of my father, from a neighbouring city, to be present. He was a staunch temperance man, and in his genial fashion led the conversation into appropriate and fruitful channels. I thought it a strange coincidence when he complemented me for excluding wine from my table, that he should add, 'My dear young friend, this is an important departure you have made: Thou canst not prevent birds from flying above thy head, but thou canst prevent them building their nests in thy hair.'

"Others took the wise words to heart. Parties 'without wine' became the vogue. The reformatory movement reached the upper wave of society, and when the *creme de la creme* attended the temperance meetings and adopted the pledge of the Society, the movement of course became popular. And, best of all, a revival of religion followed, all in a train of that advice in a basket."

Let the Heart Rest.

I WAS able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent friend of mine a little time ago by a simple experiment. I was in his house, and he was extolling wine and singing its praise. He sang:—

> "Life is chequered o'er with woe,
> Bid the ruddy bumper flow.
> Wine's the soul of man below."

He sang that to me every morning, in order, as he said, to rouse my flagging spirits. I said, "You sing that song well. Why not begin with wine at breakfast, and give it to your servants?"

"My dear friend," he said, "I couldn't get through a day. I should be as seedy as possible. I couldn't; and as for my servants, if I gave it to them I don't know what would happen."

"Then, when do you take it?" I asked.

"When the cares of the day are over, then's the time for a few glasses of wine and a night-cap."

"Will you," I said, "be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did. "Count it carefully. What does it say?"

"Your pulse says 74."

I then sat down in a chair. "Will you count it now?"

"Your pulse has gone down. It is now 70."

I then laid myself down on the couch, and said, "Will you take it again? What is it?"

"It is 64, what an extraordinary thing. What is the effect of position on the pulse?"

"When you lie down at night that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent, and if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because in laying down my heart is doing ten strokes less per minute. Multiply that by 60, and it is 600. Multiply 8 hours, and within a fraction, it is 3,000 strokes different, and as my heart is throwing up six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces in lifting during the night."

"That is a curious fact; but what has it to do with me?"

"When I lie down at night without the alcohol, that is the rest my hearts gets; but when you take your wine or grog, you do not allow yours to rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest, you put something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very 'seedy,' as you yourself have said, with the result of a restless night, and unfit the next day for work until you have taken a little of the wine which fills the ready bumper, and which you say is the soul of man below."

His wife said, "That is perfectly true. The night is attended with a degree of unrest and broken sleep

which I can hardly describe, and which gives me very much anxiety."

That conversation had an influence. He began to reckon up those figures, and think what it meant, a-lifting up an ounce so many thousand times, and in the result he became a total abstainer, with every benefit to his health, and, as he admits, to his happiness.

Beer in the Harvest Field.

In a letter to the *Guardian*, the Rev. H. Baber, Vicar of Ramsbury, says :—

"As matters are at present, the harvest field is a great school for drinking. Boys and young men can there get unlimited supplies of beer, and consider it a manly thing to drink a large quantity. I need not describe or dwell upon the evil of the custom which has grown up amongst us. The clergy find some even of their best boys demoralised. The farmers find their men quarelling because some men take more than their share. The men, when they have taken a quantity of weak harvest beer, go to the public-house for strong beer to finish off with, and then in the morning get another glass of strong beer to begin with. Health and money wasted, morals ruined. Is this to go on for ever? Surely something might be done. Is not this the time for doing it? A great change has taken place in public opinion, both as to the evil of drunkenness, and the necessity of taking measures to counteract this evil. Farmers no longer doubt or deny the fact that the excessive beer-drinking in the harvest field is a serious evil. They do not defend it. What they want is to find out some way of changing their old plans and customs. And what is still more important, the labourers are prepared to listen to you when you talk to them. Indeed in some districts a considerable proportion of working men are total abstainers, and are very sore at the continuance of this beer-giving system. Many more have joined various temperance societies, and would be very glad to put some of this beer-money into their pockets.

"When you ask a farmer to make the change, he often will say to you, 'The men must have something to drink. We can easily supply beer; but we cannot supply anything else.' But the truth is that this difficulty exists more in imagination than in fact. Many things may be supplied as drink that shall effectually quench thirst, and all the more so because they have no stimulating properties. In a pamphlet by J. Abbey, 44, St. Giles's, Oxford, on 'Intemperance: its bearing on Agriculture,' there will be found a description of a great many successful experiments made by farmers in different parts of England. Mr. Abbey gives the exact cost of supplying these drinks, and all the particulars of the management. All this will be found to be very simple and inexpensive. If any farmer will procure this pamphlet and try the experiment he is bound to succeed, and will confer a great boon upon his people, and derive much advantage from it himself."

A Temperance Song.

Tune, "Bonnie Dundee."

To the Total Abstainers, the Publicans spoke:
We look on your labours as nought but a joke,
For though you are generous, brave-hearted and true,
The work that you purpose, you never will do!

We fill up our cup, we fill up our can,
We laugh in our sleeve at your Temperance plan,
Unfurl all your flags, and let them wave free,
We fear not your efforts, tho' great they may be.

Your empire is small, and your numbers are few,
King Alcohol cannot be conquered by you,
His reign is established, and aye shall endure;
He stretches his sceptre o'er rich, and o'er poor.

We fill up our cup, &c.

Then the Total Abstainers gave answer so plain:
We work for the Right, and success we obtain;
Our numbers are many, and daily we see
Poor drunkards reclaimed, and made happy, and free.

Go, fill up your cups, go fill up your can,
Go, laugh, if you list, at our Temperance plan;
But, firm in our purpose to do, or to dare,
We may die at our posts, but we never despair.

When Alcohol's reign shall be heard of no more,
From Scotland's bold coast unto Cornwall's wild shore,
Then brave, true Abstainers, three thousand times three,
Shall shout glad hurrahs, as our conquest they see.

Go, empty your cups, go, empty your can,
Come, work on our side with the Temperance van
We pray for success to a God who hears prayer,
We may die at our post, but we never despair.

C. C.

Friends of Freedom.

HATFIELD. Scotch Air, Harmonised for this Work.

Friends of free - dom, swell the song, Young and old the strain prolong;

Make the Tem - p'rance ar - my strong, And on to vic - to - ry!

Lift your ban - ners, let them wave, On - ward march a world to save,

Who would fill a drunkard's grave, And bear his in - fa - my?

2 Shrink not when the foe appears,
Spurn the coward's guilty fears:
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
Of ruined families.
Raise the cry in every spot,
"Touch not, taste not, handle not:"
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?

3 Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high,
"Touch not, taste not, till you die:"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

4 God of mercy, hear us plead,
For Thy help we intercede,
See how many bosoms bleed,
And heal them speedily.
Haste, O haste the happy day,
When beneath its gentle ray
Temperance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

Varieties.

HEALTH DRINKING.

"OUR good Queen's health will not be less
Though water take the place of wine—
Water, that brings no gloom or sorrow,
And no remorse to pain the morrow."

A SHORT CUT TO POVERTY.—In one of the great northern towns, the other day, a man died of starvation. It was said that the relieving officer was in fault. The benevolent public was full of compassion for the wife, and raised a considerable sum of money, and set her up in business. They knew perfectly well that she and her husband were in the habit of drinking; but their benevolence was too much for them. I saw only yesterday that this same worthy woman had come to the benevolent public again with the melancholy confession that she was absolutely penniless, because she had drunk this little sum of £150 in the course of a few days.—*R. F. Horton, M.A.*

ABSTINENCE AND LONGEVITY.—The annual report of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution published last month shows that in the general section for every 20 deaths expected there were 18; in the temperance section for every 20 deaths expected there were not quite 13—a gain of over 5 per twenty, or of about 27 per hundred. If the members in the abstainers' section had died in the proportion of those in the general section, instead of the number being 131 it would have been 195; and had the deaths in the general section been in accordance with those in the abstainers' section, instead of being 290 there would have been only 208, or 82 fewer than the actual number.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?—There was a lad the other day who had presented to him in Ashton-under-Lyne the medal of the Royal Humane Society. It was presented to him by the Mayor of the town. The circumstances were these. A woman had thrown herself into the canal, intending to commit suicide, and there were two able-bodied men standing on the banks with folded arms, and looking at the struggling woman. The lad came running up breathlessly, and said to these two men, "Arn't you going to do something?" And they said "No." He plunged in himself, and diving under the body of the woman, brought her up, and by sheer strength pushed her to the bank, and there held her till somebody came and rescued that life. I come to you, my Christian brethren and sisters, and under the shadow of the Master's Cross, I press that lad's question. There is a great evil among us, bringing death and destruction to thousands and tens of thousands every year. "Arn't you going to do something?" For Christ's sake do something. For Christ's sake do something. For the sake of the weak, and the feeble, and the drunken, and the devil-ridden, do something, and what you do, do quickly, for the time is short. Do this at least—abstain from intoxicating drinks, and help others to do the same.—*Rev. J. R. Wood.*

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

"Only Two."

By Maggie Fearn.

"Let him who would move and convince others be first moved and convinced himself."
Carlyle.

CHAPTER I.—"Only Two."

Only two; there are only two of us left, Guy; only two of us left. We must be all in all to each other now"

"Poor little Katie!" Guy Vernon bent caressingly down over his sister and smoothed her bright hair.

Brother and sister; only those two alone in

the world—surely, as Katie said, they should be all in all to each other.

They had not been "Only two" for very long; until within the last few months there had been a father—as kind and loving a father as can well be imagined to care for them both. People said that Mr. Vernon had been a weak man, one who was not master in his own house, whose children never looked up to him with proper reverence; he was too much their equal. Be that as it may, Katie Vernon, or Guy either for the matter of that, would never have allowed a sentence or a whisper against their father to pass unchallenged in their presence.

Their home was in the suburb of a great city, and every day Guy rode from Magnolia House to and from his office in the busy city.

Such a pretty place their home was, so fresh, so pretty, so fair. It was pleasant enough, surely, to tempt any man to dream of its calm sweetness, and yearn to turn steadily and swiftly home when the day's toil was over. A splendid Magnolia showered its magnificent snow-white buds and blossoms over it, and a Virginian creeper flaunted its grand scarlet foliage in careless royalty about some of the windows; it was such a pretty place.

"There are only two of us left, Guy, and we must be all in all to each other."

"Poor little Katie!" The words were compassionate enough, and the caressing hand was tender and loving, but the pleading, wistful expression did not all die away from Katie's eyes.

"Guy," she began again, and her voice was lower than before, and a trifle tremulous, "Guy, I am so lonely of an evening when you do not come home until so late, so lonely, dear Guy."

"Well, perhaps so," he admitted, hesitatingly, as it seemed. "But you have Auntie Grace, Katie."

His sister laid her head against his arm with just a little smile upon her lips.

"But she is not my own dear Guy."

"Well, child, you know I always mean to come home early to you, Katie, but I don't just know how it is. The fellows talk and laugh and banter until I go with them as they want me to; in fact, until they have it their own way, Katie!"

"But, dear Guy, for your own sake don't let them; indeed, indeed you will be sorry by-and-by if you spend your evenings so—you know what I mean, and don't be angry with me, Guy."

Guy Vernon's brows knitted into a little frown, but as Katie spoke the last words, he cleared the ominous wrinkles away and threw back his head lightly.

"Little Katie, you are such a pretty monitor that one cannot well be angry with you, I half wished to be a moment since, but you have charmed the feeling away. You are my little guardian, Katie."

She lifted her eyes eagerly with a sudden gleam. "Guy, won't you let my love guard you when you are away in the city? And when your friends want you to go with them to the club and billiard rooms, won't you think of Katie watching for you to come home, oh, so longingly, Guy?"

Young Vernon looked down upon his sister half curiously.

"Do you really care so much, child?" he asked, for he observed a glimmer of tears in her eyes, "do you care so much about your good-for-nothing brother? Foolish little Katie!"

"Very, very much, Guy! More than I can ever tell you," she whispered softly.

"Foolish little Katie!" he repeated. But he kissed her nevertheless.

And although Guy Vernon would not perhaps have acknowledged it, those words which his sister had spoken remained with him, clung to him, haunted his heart, and he found himself thinking of them when he was riding along the city streets to his office; they even danced before him, when with bended head he sat studiously with the heavy law books open on the desk in his private room during the day, and they thrust themselves once more before his notice when law books and legal documents were put aside for the day, and Guy, instead of

allowing himself to be persuaded to idle away his hours in billiard rooms and brilliantly lighted restaurants, turned his horse's head homeward in a very determined manner. But after a little while this got to be sometimes—and *only* sometimes; and at others Katie might watch and wait for his coming the whole evening, through the long hours until the short ones drew nigh and dawned; and then Guy would come with flushed cheeks and unnaturally brilliant eyes, and Katie would shudder and sicken as he stooped to offer his never-forgotten kiss, and his hot wine-laden breath crossed her cheek.

One morning Katie Vernon detained her brother a second or two at the hall door, as he stood ready equipped for his morning ride, ready even to his silver mounted riding whip, which he held carelessly in his hand. Katie put one hand gently on his arm with a caressing movement.

"Guy," she said, "the Carltons are coming to-day as you know, to remain until to-morrow."

Guy Vernon shrugged his shoulders comically.

"Katie, why remind me? The Carltons are too good for me—too good! They will be shocked to discover what a bad fellow Guy Vernon is turning out to be!" he answered with a laugh that was not quite natural.

"If only you *will* they may not be one whit better than you, my darling, and they may only think of Guy Vernon as a model of strict honour and high principle, and—such a model of goodness, Guy."

"I am not sure that I should care for them to think so well of me, Katie. Little sister, you may think as well of me as ever you can, and that will satisfy me."

He would have left her then; but Katie was not quite content to let him go.

"Guy, come home early—*early*, dear Guy."

Guy Vernon knew quite well what the emphasized word meant. Katie would have said 'early and with unclouded brain" if she had dared. As it was she wondered if she had gone a little too far; if he were angry with her because he did not speak, and only stood slashing his boot impatiently with his whip. But she could not let him go without, at any rate, a semblance of the promise she longed for.

"My love will guard you, Guy," she whispered, "Think 'Little Katie is watching at home for me—watching and waiting.'"

He laughed a little, and stooped and kissed her cheek lightly.

"Katie, you would make a man promise against his own will! You will have your way whether or no." And with these words Guy was gone.

The Carltons were old friends of the Vernons. During the lifetime of Mr. Vernon the two families had been most intimate, and some semblance of the past friendship was still kept up, although Guy professed to consider that the Carltons were not desirable associates. However, pretty Katie could not bear that her father's friends should discover anything against the character or daily habits of her only brother, and for this reason she specially urged Guy's early return that evening to Magnolia House.

A white-robed Katie watched and listened eagerly, albeit with a covert eagerness, as she assisted her Aunt Grace to entertain the visitors in the drawing-room that evening. She strained her ears to catch the first sound of Guy's horse's hoofs along the highroad; and as the hour for his anticipated arrival drew near and then passed she grew a little pale with suppressed excitement. Aunt Grace was not so sanguine as Katie about Guy's early return; but her niece had said earnestly, "He will come, Aunt Grace, I am sure he will come;" and she felt sure. Mr. and Mrs. Carlton could not but notice their young hostess' perturbation, though it was concealed as much as possible; and they guessed a little the true cause of it, but they would not speak, and the minutes dragged slowly on.

Dinner was at length announced. It had been delayed until cook's temper was sorely tried, and the little party, without Guy, took their places at the table.

Katie's cheeks grew white as the time went by. Why had not Guy kept his promise? why had he not kept his promise; she kept repeating that one sentence over and over again to herself feverishly, as course succeeded course, and at last dessert was placed upon the table.

Katie went forward to the pianoforte when they at length re-assembled in the drawing-room. It did not seem quite so difficult to sit down and allow her fingers to glide over the familiar keys as to converse pleasantly with affable little Mrs. Carlton, or listen and laugh at Mr. Carlton's innocent jokes, which perchance, Katie had heard half-a-dozen times before. So she sat and played, and Mrs. Carlton talked to Aunt Grace, and Mr. Carlton sat by the open window and smoked his fragrant cigar; while the dim gaslight from the but half turned jets shone over the little party—over the pretty coffee service upon the side table; upon the fragrant, delicate flowers that were grouped here and there artistically; and over sweet Katie Vernon who was scarce aware that she was inducing music from the instrument before her, for her thoughts and her heart were with Guy. And was not Guy Vernon "guarded?"

Presently, when the pretty pianist had grown almost sick at heart with waiting, there was a confused noise at the entrance door and in the hall. The distant subdued sounds penetrated to the drawing-room beyond. Katie's fingers trembled, and her uncertain touch upon the keys caused strange, harsh discords. One minute she sat there still, only listening; then with a little graceful, half-uttered apology, she crossed the room and went out into the hall, carefully closing the drawing-room door behind her.

Katie scarce knew what she expected to see when she so suddenly resolved to ascertain the cause of the unwonted confusion in the hall, and the sight that met her gaze might have startled stronger nerves than hers.

A little group, of which her brother was the centre, stood in the doorway of the dining-room. Guy, her darling, what could it all mean? Could it be that after all Guy had failed to keep his half-pledged promise? Katie had hoped against hope until that moment when she saw her brother utterly helpless, and supported by two whom she knew to belong to the club which Guy too often frequented in the city. The grey-haired butler, honest John Davis, was there also looking anxious and troubled. They all glanced round hurriedly as Katie's little white-robed figure came forward to their midst.

"What is it?" she asked, and her cheeks, which had been so colourless before, flushed hotly for one instant, but to grow paler and whiter the next.

Ralph Emmersley, one of Guy's companions, went a little forward to meet her.

"Miss Vernon, there has been a slight accident, your brother—but do not be alarmed," he added hastily as Katie started forward with blanched lips, "Guy has hurt his arm a little, but it will soon be all right. Dr. Grey is here."

Katie Vernon noticed then what she had not observed before that their family physician was with her brother, and that Guy's arm was roughly and hastily bandaged.

He turned and smiled with some little effort when he saw her startled, pallid face.

"Foolish little Katie, don't be frightened," Guy said, and he stooped and kissed her white cheek. "I am sorry I could not come home sooner, child."

"Oh, Guy! how did it happen?" she asked a little fearfully. Her brother's brow flushed. "Never mind now," Katie added quickly, noting his embarrassment. "Dr. Grey, I am so very glad that you are with Guy."

"How do you do, Miss Katie?" the doctor said with the freedom of an old friend. "This young scapegrace has been getting into the wars, and I must dress his wounds, I suppose. Never you mind, my dear, it is nothing very serious; he must only keep quiet for a day or two, that is all, and it won't hurt him, I'll warrant you, Miss Katie!"

Aunt Grace, hearing the slight confusion, joined the little party. "Why, what is the matter, Guy?" she exclaimed in some concern "Nothing worth thinking about, Aunt Grace," the young man answered, though his lips were

drawn with pain. "Take Katie away and tell her not to mind."

Dr. Grey shook hands hastily with the lady, and then dismissed her with her niece.

"I can manage this young fellow, Miss Holmes," he said re-assuringly to Aunt Grace; re-assuringly for Katie's sake, "only leave him to me." And he marched Guy away to his own room.

Ralph Emmersley followed with a troubled, almost shamed expression upon his usually free open countenance.

"Vernon, you'll let me stay with you? I'm awfully sorry this has occurred, Vernon."

"It was none of your doing, old fellow," Guy said holding out his uninjured hand.

The doctor eyed them both keenly. "You have not told me how this happened," he remarked quietly.

Guy was silent, and Ralph Emmersley flushed and glanced at his companion uneasily. They were both silent for a minute or two, then Guy said suddenly—

"I am not ashamed to own my weakness, and my better resolutions too, it was for Katie's sake I received this, doctor"—pointing to the injured limb—"for Katie's sake; but because I went, in the first instance, where her sweet pleading haunted to condemn me."

And then Guy Vernon told his tale, how, after leaving the office he had intended to go straight home, but without, in the street, he had met some of his chosen friends, with whom he had participated in many a night revel, and they had chaffed and jested until Guy's scruples had been overcome, and he had joined them, and allowed them to lead him whithersoever they would. Guy Vernon could not explain how it was that he had at last voluntarily turned and walked in the very direction he had intended to avoid, it must be supposed it was simply because of the potent and all-powerful influence which excited, impetuous natures wield over others too easily susceptible to the mood of the moment; be that as it may, Guy Vernon went with the members of his *clique* as he had done many and many a night before, and in the brilliant saloon of the city hotel, where the gaslight flashed and the full glasses glittered, he forgot for the moment his promise, he forgot the pleading of sweet Katie, he forgot that she would be wistfully watching for him, and the shadow that would creep to her pure brow because of his long tarrying; but he only forgot it for a time. Guy lifted his flowing glass high, and was steadying it to his lips, when he suddenly paled and started. The colour fled from his cheeks, his brow, his lip; the sparkle died from his eyes; he dashed down the untasted glass of foaming champagne and sprang to his feet. Only a few simple words had sounded in Guy's ears: "Think 'Little Katie is watching and waiting.' 'My love will guard you, Guy.'"

"I have no business here," Guy said then, firmly, "I promised I would go home early to-night, and I mean to keep my promise."

The wild group were for a moment hushed, but only for a moment; after that they sprang up unanimously.

"Guy Vernon, whom did you promise, man?" This with a scornful laugh.

"My sister," Guy had answered in the same tone in which he had before spoken.

"So his sister told him to come home like a good boy, eh?"

With difficulty Guy controlled his feelings, and all would have been well had not one of the number laid his hand roughly upon Vernon's arm. "Stay with us, and don't be a fool, Vernon."

"No, there are only two of us left, and I will go home to little Katie," Guy replied firmly.

Then there was a slight scuffle; all were not as free from the effects of wine as young Vernon; they sought to detain him forcibly, till with a suppressed groan of pain Guy staggered against the door, with his left arm hanging helplessly at his side.

CHAPTER II.

ONLY TWO: BUT GUARDIAN AND GUARDED.

THE soft silver moonlight fell in long cloudless shafts of steel-blue transparency athwart

the lawn of Magnolia House, it kissed the beautiful waxen blooms of the magnolia that ornamented the building, and passing and peeping more closely into the home life within threw its clear rays into the pretty drawing-room, and saw there Katie and Guy Vernon. Katie was at the pianoforte, charming sweet strains of music from the instrument, and Guy lay languidly upon an easy lounge.

Suddenly Katie left her position upon the music stool and crossed over to her brother, kneeling down by the side of his couch.

"Guy, my darling, are you weary? Is the pain so trying?" she asked wistfully.

He turned towards his young nurse with a little laugh. "Don't mind about me, child," he said. "I am all right. Why did you leave off playing, Katie?"

"Guy, I have been thinking it is all my fault that you have been suffering so much pain," she answered, touching the injured arm. "If I had not urged you to come home early that evening, you would not, in all probability, have met with the accident." There was a suspicion of tears in Katie's sweet eyes. Guy half raised himself from the couch and spoke earnestly.

"Katie, don't say such a thing again—never again! What, my guardian blaming herself for her good guardianship? Listen, child: I would not have had this *not* happen to me for the world. I am more than half inclined to believe that this is the best thing that ever occurred to me in all my life."

Katie lifted her head and looked at him with sudden seriousness and questioning lips.

"I will tell you the reason, little girl. If Sinclair and Johnson and the other fellows had been—*sober*, Katie, this thing would never have been done, and I can realize this now, they were not masters of their actions. Some things, some scenes are marked upon our hearts indelibly with characters of fire; and the scene that night is such an one. I can see the flashing and the flaming of the gaslight; the glittering and swaying of the crystal glasses in the drinking saloon as I saw them all that night, and the flushed, excited, half-inebriated faces that were visible there, and the glarish light fills me with an indescribable sensation of loathing, such as I have never experienced before. It requires some sudden tragedy sometimes, Katie, to throw a man back, as it were, upon himself. I might haye gone on in my blindness for years, despite your gentle guardianship, and your influence, Katie, but for this," Guy Vernon said, touching his bound left arm.

His sister bent and laid one soft cheek upon his hand. "And give me a promise, Guy," she whispered.

"What is it, little Katie?"

"If I may ask it," she said, hesitating.

"I will grant it to the 'half of my kingdom,'" Guy answered, jestingly.

"That you will not take any more wine."

Guy Vernon moved a trifle uneasily.

"My dear child, you are unreasonable," he said in a tone of slight annoyance. "I will certainly never enter one of those gambling saloons again, or club rooms either, you have my word for it, but a social glass at one's own home and at one's own table with a friend in the ordinary intercourse of daily life is a widely different matter. I cannot give you such a promise as you require, my dear."

Katie Vernon said no more. Perhaps she felt that her brother had conceded a good deal, and that it was no moment to urge him further. She still retained her position beside his low couch with her caressing cheek against his hand. The touch, the mute caress might have pleaded more powerfully with Guy than any spoken words could have done; but he gave no sign that he was aware of her continued presence, until presently he roused himself and asked Katie if she did not intend to let him have any more music that evening? So Katie rose and went over to the pianoforte again. And so the moonlight left them.

Sinclair, Johnson, and most of the other young men who had been with Guy Vernon that night found their way to Magnolia House, and offered very honest, though perhaps awkward apologetic sympathy. They were honestly and sincerely sorry that their boister-

ous joke had terminated in such an unfortunate manner for their companion, and they told Guy as much.

"But then you know the whole affair was an accident, Vernon—an accident that might easily happen to anyone. And we were all a little excited, eh, old fellow?" with a laugh.

Guy faced his visitors.

"Sinclair," he said, for Sinclair had been spokesman, "Sinclair, I have come to a determination, and I may as well tell you what it is."

"Tell on, old boy!"

"I am sick to death of our wild pranks, Sinclair. I shall never enter any of those seductive gambling saloons again, I shall never more make one of your party at the club rooms."

"Why, how is this, Vernon? Are you a teetotaler at last? I did not know, I had no thought what this unlucky accident would do for you," aristocratic Sinclair said with a curl of his lip. Guy flushed in conscious embarrassment.

"I am no teetotaler," he answered, hotly.

"Come and have a social evening when you will, and drink some of my father's old port with me, Sinclair."

"I am obliged to you," the other replied coolly. And so they parted.

Guy Vernon felt a little uncomfortable when he thought over Sinclair's words: "How now, are you a teetotaler at last, Vernon?" He fancied that he was laughing covertly at his late prudence. Had Guy heard his associates' remarks when Sinclair and Johnson left Magnolia House that evening, he would have been somewhat astonished.

"I am surprised in Vernon," Sinclair said musingly, more to himself than to his companions, "I am surprised in Vernon."

"How now, Sinclair?" enquired Ralph Emmersley who had joined them.

"I thought he was one to be thorough in his undertakings; if he attempted anything to do it well."

"And does he not do so?" enquired Emmersley, not comprehending the other's meaning.

"He condemns our wine parties and billiards, and yet takes his glasses at home. What strange inconsistency!"

"I cannot see that exactly. The two seem to me very different," Ralph said.

"Not at all, they are both evils," Sinclair answered quickly. "Only one is an aggravated evil."

"What, Sinclair, you turning preacher?" Johnson cried in a tone of railery. "I would advise you to sign the pledge, and set Guy Vernon a good example!"

"No, I do not profess to be other than I am: a wild scamp at the best. But one thing I will tell you, boys, I haven't much respect left for Vernon. I would have done the thing out and out when beginning it, if I had been he. I vow that when he turns teetotaler I will; but not before."

And with a laugh the young men entered the hotel parlour where they were accustomed to spend their evenings.

Staines Sinclair, with his aristocratic bearing and parentage, hated the very suspicion of hypocrisy. He was one who, alas! knew well enough the right, but lacked the strength of purpose necessary to act according to that knowledge, but he would have scorned to appear other or better than he really was.

"We may as well go to Magnolia House for the evening as Vernon has specially invited us," Staines Sinclair remarked to his companions some evenings later, and within the hour they found themselves seated at Guy's hospitable table, drinking some of his famous "old port."

"I never hardly see any of you fellows now," Guy said presently. "You should not forsake an old friend, Sinclair."

Staines pulled his cigar from between his lips. "You have forsaken us," he answered, "not the other way."

"Then do as I have done, give up the wine parties and billiards. I have never regretted it. Give them up, all you fellows, and Staines, show them how to do it!"

Guy Vernon was earnest enough. He leaned across the table and spoke requiring an

answer. Sinclair pushed his chair hurriedly aside, and getting up, began pacing the room

"I cannot do as you have done, Vernon," he said with unconscious bitterness. "There can be no half-way measures for me. If I drink my wine, I must continue to frequent my wine parties."

"Then give it up entirely," Guy said quickly. "Give up the wine altogether, Staines."

Sinclair turned and looked at him, strangely as Guy thought, then re-seated himself in his chair.

"We will say no more about it, Vernon," he replied, in a manner that meant what he said.

"Sinclair and the other fellows are wilder than ever," Guy remarked to his sister some time later. "I am sorry"—musingly.

"Have you tried to influence them, Guy?" Katie said.

"I have; but it seems useless, Katie. I thought my influence over them was greater, somehow I cannot understand it. Sinclair, for instance, used to do the thing I wished him; at one time a word from me was sufficient to make him alter his purpose, it is very strange," Guy Vernon said in a perplexed manner.

"Guy darling," his sister began hesitatingly, then she paused as if fearful of offending him; she loved him so, this only brother of hers, and he was her all!

"What is it, Katie?" he asked absently, but kindly enough.

"I would remind you of some words of Carlyle's, only I am afraid you will be angry with me, Guy." The words were half jesting, and withal half timid.

He smiled and smoothed her bright hair. "Try the effect, child," he said.

"'Let him who would move and convince others *be first moved and convinced himself.*'"

"How, what do you mean?" Guy started and looked at Katie keenly.

"Your friend, Staines Sinclair, said he could adopt no half-measures: if he gave up his wine parties he must give up his wine altogether, did he not, Guy?"

"He said so," young Vernon replied.

"Then how can you urge him to do this thing that may prove his safety if you do not do it yourself, Guy? The world will have practice as well, or before, precept. One must act as well as preach, or the preaching will not exercise very good influence upon those who observe the daily life of the preacher or teacher. Consistent lives avail more than eloquent sermons, Guy."

Katie said the words with an effort, and she laid one little hand upon her brother's arm as she spoke, thus enforcing her sentence. Guy felt the tremor of the pretty hand. He turned from her and began pacing the room.

After a while he said, "You have solved the mystery, I believe, little Katie. At any rate I will try if your plan will avail anything. I do not notice that my daily glass of wine hurts me; but, on the other hand, it does not do me any good; and if by giving it up I persuade another to put temptation beyond his reach I shall be amply repaid. Katie, my little guardian, you have won me at last!"

Katie flushed a bright flush of pleasure.

"Guy, will you really leave off taking wine altogether?" She said, scarcely believing him.

"I have said it, little Katie, and intend to abide by the decision, because you have shown me my duty. I wonder I never realized it before," Guy Vernon added to himself. "I suppose that is why I have always felt so weak in point of argument when urging temperance. I could never say 'follow my example, do as I do.' That was my weak point, undoubtedly."

"Sinclair," Guy Vernon said to his friend the next day, when he chanced to meet him in the city, "Sinclair, come to my place this evening, and bring the others with you, Johnson, Emmersley, and their party. I want you specially."

Sinclair hesitated for a moment; he had not been quite so friendly with Guy lately, a little reserved.

"I want you, Staines," Guy repeated earnestly; and he gained Sinclair's promise.

The dining-room at Magnolia House looked pleasant enough that evening when the party of young men assembled there. But there

was a seemingly singular omission which each noticed when entering the room, and the young host observed the curious glances.

"Sinclair—Emmersley," he said, "I intend to test your friendship this evening."

"Test it as you will, old fellow, it will bear it all," Ralph Emmersley answered in his free, easy style; a trifle careless withal, may be; but Staines Sinclair said nothing, and Guy Vernon eyed him more than the others, for he valued his friendship perhaps the most.

"Staines"—it was not often that they used one another's Christian names in a gathering such as that, but Guy chose to ignore the fact just then—"Staines, can you pass an evening without taking any wine or spirits? I am going to ask you to try it to-night, for I am a teetotaler."

"Guy Vernon!" Sinclair turned sharply upon his heel and faced the speaker.

"I mean it," Guy affirmed quietly, "I am a teetotaler."

They all heard it, and there was no possibility of mistaking the avowal. Guy had not intended that there should be.

"Why, old fellow, that accounts for you having no wine upon the table," Ralph Emmersley cried. "I thought you must have forgotten the decanters, Vernon."

Staines Sinclair's face was working strangely; and his white aristocratic hand pulled nervously at his moustache. Suddenly he went forward and offered his hand to Guy.

"I have wronged you in my thoughts lately, Guy," he said with an effort. "I have gone so far as to call you a hypocrite! If you can pardon me, and care to have my friendship after this, here is my hand."

Vernon grasped it eagerly. Then turning to the others Sinclair continued—

"Do you remember what I said a good time ago: when Guy Vernon becomes a teetotaler I will be one, and not till then? I said it rashly, hastily, deeming the vow never likely to require affirmation. But I pledge you my word afresh to-night. Vernon, I will be an abstainer as well as yourself."

Guy Vernon wrung his friend's hand as perhaps Staines Sinclair's hand had never been wrung before.

"Staines—oh Staines!" he said, and that was all; his voice broke, he could say no more immediately. Presently he went on—

"This is Katie's doing. I did not see my error until she pointed it out to me—my little guardian! She showed it to me in Carlyle's words. 'Let him who would move and convince others be first moved and convinced himself.'"

"Wise words from wise lips," Staines Sinclair answered, meditatively.

"Let us go to the drawing-room," Guy said, leading the way. "Katie will give us some music."

Staines put his arm through his host's, and the others all followed wonderingly. A pretty white-robed Katie received them and served them with fragrant coffee from an antique coffee-service.

And there was a mixture of flowers and music and laughter in the drawing-room at Magnolia House that night, and many a night after, a scene of innocent happiness and joyous merriment. And more than one of the young men present learnt the truth of the words which Guy Vernon's little guardian had first called his attention to: "wise words from wise lips," as Staines Sinclair had said.

"Let him who would move and convince others be first moved and convinced himself."

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE is an enterprise that has thinned the workhouse, and the hospital, and the jail; that has helped to fill the school, and the lecture room, and the industrial exhibition; an enterprise that has turned into useful citizens those that have been pests to society,—one of the best educators of the masses, one of the chief pioneers of the Gospel; an enterprise which is not Christ, but which is one of the holy angels that go upon his mission.—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

Katy Gray.

YOUNG Katy was a bonnie lass,
Just bordering on sixteen.
Blue were her eyes, as yonder skies,
None brighter e'er were seen.
Aye! she was fair, her rich brown hair,
Like a bright crown of beauty rare,
Proclaimed her "Queen."

And Katy reigned in many a heart.
Her father loved her more
Than everything he owned beside,
And said so o'er and o'er.
And by his side, it was his pride,
For Kate to walk at eventide
Across the moor.

Away across the barren moor
There stood a little "Inn,"
Where Katie's father loved to quaff
His "evening" glass of gin.
And Katy dips her pretty lips
Into the bowl her father sips—
Nor dreams of sin.

Then home together would they trudge,
Kate chatting all the while;
And mother at the garden gate
Oft met them with a smile;
And eyes so bright, with love's deep light—
Ah! 'twas indeed a pleasant sight—
Love without guile.

But by-and-by poor Charlie Gray
Fell down and broke his leg,
And many a day he had to stay
At home and keep in bed.
This tried him sore, and o'er and o'er
He longed to trudge across the moor
To see old Ned.

Katy, too, missed the evening stroll
And glass of gin or wine
(Which now, alas, she loved too well),
And many and many a time
She would have flown with eager feet,
To fetch one gill of brandy neat,
Or Whiskey fine.

"Go, Kate," one morn her father cried,
"And tell old Ned to send
'Some of his best, his very best,'
To me his luckless friend;
And, Katy, say 'Alack-a-day,
I ll come his way, soon as I may
Begin to mend.'"

Soon Kate was bounding o'er the moor,
With eager feet and light,
The "Inn" was reached, and there, alas,
She loitered until night;
Then home returned to hearts that yearned,
For her whose heaving bosom burned
With awful might.

'Twas sore disgrace, her parents fond,
Were deeply mortified,
To know that Kate, their lovely child,
Their only joy and pride,
Had stayed away that livelong day—
Drinking—as all the gossips say,
Nor cared to hide.

A shadow now stole o'er that home,
Once happy as a song.
It deeper and yet deeper grew,
As swift time sped along;
For Katy bright—once pure as snow—
Drank on! That cup that leads to woe
And bitter wrong.

Now, fiercer grew her father's wrath,
Deeper her mothers pain,
Until in rage, the door was closed
On Katy in the rain.
One moment, then away she turned;
With anger wild her bosom burned,
And reeled her brain.

Where could she go? She cared not where,
And wandered o'er the moor,
Until she reached that fatal "Inn,"
Then turned in at the door.
And when a few drear hours had flown,
She left—to wander, sad and lone,
Sick and heartsore.

On, on, until she reached a town,
Where, very tired and faint,
She laid her down, hoping to die.
Bitter was her complaint,
And cold the night, with blinding sleet
Beating upon her in the street.
Weep! every saint.

From that sad hour, poor Katy fell
Into dark depths of sin;
And no one guessed it came about
By sipping wine and gin.
And holier sisters looked in scorn,
Upon that girl, sad and forlorn,
Her heart within.

Deeper, and oh ! yet deeper still
In sin and misery,
She fell, until she thought this world
Much worse than *Hell* could be.
So she resolved to end her strife,
And throw away her precious life
In yonder sea.

So, when 'twas dusk, that none might know,
The poor girl passed along;
She thought no one would notice her
Among that numerous throng,
And as she hastened t'wards the pier
She said, "No one will shed a tear
For me—so wrong."

What makes her start, and look so wild ?
Pressing her throbbing head—
'Tis but a lady's gentle touch,
As "God is love," she said ;
"And He will care"—"nay, sister, stay,"
As Katy said, turning away,
"I'm better dead."

"Nay ! say not so," the lady urged,
And then she spoke of One,
Who died each lost soul to redeem—
God's loved, and only Son ;
And Katy listened to the tale,
Till tears ran down her cheeks so pale—
Her heart was won.

To her own home, that woman true,
Bore Katy, once so fair ;
Now, her bright eyes were shrunken,
Dishevelled her rich hair,
Telling a woeful tale of sin,
Of want without, and strife within,
And bitter care.

There, with her friend, poor Katy stayed,
Till many a week had flown,
While oft her heart, with longing turned,
Towards her own old home.
She thought again of parents dear,
Whom she had left for many a year,
Sad and alone !

Alone ! they shall no longer stay,
I'll seek them, Katy said,
She did not know, that for a year
Those dear ones had been dead ;
But when she looked on that dear home,
Deserted, dreary, cold, and lone,
Her spirit fled !

In yonder churchyard's quiet shade,
Three graves lie side by side—
Those erring parents and their child,
Through sin and grief she died.
The fate they won, bids old and young,
For death prepare—and cries—O ! shun
The drunkard's way !

H. G. K.

Strengthened by Example.

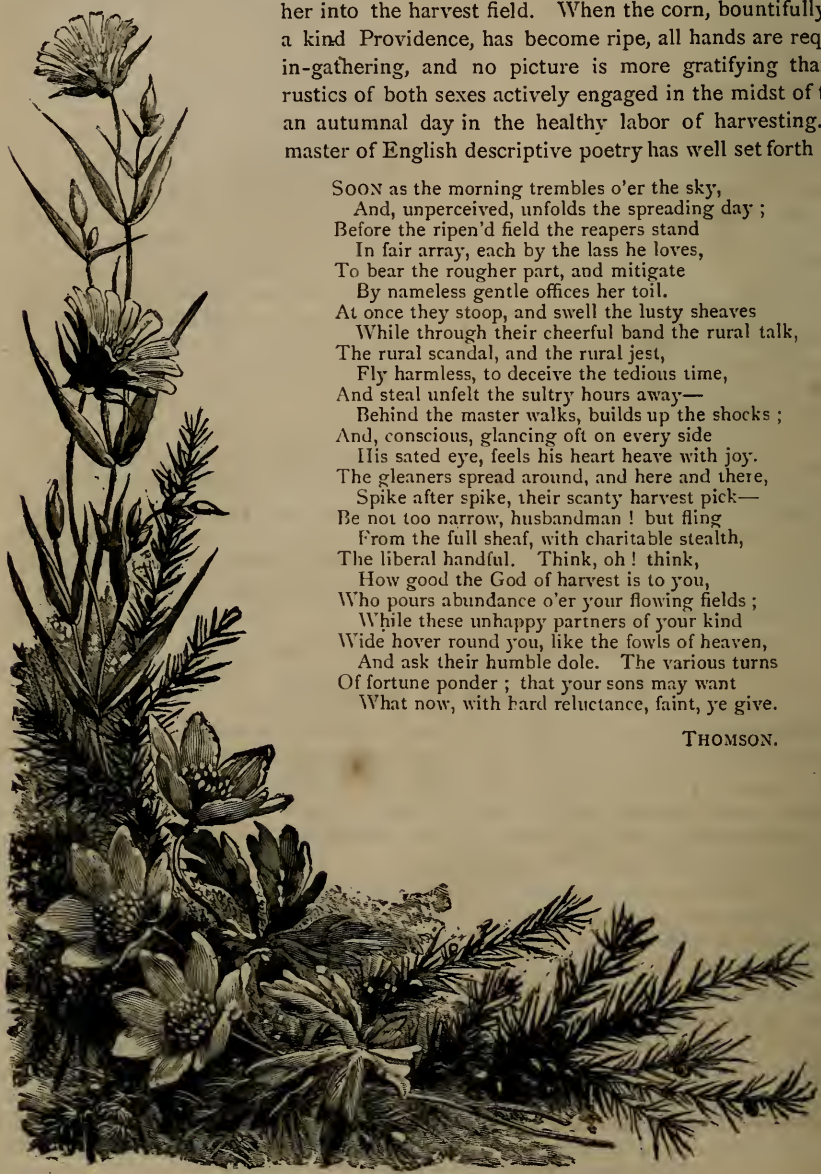
At a large boarding-house in America, a guest was asked at dinner if she would have some plum pudding with wine sauce. "I will have some of the plum pudding but none of the wine sauce," was her reply. Her friends laughed at her, and insisted that she should take some, but she replied, "I decline upon principle ; I take no alcohol in any form."

The conversation turned to other topics, but after dinner a young man whom she had noticed sitting opposite her at dinner approached her, and, requesting a word with her, said, "I want to tell you how much good you did me to-day by your prompt and decided rejection of the wine pudding sauce. I had been deliberating what I would do, being strongly tempted by the smell of it, which reached me. I think I should have yielded to my desire and the solicitations of my friends, who called my resolution a whim, if I had not heard your refusal. That gave me the courage to resist the temptation. I have an inherited appetite for liquor, but by the grace of God I have been enabled to control it ; but if I had got a taste of wine to-day, I feel confident I should have fallen again."

It was a very light thing for that woman to put aside an indulgence which cost her no sacrifice whatever. But by so doing she gave strength and courage to one whose feet had well-nigh slipped. We need to look at these things, not merely in the light of personal desires or personal experience, but with reference to the condition and dangers of others around us. We know not what eyes are watching us ; we know not who may be benefited or injured by our actions. Our decision, which may be but a passing, transient choice, may forge the fetter which shall bind some other soul in bonds never to be broken.

Harvest.

Our Illustration affords a pleasant glimpse of rural life in a more sunny clime than prevails in this Northern Island, and charmingly exhibits the beautiful truth that the paternal instincts are the same, the civilized world over. The reapers are taking their noon-day rest, and the happy father finds repose in the exertion of playing with the child, the young mother has brought with her into the harvest field. When the corn, bountifully supplied by a kind Providence, has become ripe, all hands are required for its in-gathering, and no picture is more gratifying than to behold rustics of both sexes actively engaged in the midst of the glories of an autumnal day in the healthy labor of harvesting. The great master of English descriptive poetry has well set forth such a scene.



Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away—
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick—
Be not too narrow, husbandman! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh! think,
How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

Thomson.

REST IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

The Drunkard's Story.

In a street of London city, leading east from Piccadilly,
I pondered, as they passed me, on the wise and on the silly,
On the world and its vexations, crosses, difficulties, troubles,
On the changes of existence, on ambition and its bubbles,
When I saw towards me coming, slow meandering on the sidewalk,
First to curbstone, then to doorstep, in a zig-zag, crooked wide walk,
Such a wretched, ragged fellow, steeped in misery and liquor,
That I dodged behind a lamp-post, that the man might pass me quicker.

But, as I around him dodging, tried on t'other side to place me,
By a sudden lurch to leeward, right about he turned to face me;
And, with gravity of visage, and an air of mock decorum,
Said "You're friendly, and I know it, and I want another jorum;
To be drunk is to be happy, and to be happy I am willing,
And I'll get entirely blissful, if you'll lend your friend a shilling.

Yes! I am a wretched drunkard, I am sunk past sounding distance
In a gulf of shame and horror—am a blot upon existence;
But when once I am in liquor then a show of joy comes to me,
Then I lose the curse of memory, with its fearful pangs and gloomy.
Ah! I once had friends and kinsfolk and was held in estimation
By my neighbours and my townsmen as a pillar of the nation—
Yes! a staunch and trusty pillar, one whom people always call so,
For I had my 'hundred thousand,' and a brown-stone mansion also.

And I had possessions greater—wife and children, never fairer,—
Ellen, patient, lovely, loving, why, with whom might I compare her?
George, my boy, my darling prattler,—Ellen, blue-eyed like her mother,
These made up my happy household; could the world find such another?
I was moderate in drinking, but my chain of limit lengthened;
Feeding on its constant practice, day by day the habit strengthened.
Fortune fled me, friends abandoned, darkened all the skies above me—
Save poor Ellen and her children there was no one left to love me.

Oh, those days of maddest revel, when good fellows sat beside me,
When with glozing words they fed me, and with flattery they plied me,
Till I sank me deeper, deeper, in a vast abyss unholy,
Never heeding that my darlings faded certainly though slowly.
All my friends with wealth departed; none are left to mourn my dying;
In a pauper's grave unheeded are my wife and children lying.
But I'd thank you for that shilling, while I live I would be merry;
When I die, there's one more pauper for the sober folk to bury!"

Longer still no doubt his story, had I stayed to listen to it,
But I gave the wretch his shilling, though 'twas doubtless wrong to do it.

Days and months since I had met him; stocks and politics and cotton
All combined to make my drunkard and his tale of woe forgotten;
But this morning's daily paper, while events domestic noting,
Told how some one on the river found a dead man's body floating.
In his age he seemed past forty, face and rags the drunkard showing,
Yet within the wretch some angel kept a spark of feeling glowing;
For upon his clammy bosom, like the token of a lover,
Lay a single golden ringlet, "Ellen" written on the cover.

The First-born: A Talk with Young Parents.

So you have got your little first-born all safe and sound! What a joy it is, isn't it? How much there is to wonder and rejoice over in all its little ways and doings. Make the most of it all; for it can never be quite the same with any other baby that God may give you in future years. There is a sweetness and joy about the first-born, that can never be repeated with your other children.

If I mistake not you have already begun to think and plan about this little one's future. Once baby is shortcoated there seems but a step to the running alone, the first words, first lessons, schooling, and finally, the choice of a trade or occupation. And you are quite right thus to look forward. We cannot begin too soon to settle in our minds what manner of children we wish ours to be as they grow up. There are thousands of things we could talk over on this subject, and yet not exhaust it. But it is only one particular point in the future of your dear little one which I want to speak of to-day. God grant that what I put before you may so impress you as to make you choose the really safe path for your little one's sake.

Do you know that in this happy Christian land of ours there stalks about all night and day a monster, thousands of times more terrible and murderous than all the dragons and giants of legends and nursery tales? This English monster has many heads and countless hands. He spreads himself over the whole country. His long arms and feelers are to be found in every town and village. We cannot go many miles along any road without stumbling over some one of his thousand blood-suckers. He invites us to come within his reach at almost every street corner in our towns. He softens his voice, and makes himself as attractive as possible. He says he is man's friend; that he can give him strength for his daily work, comfort when he is sorrowful, forgetfulness when he is anxious and worried, health when he is out of sorts, and that he, and he only, can really make life worth living.

This is what he *says*. Now listen while I tell you what he *does*. I said he was a murderous monster. When we were children we thought it very dreadful to hear of the giants and dragons who needed one or two people for their daily food. This English monster consumes about *one hundred and sixty four* persons in twenty four hours, or no less than *sixty thousand* British men and women every year. Besides this dreadful slaughter, instead of giving those he does not kill the promised health and strength to work, he is slowly poisoning them; adding to their sorrows instead of comforting them causing care and anxiety in place of curing them, and making the lives of millions a curse instead of a blessing.

Now every British baby when it is born comes into the dominion of this deadly monster. Its parents and grand-parents, and all its ancestors for many generations, have lived within sound of his voice, and have been more or less under his influence; some one or other of the babe's forefathers has been either killed outright or in some degree poisoned by him. The child is therefore in some measure his born subject. In right of some of his forefathers' submission and service to this evil creature, the monster will have a claim upon the child as soon as ever it is old enough to be influenced.

Now notice that I said "In right *of some* of his forefathers' service—the monster will have a claim on the child" as it grows up. Woe indeed would it be for the poor babe if all its forefathers, down to father and mother, had been this creature's slaves! Then would the poor little one be born so loaded with the chains of its inherited slavery that we should almost despair of ever releasing it! But that saving "*some*" is just what I want to talk about. For it shows us the two sides of the question. It proves that though each British child may be claimed as the monster's slave in right of some ancestor's slavery, that it still has the blood of *free-born* men and women in its veins. It has *the right*, and some measure of power to resist this evil creature's claims as it grows up. It is *partly* free-born. It can become *entirely* so in future years by *systematic resistance* to the monster's allurements. For, thank God, this British dragon cannot, like the fabled ones of old, keep men and women captive *against their will*. He must so beguile and entice as to make them *willing* to become his slaves. And *till so willing* the free-born British child is capable of resisting his influences, and escaping his snares.

But now let us drop all figure of speech and give our monster his proper name,—STRONG DRINK.

You know only too well, some of you, what is the work of this terrible evil. You know how the temptations to drink meets us on all sides, how many become the *slaves* of drinking

habits, how health is ruined, homes made miserable, wives maltreated by drunken husbands, children starved and left to perish of cold by drunken mothers, young men and maids degraded and made vicious through drinking, little children given fatal tastes, even in babyhood, through the madness and example of parents, who teach them to drink. Well may we compare this hideous evil to the dragons and giants of nursery tales! Only we should need all the seven headed dragons and many armed giants ever imagined, rolled into one huge monster of iniquity, to give us even a faint idea of what Strong Drink is doing in this land of ours! Would to God I could rouse every one of you to see this thing as I see it, and to make up your minds to set your faces determinately against it.

But I daresay most of you are already saying that of course you hav'n't the smallest intention or wish to encourage any child of yours in drinking habits. You never intend to let the child, this precious first-born, have anything to do with drink while it is little. You mean to set it a thoroughly good example. It shall never see either of you "*the worse for drink.*" You never have taken, and never intend to take, "*more than is good for you.*" You have your daily pints or half-pints, and you don't want any more. If your child follows your example there won't be much fear of its becoming the slave of Strong Drink. And you finish up by asking, "What more I can want of you?"

Now I am not going to ask anything more of you than this—to read all I write carefully and thoughtfully, and with a prayer to God to give you "*right judgment in all things.*" The question is one of such great importance that I want you to give it earnest attention. It concerns not only the happiness of your child in this world, but, for aught you or I can say to the contrary, its happiness to all eternity.

First of all I want to be sure that you really understand what we are talking about. I want you to go back again to what I said about the monster who is swallowing up alive so many British men and women every day we live. Besides this he is poisoning the health of thousands more, *is the cause of the crime of nine out of every ten people* who get into our prisons, has brought to poverty *nine out of every ten of the poor things who go into our workhouses*, and has maddened *one out of every three* of the unfortunates who have to be shut up in our lunatic asylums.

Strong drink and drinking habits are doing all this mischief every day we live. But there is some thing more than this. We spoke of people becoming the slaves of this monster. It is a common expression to speak of a person as "*a slave to drinking habits.*" Well, the peculiarity of this slavery is, that it is undoubtedly *transmitted by the parents to their children.* So that drinking fathers and mothers are giving the inherited taste for strong drink to their boys and girls, as well as that likeness of feature and character which you are generally so proud to trace. You are pleased when neighbours tell you the little one is like either of you. "Mother" thinks it like "Father," and "Father" returns the compliment by saying that "Baby favours its mother and its mother's family."

But what if under the fair features and the bright loving temper which delight you so much, there lurks (only hidden out of sight as yet) *this fatal liking for strong drink!* A taste, perhaps, inherited from some poor great grandparent, or great uncle, or distant cousin, whom you just remember hearing of as "a poor fellow, no man's enemy but his own," "who took to drinking," and died years before you were born from "the effects of drink."

Now I am not speaking without authority when I tell you most solemnly, that there can hardly be a family *of any class* now living in Great Britian which does not *count* amongst its forefathers, *some slave to drinking habits.* There is more or less of tainted blood in all our veins. We are the descendants of a nation which has been known for generations as "*a drinking* people," which has gone out into all parts of the world as the pioneers of civilization, but which has alas! taken with it everywhere this fatal habit, till "*to be drunk*," is in many foreign countries the characteristic of an Englishman, a Scotchman, or an Irishman. And worse even than this, we have brought discredit upon our Christianity amongst these nations; for though we have brought them the Bible with one hand, we have too often given them the fatal "bottle" with its deadly strong drink with the other, till the curse has in some places almost outweighed the blessing, and Africans, Hindoos, and Red Indians are alike suspicious of the religion of such a nation of double dealers.

Now look at your little first-born as it lies sleeping peacefully in its cradle. That precious baby now so fair and innocent, may have the chains of a hideous slavery already linked round its dawning intelligence; it may inherit through no fault of its own, or *you*, its immediate pr ogenitors, *this fatal liking for strong drink.* The monster may have

marked it for his own. What chance can the child have of escaping his snares as it grows up. His grasp is upon it. The chain is cast round it. The child will soon notice "father" and "mother" enjoying their daily half-pint. Perhaps ere long "father" will give it a sip out of his glass, and laugh to see it smack its lips and say "It is nice." Or "mother" will see the little cheeks look a trifle pale, and spare a sip from her half-pint "to put some color into them." Then by-and-by, the child will learn to find its way to the nearest "public" or drink-selling "shop," with the jug for "father's beer." The very sight and smell of the foaming liquor is becoming attractive, and the child sips from the jug on its way home, thus tightening the monster's chain, and taking its first lesson in deceit and grave disobedience. For did not "mother" say as she gave it the jug and money for its miserable errand, "Don't spill any, dear, on the way home, or drink it either, for poor father will be tired, and want it all."

O poor child, and unhappy parents! What will come of their *Moderation*, and so-called good example, if this is what it leads to? What can save the child as the years go on, when those who are meant to be its best friends are daily sending its little innocent feet into the very strongholds of its deadliest enemy, exposing its weak will and awakening appetites to the seductions of sights and smells which its inherited likings make only too alluring? Will it be any wonder if the child's taste for strong drink grows with its strength and added years? Will it be any wonder if such a young man or maiden, in the first flush and pride of independence "in the first place" should still further rivet the chains of this slavery about them, and become habitual drinkers of "*quite as much as is good for them?*" Oh what a mockery it all is! "As much as is good for them." Would to God that someone or something could tear the veil from the minds of men and women, who are thus blinding themselves and those they influence to the deadly peril involved in all this *moderation*, this tampering with an enemy whose secret ally, *an inherited liking for strong drink*, may be lurking in the breast of every baby born into our country.

Friends, friends, do you quail before the terrible possibilities thus presented to you in your child's future on account of this strong drink, as I do who am writing to you? Do you feel aghast at the awful evils which will dog your child's footsteps on account of it as it grows from infancy to maturity? Do you feel ready to do anything you can to help the helpless little one, and add to its chances of escaping the snares of the enemy, and all the dreadful downward steps from the first stolen sip, to the habitual daily drinking of "as much as is good for it," which will only too surely lead to occasional excess, and then at last to a drunkard's miserable life and untimely death? And what of the awful beyond? "*No Drunkard . . . . shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.*" Not only time but eternity is involved in these horrible possibilities! Fathers, mothers, picture it all to yourselves as you nurse your first-born. Will you, *dare you*, face all these possibilities, and take your chance of such a future for your innocent babe?

But is there a remedy? Can man do anything to arrest such evils? Have parents such power over their children's lives? Is it possible for them to influence to such a degree their children's future?

You can answer me yourselves. There is one way, and only one way of real safety as regards this deadly enemy, strong drink, and that is *Total Abstinence*. Become teetotalers for your child's sake. Example is the best teacher, and prevention is better than cure. Renounce, for the baby's sake, your own moderation. The glass may be safe enough for you which may prove fatal to it. Will you leave it within your child's power to say some day, "Father gave me the first taste," or "Mother led me into drinking habits by sending me sometimes for Father's beer?" Will it be any comfort to you, then, when your child is ruined by drink, that YOU never exceeded, and always set it an example of the strictest moderation? Will it be the child's fault if there is an answering voice in its breast which YOU never heard, that YOU found no temptations where it has found hundreds, that it falls where you can stand? Is it not rather your part as wise and prudent parents to consider these things, to pray over them, and then act as is really *safest* for you all?

The only chance of safety for anyone with an inherited liking for strong drink is *Total Abstinence*. It is impossible to be sure that any child as it lies in its cradle is free from this liking. Therefore wise and loving parents can only *insure the safety of all their children* from the enticements of strong drink by bringing them up as total abstainers. To do this effectually, the parents must be total abstainers themselves. For if the mother takes her pint or half-pint while she is nursing baby, she may be herself forging the chains around its little being, and preparing its nature to fall a victim to the monster, Strong Drink, when grown up. If the little

one sees "father" enjoying his daily half-pint, can it learn to appreciate properly the blessing and safety of the teetotalism forced upon it?

Example and teaching must go hand in hand, if real work is to be done. And what a splendid work it is in which all parents can help so effectually! Our country is weakened and degraded by the curse of drunkenness! Our prisons fill, our workhouses overflow, our national health is impaired, our influence as a Christian people is weakened, through the workings of this terrible Strong Drink! It is in the power of every British father and mother to do something towards bettering this miserable state of things by throwing their weight into the teetotal scale. They can make up their minds, God helping them, that no child of theirs shall have anything to do with the Englishman's disgrace and deadly foe. They can, by example and steady teaching, rear up a generation of earnest-minded thorough-going teetotalers, who will in their turn, if God wills it, carry down their practice and principles to their children's children.

Isn't this a work worth doing? Don't you want to have a hand in it? Look at your sweet little first-born once again. Choose now for it, with an earnest prayer to God for His help and blessing on your choice, the sweet and safe path of a conscientious total abstinence. You know not how much may be depending on your present decision. From a mere worldly point of view total abstinence is safety from many evils. But *it* only blesses this life, though *its opposite*, *drunkenness*, may be a curse for Eternity! At least, by training up your child a teetotaler, you leave it a fair field and no favour (dead against it) in its future battle with the world. You leave it an unbiassed will, an unimpaired judgment. You give it a better chance of resistance in its conflict with wickedness. You set its feet in the paths of a comparative virtue and well-doing.

But you won't be content with only this much, will you? Temperance ought to be but the handmaid to Godliness. Then let it, as it were, sweep away all the horribly foul and unclean things which are associated with the haunts and habits of those who take strong drink. Thus you will leave the way open to your child's heart whither may come all the sweet and lovely Christian graces and gifts which the Lord can give by the power of the Holy Spirit. There can be no real safety or strength to resist any sin unless your child is thus "born again" of the Holy Ghost. But the Lord's promise is *sure*. His answers to believing prayer *certain*. Do but your part honestly and in faith. Remove from your little one's path all "occasions of stumbling." Keep it as far as you can out of the "way of sinners," train it by daily example and constant teaching "in the way of godliness;" lay it by faithful earnest prayer at the feet of the Saviour. So surely will His blessed hands be laid upon it in a blessing for all eternity, Who has said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, *and forbid them not*, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

F. C. K. W

Poor-House Tim.

We drove slowly along, one pleasant May morning, past green wheat fields, blooming orchards, and farmhouses cosily nestled 'mid green trees. It was all new to Frank, my nephew, whose home was in the city. He wanted to get out—just as boys will—for every wild flower and clump of moss on the roadside. If a hen said, "k'la! k'lo!" he was ready to stop for a grand egg hunt, and the dazzling colours of a proud old peacock quite carried him away.

Frank was ten years old, and on that day was making his first visit to the county asylum, or poor house, two miles from Royal, our county seat. "Poor folks," within his knowledge, were newsboys, peanut-vendors, apple-women and rag-pickers. The *dark* side of life was as dim as a last night's dream to the little boy at my side.

I had heard that poor little Tim Hacketts, one of Frank's mates in the city public schools, was an inmate of the poor-house, and so invited Frank to accompany me hither.

The matron met us at the door, and invited us to her own sitting-room, which was bright with blooming plants, and a seeming reflection of her own sunshiny nature, which diffused light and comfort into more than one bruised and broken heart.

"It's a hard place to fill, ma'am, and yet I hope I do some good. Tim Hacketts is very bad with fever; won't last long. You remember his father? —he died with tremens last fall. Well, his wife's here, too; two worse-abused mortals never came into the 'sylum. Whiskey, an' nothin' but whiskey, is what's done it all. Why, if you'll just find out the history of them that's in here, two-thirds 'll say

that whiskey, one way an' another, has caused their ruin. We all like Tim, 'cause he's so smart-like. He kind o' won our hearts from the first. His drunken father had beat him dreadful, just before he took that last spell, an' he never got over it. Now, if he dies, Mis' Hacketts'll give clear up. No money, no friends, no health, an' nothin' to care for when Tim's gone. Now, would you like to go into the sick ward ?"

As we followed the matron, we saw many sick and afflicted ones, whose sad story, as told by our conductor, showed them in nearly every case to be the victims of intemperance.

"I tell you, my boy," said she, turning to Frank, "you ought to take a solemn vow in this very place, that you'll never drink a drop of anything intoxicating. Soul and body are alike carried to a speedy destruction."

By this time we were in the sick ward, where on a humble couch, lay "poor-house Tim." This was a name that the inmates had given him just after he came there. Tim's mother was by his bedside, keeping the flies off. The little boy fastened his unnaturally bright eyes on Frank, who stood at the foot of the bed, and recognised his old playmate. But the past schooldays were not referred to; the present filled his mind.

"O Frankie!" he whispered, "don't never drink—*never*—nor smoke, nor swear, nor chew!" —and he grasped Frank's hand as if exacting a promise. "I'm a goin' away; but if I'd a lived"—and a rare smile lit the little boy's wan face—"*I'd a worked for temperance.* Won't you promise me?"

"Yes, I promise," returned Frank, firmly; and in a weak voice, Tim added,

"For Jesus' sake. Amen."

It was a solemn scene—one which I am sure Frank will never forget. We all turned away with tear-stained faces, hoping the morrow would find Tim better.

"He passed away quietly at midnight," said Mrs. Barnes, afterward, "and his last words were, 'He's promised! he's promised!'"

Sir Henry Thompson on Moderate Drinking.

Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S., Surgeon Extraordinary to His Majesty the King of the Belgians, and Surgeon to University College Hospital, addressed a letter to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he said:—"I have long had the conviction that there is no greater cause of evil, moral and physical, in this country than the use of alcoholic beverages. I do not mean by this that extreme indulgence which produces drunkenness. The habitual use of fermented liquors to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce that condition, and such as is quite common in all ranks of society, injures the body and diminishes the mental power to an extent which I think few people are aware of. Such, at all events, is the result of observation during more than twenty years of professional life devoted to hospital practice, and to private practice in every rank above it. *Thus, I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of some of the most painful and dangerous maladies which come under my notice, as well as those which every medical man has to treat, to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drink taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate.* Whatever may be said in regard to its evil influence on the mental and moral faculties, as to the fact above stated I feel that I have a right to speak with authority; and I do so solely because it appears to me a duty, especially at this moment, not to be silent on a matter of such extreme importance. I know full well how unpalatable is such truth, and how such a declaration brings me into painful conflict, I had almost said with the national sentiment and the time-honoured and prescriptive usages of our race. Cherishing such convictions, I rejoice to observe an endeavour to organise on a large scale in the National Church a special and systematic plan for promoting temperance, and I cannot but regard this as an event of the highest significance. I believe that no association in this country has means to influence society in a favourable direction at all comparable to that existing in the English Church, and the example and teaching of its clergy may do more than any of the other associations which have long laboured with the same object to diminish the national ignorance on this subject, and the consequent national vice. My main object is to express my opinion as a professional man in relation to the habitual employment of fermented liquor as a

beverage. But if I venture one step further it would be to express a belief that there is no single habit in this country which so much tends to deteriorate the qualities of race, and so much disqualifies it for endurance in that competition which in the nature of things must exist, and in which struggle the prize of superiority must fall to the best and to the strongest."

A Stern Sentence.

Mr. and Mrs. White had been married about thirteen years. At first their life was a very happy one, and their home the picture of comfort; for John White was a good workman, and won the esteem of his employers. But his kind, sociable qualities often led him into temptation, and alas! he soon gave way to drink, until at length the happy home became divested of all appearance of comfort, and his wife and children were rendered miserable.

But brighter days were in store for them. After years of wretchedness and squalor, John White was brought to see the sin and folly of his life. Deeply repentant and humbled for the past, he found in the promises of the Saviour forgiveness and comfort. He did not at first sign the pledge, but he purposed in his heart that never again should the drink cross his lips, and bravely did he keep his purpose. Years of comfort and happiness followed, and all was going on well till one Christmas Eve a friend of theirs sent them as a gift from the country a Christmas hamper, and in it were a dozen bottles of what his friend called "good old wine." John White's face had a stern look when he saw them, and made up his mind at once what to do. He resolved to break the bottles, and pour out every drop into the drain. So to the window of the back kitchen of the little cottage that he lived in, John brought the bottles, while his two boys and his wife followed to observe the result.

"Show no mercy, John!" said Mrs. White, as holding above his head a stout stick, Mr. White was about to break the first bottle. The blow fell, the bottle broke, and so on from one to the other, until all were gone.

"I feel quite happy again, now that that horrible thing is out of the house," said John, as he breathed a sigh of relief.

How happy thousands of homes in England would be to-day, if the deadly serpent of strong drink were treated with as stern a purpose as John White's, and shown "no mercy!"—*Our Darlings.*

A Street Scene.

It was a lovely night in July. Though the hour was late, the streets were crowded with the many whose homes in hot weather are uncomfortable and stuffy, and even in London there was much that was enjoyable in the beauty of the summer night. The moon shone peacefully on the grey tower of an old church that stands in the centre of a spacious graveyard that had been the burying place for centuries of what was once a little country hamlet, but is now part of the great city. Instead of being surrounded by green fields, the church is hemmed in by shabby rows of houses inhabited for the most part by poor hard working people; and the soft beams of the night goddess contrasted strangely with the glare of the gas lamps in the shops and streets. In a little turning hard by the old church a knot of people were gathered close to the entrance of one of those mansions of alcohol that minister so successfully to the vices of man. There was the usual number of dirty untidy women, who never seem to have anything to do but gossip; a sprinkling of children, and a few roughs who seemed to appreciate or rather to enjoy the scene. These were only the lookers on; the principal actors were two women, a man, and a little girl.

Over and over again the story has been told of the poor heart-broken wife and child seeking to persuade the father to leave off drinking. Here the case was reversed. The man, who was a respectable looking mechanic, was trying to induce his wife, partly by expostulation, partly by threats, to leave the company of the other women who, gaudily clad, coarse in features, and loud in voice, were upbraiding him for his meanness in refusing to allow his wife to go out for a bit of a spree. "I never refuse her anything that is *good* for her," said the man, "and I

know too well what the end of this will be." It was pitiable to hear the wife excuse herself. "You know, George, it ain't often that I break out like this—you musn't mind me being a bit jolly when Alice comes to see me—she *is* my sister, you know—I'll only have one more glass, and then I'll come home." I say it was pitiable to hear the woman thus excuse herself, for she was cleanly and tidily dressed, and seemed to want for nothing, but now she was under the dominion of an appetite before which the dictates of duty and the appeals of love are alike powerless. As she spoke the woman drew nearer to the door of the public house. It was then that a yearning cry broke from the lips of a bright eyed, pale faced, dark haired girl about twelve years of age, who clung close to her father, and her whole soul seemed to strive to find expression as she said appealingly: "Oh, Mother, don't go in!" There was a faint response to this appeal in the mother's face, but the emotion was transient, for the tempter's voice was heard again—her sister-tempter, whose tones were so loud that the attention of the police was drawn to the group. Two constables, doubtless hardened to such scenes as this, pushed the crowd aside, and ordered the quartette to move on. The wife broke from her husband's kind but firm clasp, and followed by her sister sought a *refuge* in the public-house, and as I turned to leave the painful scene, the child's cry rang out again through the clear night air, more appealingly than ever. "Oh, Mother! Mother!" I looked up at the deep blue sky, from which the stars seemed to look pityingly down, and from my heart there went forth a prayer for the little household where drink had found a victim. I could not help feeling very sad when I remembered that such scenes as these are of every-day occurrence. How long, O Christian England, shall these things be?

J. F. H.

The Four Doctors.

A CHEERFUL old gentleman, not far from the Wrekin in Shropshire, has enjoyed his life. He is old, but strong; old, but ruddy; old, but merry. To a friend he said that he owed his bright autumn of life to four doctors, and that their names were Dr. Air, and Dr. Diet, Dr. Horse, and Dr. Quiet. Total abstainers, and all men should seek the help of these four doctors to keep themselves in robust health. Health means strength, usefulness, dignity, joy, and long life.

Fresh air, wholesome food, exercise, and a proper amount of rest is what every abstainer should seek and possess. When an abstainer's health fails it is never the result of his disuse of intoxicants. The failure of his health proceeds from other causes, and very probably because he has not consulted our old friend's four doctors. Bad air, improper food, worry, monotonous employment, over-work, late hours, and nervous strain, soon breaks a man down, and all these should, as far as possible, be avoided. If, therefore, any of our readers should feel "below par," "out of sorts," "seedy," or "down a bit," let them not resort to the pipe and the glass, but take the advice of our four sensible doctors, and they will soon feel better and happier.

G. W. M.

Johnnie's Decision.

JOHNNIE had been having a fine time at Frank's birthday party. The children had played till they were tired; then came supper, and they all sat down to the pleasant table with its cake and nuts and fruit. Johnnie tasted of the clear, white jelly by his plate, and thought it very nice indeed; but just then he heard someone say it was wine jelly.

Now Johnnie was a strong temperance boy, but the jelly was very tempting. He hesitated a little, and then asked Frank's mamma to excuse him from the table for a few moments. He hurried home and ran into his mother's room.

"Mamma," said he, "there's some wine jelly on the table, and I've tasted it and it's very nice. What shall I do?"

"Well, you know, Johnnie, what you and I think about these things," said his mother.

"But, mamma, tell me what to do."

"No, my son, I can't do that," said mamma, very gently. "You must decide for yourself."

Johnnie thought for a moment, and then ran back to the party. When he went to bed that night his mamma asked, "Well, Johnnie, what did you do about the wine jelly."

"I didn't touch it, mamma," said Johnnie, bravely. "And when they asked me if I did'nt like it, I said, 'Yes, but I've signed the temperance pledge.'"

On Giving Alcohol to Infants.

UPON this subject a medical gentleman has written a letter to the *Temperance Record*, in which he says :—

"I am often called to see little children who are suffering from flatulence produced from some cause or other, and almost invariably my question of what they have given the child is met with the answer, a little drop of brandy or a drop of gin to disperse the wind. This, I find to be the case, not only in the houses of the non-abstainers, but also in those of total abstainers (and I am glad to say that in this neighbourhood we have a great number of the latter, whose number is steadily increasing). I do not for a moment imagine that those who give this brandy or gin to their young children are aware of how much harm they are doing, nor how great a risk they run of sowing the seeds of a fatal harvest in after life for their innocent little ones. I believe they think they are doing the right thing medicinally, and unless they are told the reverse they will continue to think so. Let me, as a medical man, then, most emphatically say that I have never in a single instance seen this habit produce a good result. I have, in a great many cases, seen them go on to inflammation, &c., which it is my firm belief would not have occurred if it had not been for the spirits incautiously and unwisely given to the little ones. May I ask your readers to strongly impress upon all mothers, but *especially those* who from some cause are prevented from giving their infants that food which God has supplied to them, that they will never do any good by endeavouring to disperse the wind with a little drop of spirits, though kind neighbours may tell them so, but that paying attention to the diet of their little ones, and giving them plain, wholesome food of a digestible kind they will be doing much to prevent the occurrence of the attacks. I might, in conclusion, mention that a little dill-water or syrup of rhubarb will be found most effectual in severe cases. But by attention to the diet more than anything may be done."

The Neglected Pattern.

A WEAVER sat one day at his loom,
Among the colors bright,
With the pattern for his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track,
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
Wearily forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the ground,
And his tears fell on the woof;
For his thoughts, alas! were not with his home,
Nor the wife beneath its roof.

When her voice recalled him suddenly
To himself, as she sadly said:
"Ah! woe is me! for your work is spoiled,
And what will we do for bread?"

And then the weaver looked and saw
His work must be undone;
For the threads were wrong, and the colors dimmed
Where the bitter tears had run.

"Alack, alack!" said the weaver,
"And this had all been right
If I had not looked at my work, but kept
The pattern in my sight!"

Ah! sad it was for the weaver,
And sad for his luckless wife;
And sad will it be for us if we say,
At the end of our task in life,

The colors that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years;
But we wove the tissue wrong, and stained
The woof with bitter tears.

We wove a web of doubt and fear—
Not faith, and hope, and love,
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our Pattern up above.

PHŒBE CARY.

This is our Watchword.

J. TREVALLION.

The hope of our coun-try, the hope of the land, Are true Bands of

Hope; u - ni - ted we stand, And bold - ly our pledge of

free - dom pro-claim, For this is our watch-word and mot - to, "Ab -

rall.

- stain!" For this is our watch-word and mot - to, "Ab - stain!"

2 Some mothers have sunk broken-hearted with care,
And fathers have fallen by the tempter's snare;
Now nobly they're joining, the right to maintain,
And this is our watchword and motto—"Abstain!"

3 And children have felt our foe's dreadful power,—
Yes, children have seen drink's dark clouds lower;
We never will touch, but sober remain,
Our watchword and motto's—"Abstain, Abstain."

4 Come, brothers and sisters, come, shout for the right!
Come, brothers and sisters, come join us to-night;
With head and with hand help our hope to sustain,
Our watchword and motto is ever "Abstain!"

From "**The Standard Book** of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

Varieties.

MR. JOSEPH LIVESEY.—The Jubilee of the Temperance Society of Preston has suggested the reprinting of the "Autobiography of Joseph Livesey," which appeared in the *Staunch Teetotaller* for 1867-8. The "Autobiography" narrates the life of Mr. Livesey from his being left an orphan at an early age in that lucid style of his which reminds one of the remark of Richard Cobden—that he possessed a pen worthy of that great American, Benjamin Franklin. Those who wish to know of the early struggles of the little teetotal seed set fifty years ago, which has now developed into so goodly a tree, will not find any record more worthy of perusal than this pamphlet of 100 pages. In an appendix some of the facts connected with the history of the temperance movement from 1832 to 1836 are set forth, and a *fac-simile* is given of the first Teetotal Pledge, drawn up by Mr. Livesey, in September, 1832.—*Preston Guardian.*

THE TWO MEN INSIDE.—An old Indian asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man, "for," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco." "Why don't you keep it?" asked a bystander. "I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast; "and the good man say: 'It is not mine; give it back to the owner.' The bad man say: 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own.' The good man say: 'No, no; you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good." Like the old Indian, we have all a good man and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience. Who wins? That is the question; and the answer decides a child's character for this life and the life to come.

TIME TO QUIT.—Of Thaddeus Stevens, the eminent American statesman, it is said: "During the whole time of his residence in Lancaster Mr. Stevens was an uncompromising 'teetotaler.' The following is the history of his resolution to abstain. While he was in Gettysburg he was a member of a select circle who were accustomed to meet around at each others' houses and spend the evening in playing whist and drinking wine and choice liquors. One evening one of the party, a great favourite, who was cashier of the bank in Gettysburg, becoming a little inebriated, was escorted home by two of his friends, who, finding his latch-key, let him in and left him in the entry, supposing that he would find his way up stairs. In the morning when his wife came down she found him lying upon the entry floor dead. He had had an attack of apoplexy during the night. When Mr. Stevens heard of it he went into his cellar with a hatchet, broke open the heads of his wine and whiskey barrels, and would never taste anything of the sort afterward. When he became an old man and very delicate, Dr. Carpenter prescribed some alcoholic stimulant as a medicine. He absolutely refused to touch it."

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THE
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The Helping Hand.

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A sunny September morning brightened the wide lawn and shrubberies of Newton Rectory. Not a touch of frost had yet robbed the flower-beds of their beauty. The soft warm hazy air scarcely stirred the yellowing leaves on birch or beech, or swayed the silvery cobwebs that hung, dew-laden, from branch to branch. It was a perfect day, wherein nature seemed

so full of happy content, that it was hard to imagine human nature could be so out of joint with its surroundings as to nurture troubles, or ache under weary pain. And yet within the house there lay a shadow, sadly at variance with this out-of-door harmony, a shadow none the less real because everyone appeared anxious to keep it unnamed, so that little Dorathea Arden's first motherless birthday should pass as gaily as those gone before, when they were all in some ways so poor, and yet, alas, by one dear life, so much richer than now.

Nurse bustled about in her big south-windowed room, set the two little ones down to their breakfast of bread and milk, with a kitten on a chair between them as a wonderful treat, and then devoted herself to brushing Miss Dollie's curly locks, and making her fit to go downstairs to her father, with such a show of cheerfulness, such a stream of homely love-gossip that she quite overshot her aim.

"Nurse, dear," said the child, looking gravely up, "do you remember last year, when—when——"

"My pretty, don't!" said Nurse, catching down a nasty treacherous choking in her throat, and retreating behind Dorathea to tie her broad black sash, "we won't think about last year to-day of all days. Make you haste downstairs now. A little bird told me there'd be something waiting on the table for you this morning. And to be sure your papa 'll be waiting too; I heard him go down ten minutes back, so there," opening the door, and kissing the sweet little eight years old face before she let it go, "run off and be as cheery like as you can, for his sake, darling." But when the door was closed again, nurse's sighs would not be smothered any longer, and she was afflicted with a sudden cold in the head, which kept her full ten minutes by the window, from which she turned with very red eyes to discover that her smaller charges were impartially bestowing their breakfast on the tablecloth, their pinafores, the kitten and themselves, a state of affairs which brought her hurriedly out of sad reflections into her usual state of good-tempered activity.

Downstairs, as nurse had foretold, sundry queer shaped parcels showed that more than one friend had remembered this 15th of September. Many an offering from within, and beyond the village, was found by Dorathea's plate, from costly toys and books sent by the Squire's wife, to the huge bunch of many coloured asters backed with ferns, sent in with the gardener's duty to "Little Miss," and a basket of scarlet cheeked apples from old Griffin the parish clerk.

Here too were Dorathea's Godmothers, a pair of the most lovable old maids in the world, who had driven out from Halesbury in the early morning, on purpose to present themselves a pleasant surprise to their little favourite and namesake, for whose gladdening moreover they had brought out their brighest caps and kindest glances, keeping up a chirping duet about endless trifles, to ward off any little sad utterances, with which Dorathea might unawares upset her father, or her father Dorathea.

But Mr. Arden was not likely to call up a cloud upon his little daughter's face, and the child's keen sympathy with him, sealed her lips on that ever recurring thought, "last year at this time."

With a long silent hug, she took his birthday greetings, and welcomest of all her birthday gifts were the smiles, so rare of late, that he summoned, not easily, to answer hers.

"Flowers enough to trim the whole house, I declare," exclaimed Miss Heath, as they seated themselves at the breakfast table.

"And apples as red as geraniums! Nobody sends *me* such beauties!" chimed in Miss Helen.

"It's enough to make one wish one's young days back again!" protested the elder sister, as Dorathea passed over a pile of pretty things for her inspection, "or to run away with half these presents."

There *must* be more than Dollie wants, wickedly suggested the younger.

"Well, Helen, my dear, as she's had so many things, of course, our mites won't be missed, so we may as well keep them for ourselves!"

This was the prelude to a little pre-arranged bit of acting, which the kind old (to Dorathea) bodies went through with great spirit, rousing Miss Dollie's curiosity and even her father's amusement to a considerable pitch before they proceeded to gratify them and themselves by the production of a very small packet, small and hard, tied up with ribbon, sealed with a dainty little crest, not quickly opened, but *when* opened, displaying a gleaming mother-of-pearl purse, with the initials "D.H.A." engraved without, and a couple of shining gold sovereigns within.

"Farthings!" cried Dorathea, quite ready to be delighted with her first purse, be the coins it held never so humble. "Look, papa, two of the shiniest farthings you ever saw. Oh, thank you, aunties," her pet name for these kind spinsters. "I think I like this almost best of all!"

But she looked very grave when her mistake was explained, and she found herself absolute owner of such a fortune. The responsibility of the sum quite took away her appetite, especially as in answer to her father's prompt proposal that it should be saved, both the Misses Heath protested that they wished her to spend it when and how she liked, provided only she gave herself some pleasure in so doing.

"We are sure Dollie will get something sensible," said one lady, thinking to herself she would suggest a good workbox in the course of the day, one that might tempt Dollie in the unloved paths of stitching and hemming.

"We know she won't waste it!" cried the other determining privately to warn the little maid against "sweets," of which she herself had some forty years before bought and eaten five whole shillingsworth in one day, and had hated the sight of such confections ever since.

"So she must think what it is to buy, and come into Halesbury to do her shopping some day soon," suggested one sister, smiling at the prospective treat.

"And take us both to help her!" added Miss Helen, vastly enjoying the idea, "only, of course, the choice must be her own because the money is her very own. To do exactly as she pleases with it," summed up "Auntie Dora," with the gravity becoming so important a subject.

What a wonderful thought! What a weight of cash to be sure, what could or could not those two shining pieces buy? Dollie lapsed into silence from very bewilderment, and before breakfast was finished had in imagination purchased some keepsake for all her friends, young and old, from a doll that could squeak for Trottie, to a silver watch for nurse, and a long-tailed pony for papa.

But nothing for——

The thought *would* come. The faithful little heart was not to be cheated into forgetfulness. The rosy mouth began to pucker ominously, and everything on the table looked double. But Miss Helen saw what was in hand and cleverly warded off the pang from the father by proposing a run up to the nursery for Dollie, there to display her treasures, and let the upstairs world know what a wealthy little woman she was

"Well to be sure," was nurse's astonished comment, "You are in luck's way, my dear! Two whole pounds; and not to store up, but to spend."

And though she was the last in the world to grudge the child a pleasure, she could not restrain one backward glance of regret that her lost mistress had rarely had a similar luxury, "though" she honestly added in her own mind, "she might have had, I'll be bound, if these ladies had known as well as I did how pinched she was!"

But they had not known this, for Margaret Arden's habit had been to share her pleasures freely with all, her troubles she kept from any but very shrewd observant eyes.

"And so" pursued nurse, "you've got a fortune to lay out, and whatever will you do with it!"

"I don't know yet except that its to be just what I like," answered Dorathea soberly.

She had lent her new doll to Mab, who was hushing the wax baby to sleep with intensest enjoyment. Trottie was on the floor in open-

eyed admiration of a new picture book. Both little ones were abundantly happy. Dorathea, for all her luck, was the saddest of the trio.

"May I go over the meadow, nurse, please?" she asked presently. "Aunties are coming here to speak to you soon, and papa is going to the school, I think I'd like to be alone a little while."

"Then go, my pretty," said nurse, tying over the curly locks a big sun hat, "only no further than the gate; we'll come out to you there very soon."

The child went off as gravely as if some reflections of nurse's unspoken thoughts were in her own young mind, as indeed confusedly they very likely were, and nurse, nodding from the window at the little black and white figure, drew back with a consciousness that being extraordinary cheerful, was somehow extraordinarily hard work.

Alone as she wished, the child wandered over the Rectory meadow, beyond the garden, finally settling herself on the grass beneath the shadow of a wide oak, close to a gate in the hedge, which parted the field from the high road.

Here for a full half-hour she sat so silently that a black-eyed squirrel up amongst the branches, who had been inclined to resent her coming, and flee from her presence as from an enemy, took courage to stay and finish his acorn feast, coming inquisitively lower and lower down as though he half suspected this young mortal's brown curls to be a species of tail, herself possibly a new specimen of his own tribe.

Here, with no one by to notice if she looked sorrowful or happy, Dorathea could sit and count up the gifts and kindnesses the morning had brought her. So much they were to be grateful for, and yet so little in comparison with that lost blessing she longed for, but could never know again.

It would be some comfort, so ran her fancy, to put this sudden rush of riches to some purpose her mother would have chosen.

But who would advise her? What *should* she choose? How *was* it to be done?

Deep in thought Dorathea noticed no footsteps near her, but gave a great start when voices began speaking just close by on the outer side of the hedge, and greetings, not of an every day kind, passed between two people, a man and a woman.

"Back at last, Jim," cried the latter.

"Oh, my lad, how I've been lookin' for yer!" And the speaker, very young, not more than twenty apparently, and carrying a small baby in her arms, sprang up from the hedgerow, where she had been resting the last ten minutes, to meet "Jim," a wide shouldered strong built man, with close cropped hair, an uncertain, but not bad face, a very shabby suit of working clothes and a queer look of mingled shame and pleasure.

All this Dorathea could see through a chink in the hedge, and before she had time to think whether listening was right or wrong she became so interested in their conversation, that leaving the spot never entered her head.

"Tramped the whole way to meet me, have you now?" said the man. "why, lass, how could you do the forty mile? Sit down again and let's have a look at the kid."

"Kid," thought Dorathea, "what a funny thing for them to have; I wish I could see it, dear little thing." But though she peeped and peeped there was no such animal to be seen, nothing but a queer little nondescript puppy, licking its paws on the grass at its mistress' feet.

"How it have growed," said the man very gently, "let it keep asleep, I'll take a hold of it when it wake up. And tell us how you've got on while I've been up the road this precious long six months."

("Up the road," commented Dollie mentally. "Six months!" What a time to stop up any road.)

"Long," echoed the woman, "you may well say that! Oh, Jim, when you got your time and was took off and shut up I didn't never believe I'd live to see you come out again! Ah, I didn't feel to want to. I was that broken-hearted! I sold what few sticks we'd got in our one room, and sometimes trudgin', sometimes ridin', when I got a lift free, I made away

home straight off. An' when I got there I wished I'd kep' away!"

"They jeered ye!" said the man sharply.

"Ay, they did," answered she with a sob, it was "where's 'your mate, Polly Davis?" "What ha' ye done with yer husband, misses?" An' "where's the bag o' money ye was goin' to save out o' yer wages?" Till I was nigh wild. But I wouldn't tell 'em nothing against you, Jim, an' I never let out where you was till some of 'em read it in a paper at the public, and then folks was kinder to me. Only——"

"Only they told ye they'd allus said how it'd be, didn't they now?" said the man gruffly, "and how it was only what you might look for, marryin' a drinkin' chap like me, worn't that it?"

"Ye-s, some on 'em," faltered the woman, "but I stood up stout for you, I did indeed, Jim. An' I never let no one see the mark on my head, look here it's healed now, and I cover it over with my hair."

She pushed back her poor, dusty hat and bent forward. The man gave one brief hang-dog glance, and then said hoarsely,

"If I hadn't been as drunk as a beast I shouldn't ha' done it, lass."

"I know you wouldn't, I know it," cried the wife eagerly, "and Jim, Jim, dear, you'll never get like that again now, will you?"

"Get to strike you agin? Not if I——"

"No, no, Jim, I mean drunk, you know. You won't get drunk agin, will ye now? Promise me, do, an' I'll never mind bygones, an' somehow we shall get along all right agin. Won't yer promise?"

Very, very wistfully.

The man was still for a minute; then he broke out with, "Why, where's the good o' promisin' what I shan't do? Look you here, Poll, I'm a leadable sort o' chap, and I know it. Some have got wonderful strong wills o' their own, but I s'pose I ain't, and when I'm at my work I can no more get off without beer than I can get off without breath. What berth could such as me get into and keep clear of drink? Why, there ain't a farmer up there at home yonder that don't give yer so much a week an' your *beer*. There on the line, when we did a extra hard job, or they wanted to keep us at it over time, what was their pay? *Beer!* If a mate wants to treat yer handsome, what'll he offer yer? *Beer!* When the rails was done and opened, what was the men's share of the day's frolic? Beer! Barrels on barrels, an' ye ain't likely to forget what the lad o' that day was, my lass! An' then one o' the gentlemen I was first took afore, him that was hardest on me, and helped the most to get me six months, meets me just now as I was coming along to you, and preaches at me, a yarn as long as your arm about the sin o' drunkenness, an then wind up ——— he meant it kind I know, with telling me I may go to his house there and get some bread and cheese and *beer!* I tell you, Poll, the world's full o' beer. There's no gettin' away from it. It's all round you and above. Well, no—as if checked by a look up at the blue sky, "it ain't *above* you I suppose, but as for below—it's my belief, Poll, if ever devils go for a swim, it's in a sea of beer! Lucky for me if I don't make one on 'em some day!"

He spoke with vehemence that woke the little child. A pitiful cry was set up from beneath the thin shawl that covered it. The mother stooped to quiet it, but there was a sound as if she must be crying too.

Dollie listened and watched. Sorry and very compassionate. Desirous of helping, but doubting how.

"There, there, lass," said the man more gently, after another pause, "don't take on. There's no tellin', we may do better than we look for. Let's be movin' on, we shan't fill ourselves wi' food settin' here all day."

"Where are we goin', Jim?" asked the wife, dragging herself up wearily, looking so white and wan, it seemed a question her going far in any direction. "I'd like—" then she stopped timidly.

"Well?"

"I'd like to get home if we could. The neighbours ha' been good to me, but I was ill piece o' the time, and do as I would I couldn't

keep off gettin' a bit into debt. Not above a pound all told. I'd like to go back and get that paid off somehow. Arterwards I don't care where we are."

Evidently the young wife's troubles had broken her spirit, and her long tramp had completely worn her out. She gathered her baby in her arms, and stooped feebly in the shadow of her great stalwart husband. All the animation his return had kindled in her face was gone. She looked hopeless, and miserable, and old.

Her husband must have been smitten with some such thought. He looked at her furtively, and then exclaimed passionately, "Well, none but fools cry over spilt milk! But if only wishes was hosses I know what I'd wish!"

"What, Jim?"

"That I'd took old Gregson's chance he gave me four years back. Gone right in for bein' teetotal, and bin his man at the ferry!"

The woman's face flushed up with a strange excitement. She grasped her husband's fustian sleeve with a hand that Dollie could see was trembling.

"Do yer think—do yer think he'd have yer now?" she panted out.

"He's got his man, ain't he, Gooch; him that was there when we come away?"

"No, Gooch married and went off to a right good place on the line last week. Master Gregson was lookin' about for another. I heard him say hisself he was too old to be on the river constant, and must get a mate somehow by—— Oh, Jim, Jim," breaking off with a bitter sob, "he said by Saturday night! An' if I walk till I drop I can't get back by then. No more can you."

"No more can I!" echoed the man, and he sounded honestly sorry at so narrowly missing this one chance. "And then we arn't sure he'd a had anything to say to a jail-bird like me."

("A jail-*bird*," thought Dollie, eagerly listening, that was another very odd thing. She must ask papa what it meant.)

"But all the same I'd risk it and ask him reg'lar humble like to give us a try. I've bin stopped o' my drink sich a time, happen I might manage to get along wholly wi'out it under a master like he. But forty mile, and here's Friday noon! 'Tain't to be done, Poll. Don't cry, lass."

"Oh," said the poor thing desperately, "if I'd only a bit o' clothes on my body I could sell, and send you on in the train, Jim. If anyone'd lend us the money for you to go, and me stay here and work it out! Oh, if you got the berth and kep' on sober, Jim, I'd be that thankful, I wouldn't change places wi' the highest lady in the land!"

Brute though he had been to her, the poor young creature caught his great rough hand, and cried over it till Dorathea cried to see her, and a desire to help grew rapidly into definite shape. The little shiny purse was fished up from her pocket, its contents clasped tight in a hot little palm. Jim Davis looked regretfully from his wife to his boots, from his boots to his coarse coat sleeve. "If I sold every thread I've got on, it wouldn't fetch five shillings," said he; "one of us couldn't get back for less than that. An' I ain't such a out an' out bad un as to leave yer agin now, if I could. An' wi' you wore out, and your bit of a debt, and neither on us with a scrap o' nothing to bless ourselves with, inside or out. Master Gregson'd be shy of takin' me on like as not. So don't fret."

"Such a chance to lose! *Such* a chance! Such a chance!" repeated the woman, pressing her fingers over her hot eyes.

(Dorathea crept a little forward, her face all aglow with pity.)

"If I'd a pair o' wings I'd fly for the chance, an' if I'd a couple o' pounds I'd off after it in a moment," reasoned the husband. "But I'm no more likely to have one than the other. So come along."

"I'm so tired!" said the poor thing, clinging to the gateway with the faintness of bitter disappointment, "Jim, I must be goin' to die!"

The man caught their baby just as the mother's arm let it go, and at the same instant saw Dorathea's little figure hovering on the other side of the gate.

How to do it the little child didn't exactly know, but if this wonderful money of her's was ever to be of any use, to give her any pleasure, as her Godmother had declared it was, to do any good to anyone, now was its time.

Lodging the gold pieces on the top bar, just under the bewildered woman's eyes, she said straight to the point,

"You want some money, don't you? Here it is."

Poor Polly Davis stared and stared as though in her trouble her senses had forsaken her.

"Take it," said Dollie, it's my—mine, my own. I don't want it the least. Go away in the train and get that man's place."

And she gave the coins a little shove towards the poor thin fingers, while Jim, utterly dumfounded at the whole proceeding took his cap off to scratch his head, and the puppy just waking to what was going on, stood on its hind legs to whine and sniff at Dorathea through the gate.

"Oh, don't, little thing," cried the woman, finding her voice at last, and pushing back the money, "don't tempt me! I dursn't take such a heap o' money from a little thing like you. What would your papa and mamma say?"

"Papa has given leave for me do what I like with it," exclaimed Dollie, "and mamma—mamma—" she stopped, and her eyes filled once more with tears.

"She haven't got no mother, the pretty!" whispered Polly Davis to her husband, her feminine quickness taking note of the mourning dress upon the child, "Oh, Jim, would it be wrong? What ought I to do?"

"Take it, please," insisted Dollie earnestly, "it's my birthday money, and I couldn't think how to spend it, and I'm very glad indeed to give it to you. Perhaps," she went on, climbing up one bar to get a good look at the baby, and then smiling frankly and fearlessly up at Jim Davis, "perhaps if you get with this Mr. ——— I can't remember his name—and don't drink any more, your wife *will* be as happy as any lady in the land!"

"I hope she will. May I kiss the baby?"

She stooped her shining, well brushed head over the pale waxen faced little mortal, slipped down from the gate, nodded to them all, and was running away. Jim Davis made a long leg over the barrier, and soon caught her up.

"Missy," said he, "this here money seem come like a sort o' miracle, and we're so put to we don't know how to say no to it."

"Then don't," put in Dollie, in a great hurry to get away, now the deed was done. "Say yes, and that's quite enough."

"But look here," persisted Jim, "supposin' instead o' usin' it as you mean, I goes and makes off wi' it anyhows. Drinks it up, p'raps?"

"Oh, you *wouldn't!*" protested Dorathea warmly, "it would be the same as telling a story, and you never would do that!"

All the honesty in poor Jim's composition was kindled by this spark of confidence. He pulled off his cap again, and made answer with gruff earnestness,

"If my word's good for anything, Missy, I give it to yer. Your money shan't go for nothin' but what you want it to go for. Not a drop of liquor shall it buy me, of no sorts."

"I trust you," said Dollie, understanding the promise was of no common kind. "Good-bye," and she put her mite of a hand into this "jail bird's," as he had called himself, and gave him a friendly shake as she had seen her father do to any of his flock, who had come to him for help out of a quandary, and then for the second time she turned homewards.

But in less than half a minute Jim was after her again, with the small struggling puppy in his arms.

"My wife says would yer like *this?*" he called out, "We don't seem to have nothin' to thank you with proper like, but Tip's a famous little beast; his mother caught rats like a good un, if you'd like to have him."

"Oh, thank you," cried Dorathea delighted, "I do so want a doggie! Papa said I might have one. But *do* you think it will be happy with me?"

"No fear o' that, Miss," said Jim Davis, dropping the little animal into Dollie's outstretched arms, "all I hope is we may be half

as lucky as he is, an' drop into half as good a berth."

Then he made another pull at the short forelock that prison regulations had left him and parted company finally with his young benefactress.

Her new possession, between whining and wriggling, and licking her arms and face, gave Dollie a very hot walk home, so it was in an excited and somewhat disordered condition she presented herself and her prize at her father's study window, tapping to be admitted to the group within, very anxious to let them know how happily she had disposed of her money, and what a beautiful pet she had received in return for it.

But oh, to poor Dollie's exceeding disappointment, her story, instead of being received with satisfaction, spread something like dismay over the entire party.

"*Both* sovereigns! Why, my little girl, I'm afraid you have been sadly taken in," was even her father's astonished comment, and that was far the mildest that saluted her.

"Its simple robbery," cried Miss Heath in excessive wrath, too heated to be commonly just, "the wretched people saw the child close by, of course, and made up the tale for her benefit!"

"Put in about the beer just to catch the poor innocent thing's attention, no doubt," fumed Miss Helen, "someone ought to go after them and get the money back."

"And put them in jail for a pair of impostors," scolded on Miss Heath. "Oh, Dollie, Dollie, to think you should have been so easily trapped!"

Even Nurse, who was standing in the doorway with the little ones, shook her head as if it was all a very sad piece of work indeed, and Mab added to the general discomfort by setting up a howl, "because," as she sobbed, "Dollie touldn't buy her nussin now!"

Dollie had come in so triumphant, so very happy, so certain that her fortune had gone on a lucky errand, and now all her pleasure was dashed in a moment.

She let the puppy be taken from her to be transported to the stable without a word, feeling too downcast to defend herself or her slandered friends, "the pair of tramps," as Miss Helen angrily called them. She felt sadly conscious that she had vexed her kind Godmothers; been as they could not help telling her, "a most shocking little goose," almost a wicked sort of child she feared by their grave looks and manner to her, and the uncertain sunshine of her birthday happiness vanished for the day.

As the first brunt of their annoyance wore off, the good old spinsters would fain have cheered Dollie up again, to which had they made light of the morning's "blunder," saying that what couldn't be cured must be endured, and very likely it was a lesson that would teach their little maid not to waste money any more.

But the "little maid" found it all very hard to get over. In fact not to be got over at all till the Halesbury fly had rumbled off with the two ladies in the evening, and her father had bidden her good night, and the weary day was done at last, and she left alone with rather a pitying "good-bye, my deary," from nurse, in her quiet bed.

Then, after thinking the whole scene in the meadow over and over again with her childish wits all at work upon the point that so distressed her, she crept out, lifted the blind, and crouching by the window gazed up at the star-set heavens, as if her whispered words could reach one spirit there.

"I tried not to waste it; I tried to do right with it. I thought you would like it, Mother, Mother, *Mother!*" almost aloud in her entreaty, "Mother, dear, was it wrong?"

And from somewhere out of the great space above, from the stars or the sighing night wind, from fancy, or may be from the love that hovers carelessly about the innocent, an answer seemed to come.

"Hush, little one, you have done well."

Then Dollie stole back to her bed, comforted.

* * * * * * *

Fully five years had passed since Dorathea's memorable fit of generosity. The deed itself was growing dim and dreamlike in her own

remembrance, and would have been seldom enough recalled had not the living presence of a now well established member of the family, "Tip," occasionally reminded his owner of how, when, and where she first made his acquaintance.

For a time some vague idea of hope that she should see something more of those two people had haunted Dollie's imagination. But month grew into month, year into year; the hope never fulfilled grew faint, and faded quite away.

The story that had made a week's wonder in the village was well nigh forgotten. Miss Heath and her sister had even given up making jokes about it, and it really seemed, as the donors said, that "the money was gone and there was an end of it."

But quite late one very hot Autumn, Miss Heath, who had been ailing through the summer, was found to require sea air. Disliking to leave home she had recourse to all sorts of tonics and the most highly recommended stimulants, trusting so to avoid the dreaded journey and sojourn in strange lodgings. With this end in view she condescended to drink "stout," which she really did not like, and with sundry protests took three glasses of port a day, which she really did like. But these superior remedies resulting in a threatening of jaundice, she yielded in a fit of nervousness to her sister's entreaties, and allowed herself and her boxes to be packed up, and transported to the little watering place, "Ackford," there to seek the strength she had failed to extract from the contents of many black-necked bottles.

A fortnight among the fresh sea breezes worked wonders for Miss Heath; another fortnight made her "quite herself," ready to go home again in first-rate spirits, and ready to signalize her last day at Ackford by a row over the ferry and a long walk up the North Beach, in quest of bits of cornelian or jet, such as might be found sometimes on these little-frequented sands.

"I'm afraid, Dora, we shall not get anything worth having," said Miss Helen as they set off, nervously anxious lest her sister should overtire herself, and quite ready to dissuade her from the excursion.

"Oh, we shall find something," answered the elder lady briskly, "More than we expect very likely. Here we are at the ferry. Now mind how you get in, Helen. Pray young man," to the guardian of the boat, "can you take us over directly, or must we wait till some more people come?"

"I've got to wait for two more, ma'am," said the man, civilly touching his cap, "but they won't keep yer long."

"I suppose you are the master of this boat, are you not?" asked Miss Heath, seized with a friendly interest in their pleasant spoken, stalwart young oarsman.

"Not ezackly, ma'am," said he, colouring up with evident pleasure at the question, "only goin' on for to be. Master Gregson, he's owner."

"Oh, and you are his man."

"That's it, ma'am."

"Well, it's a very pretty boat," went on Miss Dora, who knew no more about such craft than she did about crocodiles, but who highly appreciated its scrupulously clean, fresh-painted condition. "A very nice boat indeed, and I hope you'll have good luck with it when it's your own. What is its name?

"Her name," said the man, looking affectionately over the side at the clear white letters "her name is 'The Helping Hand.'"

"Dear me," laughed Miss Helen "what a very funny name. Is it because you have to lend a helping hand to so many people over the mud with your boat that you called it so?"

"No, ma'am," said he, it's because of someone that give *me* a helping hand *out* of the mud like into the boat, and a deal besides the boat; we got her christened so. Someone whose name we don't rightly know, and mayn't never rightly know, but who we'll never forget, nor leave off bein' grateful to, our Helpin' Hand!"

The ladies' curiosity was excited. Whoever they were waiting for was not in sight. They would like to know their boatman's story, if he didn't mind telling them.

"Not the leastest in the world," answered he

steadying his boat by the ferry steps with one oar as he talked, "there's a many here knows it." And then he told them how, years before, he had led a free and easy careless life, half on sea, half on land, never very drunk, seldom very sober, never long at any sort of work till he took it into his head to get married, and found he must buckle to to earn the household bread.

"An' then," he went on, "we heerd tell o' railway lines gettin' made ever so far off in the hundreds, an' big wages payin' at 'em, so nothin'd stit me but we must go there. An' being as I was, strong, I earned a heap; and bein' as I was, soft, I drunk a heap. So for all my pay we was as poor as mice, which wasn't the worst on it. For when the lines got done the masters give us men a big drink. There weren't one in my gang see his way home that night. *I* never shouldn't, on'y my wife come to fetch me, and then how it happened I never wholly knew, only somehow I fell foul of my landlord's furniture, and took to smashing everything I come nigh, and my landlord, he got a pair o' black eyes and some nasty knocks, and my missis, she got a awful cut on her head, an' I—I got six months for that job!"

Miss Heath and Miss Helen looked at each other with furtive horror. Here was a nice sort of man for two unprotected ladies to be chatting so pleasantly with.

"Well, and when I come out o' Spring Heath jail, arter my time was up, I think I was as ready to go right sharp to the bad as ever a man was in his life."

("Spring Heath jail." "After six months." Miss Heath puckered up her forehead. She seemed to have some floating notion of having heard all this before.)

"My wife had come to meet me; she was ill an' I was soured; savage wi' myself an' savage with all the world. We didn't seem able to blow up a thought between us to cheer us up. I hadn't got a scrap o' courage in me and there didn't seem nothin' but the old life before us: a spell o' work here an' a spell there, an' beer to comfort us when we could get it. There was one way out of it, only one that we could see, and that seemed as much out of our reach as the sun itself. So we was both as down in the month as a man might wish his wust enemy to be. Then came our Helpin' Hand."

"Yes, go on, please," said Miss Heath, making extraordinary signs to her sister, who, strange to say, had not yet connected this story with Dorathea's half-forgotten escapade.

"We talked our troubles over out loud just where we met," pursued the man, "an' I was sayin' as how nothin' but a couple of pounds would put us in the way of betterin' ourselves, and that we could never get; when all of a sudden———"

"A little girl came up and gave you the money, and made you keep it, and kissed your poor baby, and you gave her a little dog named———"

"Tip, o' course I did!" cried out the man, "an' the little lady wouldn't take her money back noways, though we asked her honest! An' we seemed jest fuddle-headed an' never even thanked her as we ought! Often and often have we wondered about her, an' faithful we've promised each other, me an' my wife, that the very first outin' we ever go together shall be to Newton parish to see that little miss and thank, ah, thank her hearty, for all she did for us."

"But you know her, ma'am, don't you? An' you'll tell her, won't you, that Jim Davis has kept his word faithful that he give her that day. That neither a farthing of her money then nor his own money since has gone for a drop of drink. That his wife,—that his wife———" here Jim's eyes lighted on two approaching figures, a woman's and a child's, "here she come!" he said with a broad smile of welcome, "an' she'll tell yer if it ain't true what I say, she *is* as happy as any lady in the land! An' for the whole o' that," he finished with rough solemnity raising his cap from his head, "why says we, may God Almighty bless that little child that seemed right sent to save us wi' her Helpin' Hand."

So, as Miss Dora was never tired of saying afterwards, they *did* find something on that day's excursion entirely unexpected and very welcome. They found the money they had lamented over was not wasted, the story they had discredited so hastily was true, and the sweet

childish trust they had pityingly ridiculed out of their high and mighty common sense had done a wonderful work and turned the current of more lives than one.

For Jim has gone through the gateway of sobriety into a land of better things than he ever dreamt of in his old careless days. The God-guided instinct of Dorathea's innocent sympathy had wakened his better nature never to slumber again as it had slumbered once. And for ourselves this story bids us think that though such bits of humble romance may not often be interwoven in our children's lives or in our own, yet surely if we only keep open our eyes, and hands, and hearts, there come full often to us, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, golden "chances" of furthering a noble work, of loosening one of the heaviest chains that sin has ever forged.

It was "after many days" truly, that Dorathea found again the bread she had in her simplicity cast upon the waters; and life's great tide will often bear far out of our sight the fruition of our most earnest aid. But for all that let us work on, knowing that a good deed can never die, that some will reap it, if only some will sow; and that many a wavering trouble-tossed soul has been tempted from vice and drawn again to God, by timely influence from some stray "Helping Hand." A. P.

Three Memories.

By Maggie Fearn.

A worn woman sat by a winter fire,
The flames flashed up like a broken spire
Of a ruined church, an abbey's arch,
A forest oak tree, a tasselled larch;
But she only saw at the ingleside
The shadowy ghosts of the day that died
Before decay could the summer merge
In barrenness; watching she sang a dirge.
And all the light in the silent room
Was the fitful firelight fanning the gloom.
Beside her a goblet of poison draught
Stole on her senses; the woman laughed
Low and wildly, with gasping breath:
But, angels wept! 'Twas a *glass of death!*

I.

A fair little babe, with a roseleaf face,
Cooing and laughing in love's embrace;
A growing surprise, an intense delight;
A beautiful gift from the Infinite.
Guileless and stainless as heaven's air,
Pure as the purified spirits there.
Never a sin had the young heart known,
Fair as the cherubims round God's throne.
Ye merciful angels, hear, oh! hear,
I have neither a sob, nor wail, nor tear;
But a 'vision of sin' that to baby lips
Was offered the goblet the drunkard sips!

II.

A little form kneeling by mother's side;
Little soft cheeks where the dimples hide;
Little white brow where the crisp curls play;
Little heart where but the love-words lay;
Little hands claspt with a peaceful air;
Little lips chanting a holy prayer;
Little eyes hidden 'neath fringe of gold;
Little feet held in a shelt'ring fold;
Little head nestled in wearied grace;
The light of God's love on the waxen face.
But what of that flush on the fevered cheek?
Have pity! oh! heaven, I dare not speak!

III.

A lily-pure room without blemish or spot;
A lily-pure form in a laceried cot;
Oval eyelids half closed over violet eyes,
Where babyish laughter was won't to rise.
Light was the coverlet lain o'er the breast;
Snowy the blooms 'twixt the wee fingers prest,
Heavy the glittering curls on the brow—
I mark the rich wave of those ringlets now!
Death-kist are those lips of 'delicate mould;'
A beautiful casket robbed of the gold,
My idol is shattered; the young life fled;
My beautiful darling is still and dead!
But Angels, oh! list not! I hear it saith?
"*Those young lips drank from the glass of death?*"
The worn woman sat by the ingleside;
The flickering firelight had long since died,
The goblet had neither a flash nor shine—
'Twas empty and void of its gleaming wine.
The night breezes moaned round the casement sill,
And peeped at the watcher, so lone and still.
When the cold grey dawn through the window crept,
She was sleeping the sleep that her baby slept.

The Alpine Rock Climber and Lark.

THESE are two very beautiful representatives of the birds of the Alpine region of Europe ; dwelling for the most part in the bleak rocky district separating the region of vegetation from that of perpetual snow. The Climber is a small bird, being only about six inches in length; it is for the most part ash colored, the wings being of a dark brown color marked with yellow spots. In the summer months the feathers covering the throat are very black, but in winter they are as white as the snow amid which it lives. Its favourite haunts are the steep and rugged sides of the rocks which with half expanded wings it bravely and incessantly climbs in search of the scanty insects from which it makes its meal.

The Alpine Lark is a somewhat larger bird. The upper part of its body is of a whitish grey color, and is marked with brown spots ; its throat is white with black spots, its wavy breast is of a reddish grey tint, whilst its feet are of a reddish yellow colour. In the winter he quits the higher regions and descends into the valleys, where he feeds on seeds of fruit and grass, but as soon as its favourite hills are free of snow and ice it returns thither where it feeds upon insects and berries. Amongst the rocks it most skilfully constructs a very pretty nest in which from three to five bluish green eggs are laid. The bird is a timid gentle creature, easily taking alarm, when it seeks refuge behind and among the stones ; when, however, it is undisturbed, it adds not a little charm to the wild and desolate district in which it delights, not only by the beauty of its appearance, but also by its clear and penetrating voice.

Beautiful as the bird is and pleasant as is its note, where little else is heard than the voice and roar of the storm, it only serves by contrast to cause us to look more lovingly upon the sober coloured lark of our English fields which, if the colours of its plumage are not such as to make a very deep impression, yet charms every ear with the depth and beauty of its glad song which it pours out from its full heart in the gladness of its mere existence.

How often when walking in the early morning or at dewy evening have we echoed the sentiments of the traveller, who exclaims, "Of all birds I should like to be a lark. He revels in the brightest time of the day, in the happiest season of the year, among fresh meadows and opening flowers ; and when he has sated himself with the sweetness of earth he wings his flight up to Heaven as if he would drink in the melody of the morning stars. Hark to that note ! How it comes trilling down upon the ears ! What a stream of music !"

Morning and evening are alike made melodious by the clear, sweet, ringing notes of the sky-lark.

Shakespeare writes :—

"Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."

And Shelly in his beautiful ode sings of the lark's evening song thus :—

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire :
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run ;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad day-light,
Thou art unseen, but, rest, I hear thy shrill delight.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams and heaven is overflowed.

THE ALPINE ROCK CLIMBER AND LARK.

Leave the Liquor alone.

I'M anxious to tell you a bit of my mind,
If it won't put you out of the way,
For I feel very certain you'll each of you find
There's wisdom in what I would say.
We've maxims and morals enough and to spare,
But I have got one of my own
That helps me to prosper and laugh at dull care,
It's, leave the liquor alone.

Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
Leave the liquor alone,
If you'd win success and escape distress
Leave the liquor alone.
To avoid neglect and to win respect,
Leave the liquor alone.

The brewer can ride in a coach and pair,
The drinker must trudge on the road.
One gets through the world with a jaunty air,
The other bends under a load :
The brewer gets all the beef, my lads,
And the drinker picks the bone ;
If you'd have your share of good things take care,
And leave the liquor alone.

Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
Leave the liquor alone,
You'll enjoy good health and you'll gain in wealth
If you leave the liquor alone.
A man full of malt isn't worth his salt,
Leave the liquor alone.

A drinker is ready to own at last
He played but a losing game ;
How glad would he be to recall the past
And earn him a nobler name.
Don't reach old age with this vain regret
For a time that's past and gone,
You may win a good prize in life's lottery yet,
If you'll leave the liquor alone.

Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
Leave the liquor alone,
You'll find some day it's the safest way
To leave the liquor alone ;
Resolve like men not to touch it again,
Leave the liquor alone.

FOX HARDY.

The Drunkard's Logic.

A DIALOGUE.

BILL POTTS :—*A Regular Drinker.*

HARRY WRIGHT :—*A Steady Working Man, and Total Abstainer.*

[*Bill Potts overtakes his fellow workman on the road as they are going to work.*]

BILL. "Nasty mornin' this you've brought out with you, Master Wright ; you don't look as if yer mindid it much neither."

HARRY. "Ah ! Bill, good morning to you, grumbling again at the weather. Why man, it might be a deal worse ; I'd just as lief have it fine, for a bit o' the sky always cheers me up, but you know we can't always have sunshine above——"

BILL. "Well, I dunno ; can't see why we can't, there's a deal too much rainin' and drizzlin' to please me. Look at them furrin parts, where it never comes down like this 'ere. I should like to live where there ain't no rain and cold, I should."

HARRY. "We're a deal better off where we are, spite o' the rain and cold, to my thinking."

BILL. "You're such a precious contentid cove, you are ; *I'm* always wanting things altered, I am. 'Pears to me you've got a rum pair o' spectacles for looking at things through."

HARRY. "Rum pair o' spectacles ! A very good pair I call 'em. The very best kind for weak mortal eyes to look through—the spectacles of content—pity everyone can't wear 'em."

BILL. "I don't see nuthin' to be contentid with. I've got to work hard from one week's end to another, an' from morning to night, and look wot I git for it. Then times is bad and often I don't get no work at all——"

HARRY. "I don't see any hardship in work, and man can't be healthy or useful unless he works at something. Men who have no work to do always go to the bad."

BILL. "That's one of your old-fashioned notions as I don't believe in. I should like lots o' chink and nuthin' to do but amuse myself; I shouldn't go to the bad, not I."

HARRY. "You'd soon git tired of nuthin' but amusement; leastways you'd be the first man as ever didn't, if all I've read and heard is true, and you'd be bound to go to the bad, body and soul."

BILL. "Well, I don't see no harm in wishin' to be rich an' able to do as I please."

HARRY. "I do. I see so much harm in it that I always try to be thankful for being as well off as I am. It's poor, silly work, wasting time in wishin'——"

BILL. "Ugh! I do feel chilly, I wish the 'Red Lion' was a bit nearer, I do. I want a drop o' something, a nasty mornin' like this."

HARRY. "We will soon come to old Park's coffee stall, you'd better have a good cup o' hot coffee, that will warm you up and put you in better spirits."

BILL. "Coffee, a nasty mornin' like this! No thankee, *you* may pour them old woman's liquors into yer stomach. I ain't such a fool. Coffee! Not if I knows it. Give me 'a go o' gin.'"

HARRY. "Well, I don't mind giving up the coffee this mornin' an' joining ye in 'a go of gin,' if——"

BILL. "Hah! Wot!! join me in 'a go' o' gin, old pal! Bravo! that's the best thing I've heard fur a long time. I'll treat yer. Bless'd if I don't! I thought a nasty mornin' like this would knock them teetotal ideas out of some folks' 'eds."

HARRY. "When you've done makin' that row an' interrupting me, I'll finish wot I was a going to say. I was saying 'I'd join you in a go' o' gin,' if you could prove to me that it would do me, I won't say 'more good,' but as much good as a cup of old Park's coffee."

BILL. "Right you are, I'll soon do that. Now look 'ere: it stands to reason that a glass o' gin is more comfortin' a nasty morning like this, than a cup o' coffee, because it's *stronger*; that's common sense, ain't it?"

HARRY. "What do you mean by 'stronger?'"

BILL. "Why, it's got more fire in it—why—well—why—in course spirits is stronger that coffee, any fool knows that."

HARRY. "In fact *you* take gin because it *is* stronger than coffee. You want something strong then, eh?"

BILL. "'O course; that's right enough."

HARRY. "Well, why don't you take a drop o' vitriol? that's got plenty of fire in it."

BILL. "Vitriol. Why man, that would burn my throat and inside an' kill me, what are ye talkin' like that for?"

HARRY. "You say you want something strong with fire in it to warm you up."

BILL. "Warm me up, yes; but I don't want to poison myself to do it."

HARRY. "But you say you are going to drink some of the 'Red Lion's' gin."

BILL. "*That* won't poison me. What are ye drivin' at, man?"

HARRY. "Nothin' only this. That gin which is stronger than coffee will poison you, and burn your inside just as much as vitriol would—only it takes longer to do its work."

BILL. "That's all gammon, that is. I've drunk lots of gin in my time, an' here I am alive an' hearty."

HARRY. "Alive, yes; but I don't know about the hearty, I wouldn't exchange stomachs with you for something."

BILL. "Yer wouldn't; why, what ails me?"

HARRY. "Have you never read or heard anything about the effect of constant spirit drinking on the coating of the stomach?"

BILL. "Can't say as I 'ave; an' I shouldn't believe all them books say. Who knows what a man's inside is like? You can't see it!"

HARRY. "That's just it. You can't see it. If you could, you would as soon drink vitriol as gin, an' get the job over quick."

BILL. "Wot job?"

HARRY. "Why the job of destroying your inside and killing yourself."

BILL. "I don't believe it, lots o' people drink gin and live right enough."

HARRY. "No, that is just what they don't do They don't live right enough——"

BILL. "Oh, hang it! You take a fellow up so precious sharp. I mean they don't die in consikense o' drinking a drop o' gin now an' agin."

HARRY. "Ah, my lad, that's just where you make the mistake. Gin kills a great many more men an' women than you think for. It's slow

poison, but it's as sure in its time as prussic acid or that there nasty aconite we've heard so much about lately. It ain't as though you drank pure gin either; that would be bad enough to keep at it, but the stuff they give you at those low pubs., and swell gin palaces is beastly adulterated muck, that would give a sty of pigs indigestion."

BILL. "You don't know nothin' about it. It stands to reason as you teetotalers who never drink nothin', don't know anything about our liquors. Gin's very good stuff. I ought to know 'cause I take it. A drop does me a power o' good. If it was bad we wouldn't drink it, 'tain't likely."

HARRY "There you're wrong again. *We* don't drink it because we do know so much about it. We know that it is bad; we know that it sends a man, or a woman either, to a drunkard's grave. We ain't such fools as you think for. We have made it our business to find out all about the effects of drink on the mind and body; tho' you know as well as I do that it is very easy to see with our eyes what mischief drink does."

BILL. "Well, I don't deny as it does hurt them as gits drunk reg'lar, and is always on the booze, but I can't see wot harm a little drop does me a nasty morning like this."

HARRY. "You never take any then except when you get cold or wet, eh?"

BILL. "I don't go so far as to say that. A hard-working man does want a drop of something when he feels a bit used up, you know."

HARRY. "Then you take it pretty reg'lar."

BILL. "I only take a drop now an' agin when I feels as I really want it."

HARRY. "How often, now, do you feel that you want it?"

BILL. "How often? Well, I can't ezactly say; depends how I feel, you know."

HARRY. "Well, let me help you to get at it; you are going to have some to-day. Did you have any yesterday?"

BILL. "Rayther so. I reg'lar jerked up over that job we 'ad; and I was bound to have a drop."

HARRY. "Yes, I understand; and did you have any the day before?"

BILL. "Why in course. You ain't forgot what a beastly day it was: wus nor this."

HARRY. "Then it seems as if you took some every day."

BILL. "Now I come to think on it, I think I do, I'm a hard-working man, ye know, an' I can't do without it."

HARRY. "Then you see I'm right, you are slowly poisoning yourself without knowing it."

BILL. "No, I ain't doin' nuthin' o' the sort. I tell ye it ain't poison. It's one o' your tee-total dodges to put a man off his drink, to call good liquor poison."

HARRY. "Come now, how do you know the gin does you no harm?"

BILL. "'Ow do I know? Well, I know it don't, I should feel it somewheres if it did. I'm none the worse for all yer talkin'."

HARRY. "Well, as I said afore, I wouldn't change stomachs with ye. You have done yours a lot o' mischief already, and every day you keep on making bad worse."

BILL. "You think yourself mighty clever, Mister Wright, but you don't come it over me. I knows as much as you do, an' for all yer jawing, I tell ye I'm as good a man for a long life as you are."

HARRY. "May be you'll live much longer than me, we none of us knows our time, but that ain't it. If we was both put down with a fever I know I should have the best chance."

BILL. "Would yer now. You're very cock sure. How do you know so much, mister clever?"

HARRY. "I don't set up for being clever, lad, but I 'as common sense enough to listen to them who do know what's what."

BILL. "I suppose you means them Temperance lecturin' coves as is trying to shut up the pubs. What do they know about a working man and his grog?"

HARRY. "They are all clever men who have no other object than to help the working man to lead a more wholesome life than he often does now. They are our very good friends an' as they know that our curse and ruin is the drink, they are doing all they can to make us give it up."

BILL. "Why can't they let us working men alone, that's wot I wants to know. 'Tain't no business o' theirs if we do 'ave a drop, or get drunk for the matter o' that."

HARRY. "Supposin' now as you saw a little child, like your little Alice say, a playing in the middle o' the road there, an' a horse an' cart

came along quick, an' was like to run over it; what would ye do? Would ye put ye han's in yer pockets and watch it run over?"

BILL. "'Tain't likely; ye knows I would run and pick the kid up, o' course. Wot are ye drivin' at now?"

HARRY. "But it would be no business o' yours if the child got killed."

BILL. "Well, I dunno. It wouldn't be my fault, o' course, as it got in the road, but it 'ud be a nasty trick to walk on careless like, and leave the kid to git under the wheels."

HARRY. "Exactly, that's quite right. Well now, you was just a sayin' that it ain't no business of them Temperance lecturers to go interferin' with the workin' man and his drink; but when they see lots o' workin' men in danger o' being ruined body and soul by drink—when they see lots o' wives made miserable, starved and beaten, an' sometimes murdered, all along o' drink mind—an' when they knows that lots o' poor little children are neglected, ill-treated, trained up as thieves and often brought to a worse fate than being run over, all along o' drink mind—when they see this going on under their very eyes, they ups and says, 'we'll try and save some on 'em.' They can't see all this misery an' sufferin' without trying to do somethin', no more than you could see a kid run over without trying to help it."

BILL. "Well, I daresay wot you says is right enough about their trying to do good an' help them as wants help; but I can't see why they won't let a hard-workin' man have his drop o' beer or spirits quiet like when he feels he wants it."

HARRY. "The Temperance folk don't want in any way to interfere with the liberty o' the workin' man, that ain't their idea. They only want to make him see for hisself that the best thing he can do if he wants to be healthy, happy an' holy is to keep out o' the public house."

BILL. "I can't see as a man is any the worse for going to a pub, so long as he don't spend all 'is time and money there."

HARRY. "But that's what he always does when drink gets a hold on 'im. Ye see a man gits into the way o' a thing in a manner o' speakin', without 'is knowing it. He gits fond o' 'is drop, an' he meets others as is fond of it too, an' one encourages t'other, and so they goes on a liquorin' up an' a treatin' one another an' a swiggin' away till their insides is all rotten, and then they must 'ave more an' more to stop the terrible awful thirst which the drink itself has made, mind."

BILL. "Well, that's all very fine talkin', but I'll never be as bad as that, ye know, spite o' my drop o' beer an' gin."

HARRY. "I wouldn't risk it, lad. You like it too much now, and no offence, ye know—but you do take a drop too much sometimes."

BILL. "Well, if I do, I ain't a drunkard any'ow. It's only when I 'as a outin' an' goes on the spree that I gits a bit fresh."

HARRY. "I don't like it, Bill, I don't. It ain't my notion of a outin' to 'ave a innin' all day in a pub. And every time ye gits 'fresh' as you puts it, I calls it 'drunk' an' so do the police reports—every time you takes too much, you must chalk up another mark on the score that's got to be paid for by loss o' health."

BILL. "I ain't afeer'd. I can stand as much as any man, I can, spite o' your croakin'. We ain't far off the 'Red Lion;' you'd better 'ave a drop with me and try for yourself."

HARRY. "But you have not proved to me that your gin is as good as my coffee."

BILL. "Oh, bother that, I know it's a deal better, but there ain't no convincin' you temperance coves; you won't listen to good argiment."

HARRY. "I have listened to very good argiments, and have been convinced that I am better without drink anyway; but you have not given me a single argiment for it, leastways not yet."

BILL. "Ain't I tho'; I tell ye gin's a lot better than coffee, a nasty mornin' like this, an' if that ain't logic, I dunno wot is."

HARRY. "You've learned your logic in a very queer school I'm thinking, it ain't logic to say that one thing *is* better than another; you must prove it."

BILL. "Prove it, eh! Well, the proof o' the puddin' is in the eatin', and the proof o' the gin is in the drinkin', I like it better than coffee, so in course it is better, that stands to reason."

HARRY. "Does it indeed, that argiment won't do neither. Because you like gin, that don't prove it better than my coffee. Two can play at that game. I like coffee better than your gin, so it must be better, eh, lad?"

BILL. "But I tell ye it ain't better. It ain't 'arf so good."

HARRY. "Well, if you can't say more in favour o'

your gin than that, all I can say is that I'll stick to the coffee, and you'd better *join* me, for I can say something in favour of my drink."

BILL. "Can ye really now? Well, let's hear wot you've got to say."

HARRY. "Coffee won't ever make me drunk; gin could. Coffee won't burn up my inside; gin would. Coffee will do me good and refresh me; gin won't do neither. Coffee will warm me a nasty morning like this; gin wouldn't."

BILL. "Hold hard there, wot are ye talking about; gin won't warm yer; come now, that won't go down with this child; why spirits is the very best thing to keep out the cold, any fool knows that."

HARRY. "I can't say, Bill, as I'm surprised to hear you say that, you ain't the only one as thinks spirits keep out the cold. That's one o' them pop'lar delusions which we temperance folks is doing all we can to knock on the 'ed."

BILL. "No ye don't, mister clever, ye don't come over me with that yarn. I know better. I know as spirits do warm yer up. You ain't tried yourself, an' don't know nothing about it. If you go talking like that ye'll only git larfed at fur yer ignorance, so I give ye the straight tip."

HARRY. "If you was taken very bad an' like to die if something warn't done, what would ye do now?"

BILL. "What's a coming now? you're so precious leary at settin' traps for a fellow. Well, I would't drink anything if that's wot yer drivin' at; I would send for a doctor."

HARRY. "Oh you would, would ye, wot for?"

BILL. "Why, stupid, to tell me wot was the matter and cure me o' course."

HARRY. "Well, an' if he told you, an' give you some medicin' would you believe wot 'e said an' take it."

BILL. "In course I should, wot are ye drivin' at?"

HARRY. "You do believe in doctors then?"

BILL. "Rayther so, they ain't no fules."

HARRY. "All right then; would you be very much surprised to hear that it is the doctors, and the greatest doctors, that say as spirits make you cold instead o' warming you, and that the worst thing a man can drink in cold weather or in a cold country is spirits? Eh, lad, wot do you say to that? you says you believe wot the doctors say."

BILL. "It's all a humbuggin' lie as you've made up, an' I don't believe it; why, 'taint likely."

HARRY. "It's sober truth, lad, as you'd find out if you took the trouble to enquire. We are going to teach that truth to all the children we can get hold of in our schools and Bands o' Hope. They shan't grow up thinking that spirits keeps the cold out. Where you make the mistake is this way. A drink o' spirits does make you feel warm for a bit just after you've taken it, I'm quite aware o' that, an' that's where the mischief is; you thinks it lasts, but it don't, that warm-up goes off and leaves you a deal colder that you was afore. There's where my coffee or cocoa 'as the pull o'er your gin, it warms me and keeps me warm, there's no humbug about that. I can't go into all the scientific reasons as a doctor could, and don't want to neither. It's quite enough for me to know as it can all be explained proper."

BILL. "I won't believe it, it's only a teetotal dodge to put us off our drink."

HARRY. "You don't want to believe it, that's about the long an' short o' it."

BILL. "No I don't, and that's straight. I means to have my drop wotever ye may say agin it, I like it and I'll 'ave it whether it does me good or harm. I don't care either way. 'Ere's the 'Red Lion' an' I'm a going in."

[*Bill goes into the pub. and says to himself,* "*'Ang 'is jaw, why can't he keep 'is talk to 'isself. I don't 'arf like that about one's inards a going all bad; wonder if it's true. I dunno, but 'ere goes.*" *Drinks gin.*]

HARRY. "Oh dear! That's the drinker's logic, is it? He says it's good and a' that becos he likes it—nuthin' else to say for 'isself. Well, I put it to him straight any'ow, and he's bound to remember something o' wot I said, an' if he does, it 'll make him feel mighty uncomfortable at times, but I ain't done with him yet. I'll tackle 'im again, for Bill's a good sort if it wasn't for the drink. Ah! that drink, wot a lot o' good fellows it does mucker up to be sure. Thank God, I'm done with it. I wonder where I an' the missus and the childer, God bless 'em, would ha' been to-day, if I 'adn't give it up long ago. We shouldn't ha' known as much as we do now o' my three H's, 'Health, Happiness, and Holiness.'"

W. S. R.

The Publican's Friendship.

THE lease and stock-in-trade of the "Old King's Head" were "to be disposed of under a bill of sale." Such was the intimation conveyed by huge posters outside a once flourishing house in the Midlands.

Certainly, the house was kept going until a new tenant could be found, but in this there was experienced great difficulty, for the trade had so fallen off, and the class of custom so degenerated, that would-be speculators hesitated to invest in so rotten a concern.

The glare and glitter of gas that once lit up the "bottle and jug department," had faded into a rushlight tinge; the glowing fire that erstwhile warmed the private parlour, and drew the better class of moths into its seductive circle, had become a heap of ashes; dust and cobwebs everywhere prevailed, and the once cheery landlord sat in a corner of the bar, bewailing the *ingratitude* of one towards whom he had always acted as "a friend."

"What's up now, guv'nor?" asked a besotted cobbler, as he lingered over his pot of "four ale." "Why, you used to be one of the jolliest fellows out, and now you are as grumpy as a bear with a sore head."

"Confound it," muttered the landlord between his clenched teeth, "all this comes of being too friendly to them as can't appreciate kindness. When Harry Gould came into this neighbourhood, of course he was pretty well off, and I must say he gave me a good turn by bringing all his friends to the 'Old King's Head,' when I first started here. And even when he failed in business, and hadn't a stick or stone to call his own, I still was friendly to him for the sake of old times. But since he's turned 'ranter,' and gone cranky over these blessed Bands of Hope, and temperance societies, and soup kitchens, and such like humbug, he has robbed me of all my trade, so you see that's what becomes of being too kind to anybody."

"How's that?" enquired the half tipsy shoemaker, scarcely able to comprehend.

"Well," replied the landlord, "I'll just tell you. When Harry Gould first came to live here, he was as nice and jolly a chap as ever stepped in shoe-leather."

The cobbler grinned assent, and ordered another pot on the strength of this allusion to his trade.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "he had a fine business up the street, and a big house in the park yonder, and when he used to come here his laugh was the merriest, and his song the best of all the company in our private room. We used to call him the 'Doctor,' for he was a clever fellow, and could discuss any subject, no matter what about; we always made him chairman, and then the grogs and wine flew round, I can tell you, in fine style. The company was highly respectable, and the 'Old King's Head' was doing splendidly, but by degrees, *somehow or* another, Harry's business fell off, and he couldn't 'stand' so freely as he used to do; and then, *of course*, some of his old chums slighted him, and did not come to our 'free and easy' so often as they used to do. But *I didn't turn my back upon him*, not I, for as long as Harry was in the chair he was sure to draw customers *of some sort*. So I still maintained my friendship for him; always voted him to the chair, and more than that, stood him all he wanted in the shape of drinks when he hadn't a penny to bless himself with. Now you see how he has repaid me! Ugh!"

And Jim Grimes helped himself to a "nip," by way of soothing the angry feelings within him.

"Too bad!" ejaculated the cobbler. "Just like them fellows who turn teetotal all at once. They always goes to extremes!"

"So they do," chimed in the landlord, glad of even this gleam of sympathy.

"There's no doubt Harry was a fool to himself, but that was not *my* fault. If he chose to 'stand Sam' so freely, and neglect his trade, that was *his* affair. But when he became bankrupt and was sold out, which he says killed his wife, and when his children were in want of bread, didn't I send 'em as much as I could spare? When, all at once, somebody persuaded him to *turn over a new leaf*, and what with his confounded 'associations,' and other things, he robbed me of all my custom and spoiled my trade."

"Can't you stop him?" growled the customer.

"Stop him! Why the devil himself couldn't stop such a hare-brained fellow, now he has taken up this new-fangled idea of 'reform,' as he calls it. Why, the very chaps as used to crowd the tap here have sworn off their beer, and go to hear him rant and to sup his *skilly!*"

It was a bad day for the landlord of the "Old King's Head" when Harry Gould turned over a "new leaf." He was a young man of brilliant

accomplishments, and of increasing energy; and prosperity took him by the hand. He rose rapidly in his profession, and surrounded himself with a host of admiring friends. His wife and family were happy in the possession of every comfort. But in unguarded moments he was tempted by false friends, first to have "just a morning nip," then to join a harmonic meeting, then a game at billiards, until he became enamoured and ensnared. His visits to the "Old King's Head" were more frequent; his stay at home less, and although he could see his business diminishing, and his poor uncomplaining wife growing pale through his neglect, he heeded not, so utterly infatuated was he with his new companions.

He made the acquaintance of young "swells" who feasted upon his generosity, and who tickled his natural vanity until he scarcely knew himself. He was "the chairman" at the debating club and free-and-easy, and sent round the champagne in such reckless profusion as to elicit the cheers of a crowded room on each occasion.

No wonder the private parlour was always filled with guests when Harry was there; the publican's flies are always plenteous when such honey is about. But by-and-bye there was a whisper that Harry Gould was "shaky;" then his business was sold, and he became a bankrupt; lost his wife, as he had lost his character, and ultimately he became a besotted fool. The gay company in the private parlour gradually died away, and gave place to men of inferior grade—for friends created of drink always "pass by on the other side" when they have exhausted all they can from their dupes.

It was when he had fallen into this condition of degraded poverty that the landlord of the "Old King's Head," whose fortune he had so largely helped to make, taunted him with mock courtesy, and held him up to ridicule before his nightly customers in the bar. The "Doctor," once courted and flattered by false friends, was now glad to perform any menial offices for the sake of his daily food and "allowance" of beer—utterly forsaken by his old acquaintances and despised by the new.

Time went on, while the poor fellow sank deeper and deeper in the mire of social degradation, until he fairly loathed himself, and was contemplating ending his sufferings by suicide.

Then it was, on the very verge of perdition, that one who had known him in earlier and happier days discovered him, and on hearing of his forlorn condition determined, if possible, to reclaim the fallen.

This gentleman was to deliver a lecture on Temperance somewhere in the town, and coming across his old friend, persuaded Harry Gould, wretched and in rags as he was, to attend the meeeting. He did so, and signed the pledge, which all who knew him predicted he would never keep. His considerate friend found him employment, to which, now that he was freed from the chains that had bound him so long, he applied himself with diligence. His determined adherence to the principles he had espoused brought him into the confidence of his employers; he advanced step by step towards the status he had so ignominiously lost; and in a year or so was once more, by the assistance of friends, re-established in business. All his old determination returned to him, and in spite of temptation he remained faithful to his pledge. He attended most constantly the house of prayer, and those who knew him best declared that a marvellous change had been wrought in his mind and character.

But Harry was not content to reap all the benefits of this change himself. All his spare time was devoted to the energetic promotion of works of social reform. He established a Temperance Mission which, under God, was signally blessed; and hundreds of poor drunkards, whose only pleasure hitherto had been the ale-house, were drawn to his standard. His Band of Hope and Mission Services were well attended; and, aided by a band of willing workers, he established societies for relieving the poor with food and clothing. Everything he touched seemed to prosper in his hands, and as the attendances at his meetings increased it played havoc with the trade at the "Old King's Head." His efforts produced ruin to his old "friend," the landlord, but a blessing to vast numbers of those who had before squandered their earnings to support his cursed trade, whilst they left their wives and little ones to starve in wretched homes.

The rest is soon told. Whilst Harry grew in the respect of all good men and in love amongst the thousands who shared the benefits of the work he carried on, the "Old King's Head" fell into disuse, and eventually into the market; and as nobody would buy the lease and goodwill, the house was purchased by subscription and converted into a Mission Hall. That work is still being carried on with the most marked results, and the district which was once the haunt of misery, want and squalor, is all changed. Never was a greater triumph of sobriety and religion over drink and debauchery, nor a more blessed illustration of the power of Him

who is able and willing to save to the uttermost all who believe in Him.

All have not sunk to the depths in which Harry Gould was found, and all may not be able to achieve so great a work as I have described. Yet each of us may be permitted to aid and forward the cause which has roused up hope and life in the hearts desolated by the drink, and to lessen the evils which are admitted by all right thinking men to be a national calamity. Let each and all try, and my advice to them is first of all to avoid being "THE PUBLICAN'S FRIEND." W. M.

The "Daily Telegraph's" Defence of the Pledge.

FROM a highly philosophical point of view all good resolutions may seem somewhat absurd. What St. Paul called "patient continuance in well doing" is, of course, superior to any vow signed and accepted at a stated hour, and with solemn formalities. Angelic virtue of strong-souled humanity could disdain the fence and guard of formula or pledge, conscious of its constant power to overcome temptation. Men, however, are human, are weak, and are liable to err again and again. In all ages and all societies vows, resolutions, pledges, bonds, have marked the point where sinful and repentant man turns over a new leaf. He calls God to witness the change. Ceremony and solemnity are added to what is in its essence a mere promise. The sentiment of personal honour is called into play as he gives his word. His fellow-men are asked to observe his intention in order that a feeling of shame may preclude his relapse, and that the social countenance of his friends may shine upon and reward his constancy. Those who invented vows and pledges and formal guarantees knew human nature and its weakness, and for centuries man has acknowledged the efficacy of these entrenchments. The pledge simply invokes to the aid of temperance the sentiments that underlie alike the vows of the monk or the nun, the solemn promise of the wedded pair at the altar, and even the attestation of the witness in a court of justice. The recluse could, if he liked, renounce the world without any form of words. A man and woman could resolve to love and live together until death without a verbal and hallowed contract. Witnesses ought to tell the truth even if not sworn. So it would be well if all Englishmen were temperate or totally abstinent without the help of any recorded or solemnly uttered pledges. Yet there is no more objection to this use of an ancient aid to virtue than to any other and older application of it. The lonely "teetotaler" might fall away and none be the wiser; he would escape reproach and sin again without shame. When, however, children or adults are enrolled in societies and armies, with medals, ribbons, marches, gatherings, music, and ceremonies, they afford each other mutual aid and encouragement. Intemperance has its social side. Four-fifths of the drink consumed in England is quaffed by boon companions meeting to enjoy a friendly glass. Drinking is encouraged by lighted saloons, gay comradeship, jovial greetings, and a thousand festivals. It is so interwoven with State affairs, politics, business, charity, and even religion, that at first it was supposed, as old caricatures and jokes attest, that a water-drinker must necessarily be a sour, cantankerous, and even un-English being. He could not be loyal, for he would not empty his glass of ale or wine to the health of the King. He could not be a good fellow, because he would not join his neighbours round the tavern fire. If he ever sat perforce at uproarious feasts he appeared there like the skeleton at Egyptian banquets, and there was a time when the squires doubted a parson's theology if he could not enjoy his bottle of port. But if drinking has at its back so much social sentiment it is hard to deny to the promoters of temperance their right of association. If topers confederate, why should not teetotalers combine? They do not seek to "rob a poor man of his beer;" they simply use arguments and example to induce him to spend his money in a better way. If some Englishmen are allowed to throw open tavern doors and bid the world come in, others have a perfect right to organize a stentorian and multiplied "Don't!" It is a fair fight. We have doctors who advocate alcohol, and rivals who denounce it altogether. We have those who believe in "a little wine for their stomachs' sake," and in contrast those who believe that, taken as food, it does no good. No temper-

ance advocates deny that there are occasions when strong drink may be used as medicine; poisons themselves are remedies in some serious and critical occasions. The pledge, however, usefully keeps from weak people the temptation to excess, and it is known, as a matter of fact, that there are many men and women who can find strength to abstain altogether when anything like moderation is literally beyond their power.—*Daily Telegraph.*

A Wesleyan President on Abstinence.

THE Rev. Charles Garrett is the new President of the Wesleyan Conference. He became a total abstainer early in life, and has ever been in the forerank of temperance reformers. The following personal testimony will be of interest to many:—"I signed the pledge of total abstinence in 1840, after hearing a lecture on the subject by the late John Cassell. I have, therefore, tried it for more than forty years, and I most gladly give my experience as to its effects. In the first place, it has greatly benefited my health. From childhood I have been delicate, and yet for years I have been able to work seven days in the week. I travel from one end of the country to the other, have all sorts of irregularity of diet and hours of rest. My brain is taxed with a large amount of writing, speaking, and preaching, and yet I generally begin my Sabbath without any exhaustion. Indeed, I believe that my teetotalism has enabled me to get through an amount of work that would have crushed me if I had taken stimulants. In addition to improved health, total abstinence has given me influence which I could not have had without it. Much has been said about the alienation of the working classes from the Christian Church. I have, however, found total abstinence to be a bridge by which I could reach them. And, thank God! I have known it to be a bridge by which hundreds of them have come over to us. In one of my circuits I took pains to ascertain as fully as possible the spiritual history of the members, and found more than seventy men who had once been intemperate, but who had been reclaimed from that vice by total abstinence, and had afterwards united themselves with the Church, and they were notoriously amongst the most zealous and generous members of that church. I have also found that my influence upon those who move in a higher circle has been beneficial. In almost every circuit in which I have travelled, I have found some one who was standing on slippery places, whom I have been enabled to restrain; and I have been cheered many times by hearing mothers and wives say 'Thank God you are an abstainer! I have hope now that my son or my husband will be saved.' And I thankfully record that in many cases their hopes have been realised. I have noticed also that many of my friends who have not become abstainers have become much more cautious in the use of intoxicating liquors through my abstinence. No drunkard has been able to make my glass of wine an excuse for his; while those who have been trying to conquer the habit of drinking have been strengthened and encouraged by my example. I will, therefore, sum up my experience as to the effects of teetotalism by saying it has been a blessing to me, and has made me a blessing to others."

A Devil's Elixir.

THERE grows no wine
By the haunted Rhine,
By the Danube or Guadalquiver,
Nor on island or cape
That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice,
For foreign use,
When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,
To rack our brains
With the fever pains,
That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer,
For a poison malign,
Is such Borgia wine,
Or at best, but a Devil's Elixir.—*Longfellow.*

A Crystal Cup.

SOLO. Arranged for this Work.

Some love to drink from the foamy brink Where the wine drops' dance they

Vocal accompt., with closed lips.

Hm.

see, But the water bright, in its silver light, And a crys-tal cup for me.

CHORUS.

O wa - ter! bright wa - ter! Pure, precious, free; Yes, 'tis

wa - ter bright, in its sil - v'ry light, And a crys - tal cup for me.

2 O, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow; [music beside
There's health in the tide, and there's
In the brooklet's bounding flow.
O water, &c.

3 As pure as Heaven is the water given,
'Tis for ever fresh and new;
Distilled in the sky, it comes from on high
In the shower and gentle dew.
O water, &c.

4 Let them say 'tis weak, yet its strength I'll seek,
For the worn rock owns its sway; [
And we're borne swift along by its wing so strong,
When it riseth to fly away.
O water, &c.

5 There is strength in the glee of the mighty sea,
When the loud stormy wind doth blow!
And a fearful sight is the cataract's might,
As it leaps to the depths below.
O water, &c.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

Varieties.

THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.—Sergeant Lawrence, the young Scotch Volunteer who won the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon the other day, is a teetotaler; and thus becomes a worthy colleague of Angus Cameron, another Scottish abstainer, the only man who has won the Queen's Prize twice.

OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN EGYPT.—The *Times* correspondent said in his letter of July 24th :—"Among the orders issued some days ago was a warning that any person selling drink to soldiers or sailors, and any soldier or sailor found buying in toxicating drink, would be punished. All orders are submitted to the Khedive, and it is characteristic of the kindheartedness and toleration of the man that he, a rigid Moslem and, of course, a total abstainer, tried hard to fight against an order which seemed to him unkind and just. Of course he gave way when the absolute necessity of it was pointed out to him."

ALCOHOL DETERIORATING THE RACE.—*Harper's Bazar*, in a recent suggestive editorial, invites attention to the fact that there are physiologists who do not hesitate to assert that "the European races are deteriorating as their civilisation is crystallising," and that this deterioration "is to be abscribed, as much as to anything else, to the constant excitement more or less of the brain through the daily use of strong beers and wines and spirits by the mothers of the race there." It adds: "Few foreign ladies, it is said, think of such a thing as refusing wine at table, and it is a common draught for refreshment elsewhere. Beer in the northern countries is as frequent a drink as water; the brandy flask in the railway coach is a usual sight, and the rubicund face and hard flesh of the women past forty tell their own story of the stimulant that produced them."

DRUNKENNESS AND CLUB PATIENTS.—When drunkenness in an Odd Fellow leads to sickness he is not entitled to the benefit of the club during the said sickness. The rule is that—"any member incapable of following his employment by any immoral or disorderly conduct, by fighting, or by accident or illness arising from intoxication or continued excessive drinking, shall not be entitled to any sick pay." The rule is a most proper one; and an equally proper inference from it would seem to be that a member should have no claim on the medical attendant of the club for accident or disease so disgracefully incurred. The question has often been raised. It has been lately raised most properly before J. Stephen, Esq., County Court Judge, Holbeach, by Mr. A. H. Haines, in an action for £22 18s. for attendance upon a club member for *delirium tremens* and other disorders caused by drunkenness. The man at various times seemed to recognize that attendance on his ailments was a private affair between Mr. Haines and himself, and had paid various bills on that view. The jury gave prompt judgment for the plaintiff for the whole amount, in spite of some hesitation on the part of the judge. Benefit societies have an enormous power for good in marking drunkenness as an offence against societies and the working class generally; and they owe it to their medical officers to protect them in this matter.—*Lancet.*

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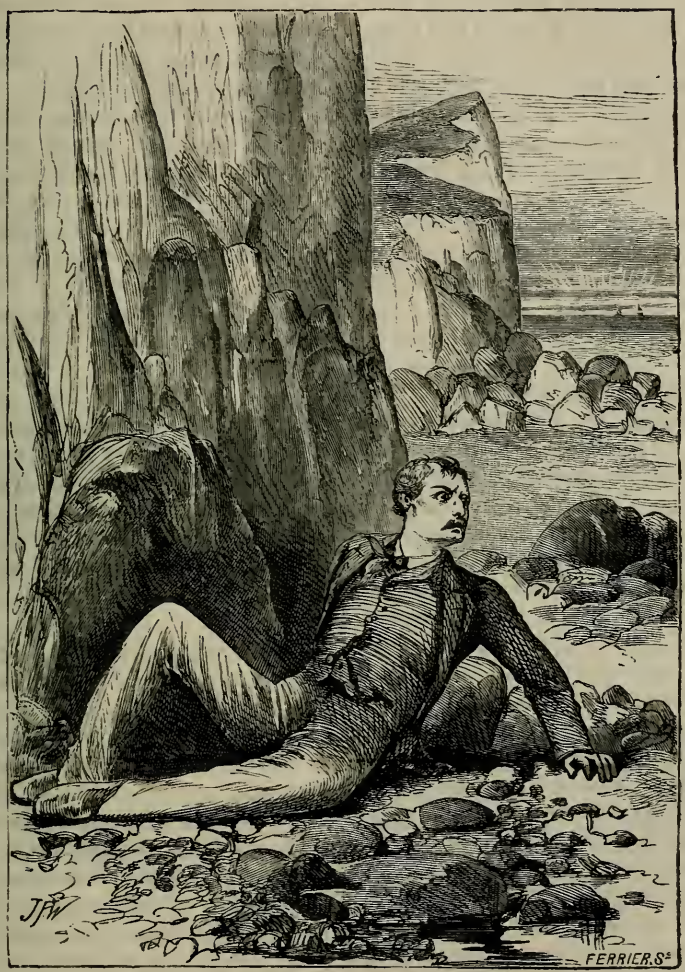

Fenton's Vow.

"One glass more, just one to our next meeting."

Fenton Leigh smiled. "That's not so far off, Jones."

"True," said the other, "it's only three weeks, unless anything very dreadful happens But you know, Leigh, you are the life and soul of the old shop," for thus Mr. Jones irreverently designated the counting house of Messrs. Grey, Landor & Co., by whom his

friend, himself, and some dozen others were employed.

Office hours were over, and the majority of the clerks had left for the day, but a few, the especial friends (so far as friendship goes in City life) of Fenton Leigh still lingered with him.

Jones was only right in saying that he was the life and soul of the office. Nature had been bountiful in her gifts to him. Attractive in his appearance, winning in his manners, with an easy flow of conversation, sparkling now and then into jest or repartee, he was a favourite, both with his equals and his superiors. There were a few, it is true, who spoke of him as "a trifle fast," but it was always with a deprecating smile, as if only too willing to excuse one who was so deservedly popular. Moreover it was well known that he came of an influential family, and apart from that, his own business capacities were of no mean order, and they had already secured for him the esteem and confidence of his employers. So it was little wonder that, with life opening brightly before him, and occupying, as he did, a position which already secured competence and bade fair one day to secure luxury, that he was a subject of envy to many. A close observer looking at him as he leant against the high office desk, answering the light badinage of his companions with lively retort or jest, would have said, "A handsome young man," but—there's always a but—doesn't he think a little too much of the social glass? And the question would have been answered in the affirmative. Fenton Leigh did think too much of the social glass. Not that any one of his casual acquaintances had seen him much the worse for drink. A little jovial, perhaps, a little exhilarated, nothing more, certainly not. There might, though, have been one or two occasions, when —but they were known only to his fast and truest friend, his only sister, Edith—who, opening the door softly at a late hour, had found some difficulty in persuading him to make the best of his way upstairs to his own room without papa hearing him. How many sisters have had the same experience? A sad one, though lovingly undergone. Once or twice she had timidly hinted that she would be very glad if he would be more careful, if he would come home a little earlier. But he had only laughed lightly, and tapped her cheek, asking in a bantering tone if she thought him quite a child. He would take care of himself, never fear, and he looked and spoke in so confident a manner, that Edith, though her heart misgave her, said no more.

But there was another who noted the gradual declension, though to all other eyes than those rendered keener by affection it was almost imperceptible. And that other was Minna Holmes, his betrothed. For a long while she had fought against her suspicions, deeming them unworthy of herself and her lover; till one day, in deep converse with Edith, and sharing those confidences so dear to the fairer sex, a word or two, unconsciously dropped, had shown to either what the other dreaded and feared. Minna had been kindly questioning her friend about the weary, tired look that now and then was visible upon her features, and not satisfied with the answers she received, had persisted in her questioning.

"I sat up late for Fenton," said Miss Leigh at last rather reluctantly, it seemed to the other.

"But surely a servant could do that, or" and Miss Minna smiled, "couldn't you trust him with a latch key?"

Her friend flushed painfully, and hesitated as she answered, "I would rather sit up for him, dear."

But Minna was not to be thwarted, and the truth came out. Fenton was in the habit of staying out with some friends, and once, well, perhaps once or twice when he came home, he had evidently taken too much wine. "You know, dear," said the sister, trying to shield him even then, "Gentlemen do sometimes take more wine than they should when they are together, and Fen's always been used to it. We have it at home, you know."

"But why didn't you tell me this before, Edith," said her friend almost reproachfully.

"Dear, why should I trouble you unnecessarily? Sometimes I thought that you guessed

all was not right, but, as Fen's sister, I could not shake your trust in him. But perhaps you guessed it, Minna."

"I did to some extent," was the quiet answer, "but I did not think that it was so bad as this."

So, for the time, the matter dropped. But surely, if Fenton Leigh had known the anxiety he was causing to those two loving hearts, he would have turned back from the path he was pursuing. But he knew it not, and though now and then Edith's anxious look troubled him a moment, he put the unpleasant feeling aside. So the time had gone by.

One narrow escape, indeed, Fenton had. It chanced that one evening, meeting with "a friend or two," they had adjourned for "a quiet glass and smoke." But one "quiet glass" had led to another, and it was not till a late hour that Mr. Leigh and a companion, whose way lay in the same direction, turned their steps homeward, now and again breaking out in snatches of song and noisy laughter. As they passed at a street corner, under a cluster of lamps, Fenton, by far the more inebriated of the two, saw two gentlemen approaching them, and, catching his companion's arm, muttered huskily, "By jove! there's old Grimswade."

Mr. Grimswade was the manager of the firm by whom the young men were employed —"But who's that with him?"

"Be quiet, Fen, that's the governor himself," said his more sober companion in a low tone.

"So it is," exclaimed Fenton, who was in a state of reckless excitement from the effect of his potations. "Let's speak to him!" And he was actually stepping forward to do so, but his companion pulled him violently back, and hailing a passing cab, half pushed, half dragged his bewildered friend into it before the latter could remonstrate.

But Mr. Grimswade's keen eyes had recognised them, though, fortunately for them, he did not consider it worth while to speak of the matter, and Fenton himself, when, the next morning, he heard of the near approach he had made to a proceeding which would have seriously damaged his character in the eyes of his principal, "almost" resolved never to drink intoxicating liquor again. "Hang me if I don't think the water-drinkers are right after all," he muttered to himself. But, as is so often the case, his thoughts did not take the form of actions, and the path of indulgence still continued to be trodden.

As yet he had been most careful to prevent his growing failing becoming known to his fiancée, and did not for a moment imagine that any mention of it had been made to her by his sister. True, as far as she dared, she had occasionally hinted at the matter, but he, knowing that, in her own home, wine and other stimulants were always to be found, had not for a moment thought that any hidden meaning lurked under her words. And, as it happened that Minna and he lived at a considerable distance from each other, and met only once or twice a week, concealment was practically easy. "For," so he argued with himself, "it was not to be supposed that he could always be at home. A man must have companions and a social glass now and then. There were thousands worse than he." So he silenced his conscience. How many have thus excused themselves? How many will do so to the end?

Thus matters had gone on until the present time, when he was about to start for his annual holiday trip. The next year his marriage was to take place, "so," as one of his friends jestingly told him, "he had better make the most of his liberty while he had it." He had smilingly assented, and, after a kindly farewell of those at home, and a somewhat protracted parting from Miss Minna, which, as a younger brother remarked, *sotto voco*, "was as long as if Fen was going to Kamschatka," he went on his journey.

Very pleasant, after the long continued clamour and tumult of the great City, very pleasant it was to lie idly in the warm sunlight, lazily watching the long line of wavelets rippling on the beach. Very pleasant also was the society of two or three old friends who were staying at the same seaside resort, and whose conversation formed an agreeable break to the ennui which he otherwise might have felt

after the first few days or so. Unfortunately, intelligent and clever in business matters as he undoubtedly was, he could find no recreation or amusement in books for any length of time, when other resources failed him.

For the first two weeks the weather was brilliantly fine, and all went pleasantly. But at the beginning of the third week a change took place : the sky was overcast and rain fell heavily, and thus driven indoors, Fenton's time hung on his hands, billiards had been tried, and cards, but, after a while he became weary of both, and was reduced to his glass of wine or spirits and his cigar. One amusement, it is true, was still open to him, for which some of his companions were always ready, and which consisted of prolonged flirtation with the attractive and fashionably dressed young ladies who presided at the refreshment bar. But a certain feeling of loyalty to his future bride held him back from half slangy, wholly insincere converse of that kind. So there was nothing for it but the old, the fatal habit.

A few of his acquaintances had proposed that they should spend an evening jovially together. "We sha'n't have another chance, perhaps," said one, while another laughed at Fenton's feeble remonstrances and objections. So he yielded, as always, for the last time. They met as arranged, and the evening, with jest and song, passed by merrily enough. But the hour grew late, voices were growing thick, eyes dim, and feet unsteady, and the burdens of the songs were but indistinctly chanted. "Glasses round once more," said the chairman of the evening, "and then, gentlemen, we'll break up." Once more the glasses were filled, and emptied, and then, an excited noisy group, they went from the close hot room, heavy with the fumes of smoke and drink, out into the fresh air and bright moonlight, for the clouds had passed away and the sky was clear. All, save Fenton, whose way lay in a different direction, went off together; he, turning, took the road towards his lodgings. But he had drunk deeply, and his steps were devious and uncertain. Onwards he went, till by mistake he took the wrong path, a narrow track which led up to the cliffs above. But the slope was very gradual, and he walked on without noticing—till he had reached a spot where the path turned sharply. Here for a moment, as the unfamiliar character of the surroundings occurred to him, he paused, but his brain, confused and bewildered by his recent excesses, was in no condition to aid him, and he continued his course. At one point a little in advance, a wooden railing had been erected at the edge of the cliff, which at that part shelved considerably, and offered consequently but an insecure foothold. A portion of the railing had recently been broken away, either through carelessness or wilful malice, and the fragments yet lay scattered by the path. Over these Fenton stumbled, and with the causeless, hasty anger of intoxication kicked them aside, but in doing so lost his balance, and lurched heavily against the railing. There was a sharp snapping sound, as of breaking wood, a strange cry—half groan, half shriek—and Fenton Leigh lay stunned and motionless on the beach below.

For a long, long while he remained as he had fallen, till a sharp pang of pain, joined with the keen chill breeze of coming dawn restored him to consciousness. He tried to rise, but in vain, and now the whole truth of his terrible position came full upon his mind. Summoning all his strength, he shouted again and again for help, but only the mocking echo of his own voice came back to him. Raising himself as best he could on his elbow, he looked around. Above, the sky was dark and lowering, and the wind moaned sadly over the sea. Far, far away in the east, was a dim faint light of the herald of the day. And now, as his weary, anxious glances fell upon the beach before him, a horrible fear took possession of his mind. Surely that long line of plashing foam was nearer now. Could it be? Was the tide rising, and if so ——? But he dared not think farther. Again he sent up an agonized cry for help, again from the cliff above came back the echo, but no answering call was heard. All was silent, save the dull, monotonous, steady fall and ripple of the advancing waters. Nearer and nearer, inch by inch, they crept, slowly, cruelly. One ter-

rible effort, straining nerve and sinew to their utmost extension, to escape the awful death that loomed so near, one piercing cry for help and succour, and exhausted nature could bear no more—he fell back, helpless, motionless, and insensible.

* * * * *

"You are going on very favourably, Mr. Leigh," said Dr. Graham, cheerily, as his patient by the aid of a crutch and stick limped across the room towards him.

"Very favourably," said the other, looking down ruefully at the appliances by which alone his progress was possible.

"Yes, very favourably," repeated the medical man with a smile, "let me tell you, young gentleman, that people who fall off cliffs as you did do not always recover so rapidly. Lucky it was that you had not gone further along the path to a higher part, you would have broken your neck to a certainty. As it was," — he paused, and Fenton continued the sentence.

"As it was, Doctor, I learned a lesson that I shall never forget."

"My friend," said the other, "take my advice, don't be content with not forgetting it. Act upon it. Do not dwell upon or brood over your feelings on that fearful night, but—you will pardon me for speaking plainly—alter the course of conduct that led to the accident. I do not offend you, I trust," he added, noticing the flush that the words brought to the young man's face.

But Fenton quickly recovered himself. "Not at all," he said frankly. "It would have been better for me had I listened to such warnings before. Had it not been for those fishermen hearing my last cry for help, I should have paid for my folly with my life."

"Let your life, thus spared, make amends for the former carelessness and negligence," said Dr. Graham gravely, then adding in a lighter tone, "but here comes your nurse, and I will leave you in her hands;" and with a cheerful smile and nod, he went his way as Edith entered the room. Her brother looked up at her with a glance, half affectionate, half regretful as she approached.

"Well, Fen, what do you want?" she asked, smilingly.

"I am almost ashamed to see you, Edie," he answered, "when I think what a selfish, thoughtless fellow I was some time ago, and how kind and patient you always were to me."

"Don't think of it, Fen, not now at least," she began, but again the door opened and Minna Holmes came in, and Edith, leaving the sentence unfinished, with a meaning glance at her brother, became suddenly deeply interested in the contents of a flower-stand near the window. After some minutes had elapsed she began seriously to think of slipping quietly from the room, but Fenton's hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, as he said, "Edie, I was just saying when Minna came in how much I owed you for your patient kindness."

"There is no need," she began, but he went on,

"Minna, it seems, guessed it all long ago, though I little thought it. I was unjust to you both, but—and his face grew graver, and his voice more earnest—the lesson will be of lifelong value. While I lay helpless and racked with pain, the thought flashed into my mind that if I had died then, the fault was all my own, and, with the cruel sea coming each moment nearer and nearer, I vowed, oh! so earnestly, that if God would spare me, I would never again be the slave of a degrading vice, and an enslaving habit. I remember nothing of my rescue. You have told me how some fishermen, it seems only just in time, saved me from the advancing tide. But though I cannot remember my rescue, I can remember my vow, and, by His aid who sent me help in time of need, I will keep it so long as I live, and neither of you dear ones shall have cause to fear or grieve for me again.

* * * * *

There was much rejoicing among the staff of Grey, Landor and Co., when the popular Fenton Leigh once more returned to his duties. There was much surprise when they discovered the change in his habits. A great deal of his former popularity vanished at once,

and he encountered sneer, sarcasm and ridicule from the boon companions of other days.

But neither sneer, sarcasm, nor ridicule had power to alter his resolve, or to shake his determination, and through the years that lay before him, so long as he lived, Fenton kept his vow.

STANSBY.

Not by Might, nor by Power.

"WELL, I suppose we must have him here," said David Lawson, and he rubbed his hand over his head in his perplexity, and ruffled up his white hair, and he had thick hair for an old man of seventy. "I don't see what else can be done with him."

"Could'nt we send him to school?" asked Mrs. Lawson, "I'm afraid a child about the place will worry you."

David shook his head.

"Better have him here and see what stuff he's made of."

"I wish we could have seen his poor father or mother before their death, and heard from them what sort of boy he is. Those telegrams don't tell anything."

This conversation took place in a comfortable parlour of a large grocer's shop, in a thriving little town on the East coast. The room had a half-glass door leading into the shop, and a wide window with a deep seat to it looking on to a rambling old-fashioned garden, just now fragrant with all kinds of June rosebuds, and a tangled mass of sweet-smelling flowers. The golden green leaves of the tall trees were faintly rustling in the soft air, and over all lay a flood of brilliant noon sunshine. It was because it was noon that David Lawson could spare a few moments to discuss an important matter, of which they had been informed that morning in a brief telegram. It told them of the death of their only son. He had gone away from them ten years before, saying a country town was not large enough for him to make his way in. The reports his parents received of him from time to time were anything but satisfactory. They heard of wild dissipation and sinful excesses, then after many years, in which they had vainly tried to find any trace of him, came the news of his death, and the care of his orphan child devolved upon them. A letter followed the telegram, giving a few details of the death, and the writer promised to see the child safely in the train, if his grandfather would meet him on his arrival. This Mr. Lawson promised to do. He did not care to enquire too closely into his son's affairs, as the little he heard did not reflect much credit on the dead man. The shutters were put up on the shop windows, and the door left open to show business was carried on as usual. The customers learnt what particulars they could, and expressed much sympathy with the bereaved parents. But outside the shop they said, "Well, if all's true we have heard of him, his death is the best thing that could have happened for his father and mother." Alas, that it should be so, alas, that there should have to be so often

> "The wail for a bright life wasted
> And spent in doing wrong."

Mr. Lawson went up to the quiet little station, one hot June evening, feeling nervously anxious to see his grandson. A good many people got out of the train, for the town was beginning to fill with its summer visitors, and already the Lawsons' large pleasant rooms over the shop were let to a widow lady and her little daughter. Mr. Lawson peered through his gold-rimmed spectacles at all the children, and was beginning to think that his grandchild could not have come, when he felt his arm gently touched, and looking quickly round he saw a small boy at his elbow. Goodness! what a thin white-faced slip of a child it was! The well-to-do grocer stared in amazement, that anything belonging to him could look so forlorn. That the child did belong to him

there was no doubt, as he held a letter in his hand, and he said timidly, "Please, sir, I want Mr. Lawson."

"All right, my boy, I'm your grandfather, but how old are you, and what's your name?"

"My name is David William Lawson, and I was eight years old last birthday, and father always called me William."

The tears came into Mr. Lawson's kind old eyes. His dead son had thought of him, it seemed, when his child was christened. But had no one ever called the child by a pet name? Had he never been a fond mother's "little Willie?" had he never been "Will" to his play-fellows?

Mr. Lawson called a fly, and put his grandson's small box on it, then taking his seat by the child's side, they were driven to the shop in the High Street. It was always a picturesque street, with its quaint houses, with front gardens full of trees, and deep red-tiled roofs, yellow with golden moss, and its shops with their projecting gables and gay awnings, but perhaps it looked its best under the intense blue of a June sky, and lighted by the red glow of sunset. It was very steep, and at the bottom lay the sparkling summer sea, and at the top the green outlines of the hills.

Willie sat very quiet and still, but a long drawn "Oh!" escaped him when the sea came in view. All his short life had been spent among the squalid surroundings of London courts and alleys, and this glimpse of the country seemed like heaven. Mrs. Lawson was waiting at the door to receive them. Though she had been doubtful as to the desirability of having a child to live with them, when it was settled he was to come, her motherly heart was ready enough to welcome him. And now her whole soul yearned to pet and comfort the sad looking, white-faced child, who so timidly received her caress. When Willie had been regaled with bread and butter, rich milk and home-made cake, and was tucked up in his little white bed, Mrs. Lawson said to her husband,

"Bless the dear child, I'm very glad we had him here. He looks as if he had been more used to blows than kisses, and he thanked me when I said I should call him Willie, and then when he was saying his prayers he thanked God for bringing him to such a nice home. David, could our boy, our Willie, have been unkind to his own child, do you think?"

"May be he was, Rachel, the life he led isn't calculated to bring out the best points in one's nature, the boy seems to shrink from speaking of his father or mother."

As the days went on, Willie brightened up wonderfully under the combined influences of kindness and pure air. He made friends with the little girl in the drawing-room, and as her mother found he was a quiet, gentle boy, she made no objection to their being much together. One day Willie and Pansey were out on the sands together; they loved to be there when the tide was out, and they could catch little crabs in the shallow pools left round the rocks. The afternoon had been very bright when they started, and they were so engrossed in their occupation, that neither of them noticed how thickly the clouds had gathered over head. Some great drops of rain falling into the pool of water over which Pansey was bending caused her to look up quickly and say,

"Oh, Willie, it is raining fast, and the sky is so black, hadn't we better run home."

"Yes, be quick," said Willie, catching up all the pails and spades, "oh, I am so afraid you will get wet, and your mother told me to take care of you; whatever shall we do?"

"Why run," said Pansey laughing, "Mamma will know you couldn't help it raining."

The children did run as fast as ever they could, but it was hard work up the steep High Street, and they were both wet through when they reached home. Mrs. Russell was standing at the shop door, feeling very anxious about her little girl, and only restrained by Mrs. Lawson's persuasions from going out in the rain to look for her.

"Come, my darling," she said, as Pansey rushed in rosy and breathless, "you shall have your wet clothes off, and I will give you some hot wine and water to drink, and then I don't think you will take cold."

"That's the thing, ma'am, I'll do the same for Willie, and I feel sure they won't either of them be the worse for the wetting they've had."

Willie's fair face had flushed crimson while his grandmother was speaking, and he turned to her and said timidly,

"Grannie."

"There, don't talk now, I'll send Betty up to put on your dry clothes, and then you come to me in the parlour, and then you shall chatter away as much as you like."

Willie was quite silent while Betty, the maid, was dressing him. The only sound was the quick patter of the rain drops on the roof outside his little bedroom window, and the water gurgling down the pipes. When Betty left him he knelt down by his bed for a few moments with his face hidden in the counterpane, then he rose and went slowly downstairs. His grandparents were both in the parlour, and on the table was a steaming glass of port wine and water, with a piece of lemon and nutmeg in it.

"Now, my boy," said his grandfather, "come and drink up your grog, and there will be no fear of your taking cold."

"Grandfather, please *need* I drink it, I am a Band of Hope boy, and oh, grannie, didn't you know," Willie said, turning to his grandmother with the tears rushing into his blue eyes, "it was drink that killed both my mother and father."

Mr. Lawson stared out into the wet garden, where a gleam of watery sunshine was streaming over the grass, and every raindrop was glistening like a diamond. This, then, was the mystery of his son's death. It was drink that had killed him. He knew that he had been wild and reckless, but he did not know that he was a drunkard. Now that poor little Willie had unburdened his childish heart of its one great secret, all the story of his miserable young life was told, sitting on his grandmother's knee, with his head resting on her shoulder. The assistant was left to take care of the shop for once, as Mr. Lawson sat by and listened to his grandchild's account of his father's wasted life. It was a sad story the boy told, but unhappily a common one. He had been told by some of his father's friends that he was not to speak of his parents unless he was asked about them. How much he had suffered on account of his father's besetting sin was plainly to be seen. He told them how he had been led to join a Band of Hope, and begged them to let him keep his pledge. One thing struck like a sword into the aged parents' hearts.

"I can't think where he learned to drink," said Mr. Lawson, pacing up and down the room.

Willie lifted his head from his grandmother's shoulder, and looking straight up at his grandfather with his clear eyes he said,

"Father always said he learned to drink at home."

Oh God! had it, indeed, been so? Had the moderate drinking of his parents led to the son's early and awful death? Was it possible that the little beer and wine he had been taught to drink at home, fostered a taste which led to such ruinous results. It was only too true. What had been safety and health to his father and mother, had been destruction and death to him. Willie told simply enough of the gradual sinking of his father into the lowest depths of poverty and vice, till at last he had often wanted bread to eat and clothes to wear. There was one thing that William Lawson would not do, he would not apply to his father for help, even in his direst need.

"He sha'n't know till I'm dead how low I've sunk," he would say.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson were old people to take up a new cause, but their eyes had been opened by their grandchild's story to the danger there may be even in strictly moderate drinking. They were determined to have nothing whatever to do with the sale of wine and spirits, and although Mr. Lawson had been one of the first to apply for a grocer's license, he resolved to make no more use of it. All Mr. Lawson's customers were very much surprised when he informed them that he could no longer continue to supply them with wine and spirits.

The good that by God's help Willie was enabled to do, did not stop with his grandparents. Mrs. Russell was told all about it, and she too embraced the cause of total abstinence. One wet night, any stray foot passengers in the High Street would have seen Mr. Lawson and his men busily engaged in emptying various casks and bottles into the gutter. A wet night had been chosen by Mrs. Lawson, "In case," she said, "any poor creature passing by, to whom the drink was a snare, might be tempted by the smell to go and drink. The rain will wash all sight and smell of it away."

A very happy little boy was Willie Lawson when his grandfather put his hand on his head and said solemnly,

"God bless you, my boy. You stood by your pledge and your Band of Hope like a man, and your doing so has brought a blessing to this house."

For many years Willie remained a beloved inmate of his grandfather's house, and now he is a big boy at school, working hard and looking forward to the time when he will be able to take his place in the dear old shop in the High Street.

This is a true story, and may any dear children who read it remember they can, perhaps, do as much as Willie, by never being afraid to say, "I belong to a Band of Hope."

L. L. P.

Legal Assassination.

RAT-TAT!

The postman's knock echoed through the house, and caused my heart to beat quickly, for I was expecting a letter from my brother which would contain most important news; namely, whether he had succeeded in obtaining an appointment for which he was a candidate.

Yes, sure enough, there was the well-known handwriting. And now, having read the letter, it has set me thinking—thinking of what my past life has been, and might have been—of what my future is to be.

It is as well to state at once that I am not an abstainer, having been brought up from childhood to take a small quantity of wine or beer daily, and to look upon it as *food*. My answer to those who have tried to induce me to become an abstainer has been that I have control over myself, and have not the least fear of ever being drawn into excess. But to-day, in my reading, I came upon these verses: "And through thy knowledge shall thy weak brother perish, for whom Christ died? But when ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ. Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." The words have been ringing in my ears ever since, and I can't forget them. My brother's letter, coming at an opportune time, has set me thinking more deeply still, and I shall venture to make an extract from it, with the hope that it may have as much effect on others as it had on me. After the good news that he has succeeded in getting the appointment, my brother proceeds: "It has never fallen to my lot to witness a sadder or more terrible sight than what I am about to tell you of. As long as I live the impression will not be effaced from my memory. I had been out rowing in a skiff for a couple of hours, and on returning to the boat-house, found quite a commotion there. A lot of young fellows belonging to the boat-club were crowding round old Myers, the boatman, and a good deal of excited talk was going on. Without losing time, I stepped ashore, made my boat fast, and pushed into the crowd; and the sight that met my gaze was one never to be forgotten. The body of a woman, with a little baby locked tight in her arms, lay on a bench in the boat-house. Even the fast young fellows standing round Jim Myers were sobered and quiet as they looked on the thin, white face and wide-open eyes of the poor wreck of humanity before them. On a closer examination, the woman's features seemed familiar to me, and I fancied I must have known her long before.

"'Do you think this is a case of suicide, Jim?' one of the young men asked.

"'I can't say about that, sir; but I do know this—that her brute of a husband murdered her, and this poor little one too.'

"'What! pushed her into the river, do you mean?'

"'No, sir; worse than that—ten times more cruel and wicked than that? He's murdered her by inches! only the law won't touch him for it.

"'Do you know the husband, Myers?' I asked.

"'Yes, sir, unfortunately I do, only too well. His name is Simmonds, and he's a painter by trade; but it's very little painting or anything else that he's done lately, except get drunk, and beat his wife and children. And yet he's one of the best workmen in the town.'

"The young men had been listening attentively to Myers, and from the exclamation of surprise when he mentioned the name of Simmonds, it was evident that several of them must have known the man.

"'Why, I saw Simmonds staggering along the other night, with his poor wife at his side,' said one of the young fellows. 'She had the baby in her arms, and was leading another child. She looked nearly starved, and scarcely had strength to walk.'

"'No wonder she looked starved, sir,' said Myers. 'It's a long time, I expect, since she's known the taste of good food. For years that drunken Simmonds has spent nearly all his earnings in drink, and then, when he got home he'd tell his poor wife to give him the few pence earned by plain sewing, or any odd job she could get. If she did'nt hand him the money quick, he'd knock her down and kick her, and then begin to beat the children. I've known him lock her out of their attic when he went off in the morning to work, or on the drink. He'd put the key in his pocket, and tell her she might do the best she could. Many a time my wife has taken her in, little ones and all, and given them a good meal; but she'd keep looking at the door in a frightened sort of way, as if she expected her husband to come and drag her out. And yet I can remember the time when he was as different as could be, before he took to drinking hard.'

"Here old Myers stopped, for he noticed a couple of policemen coming to take the body to the 'Waterman's Arms,' which was close at hand, there to await the inquest.

"The young men dispersed, but I was anxious to hear more, and so accompanied Myers into his cottage.

"'Mrs. Simmonds' features seem very familiar to me,' I said. 'Can you tell me her maiden name?'—little thinking what the answer would be.

"'Her name was Sophia Golding, sir, and she came from the village of T———, not far from here.'

"I've no doubt you will start, Fred, on reading the name of the poor woman. The old boatman noticed the effect it had on me when he mentioned it.

"'Did you know her, sir?' he enquired.

"'Yes, indeed I did. It is as I half suspected at first; she was housemaid in our family for several years, and left to be married, though we did not know where she went. It seems almost too dreadful to think of; and we had such a high opinion of her.'

"'The fact is, sir, most people shut their eyes to the curse of the drink; but I've seen too much of it to do that. We've just had a proof that it must have made a hell upon earth for that poor thing we got out of the water. She must have been driven right out of her mind by the treatment she's had. And though thousands more women are being treated just as bad, or worse, the law won't interfere to stop it. If all the brewers and publicans would only emigrate to some out-of-the-way place, and take all their drink with them, it would make this country almost like Heaven.'

"I could scarcely restrain a smile at the quaintness of old Myer's ideas, Fred; but I'm sure you will admit he has truth on his side.

"'You see a good deal of the ill effects of drink, don't you, Myers?' I asked.

"'Indeed I do, sir. I've known cases in this town so bad that if it was all printed, people wouldn't believe it. The publicans, to my

mind, are carrying on about the wickedest trade in the world; and if the Government would only pass a law to shut up all the public-houses, and make the publicans take to honest trades, *they* ought to be thankful, and it 'ud be the greatest blessing this country could have.'

"'I quite agree with you there,' was my reply, 'It's all very well for people who know and care little about the subject to say that a man has no business to give way to temptation and take too much drink; but there are thousands in this country at the present time who really are *powerless* to withstand the temptation of drinking, unless placed under restraint, whose parents for generations have been hard drinkers, so that the craving for drink has become an hereditary mania. Houses expressly for the sale of what is such a curse to them are licensed by Government to stand at nearly every corner, bringing Cowper's lines to mind :—

'Drink, and be mad then; tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk, obey the important call!
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats :—
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.'

While the publicans themselves say that the drunkards are their worst enemies! But I think that must be after all their money is gone. However, there certainly should be heavier penalties for supplying drink to men when intoxicated, and if a drunken man commits a crime, the liquor-seller who made him drunk ought to be punished as severely, I think, as the culprit.'

"'That's just what I've often thought about it, sir, only I couldn't put it into words.'

"As I was taking my leave of the old man, he said :

"'You'll have no objection to appear at the inquest, will you, sir?'

"'Not the least, Jim, if I can do any good by attending.'.

"And so I returned home, full of troubled thoughts. Oh, Fred, would to God that this fearful curse of our country—this national sin that is dragging England down to perdition—would that it were but an awful nightmare, and that we might awake to find Britian free from her slavery—a sober land, instead of a reproach among the nations. But no, it is an appalling reality, and our country, of which we are so proud, is fast drifting to weakness, decay, and destruction! Drunkenness is so common now, that it is constantly treated as a jest. Even the police, from sheer force of habit, almost invariably treat any unfortunate man or woman taken suddenly ill in the street, as if they were drunk. The newspapers will bear witness to the number of deaths that has occurred in this manner.

"No, Fred, it's no use shutting our eyes to the fact that England is no longer foremost in religion, philanthropy, ahd civilization. More than a century ago, good men spoke strongly about the curse of the liquor traffic; bnt how much greater is the need for speaking out in trumpet tones now, when the hydra-headed monster of drink is glutted with the blood of another century's victims; when strong men are killing themselves by inches, and allowing their wives and families to beg or starve; when fathers and mothers, infuriated by drink, fight like wild beasts, and treat their wretched children in a way that no wild beasts ever treat *their* offspring. The sights and sounds to be daily seen and heard in any of the large cities and towns of this Christian and highly civilized land are enough to strike one dumb with horror and amazement.

"I know well enough that you are a *moderate* drinker; but for the sake of your children, if for no other consideration, I would urge you to abstain.

"Will you teach your children's voices
To utter the Saviour's prayer—
'Lead us not into temptation'—
And then lead and leave them there!

The path is slippery and treacherous
Which they see you safely pursue;
But they may follow, and perish!—
And is this nothing to you?"

There is no need to quote any more of my brother's letter. Long before finishing it, my mind was made up as to the right course to be pursued, and from this day forward I intend, by God's help, to take for a watchword one of the texts I have already referred to: "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend. A. J. P.

Gertrude and her Pets.

Most children have their pets, but all children are not always kind to them. We have sometimes heard of little children who thoughtlessly pull the tails of the kittens, whip and even kick the little dog, tease the parrot and the magpie, and repeatedly forget to feed the canaries. We are prone to believe, though, that all this usually arises from a want of care and forethought, and is not the outcome of a hard and cruel nature. But then, every boy should remember that, if he is to grow up into a *gentleman*, in the highest and best sense of the term, he must learn to be at all times considerate towards others; he must never allow himself to become so self-absorbed in his own life and with his own wants as to forget that he lives not only *with*, but also *for* others. Every little girl, too, will do well to bear in mind that, if she is ever to become a good and true woman, that is to say a *lady* in the proper sense of the word, she must aim at being kind and unselfish, must ever think of the effect of what she says and does upon others as well as upon herself.

Now Gertrude was, when a mere child, very thoughtful of others, and was most gentle in her treatment of her pets. When she grew up into womanhood she was beloved and respected by all that knew her. She was obedient to her parents, and kind to her pets when young; and when she became old, she was attentive to the poor and the sick, and wherever she went, she took with her the gladsome sunshine of true goodness and happiness.

Look at her in the picture. See how lovingly she watches one of her pet kittens playing shyly with the loosened strap of her little slipper. She unbuttoned the strap in order that the playful little creature might have something to play with. She now keeps her foot steady; when the kitten shall have summoned enough courage to play fearlessly with it, she will move it aside carefully, fondly watching the kitten while doing so, and taking every precaution against causing the least danger to the kitten. The other kitten is tenderly held in her left arm. How gently she holds it! How intently it watches its sprightly companion dallying with the slipper strap! May it join in the play and share its fun? Yes, presently both will be seen frisking and gamboling gaily and boldly about the garden. Now they will be running after Gertie, then Gertie will run after them; they will afterwards rush gleefully and readily up and down the door steps and round the shrubs; will conceal themselves under the rose-bush, will suddenly dart into the open lawn, will look up and stare knowingly at their friend's beautiful and innocent face, will gradually draw near to the slipper, will tap the favourite strap with a velvet paw, will start backwards, rush forward and sideways with Gertie after them, having a blaze of light in her merry blue eyes, and a rippling little laugh on her rosy little lips. This is true happiness. The pets are fond of their young mistress because she is kind to them; she is kind to them because she is fond of them, and because, also, she knows it to be her duty to be kind to all dumb animals. They will sometimes do what is termed "mischief," there is no doubt: they will pull down the table-cloth, perhaps, and with it the plates and dishes; they may also upset the flower vase, scratch the chairs and sofa, drag after them the antimacassar, and may even tear the window curtains. They are gently chided for these and similar misdeeds, and in course of time they become wise enough to know the difference between good and bad conduct, and good enough to choose to avoid what is wrong and do only what is right. We hope that every little boy and girl will endeavour to copy the example of little Gertie, and will, for their own sake, and for the sake of their little pets, be ever kind to them and ever fond of them.

GERTRUDE AND HER PETS.

Jack's Hard Lump.

THERE was once a jolly tar, who had been in lands afar,
And had safe returned to England once again,
After roaming o'er the seas, after fighting many a breeze,
He was glad to turn his back upon the main.
And as lightly he did skip on the gun'le of the ship,
And to *terra firma* took a lively jump,
How he pressed his hand with pride upon something at his side,
And it seemed to be a big, hard lump.

Jack had been to sea before, making voyages half a score,
He'd been known to take a hundred pounds in pay,
Then in company he'd get treating ev'ry one he met,
Till he'd see his hard-earned money melt away.
Ev'ry landlord in the port spoke of Jack as a good sort,
And they'd call him to his face a jolly trump.
But at this time you must own such a thing was never known
As a sailor with a big, hard lump.

Jack had scarcely touched the land when the landlords thought it grand,
Like a pack of hungry wolves to hunt him down,
Not a turning, not a street, but a publican he'd meet,
And his firmness won from each of them a frown,
But they opened wide their eyes with amazement and surprise
When they saw Jack take refreshment from a pump,
Why he surely mad must be ; not at all, said Jack, you see
How I'm troubled with this big, hard lump.

Then more eager than the rest forth a publican he prest,
And he slapped the hardy sailor on the back,
And said he, why don't you stop at my house and take a drop,
But he shook his head in doubt, did honest Jack.
Then said Boniface, suppose that you take a hearty dose
Of my medicine, they say it cures the cramp,
It's prime and proper stuff, and if you only have enough
It might take away your big, hard lump.

Why of that, said Jack, no doubt, and he pulled his hard lump out,
'Twas a bag of golden sovereigns he displayed,
True, your lotion's not amiss to remove such pains as this,
But of my hard lump I'm not at all afraid.
Your prime and proper stuff would remove it soon enough,
And old Boniface began to frown and frump,
When Jack spoke his mind so free, keep your liquor now, said he,
And leave me to keep my big, hard lump.

FOX HARDY.

What makes the Difference?

"WHAT is it?" I ask myself, as I sit, knitting in hand, behind my little parlour window. "What *is* it" that makes my right hand neighbour, the Suttons, so much happier, so much more refined, so far above the generality of the folks about us? Families of working men they are chiefly who inhabit the locality in which I am living. "Quite the country" it is too, for being so near to the roar and disquiet of Eastern London, Mrs. Randle's nursery garden faces Spring Terrace, and beyond that is a large cabbage field whence waggon loads of cool green leaves are sent up in the early summer mornings to the London markets. A road of dreary houses skirts the cabbage field, and through long breaks in the building we can see the solemn river and the ships, and beyond that again the faint purple of the Kentish hills.

Spring Terrace is very convenient for those connected with the docks, and my son holds a good appointment therein. The best of sons is my John to me. Many a hard struggle we've had together with life since his poor father died; but I never used myself to run to the public-house for comfort, and I never let John even taste of the poisoned cup, and so we've pulled through, always steering clear of the publican. For many a year I'd only two men lodgers to look to, and my bit of needlework, but I tried to make my boy's home comfortable, and if we'd only bread and butter for dinner I laid it out neatly on a clean white cloth. But John can support me now comfortably, and he's a nice bit in the bank too, and you're pretty sure putting this and that together, my John is a thorough abstainer from all strong drink.

It is Saturday—a Saturday afternoon in the middle of May. My cleaning was all done yesterday. My cooking for to-morrow I got through this morning; John's clean things and mine for the morrow are lying aired and mended on chairs in our respective rooms. My marketing was all done on Friday afternoon for the week. John will not be at home till Monday. He has gone to visit a dying schoolmate in the country, and I have a long leisure summer afternoon before me. I resolve to spend it in trying to solve the problem presenting itself to my mind. "What is it" that can fix so wide a gulf between the Suttons and my other neighbours? "What is it" that makes them so universally respected above their fellows, and so blessed in the smiling content of their happy home?

It is not abundance of this world's goods I know, for Henry Sutton has but very moderate wages at the carriage building works where he is employed. Yet he and his family are always neatly dressed, and go regularly to a place of worship. On week-days, too, it is quite a pleasure to see the three little girls in their neat dark frocks and "pompadour" pinafores of red and black material; their fair, well kept hair flowing over their shoulders, and their faces rosy and bright as they hasten to school. The two little boys also in their simple dark cloth suits, snowy collars and strong knitted stockings, all like their sisters' attire, "mother's work," present a most pleasing appearance. Even the two babies in their frocks of scarlet twill and white bibs never look dirty and bumbled like other poor little things whose parents have twice the wages that Henry Sutton receives. Lucy Sutton, his wife, too, you never find anything but neat and nice as a new pin. See her now as she takes the bread in from their baker, for Mrs. Sutton, like myself, has a horror of dealing at the chandler's shop for her bread and groceries. She has come straight from her domestic duties to the door, and looks, in her dark spotted print dress, with its snowy apron and bib, and her nice well-brushed hair, as if she had come right out of a bandbox, and be she cooking, washing, bedmaking, ironing, cleaning, nursing the babies, or what not, Mrs. Sutton always looks as fresh and sweet as a newly blown pink. Their house too, is ever neat and well ordered. The little strip of front garden is gay with spring flowers, and the tiny yard at the back is cleanly swept and made even pretty by a bordering of primrose and daisies; and I feel sure the Suttons owe no man anything or I should see sometimes troublesome visitors at their door, as I do very often at other doors in Spring Terrace. "What is it" then that gives to the Suttons so many advantages their neighbours, who are better off, do not possess? What is it that makes them appear so much more comfortable than Mrs. Dodge at No. 7 in the Terrace, whose children are all grown up and off her hand, and whose husband is in excellent employ in a City warehouse? This woman looks, to my thinking, like a "beggar-wife," ragged dress, destitute of hooks and eyes, stockings

down at heel, boots burst out at the toes, hair innocent of a comb, and an old shawl wrapped over her head in lieu of bonnet as she makes her little mysterious and frequent pilgrimages to the "Princess Alice," the public-house at the opposite corner, and yet I know that Mr. Dodge is receiving more than three times the money that Henry Sutton will ever be able to get at the carriage building works; and though neither husband nor wife care to expend money on making themselves and their household neat and orderly they never begrudge bestowing their substance on Mr. Bills, the landlord of the "Princess Alice." Mrs. Pugstall too, the fat cross-faced wife of the stout, little red-cheeked pork butcher, who owns the seven houses which constitute Spring Terrace, and has a thriving business in a populous East London thoroughfare, where in addition to pork, he sells tripe and "trotters," and liver and cooked meats, and pease pudding, and a delicacy entitled "faggots," composed of portions of a pig's inside, chopped up with sweet herbs, and baked in juicy squares, a course to be highly relished by wives too lazy to do their own cookery. This couple have not half the air of ease and comfort about them which the Suttons enjoy. Year in and year out our landlord wears a thick white comforter about his neck, and grumbles about "hard times and bad debts." I had met Mrs. Pugstall more than once as I went to do my marketing coming out or going in to Mr. Balls, the pawnbroker. "Can't get a brass farthing out of Pugstall," she would say on such occasions, "And I *must* have a copper or so in my pocket when Harriet and Tom, my daughter and her husband, come over, they *would* think I was mean if I let him go without a glass of something short." No, the position of Mrs. Pugstall was decidedly inferior in life's comforts to that of Mrs. Sutton.

Neither did Mrs. Randle, who owned the nursery garden, seem to sit at ease like my right hand neighbours. I have watched her taking money for roots and flowers all through a long Spring afternoon, and have heard her after 'Arry, her son, who did all the work of the garden, had gravitated several times between his home and the "Princess" with bottle and jug, screaming out language worthy of a Billingsgate fish-day. She was in much debt and difficulty too, and though I have heard her boast to her bosom friend, Mrs. Dodge, of taking her four and five pound a week in the flower season of a certainty, she was less to be envied than Mr. and Mrs. Sutton. Mrs. Bold also, who kept the chandler's shop, and would say as she served out her rusty bacon, mouldy strong cheese, rancid butter and sour bread, to the little ones who "ran all mother's errands," "Tell your mother 'tis a penny more than at some places, but 'tis the best. Me and Bold could'nt keep our heads above water if we didn't give a right down good article to our customers." Mrs. Bold was thriving apace, but yet she and her husband did not contrive to pay their way. All these folks were better to do than the Suttons, and yet to all appearance are not nearly so well off. "What *is* it," then, that makes the difference? I ask again, and determine more strongly than ever to discover the secret ere I retire to rest.

It is half-past one in the afternoon, and I see a troop of men, fathers and husbands mostly, who have been paid off from work, go eagerly into "The Princess Alice." Their language as they pass makes me shudder; no sentence being completed without the mention of a word I may translate as "sanguinary." No word is so popular as this in Eastern London; one may hear it on the tongues of men, women and children, all through the day. Mrs. Dodge comes out with a pail to give her doorstep its one clean for the week. To her runs across Mrs. Randle in her faded "uniform" dress of blue serge and burnished gilt buttons, a legacy from her daughter, the young stewardess. A tall, bony woman, with a long neck and loud voice is Mrs. Randle. "Well," she said, shrilly, "I am seedy this morning. I saw Annie off at Gravesend all right though, and look for a line from Queenstown by Tuesday. I was that mad with her too, for she'd been having one drop and another with different friends at parting and quite showed it like; I was all in a tremble for fear Captain Smart should come aboard and notice it, and he's dead against the drink, Captain Smart is, but she was abed before he came down, safe enough. George, my stepson, the soldier, he was with us, and he kep' treating me coming home till, on my word, I couldn't get upstairs. It's a nasty thing is mixed liquors, and he'd given me gin and ale, and rum, and what not. I had to lie on the parlour sofa I was that bad, and 'Arry, he got quite waxy about it; but I chucked the candle at him and he made himself scarce. 'Twas all a spree down the river, but my head *does* ache to-day."

"Well to be you with your sprees," quoth Mrs. Dodge, "I can't get a penny from Dodge, and you know I was forced to put away his boots that day Mrs. How and me went to Southend, and she got that tight she fell in the water. I'll never forget

that woman; but now this morning he says, 'Sarah,' he says, 'have you got my best boots cleaned, I shall want 'em to-day at three o'clock.' I *am* in a fix, however, to get 'em; could you lend me the money?"

"Bless you, I ain't got it," cried Mrs. Randle, hastily making off under pretence that 'Arry was calling her; and Mrs. Dodge cleaned on disconsolately.

The house of Mrs. Dodge was the untidiest in the Terrace. Broken panes of old standing, no blinds to the windows, a row of beer cans adorning the front railings, and a door for ever "on the jar," revealing a dirty passage and carpetless staircase. I often think the character of an individual may be read from the aspect of their dwellings as easily as upon the face of the owner, and strong drink will never give an open, honest expression to the human countenance any more than it will cause the home of those who indulge in intoxicating liquors to wear a bright and cheerful aspect.

Off went Mrs. Dodge presently with a bundle, which she would pledge to redeem the boots, and shortly after Mr. Pugstall knocked frequently and angrily at her door, saying in loud tones, "If I don't get my three months' rent Monday morning afore twelve I'll put the brokers in. A man with a regular income oughtn't to run back like that, not he. How is it Dodges won't pay my rent and always gets out of the way when I call?" he shouted to Mrs. Randle in her garden. That lady made a motion with her hand to her mouth, signifying "the bottle," and laughed loudly.

Anne Burgess, at No. 5, came out to look for her husband then, but in vain, and in she went again, hopelessly. The five elder Suttons passed up the Terrace looking bright and pretty to meet their father on his homeward way. Men from the steel yard, and the silk factory, the blacklead and match factories hard by, began to swell the tide at the "Princess Alice." However men *can* be so foolish as to delight in the draught that brings ruin to themselves and their families I cannot think, but as my John read me from some German poet the other night, "Human stupidity can baffle the very gods themselves." 'Twill be late to-night before some wives can get their marketing in. Dodge gets home as he said he should do by three o'clock, and meets Mrs. Dodge on the doorstep, boots in hand. A stormy scene ensues; he swearing, she scolding. Strong drink raging in the breasts of both. The young Suttons re-pass my window just then with their father. He is carrying a basket wherein I can discern a plump leg of mutton, which will be cooked presently for to-morrow's dinner. A pile of cool lettuce and young cabbage nestles beside the juicy joint. Ada bears a nice parcel of grocery, Lucy has charge of a rush basket containing the weekly supply of butter. A rice pudding and gooseberry tart I know Mrs. Sutton made this morning, and I know too that her husband will find a cheerful room and nicely laid tea awaiting him with a "rasher" from that half side of bacon, hanging from the kitchen ceiling. After tea he will take the children for a walk, and mother will cut out those new pinafores. The little ones got their bath last night, and after a cheerful home evening and a supper of bread and cheese and crisp green lettuce, father will read a chapter in the big Bible, and after committing all his dear ones to the Almighty Hand, this little family will seek their happy repose, to rise in the morning to a Sunday of quiet pleasure and content spent in the worship of God and obedience to His laws.

By-and-bye Mrs. Dodge goes over to Mrs. Randle to recite the story of her wrongs, but as that astute personage has heard every word of the dispute through the open windows she evinces but slight interest. Twilight closes in, lamps are lit, pale silvery stars brood over the distant blue Kentish hills, and a tender May moon leans over the great city with its throbbing, troubled heart. I hear more quarrels, more foul words, see more and more of the devoted soldiers of the Drink King as they hurry to and fro from his various palaces.

Henry and Lucy Sutton come in to see me presently, and with excellent look he shows me the title deeds of their house which they have this afternoon completed the purchase of, with money saved from King Drink. They have put by the pence which would have gone in even moderate beer drinking, and added it each week to their rent, and now their home is their *very* own and their children's after them, and they have come to ask me to have the first cup of tea with them in their *own* house. It is a blessed thing to hear these people talk of their victory over drink, and their charmed happy life in consequence. I watch them up the road as they go to tell Henry's old mother the good news, and I see John Burgess reeling homeward. Time flies, and it is closing time at "The Princess." Women and children hasten with jug and bottle anxious to catch the last few moments the Drink Temple will be open for some hours. More fights

and more bad language, and the voice of an infant sadly wailing. I am going to bed, when Tom Burgess, Anne's eldest boy, knocks and says, "Please, Mrs. Ellis, would you mind coming in to mother. Father, he was drunk, and he hit her, and we think she's dead." Somehow neighbours have a way of coming to me in times of trouble. I despatch Tom for the parish doctor, for I see Anne is very ill. Burgess, half sobered, stands helplessly in a corner. The young doctor comes. Very far into the Valley of the Shadow goes the stricken woman, and in the early Sabbath morning we leave her with a dead infant at her side, one more innocent victim to the horrible and insatiable Drink Demon. The May sun is looking in at my window ere I seek my bed. I had set myself to solve the problem which so puzzled me before I took my rest, and I have done so thoroughly. What is it that causes the family of one working man to be blessed with peace and plenty, whilst those of others are bent to the earth with misery?

What is it? Why, solely and entirely the total avoidance of strong drink on the one hand, and slavish obedience to the Drink King's command on the other. No need ever again to ponder on the strange and wonderful difference between the homes of those who are abstainers from intoxicating liquors, and those who are perpetually swallowing that which ruins their own lives and those of their wives and little ones. The answer to my question, "What is it that makes the difference?" is simply "Avoidance of all Strong Drink." C. F. W.

The Price of the Last Glass.

BRADLEY had a new sign put up, done by a travelling artist, who took it out in drink,—and misery. The new sign was called the "Jolly Boys," and represented two men in the prime of life, walking arm-in-arm direct toward a place which was for all the world like Bradley's tavern, and which even had Bradley's name over the door. One of these "Jolly Boys" was pointing with his finger to this goal, while an expression of joy illuminated his face.

Yes, and Bradley had his place newly painted, and a new stock of wines, brandies and whiskies put upon his shelves, and flattered himself that the attractions were complete. He had always prospered, and meant the coming year to be an unequalled success.

His wife, a pale woman, who daily grew paler, looked on with aching heart. She knew it was all wrong, and yet she never had the courage to say a word in remonstrance.

Bradley was very kind to his wife, but he did not approve of pale looks, for he knew that they were a protest against his business. With his ill-gotten gains he bought her silk dresses and jewellery, which she never wore, and studied her physical comfort in every way. But every night as Martha Bradley laid her head upon her pillow, her cry was: "Lord, have mercy upon me."

Among James Bradley's customers was a young married man, whose prospects at the first had been of the brightest, but who, from the time that he came into Bradley's neighbourhood, had been offering on the shrine of the tavern keeper, his highest and holiest hopes. Richard Stratton was called Bradley's "pet."

Stratton proved a great acquisition to the bar-room, having more than ordinary education, and gifted with fine conversational powers and a positive charm of manner. He had a good voice, too, and could sing or give a dramatic recitation to the delight of any audience. No wonder that Bradley admitted to himself that he would rather lose any ten of his customers than Dick Stratton. Poor Dick was flattered, and from sailing about the edge of the maelstrom, was gradually being drawn within its circles.

Almost the only comfort Martha Bradley had was in visiting Stratton's wife. There was a wonderful sympathy between the women, though Jane Stratton, unlike Martha, was not lacking in courage to speak to Bradley about his iniquity. She was a good wife to Stratton, and made the most of her home, and the best of her circumstances. She had a way, too, of pleading with her husband that he often found hard to resist. He always promised, and always *meant* to reform, but day after day passed and found him less able to act upon his good resolutions.

At last Dick worked only by fits and starts. The furniture began to go, and the home robbed of its

comforts and pretty little adornments began to tell its story. When the poor, young wife lacked food, and her baby began to look pinched, Martha Bradley would have supplied nourishment with a generous hand, but Jane steadily refused, saying: "No, Martha, I can take nothing bought at the price of my husband's soul. Your husband may not smite me with the one hand and heal me with the other."

Things were at their worst: Stratton's doom seemed sealed, when once again his now famished wife went to the "Jolly Boys" and confronted the proprietor. She knelt before the counter, and raising her streaming eyes, said: "I beseech you, James Bradley, loose your hold of my husband and let him go! Hear me! I appeal to you for the last time."

Bradley muttered something about Dick being his own master, and free to come and go as he pleased.

"He is not free," answered Jane; "he is your slave, and unless you strike off his chains he is lost. Spare my husband and spare these other men about you. In doing this you will save your own soul."

"I don't want Richard's money; he is free to drink all he wants without charge. But he is a clever fellow and attracts customers to the place, and it it his society that I want. I will give you all the help you need, Mrs. Stratton, so that you shall never want, but I can't forbid your husband coming here."

That evening when Stratton appeared at the "Jolly Boys," Bradley twitted him with having a wife who was given to the heroic, describing the scene which had taken place that day before his bar.

Richard, fired with anger, on going home, after a fierce controversy, struck his wife the first blow, and from that moment rushed headlong to ruin.

Three months after this he went home one evening to find a cold, dark and almost empty house, and the baby wailing painfully in his wife's arms.

"What's the matter with that brat?" was the brutal question.

"Starvation!" was the quiet answer.

"Then hush it, or it will be the worse for you."

"There are some cries that cannot be silenced, Richard."

"I'll see if I can't silence *this*," was the fierce retort. And mad as he was by excessive drink, he snatched the child from its mother's arms, and dashed it against the wall.

There was one piercing cry and then all was still.

From the frenzy of passion to the petrifaction of horror Richard Stratton passed in a instant, then perfectly sobered, but unable to move, stood with dilated eyes looking upon the body of his child.

Without a cry or tear his wife arose, and lifting the baby in her arms, covered it completely with a shawl; so completely and carefully that no one could guess what her burden was, as with white set face she took her way to the "Jolly Boys."

Bradley stood behind his counter, a complacent smile upon his face.

Mrs. Stratton laid her strange bundle upon the counter, saying: "There is the price of Richard's last glass, James Bradley. You remember three months ago I begged Richard's soul at your hands, kneeling where I now stand. You remember?" she insisted.

"Yes," assented Bradley in an unsteady voice, mechanically arranging the glasses on the counter.

"And you remember that I said I appealed to you for the last time."

Her voice was rising, while her eyes blazed, and her face had a stony look.

"I have not come to make another appeal, but only to tell you that your work is finished. Look I say, look at the price of Richard's last glass!" And drawing aside the shawl, she discovered to the horrified man the starved and bruised face of her dead child.

James Bradley reeled back against the shelves, among glasses and decanters, while Mrs. Stratton with a wild laugh threw her arms above her head, and leaving the ghastly little body upon the counter, rushed from the bar-room and down the street, and before a single human being knew of the awful tragedy being enacted, had made her way to the river, and flung herself over the bridge.

Richard Stratton had years in which to repent and reflect, as he lay in prison. When his term had expired he came forth bowed to the dust, grief and penitence written upon every line of his face. He had made a solemn vow to dedicate his life to the cause of Temperance, and thousands yearly listened with tears to the story of the price of the last glass.

Somehow the "Jolly Boys" fell into disrepute immediately after Stratton had killed his wife.

The shock of the event had been too much for

gentle Martha Bradley, and she fell a victim to a fever, which left her a hopeless imbecile, so that at the last Bradley left the neighbourhood to which he had proved such a curse, and the sign of the "Jolly Boys" was seen no more.

EMMA M. JOHNSON.

A Clerical Experience of Teetotalism.

AT an interesting discussion by the members of the Bedford Chapel Debating Society, on "Teetotalism regarded as a theory, a practice, and a remedy," which was opened by Mr. Frank Wright, of Kensington, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, M.A., said:—The scientific aspect of the question has been so admirably laid before you by Mr. Wright that I need not speak of it, but there is one point raised in the debate which I may meet with my own experience. It has been said that moderate doses of alcohol stimulate work into greater activity, and make life happier and brighter. My experience, since I became a total abstainer, has been the opposite. I have found myself able to work better. I have a greater command over any powers I possess. I can make use of them when I please. When I call upon them, they answer; and I need not wait for them to be in the humour. It is all the difference between a machine well oiled and one which has something among the wheels which catches and retards the movement at unexpected times. As to the pleasure of life, it has been also increased. I enjoy Nature, books, and men more than I did—and my previous enjoyment of them was not small. Those attacks of depression which come to every man at times who lives too sedentary a life rarely visit me now, and when depression does come from any trouble, I can overcome it far more quickly than before. The fact is, alcohol, even in the small quantities I took, while it did not seem to injure health, injures the fineness of that physical balance which means a state of health in which all the world is pleasant. That is my experience after four months of water-drinking, and it is all the more striking to me, because for the last four or five years I have been a very moderate drinker. However, the experience of one man is not that of another, and mine only goes for what it is worth to those to whom as much alcohol as is contained in one glass of sherry or port alters away from the standard of health. I have discovered, since abstinence, that that is true of me. And I am sure, from inquiries I have made, that it is true for a great many who do not at all suspect it. Therefore, I appeal to the men here, young and old, to try abstinence for the very reasons they now use alcohol—in order to increase their power of work and their enjoyment of life. Let the young make the experiment of working on water only. Alcohol slowly corrupts and certainly retards the activity of the brain of the greater number of men. They will be able to do all they have to do more swiftly. And this swiftness will leave them leisure—the blessing we want most in this overworked world. And the leisure, not being led away by alcohol into unnatural excitement, into noisy or slothful company, will be more nobly used and with greater joy in the usage. And the older men, who find it so difficult to find leisure, and who, when they find it, cannot enjoy it because they have a number of slight ailments which do not allow them perfect health, or which keep them in over-excitement or over-depression, let them try—though it will need a struggle—whether the total abandonment of alcohol will not lessen all their ailments, and by restoring a better temper to the body—for the body with alcohol in it is like a house with an irritable man in it—enable them not only to work better, but to enjoy their leisure. It is not too much to say that the work of the world would be one-third better done, and more swiftly done, and the enjoyment of life increased by one-half, if no one took a drop of alcohol. These considerations belong to us only as persons. There is a wider view, containing in it a larger and a more powerful motive—not scientific, not personal—which has not been touched on to-night, but which of itself alone ought to urge us into abstinence, if we cared enough for mankind. I knit it on to one of the arguments used to-night. It has been said that in all ages of the world men have taken narcotic poisons, and derived enjoyment from them. And that is true, and the universal argument is a powerful one. But among these narcotic poisons, alcohol stands alone in this—that while it excites pleasantly for a time, its use demands increase of the dose, and the increased dose brings about in a very large number of persons not only personal ill effects as opium does, but a state of body and mind in which crimes are done, in which cruelty, savagery, loss of intellect, of

moral feeling, and madness are prevalent, in which the greatest misery is brought on all who are connected with the drunkard. Whatever men may have said in the past about the joys of drinking and of its harmlessness, there is no possibility any longer of doubt that they were wrong. It has been proved step by step that this element received into the human system is the direct cause of far more than half of the crime, the disease and the insanity of mankind, and the indirect cause, though hereditary, of unnumbered other evils. It stands alone in abominable pre-eminence as the Power of Evil, who degrades and then murders the human race. Nor is this statement one whit exaggerated. It is plain prose. Therefore I say it does not matter what personal enjoyment you get out of it by using it moderately; it is your duty the moment you see the truth—and it is a sad thing to see it only as I have seen it when the half of life is over—to throw yourself heart and soul into the war against this evil for the sake of the human race. Let love of man banish alcohol from you. If you are not able altogether to save yourself from the ranks of those who belong to this evil, save the young who are not yet infected. Take care that none belonging to you touch it. You will do more good by joining in warfare against this wrong Power than you will do by any other kind of charitable or active work, and you will be certain that everything you do will bear fruit, will save and redeem men. There are few things of the good results of which we may be certain, still fewer in which the good fruits of our work we are allowed to see. This is one of those things. And the work is purely human. It is not necessarily bound up with any political or theological party. It can bind men who differ in anything else together into a brotherhood, all the members of which agree in the end to be reached, and in the means fitting to attain that end. The sooner we join that brotherhood the better. It is not enough to think only of ourselves, to become total abstainers because our health will be better or our enjoyment of life greater. We are then only wise and selfish. We have not done enough until we enrol ourselves among those who form the army of attack on this great evil, and feel in our hearts the impulse, sympathy, power, and ardour which union for a great human cause creates, supports, and develops towards victory. It is that which taking the pledge means, and let men laugh as they will, no better and no more ideal action can be done.

Length of Days: A Word to Young Men.

LONG life was one of the blessings promised to the wise and good. Of Wisdom it is said that "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour."

But how long may a man fairly expect to live? The poet-King said "The days of our years are three score years and ten," but thousands live longer than even "fourscore years." Dr. J. Webster, F.R.S., gives some startling examples of longevity. Mr. Whalley, of Rotherhithe, he tells us died in 1771, aged 121 years. In 1775, Alexander McCulloch, of Aberdeen, passed away at the age of 132 years. Dr. W. Meade, of Ware, is reported to have seen 148 years. And, we are still quoting Dr. Webster, we are told that in 1566 there died Nuves De Cugua, of Bengee, at "the advanced age" of 350 years!

Such examples of long life prepare the mind to entertain some very interesting enquiries. As, for instance, is life longer than it was three hundred years ago? We believe it is. War, pestilence, floods, drunken riots, poor food, wretched dwellings, and brutal sports caused many to live out only half their days. We are now peaceable, cleaner, better fed, and have wiser sanitary arrangements. Hence, we live longer, and enjoy life more. Total Abstainers, as a rule, live longer than any other men. Convincing evidence of this fact may be found in the newly issued prospectus of an insurance society which says—

"Recognising the important influence which Total Abstinence from intoxicating drink has upon the mortality of assured lives, and believing that Total Abstinence will be found to exert a similarly favourable influence upon the claims arising under Accident Insurance Policies for both fatal and non-fatal injuries, the Directors have determined to introduce a temperance section in both the life department and in the accident department of the Company's operations. The experience of other Life Offices justifies the former, and it is the confident

belief of the Directors that equally satisfactory results will be observed in the Accident Department."

Just so. Temperance means health, safety, endurance and recuperative power, and all this promises an extended lease of life. Let it be noted that the tables of the actuary are not mere empty declarations in favour of Total Abstinence. They are based upon facts, they are proof positive of what is ascertained as to the constitution of human existence. Thus, let it not be forgotten that sobriety prepares a pleasant old age for us. Life full of pain induced by drinking is no boon. An old man or woman in a workhouse is not a charming picture. A red nose and a blotched face do not look well with grey hairs. There is a sweetness and beauty in "a good old age" which Temperance will greatly promote, and, I do, therefore, earnestly entreat the young men who read this to give earnest heed to the grave and touching words of William Culler Bryant :—

"Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long
Betwixt the morn and eve ; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly ;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind,
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
Seen rather than distinguish'd. Ah ! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark,
By swiftly running waters hurried on
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks,
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands, and pleasant homes, and flowery nooks,
And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
Each after each, but the devoted skiff
Darts by so swiftly that their images
Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion ; faster yet I sweep
By other banks and the great gulf is near.
Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long
And the fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
And kind affections, reverence of thy God
And for thy brethren ; so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, thou mayest not bring
A mind unfurnish'd and a wither'd heart."

Some young men say—"A short life and a merry one," but it is better to seek for a long life useful one. G. W. M

The Royal Goblet.

I HAVE read in some story olden,
I don't know when or where,
Of a goblet quaint and golden
Most wondrous rich and rare.

It was made by a royal order,
And wrought with a strange device,
And there sparkled on its border
Bright gems of costly price.

But the inside of this beaker,
Was fashioned stranger still,
And startled many a drinker
Who quaffed from it his fill ;

For there at the bottom coiling
Was the image of a snake
A sight, the rich draught spoiling,
Made some in terror shake.

So the goblet taught a lesson
That men are slow to learn,
Heedless of danger they press on
Nor from sin's pathway turn.

They drink of the liquid madness
Their self-made thirst to slake
But see not in their wild excess
The alcoholic snake.

For they will not heed the warning
Of Israel's ancient King,
And all wisdom's precepts scorning
They feel the serpent's sting.

J. FULLER HIGGS.

Be Content.

IT may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field ;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense ;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that, revives and springs again ;
And, perished here, how blest are they
Who wait the future harvest day.

Never Drink Again.

Scotch Air, Harmonised for this Work.

Though Bri - tan - nia rules the sea, Though her sons are called the free,

Thousands live in sla - ve - ry, And wear the ty - rant's chain.

Foul In - tem - per - ance his name, Oh! the deep, the burn - ing shame,

Let us shout with loud ac-claim We'll ne - ver taste a - gain.

2 See the clouds of ruin lour!
Now's the day, and now the hour,
Break the fell destroyer's power,
O, never tasté again!
On the brink of ruin pause,
Join our noble Temperance cause,
Bind yourself by wholesome laws,
And never drink again!

3 By the most endearing ties;
By the famished children's cries,
By the wife's heart-rending sighs,
We charge you to abstain!
Dash the poisoned cup aside,
Now to sign our pledge decide,
In Almighty strength confide,
And never taste again!

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

Varieties.

How to reach Drunkards.—Mr. Moody says: "I know of no better way than going after them individually. You may have a great wave of temperance effort, and masses of people influenced; but if we would have real and permanent results, we must follow up the work, visiting the converts and keeping at it week in and week out, year in and year out."

Baron Huddleston on Drunkenness.—When addressing the Grand Jury at Swansea, Baron Huddleston said he looked upon the wealth of a place as a great incentive to crime, because it increased luxury and inflamed the angry and lustful passions of men. Of the forty-four cases down on the calendar, he found they were almost all traceable directly or indirectly to the detestable habit of drinking to excess. Two hundred years ago Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most eminent judges that ever adorned the English Bench, declared that twenty years of observation taught him that the original cause of most of the enormities committed by criminals was drink. Four out of every five of them were the issue and product of excessive drinking in taverns and alehouses. Baron Huddleston feared what was true then was true now, and that we have improved very little, if at all. He earnestly hoped that those movements which all must pronounce to be excellent, and which are prevalent throughout the country at this moment, for the encouragement of temperance, may have their desired effect, and that all persons in positions of authority, who really think these movements can stifle the detestable crime of drunkenness, will give their assistance in every way consistent with peace and good order.

Christian Missions and the Drink Traffic.—The following is extracted from a letter in the *Leeds Mercury*, from a Yorkshire correspondent now settled in New Zealand:—"There is one phase of the drink curse which English Christians little think about. Thousands of people in England are giving their money to promote missions to the heathen, and I know in many cases denying themselves to do so. And they little know that thousands of pounds are being yearly wasted on mission-fields, owing to the devastation caused by the drink traffic introduced by the Europeans. Missionaries commence in a district; all goes on well for a time; the people are Christianised; the children are educated; a wonderful change has taken place for the better. In a little while traders or colonists come, and along with them the drink. Then all is reversed; the condition of the people is worse than before. I have seen thousands of pounds' worth of mission property totally useless. The natives, in some cases, seeing the evil work, have made laws, and tried to prohibit the introduction and use of the drink; but those who should have been their best helpers have failed in their duty in not setting the example and giving up the drink themselves. Some good men have certainly done their best by precept and example, but no united effort by the missionaries against the drink has been made that I know of."

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

Only a Glimpse.

By Annie S. Swan.

In a pleasant drawing-room overlooking the Thames on a fair summer evening, three ladies sat, a mother and two daughters. The mother was gentle-eyed and fair of face, care-lined slightly, but placid and beautiful, like the sea when the storm has passed and left a great calm.

The elder daughter was her counterpart, with the added charms of youth and girlish grace.

The younger was very beautiful, with a subtle changing eastern loveliness, enhanced by the richness of her dress, and the jewels sparkling at her throat. She was sitting on the piano stool, idly strumming a waltz from Weber, and occasionally turning round to make some bantering remark to her sister who was leaning back in an easy chair, her lap full of flowers, among which her white fingers played listlessly.

She was quiet and thoughtful, and well she might be, for to-morrow was her wedding day.

"Isabel, I declare you look as if you were going to be sacrificed instead of married to-morrow morning!" cried the younger sister. "Doesn't she, Mamma?"

Mrs. Vane smiled, but her eyes were dim. It is a hard thing for a mother to give her child into another's keeping. She knows the solemnity of the marriage vow, what self-renunciation and burden-bearing it involves, and how very easy it is to make shipwreck of married life.

Isabel lifted a fragrant blossom from her lap and laid it to her lips.

"What do you expect me to do or to be, Evelyn?" she asked. "Marrying is not child's play, as, perhaps, you will realise on the eve of your own wedding day."

"Well, when I reflect that you are going to bury yourself in a Scotch manse in a village where men wear kilts and women short petticoats and 'mutches,' I do not wonder at your solemnity. Isabel, I shall never be reconciled to it, never. I trust you won't expect me to come and ruralise with you."

Isabel Vane smiled faintly and turned her sweet eyes to the opal tinted sky. The sun had set and the moon beams were trembling on the bosom of the river. *That* was not the reason of her seriousness; it lay deeper down, and had been breathed to none. There was a moment's silence, then Evelyn returned to her music. Just then a firm step sounded on the gravel beneath the window, and Isabel rose, her cheeks flushing like the deepest tint of the apple blossom.

"There is Mark, Mamma," she said, and Mrs. Vane unfastened the window, and threw it open.

"Good evening, Mrs. Vane," said a deep, rich voice, and a goodly figure appeared at the open window. "Is Isabel visible, or have I seen the last of her till to-morrow?"

"She is here, Mark, won't you come in?" asked Mrs. Vane, pleasantly.

"I will come to you, Mark, wait till I get my wrap," said Isabel, looking round the curtain, and the Reverend Mark Rowan smiled, well pleased.

He was a fine looking man, young still, and though only the minister of a quiet Scotch parish, likely to make his mark in his profession. His brethren envied him his gifts. A fine presence, splendid voice, and intellectual attainments far above the average. They foretold a brilliant future for him.

Spending a brief holiday at an English watering place, he had wooed and won his promised wife, the daughter of a wealthy London merchant.

The match was satisfactory to all concerned, for Mark Rowan was the son of an eminent medical man, from whom he was likely to inherit a considerable fortune. In her own right Isabel Vane possessed five hundred a year.

Fair prospects for a young couple, very fair. Ah, that so many good beginnings should have such bitter endings! A rich blossoming time is not always succeeded by a beautiful harvest.

Presently Isabel returned to the drawing-room with a white shawl wrapped about her head and shoulders; and stepping out of the window to the terrace, took the arm waiting for her.

Evelyn threw a bantering remark after them, and they strolled across the lawn and through the shrubbery to the water's edge. Then Mark Rowan drew his bride to his heart, murmuring passionate vows of endearment in her ear. Well he might, well might she be dear to him. Isabel Vane was one of those rare women whose love is tender and true without much outward demonstration, but without alloy of selfishness.

"Mark," she whispered by-and-bye, "Who came from Scotland with you to-day?"

"My father and Bessie," he answered.

"Not your mother?" she queried in surprise.

"No, my mother was not well, unfortunately. She was very sorry."

He spoke hurriedly, impatiently even, as if he did not like the question.

"Mark, forgive me, but was it what I often saw at Craigrowan in the Spring?"

He could not avoid the question, and answered simply, "Yes."

"My mother's unfortunate propensity is a great grief and shame to us," he said gravely. "But my wife will make no difference to me surely, because my mother has gone astray?"

"Difference!" The fair, young head nestled more closely to him, and one white hand stole to his shoulder and rested there.

"I think you do not know my heart yet, Mark," she said simply, "You will see by-and-bye."

There is another silence.

"Mark!"

"Yes, my darling."

"I am going to ask you something, dearest. To-morrow is our wedding day. You will not refuse me?"

"If it is in my power, my darling, it is yours," he answered. "Come."

She raised her head, and looked at him with shining, earnest eyes.

"Mark, you will promise me here that after to-night no drop of intoxicating drink will cross your lips," she said very gravely.

"That is a serious request, Isabel," he said, and his eyes did not meet hers.

"It must have no place in our home, Mark, my mind has been made up on that point since the spring."

"Not even if I wish it, little tyrant?" he said jokingly.

"Mark, you will not, cannot wish it. I don't want to pain you, dearest, but it seems to me, that, knowing the misery it has occasioned in your father's house, you should feel it a duty to banish it from yours."

"I have not thought of it. Is it me or yourself you trouble for, my sweetest?" he said, with an amused smile. "Another time we will discuss this matter. It is too serious to speak of to-night, of all nights."

"Then you won't promise me, Mark," she said, wistfully.

"Not to-night. Why, then, I should be debarred from drinking my wife's health to-morrow. Don't look so sorrowful, Isabel. There is nothing to fear. Do you think *I* am likely to become a drunkard. You compliment me."

She drew herself away from him, and wrapped her shawl about her as if she felt cold.

"Let us go in, Mark," she said quietly. "See, the moon is gone and the sky is quite black. It will rain, I think, to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

It was late autumn, a dreary time in lonely Alralloch. A fierce northern blast had ruthlessly stripped the trees; the Linn, swollen by recent rains, tossed black and sullen in its rocky bed; already the shadowy mountain peaks were capped by the first snows of winter. In the pleasant garden of Alralloch Manse, every flower was beaten to the ground, and the wind moaned round the ivy clad house like a living thing in pain.

In the afternoon of a dull grey day, Isabel Rowan sat sewing in the drawing-room. Her child was playing on the rug at her feet, a lovely boy, just beginning to toddle alone. She was fair and sweet, as she had been on her wedding-day; but there was an indefinable something in her face, the shadow of some inward care, which had never been seen on the face of Isabel Vane. She had been a wife now for four years, the wife of a man of whom any woman might have been proud; she was the idol of his parishioners, a cherished daughter in his father's house, the mistress of an affluent home; what was the shadow on the hearth? She let her sewing fall on her lap, and watched her child, tears burning in her eyes, and falling on her hands. The child saw them, and rising

from his play, came to her, looking up with mute questioning eyes, "Mamma, why do you cry?"

"Mamma is sad, darling," she said, and lifting him in her arms, held him very close.

"Let me go for papa," pleaded the child; then she tried to smile, and setting him down, bade him run to the window and watch the robins.

"Mamma, mamma!" shouted he joyfully, "Here's aunt Bessie, she is just at the door, mamma!"

In another minute the servant showed in Miss Rowan, a tall stately young lady, marvellously like her brother. She greeted his wife warmly, the two loved each other well.

"Such a dreary day, Isabel," she said, drawing near to the fire. "No, thank you, dear, I shall not stay. I only came for the walk, and ran in to be refreshed by a look at you."

Isabel stirred the fire, averting her eyes from her sister-in-law's face.

"How is Mrs. Rowan to-day?" she asked.

"Neither better nor worse, quieter though. I should not live through many scenes such as you witnessed the other night."

"I am very sorry for you, Bessie," said Isabel, in a low voice.

"Thank you, your pity does me good; it is slightly different from other people's," said Bessie Rowan with some bitterness. "As I came down from Craigrowan, Isabel, I was trying to imagine how girls must feel who have happy homes and mothers, but I could not. I was also trying to picture to myself my future life as I see it now. I was not made to be a patient sufferer, Isabel."

"Who is? None of us care about the shady side, Bessie. It is a pity life should have so little sunshine in it."

Bessie Rowan lifted her keen black eyes from the fire, and fixed them on her sister-in-law's face. She could see the traces of recent tears and the eyelashes were still wet. "You have been crying, Isabel," she said abruptly.

Isabel did not deny it. "Doesn't Archie grow, Bessie," she said, changing the subject. "I sometimes think I know a difference every day."

"Yes, he grows," said Bessie, drily, "most children do. Where's his papa?"

"Studying. This is Friday night, Bessie," answered Isabel; and Miss Rowan's keen perception noted something strange in her sister-in-law's face and voice.

"He is always studying," she said. "Nothing but study, and his sweet wife left to mope alone. I am going to the study to talk to your husband, Mrs. Rowan."

Isabel rose almost hurriedly. "No, no, Bessie, Mark does not like to be disturbed. I shall go and tell him you are here," she said, and quitted the room. Miss Rowan's face was a study.

"Aunt Bessie," said Archie, who had been sitting very quietly on the rug. "Mamma always cries, every day, now."

"Does she?" A tear started to aunt Bessie's eye. "Never mind, darling, be a good boy and mamma will never cry again."

"I am a good boy, aunt Bessie," said the child in an aggrieved voice.

Then Aunt Bessie had to lift him and comfort him. Meanwhile Isabel had gone to the study, to find the door locked. She entered the dining-room, from which another door opened into the study. It was unlocked. She opened it softly and looked in. The fire was out, the table littered with books and papers, and on her husband's desk stood two decanters and a glass. The atmosphere was foul with the odour of brandy.

Isabel shut the door and went into the room. Her husband was lying on the sofa in his dressing gown asleep. His face was flushed, his hair hanging in disorder about his forehead. He breathed heavily, his pale wife, bending over him, grew faint with the odour of his breath. She did not look surprised; this was not the first time she had seen him thus. She took the rug from the end of the sofa and laid it over him, then replacing the decanters in the cupboard, locked it and put the key in her pocket. Then before leaving the room, she paused to look at him, the idol of her girlhood,

the husband of her choice, the father of her child! Oh, my God, what moments we women have to pass through; what agonies we bear and make no sign. Our recompense will be by-and-bye.

She did not look long, it was not a pleasant sight for a wife; she turned about quite quietly, and went back into the dining-room, locking that door also, and putting the key in her pocket. The servants must not see their master thus, it must be hid as long as possible. How long? Ah, that was it.

"You will not see Mark to-day, Bessie," said Isabel, when she re-entered the drawing-room.

Bessie looked up enquiringly, "Is he ill, Isabel."

Isabel's face was grey, almost the hue of her gown, and her eyes had a look in them Bessie Rowan did not like to see.

"He is not well, Bessie," answered Isabel, and went to the window. Bessie sat a moment in silence, then she put Archie on the rug, and went over to Isabel. She laid her two hands on her slim shoulders, and turned the sweet face round to hers.

"Don't, Bessie," said Isabel, with quivering lips.

"You can't hide it from me, Isabel. Do you think I don't know the meaning of the tears, and these shadowed eyes? What I have dreaded has come; my mother's curse is Mark's also, and you are married to a drunkard, Isabel. God help you, my darling. I, who have borne the pain from my childhood, know how sorely you will need His help."

Then the two women held each other close, while Archie stood open-eyed on the hearthrug, wondering what made mamma and aunt Bessie act so strangely. There are moments when we, children of an older growth, look with most painful longing on the innocent ignorance of childhood.

Sorrow is the heritage of years.

* * * * *

On the Sunday evening following Bessie's visit to the Manse, a carriage came from Craigrowan, for Mark and his wife. Mrs. Rowan was dying. When they reached the house Bessie met them at the door. Even there they could hear the sounds from the room above. Bessie led them silently upstairs. There was no one in the room but Doctor Rowan. He was a man still in the prime of life, but prematurely aged by the unhappy state of his domestic affairs. On the bed lay his wife, a poor wreck of the woman he had loved and married. She was delirious, and her utterances made even the daughter, who was accustomed to see her thus, tremble from head to foot. The doctor turned silently to greet his son and daughter-in-law.

"I would not have sent for you, Mark," he said pointedly, "It is not a pleasant sight, but such a death-bed is a solemn warning."

Mark Rowan winced under the pointed words. They gathered round her bed, Bessie with her face hidden, and her father's poor old grey head bent on his hands.

"Pray, Mark, pray that moments of consciousness, and opportunity for repentance may be given," he groaned. Mark was a minister, it was his duty to administer consolation in extremity, to utter prayers by dying beds, but he failed here. He stood in perfect silence. The end came very soon, she never regained consciousness, and those who loved her, watched her die without one hope for the future. Theirs was the grief which could not be comforted. It was late when Mark and his wife left for home. During the drive not a word was spoken. Isabel went into the drawing-room, and waited there till her husband came.

When he entered the room, he was struck by her exceeding paleness. He went close to her and took her to his heart.

"My darling, this has been too much for you," he said with all the old firmness, "I ought not to have let you go."

Isabel shivered, and withdrew from his embrace. Then she lifted her hand to his shoulders, and looked at him with earnest eyes.

"Mark," she said solemnly, "Surely now you will promise me here, before God, to give it up; your dead mother demands it of you; your living wife and child claim it as a sacred right."

"My darling, you are fanciful, I can take care of myself," he said almost lightly, "I cannot study without stimulant. To give it up entirely would ruin my chances of the professorship. It would shatter my intellect."

"You won't promise, Mark," she said very quietly.

"Don't look at me with such eyes, dearest; well, to please you I will limit myself."

Isabel turned away from him, and went upstairs to the nursery. The child was fast asleep in his cot, one dimpled hand lying outside the coverlet. She knelt down, her bonnet falling from her head, and laid her cheek on the tiny hand. These words fell brokenly from her lips,

"Mark, husband, husband, God help us both!"

CHAPTER III.

STRANGE rumours were afloat regarding the minister of Alralloch. They were only whispered with bated breath at first, and discredited by many, but the time came when the thing was spoken of in the broad light of day, and discussed at kirk and market, at shop counter, and fireside.

The people of Alralloch no longer spoke proudly of "our minister," his name was mentioned with a shake of the head, and a half-sorrowful, half indignant glance which spoke volumes.

The parishioners were growing tired of the Reverend Mark Rowan. His sermons were not what they were, his vigour was gone, the originality of thought and speech, the burning eloquence which had held them spell-bound was gone, sacrificed to that insatiable god which pities none.

It was only for the sake of the gentle beloved wife, and the old grey-headed father, that the upright, rigid, elders spared their minister so long. Many a heart in Alralloch was "wae" for young Mrs. Rowan.

In the summer time following the death of Mrs. Rowan the elder, Evelyn Vane came to visit her sister at the house of Alralloch. Strange as it may seem, the sisters had met only once since Isabel's marriage, and this was Evelyn's first visit to Alralloch. She was on the point of making a brilliant and happy marriage, and came to Alralloch brimming over with spirits and happiness. She stood still on the drawing-room floor regarding her sister with dumb-founded eyes.

"Isabel, you look about sixty years old, your brow is all wrinkles, your eyes dim, your face pale and worn, child, if this is the change marriage works, I think I shall draw back even yet."

Isabel smiled, she could smile yet, and took her sister to her heart.

"I will soon be thirty, Evelyn, and a minister's wife has many cares, which you will never know anything about," said Isabel, murmuring beneath her breath, "I pray heaven she will not."

Evelyn Vane was not satisfied, and kept her eyes open. Isabel had kept her care from her London friends, and had dreaded her sharp-eyed sister's visit, knowing Mark's failing could not long remain hid.

"Mark does not look very nice, Isabel," said candid Evelyn, "I don't know what has come to you both. I hope you will improve before mamma comes, or she will break her heart."

There was no wine on the dinner table that night, at which Evelyn wondered, but said nothing. Immediately after dinner Mr. Rowan left the table, and the sisters withdrew to the drawing-room, to talk over old times. They had much to say to each other, but a silence fell upon them after a while, and Evelyn furtively watched her sister. It was not exactly that she looked ill, it was the expression, the constant look of dread in her eyes, which made Evelyn anxious.

"I brought a photograph to shew you, Isabel," she said rising, "I shall just run up for it."

Isabel nodded, and Evelyn left the room.

As she passed the study door, a thought struck her. "I shall just step in and tell Mark to take better care of his wife," she said to herself, with a smile, and opened the door without hesitation. It was growing dark in the room, but the eyes took in every detail. She

almost started back, the odour of the room was so strong. Mr. Rowan was sitting at the table with a bottle beside him. He looked up, and regarded his sister with an idiotic smile.

"Ah, Evelyn,—hic—is it you come to the Highlands, eh, to get back your roses—hic—before you marry, eh? Shut the door, and don't let the wife see, she'll be in a devil of a rage if she finds out this, she——".

Evelyn shut the door, and flew to the drawing room. Isabel rose at her hasty entrance, and seeing her face, guessed the truth in a moment.

"Mark—Isabel, in the study. I—I think he is drunk, I am afraid, Isabel."

"You need not be, Evelyn," returned her sister, with a wintry smile, "he is quite harmless. That is my cross, sister, and God help me; it is heavier than I can bear."

* * * * * *

On the next Sabbath morning the people assembled as usual for service in the church. Mrs. Rowan and Evelyn came alone, Mr. Rowan having left earlier in order to have a quiet half-hour in the vestry.

At the hour the minister came into the church and walked slowly up the pulpit stair.

He gave out the Psalm, reading only the first two lines. His voice was somewhat unsteady, and his wife looked at him with agonised eyes, and then drew down her veil. The Psalm was sung, then followed the prayer. After the first few sentences the people sat up, and looked at the minister. He was talking nonsense, shaming and desecrating the house of God. Then two of the shocked and shame-stricken elders rose, and going up to the pulpit, requested the minister to withdraw, and dismissed the congregation.

They stood about in groups of twos and threes, sorrowfully discussing the scandal, and the downfall of their once dear and honoured minister. He had stood for the last time in the pulpit of Alralloch.

This was the outcome of the brilliant prophecies regarding the future of the Reverend Mark Rowan, a disgraced name, despised obscurity, a clouded intellect, broken health, a sad-eyed, mournful wife, all these his "stimulant" had given him.

Where was the University chair? His position in the theological and literary world? The honour and reverence of men? The love and reverence of men? The love and pride of those dear to him, the approval and blessing of his Master, which in his young manhood had been within his reach? Gone, and only the husks remained.

CHAPTER IV.

Upon the deck of an outward bound vessel two figures stood close together in the murky night, very close, with clasped hands, in silence. The lights along the shores of England were receding quickly; soon they would be far, far beyond them.

"Is Archie asleep?" asked the gentleman in a low voice.

"Yes," answered the lady, slipping her hand in her husband's arm. He drew her to the vessel's side, out of observation. So dark it was, indeed, they were safe. He put an arm round her there, and bent his head down to hers—"My wife!"

"Yes." The word was almost a sob, for her heart was full. The parting she had just endured had been very sore.

"I have spoiled your life, my darling. You have made a poor marriage of it, but I have never heard one reproachful word from your lips. You are an angel."

"I am your wife, Mark," she answered simply; so great, so unselfish, is some women's love.

"There is a new life to be begun, Isabel," he said, his voice faltering in its earnestness, "I will be a free man, with God's help and yours, my wife. I must conquer—and in days to come, I may be permitted to make atonement for the past."

She laid her hand on his, and looked up for one brief moment to his face. Then she turned her head away and prayed.

Such prayers must be answered. I cannot think God would hear and withhold fulfilment.

I have told you the beginning of the story; only the Great Infinite knows what the ending will be.

The Telephone in the Witness Box.

In these days of long range artillery it is not only possible for an artillery-man to fire at and destroy an object he cannot see, but as a matter of warlike fact it has been often done, and as there are not lacking, tender-hearted men among them who wear the soldier's uniform, it may safely be assumed that the art of doing mischief without being forced to contemplate the ruin inflicted may be in a measure a relief to the authors of it.

Now in the great army that fights for King Alcohol there are a class of gunners, viz. : distillers and brewers, who fire long shots, and never if they can possibly avoid it go to the scene where the result of their labours can be viewed, in all its ghastly nakedness. Brewers and distillers, especially of the larger class, do not visit public-houses ; they keep to their distilleries and breweries, and their grand mansions without the City, doing business through their travellers or agents. They fire long shots by sending out huge barrels of poisonous rubbish, and what becomes of those who partake of it is a matter with which they have no direct personal concern.

They hear occasionally, and sometimes read, no doubt, of horrible things done under the influence of drink, but not being actual EYE WITNESSES of the dreadful work, their consciences are no more troubled than the placid Dead Sea would be by somebody occasionally casting a few pebbles into it. All goes well with them, they grow rich, they have great houses, they make ladies and gentlemen of their children, and really they have no time to think about the sin and misery which, at a distance, hangs about their trade.

One of these complacent gentlemen, a distiller, bearing the name of Josiah Crofton, carried on business in the town of Coalville, and from his establishment came the "Rich Creamy Gin," that inflicted so much misery on the population, kept so many poor, and helped so liberally to fill the asylum, prison, and workhouse. His trade was a flourishing one, and he was an eminently respectable man, a member of the Town Council, a magistrate, had once been Mayor of Coalville, and hoped one day to get into Parliament.

But he had like many prosperous respectable men, a number of relations who were not in such a flourishing worldly condition, and among them was a brother, his only brother, who had no capacity for the management of a wholesale business, and had drifted into a public-house after many effects to poison the public on a larger scale, and there he puffed this Creamy Gin, and what may be called kindred spirits, and did a roaring trade.

There was a considerable amount of affection between the brothers, but the distiller, being a rising man, could not afford to risk his reputation by visiting in a public-house. He had no objection to receive his brother and his family in his splendid mansion without the town, for the world would only say that it was kind of him so to do ; but if he took to visiting his brother he could not expect to escape such censure as would materially damage his Parliamentary prospects. He would be voted "low and vulgar," and there would soon be an end to his hopes in that direction.

Abel Crofton was a man who looked to the business of his public house because he liked it. He had a taste for the lounge and the chat across the bar. By indulging himself in this way, he kept the main portion of his company together, and many a young butterfly came dancing about the lamp got his wings scorched and was then brushed aside and forgotten ; in short, like the general run of public-house frequenters they came, enjoyed a brief existence and then perished miserably.

One morning, Abel Crofton had a novelty to show to some of his early frequenters of the place. It was a telephone fixed in the bar and communicating with his brother's counting-house in the distillery, which was not a quarter of a mile away, and communication was therefore very easy.

"It is Josiah's idea," he said, "what with business and his living out of town we don't get much chance of having a chat together, but now if I have ten minutes to spare and he has nothing particular to do we can talk away as we please. Besides, when I want any gin I've only to say the word and it can be sent on without the bother of writing or sending a message. A wonderful invention is the telephone."

He gave an illustration of it by exchanging a few words with his brother, and his telephone answered in every way the purpose for which it was intended. The distiller and publican would chat half a dozen times a day, bid each other good morning and good night, orders were despatched through it, and a lot of other ordinary business got through with. But it was destined to do more than this, as I will now relate.

It sometimes happened that Mr. Josiah Crofton was kept late at the office. Certain books and papers, which required his personal attention had to be posted up and arranged, and about once a month he would remain in his private room long after the clerks had left and the business of the day over. One evening, about the middle of December, he was thus engaged, when his labours, after an hour's application, were interrupted in a most startling manner.

It was a cry of terrible distinctness that seemed to be close to his ear and yet afar off—a cry that had such intensity in it, was so full of horror and alarm that he had never heard the like of it before—nor did he even think that such a noise could fall from human lips.

And yet it was from human lips he knew. There was no mistake about that, and pale and trembling he rose to his feet, troubled at first by the superstitious thought that something had happened at home, and this was some spirit's warning.

Then close on this cry there came the murmuring of many voices and dumb trampling of feet. Bewildered, he stared about him, until his eye fell upon something within a foot of his ear, placed so as to be handy for prompt communication—HIS TELEPHONE.

Re-assured in a second, but still troubled, he put his ear to it and immediately heard a Babel of voices, men and women speaking hurriedly, coarse oaths and execrations, and then a voice high above all.

"I tell you the woman is dead. He's killed her."

A lull followed, broken only by a moaning sound that was like the noise uttered by some poor beast in pain and then a voice broke in.

"Dead. Dead—who says she's dead?"

It was the voice of a man, and full of horror, remorse and despair. The listener shuddered, and would fain have heard no more, but a dread fascination held him chained to the spot, and he listened out the story told by the telephone.

"Dead," continued the speaker, it "CAN'T be true. Who did it—who says I've laid a hand on her? Oh! my God! the Drink! the Drink—and to think that we've been married but five years, and I used to love her so."

"You can't leave here," said another speaker, in whose voice the distiller recognised his brother. "This is a serious thing. Ah! here he is," and the unmistakable sound of a policeman's footstep was heard followed by the equally unmistakable sound of the officer's voice.

"What's the matter here? What's the charge?"

Then again the Babel of voices broke out, and all sorts of explanations were jumbled together by the eager speakers, until the voice of authority quieted them again.

"I see," said the policeman, "that this poor woman has been struck in the head by some heavy instrument, and it's plain to anyone that she is dead. Does anybody know who struck her?"

"He did—her husband there. He did it with this pewter pot. You can see it is battered in."

"Very good. Then those who saw it must go with me to the station. Just look out to see if the men with the stretcher are coming."

They were close at hand, and Josiah Crofton with his ear glued to the telephone had the whole scene conjured up before him by the

sense of sound. The entrance of several policemen—the eager crowd too ready to give superfluous help thrust back—the dead woman was raised up and carried out, and the despairing husband led moaning away. It was strangely, horribly vivid, and he felt as if he were one of the actors in the awful scene. In one sense he really was for the gin that he distilled had been mainly instrumental in leading up to the crime.

The door closed upon the quiet dead wife and the wretched living husband, and Josiah Crofton still remained by the telephone. Some of the spectators had followed the prisoner to the station house to bear witness against him, and others remained behind. They talked of the crime, some half jestingly, and speculated upon the jury finding a verdict of manslaughter or murder. There was much noise and laughter when a rough voice was heard to declare that it "served her right."

"For what business has she to come a nagging of him, and worrying him about his child here, and isn't it enough to drive a man mad to see a woman go down on her knees in a public bar and beg of him to come home."

"But he wasn't downright mad until we laughed at him," said another voice.

"And ain't it enough to make people laugh to see a woman go on in that way," asked the previous speaker, "if my missus served me that way, I'd ———," and he finished the sentence by bringing down his fist with a heavy thud upon the counter.

Josiah Crofton wanted to hear no more. He had often heard of such things being said and done in the public-house, but it had ever been like a tale of some far off land, and he had always suspected the narratives of prejudiced exaggeration when he thought of it seriously at all. Now the truth of it had been brought home to him with terrible force, and a sudden loathing of his business and pursuit laid hold of him.

It was that bitter cry, "the Drink, the Drink," that fell from the lips of the wretched murderer that had troubled him. It echoed still in his ears, and seemed to be sounding in every corner of the room where he sat down again with his face resting on his hands.

"The Drink, the Drink. We have been married only five years, and I once loved her dearly."

Could he ever forget those words or the tone in which they were uttered? Was the scene, which he had not looked upon, but which had been SEARED into his memory by sound, to be ever effaced from his mind? And most bitter of all how was he to dissociate HIMSELF from the direful tragedy.

It was "the Drink, the Drink," and who made the drink? Not with the hope, or belief, or the fear that it could lead to murder, but it had done so. Indirectly he had laid the foundation for the death of that unfortunate woman.

He went home in a dazed state and passed a sleepless night. Surely the only course open to him, by which he could hope to find peace, enforced itself. He must abandon the distillery and its accursed business without delay. Its gates closed for the night must be closed for ever in a business sense. With his consent no more poison should be concocted there and sent out among the people to do its deadly work.

Great was the consternation among his family and friends when it became known that the Crofton Distillery was closed, and all sorts of wild rumours were afloat accounting for the unexpected event, but the truth soon became known, the distiller making no secret of his conviction or what gave rise to it.

"Never until that night," he said, "had I the notion of the horrors that are enacted under the influence of drink. I knew, of course, that intoxicated men committed crimes, robbery, arson and murder, but the brief report of a newspaper fails to give even a faint idea of what has happened. Besides, it has always been preached by men in my line, myself among others, that it was a sort of cant to say, 'I did this or that under the influence of drink,' and the world, in a great measure, has accepted our preaching. I may say I believed it myself until the telephone honestly told me its unvarnished tale of horror, and now drink and I have

parted company—I trust for ever. It shall not even enter my house—I wash my hands of it for good and all."

And Josiah Crofton was true to his word. The parting was final, and ere long his brother followed his example. Abel Crofton was not so deeply touched by the tragedy as his brother, for he had become, in a measure, hardened, as all publicans are, to the degrading scenes of a gin-palace. Coarse language, reproved, of course, but never really checked, hot words and blows were sights and sounds of every day occurrence, and the death of this unhappy woman was only an addition of the horrors he had grown accustomed to. But there was, as I stated before, a strong affection between the brothers—and Abel followed Josiah in abandoning the traffic and use of it.

Great brewers and distillers are for the most part in utter ignorance of the deadly work they do. What an outcry there is if a paper printer sends out a wall paper, the colours of which are known to contain poisonous ingredients. Skilful analysts write letters to the papers, the papers add sensation articles, and the public wax indignant. All in the right we grant, but why cry so loud about the man who has injured units, and let the slayer of thousands go free?

Is it true or is it not true that drink decimates the people, that it ruins homes, blights promising lives, fills the prisons and trebles pauperism? Alas! it is too true and nobody denies it, not even those who deal in the deadly drugs that lie at the foundation of all this misery. Surely they have some thought, some heart, but how many Josiah Croftons have they in their body? They wax fat and rich while a people perish, and they will not abandon the trade that enriches them though it impoverishes all around them.

Perhaps their time of awakening is at hand! But it will come from the people who will arouse them one day, a day that is surely advancing, from their slumber of heedless indifference by turning from their curse, and the brewers and distillers who will not wash their hands of their cruel trade will find a wise people washing their hands of them.

E. H. B.

What Ailed Oliver.

"GET up, little boy! You are lying in bed too long; breakfast will soon be ready. The canary-bird has taken his bath, and is now singing a sweet song. Get up! get up; or I shall throw this pillow at you."

"Don't throw that pillow at me!" cried Oliver. "I'll promise to get up in five minutes."

"If you would be 'healthy, wealthy, and wise,' you must rise early, little boy," said Charlotte.

When Oliver came down to the breakfast table, his father said, "How is this, Oliver? You are late again."

"I went to sleep and forgot all about it," said Oliver.

"Come, my boy, and let me feel your pulse," said his father. "I should not wonder if Oliver were suffering from a disease at this time."

Oliver gave his hand to his father, who, after feeling his pulse, said, "Yes, it is as I thought. Poor Oliver has Slack's disease. Take him up to bed again. Put his breakfast by the side of his bed, and when he is strong enough he may eat it. He may stay at home from school to-day."

The little boy went upstairs with his sister and was put to bed. He could not sleep, however. He heard children playing out of doors, he heard Ponto barking, and Tommy, the canary-bird, singing a sweet song.

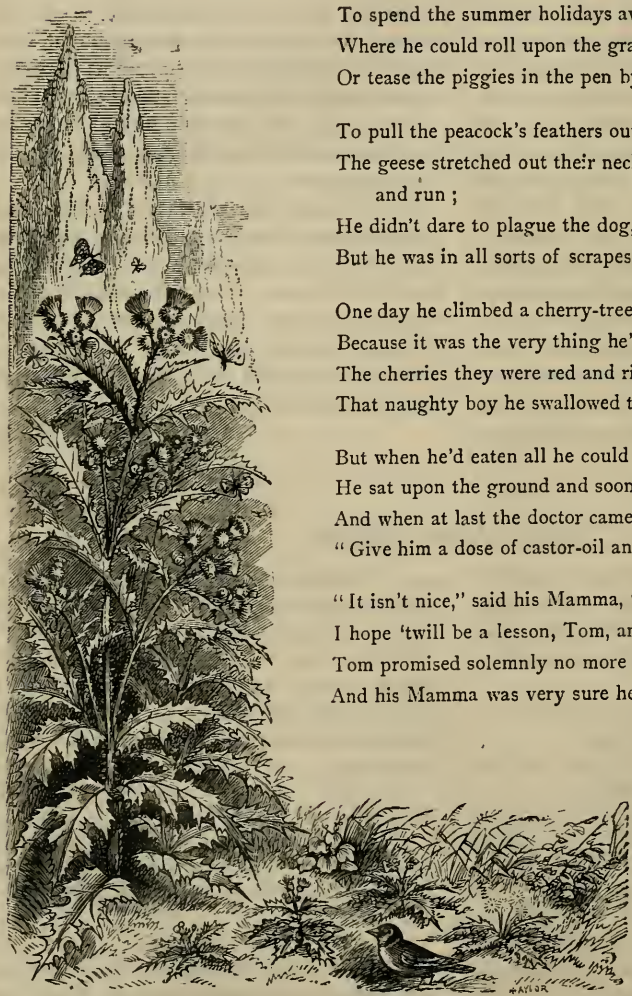
Then Oliver called his sister, and said, "What is Slack's disease? Is it dangerous?"

"I rather think not," said Charlotte. "You dear little simpleton! don't you know what father meant? He meant you were troubled with laziness—that's all."

Oliver saw that a trick had been played on him. He jumped out of bed, dressed, and ate his breakfast, and ran off to school, where he arrived just in time.

Since that day Oliver has been the first up in the house. He is no longer troubled with Slack's disease.

A Naughty Boy's Lesson.



A NAUGHTY little city boy was taken to a farm,
To spend the summer holidays away from heat and harm ;
Where he could roll upon the grass, or chase the little chicks.
Or tease the piggies in the pen by poking them with sticks.

To pull the peacock's feathers out to him was lots of fun ;
The geese stretched out their necks and hissed, and made him turn
and run ;
He didn't dare to plague the dog, for fear that he would bite ;
But he was in all sorts of scrapes from morning until night.

One day he climbed a cherry-tree that in the garden grew,
Because it was the very thing he'd been told not to do ;
The cherries they were red and ripe and tasted very sweet—
That naughty boy he swallowed them as fast as he could eat.

But when he'd eaten all he could and scrambled down again,
He sat upon the ground and soon began to scream with pain ;
And when at last the doctor came he very grimly said :
"Give him a dose of castor-oil and put him right to bed."

"It isn't nice," said his Mamma, "to lie in bed all day ;
I hope 'twill be a lesson, Tom, and teach you to obey.'
Tom promised solemnly no more that cherry-tree to climb ;
And his Mamma was very sure he meant it—at the time.

Harper's Young People.

How our Workhouses are Filled.

(A Recitation for Three.)

WITHIN a large and lofty room
  Where many people come and go,
Two pale, sad women sat apart,
  Their worn, thin cheeks showed want and woe.

And sadly was it plain to mark
  How want or sin had left its trace
On every one who entered in
  To this the workhouse waiting place.

These two sad women I have named
  Began to talk with voices low,
For sympathy together brings
  Those who a common suffering know.

MRS. WHITE.

"What brings you here? I wonder, Miss,
  You look so very pale and thin,
Are you deserted by your friends,
  What makes you want to enter in?"

MRS. SHAW.

"I am not 'Miss,' you call me wrong,
  Five months a married woman I.
Just at the first our lives were bright,
  Three weeks we lived so happily."

MRS. WHITE.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Marm,
  You look so young to be a wife.
Sorrow too soon has come to spoil
  The early gladness of your life.
If it will ease your grief to talk
  To one who knows what sorrows be,
Tell me the story of your life
  Then I will tell my history."

MRS. SHAW.

"Few were my months of married life,
  Short, therefore, is the tale I tell.
At first we *were* a happy pair,
  My husband seemed to love me well;
But soon I noticed such a change,
  At first I could not think it true,
He seemed no more to love his home
  But still to long for something new.
And then I found he used to go
  To drink and merry company.
He said I was too staid and dull,
  He liked more life and gaiety.
I tried all ways to bring him back,
  Sometimes, I know, cross words I said,
Then he with curses would retort;
  A miserable life was led.
Then I would try kind words again,
  But neither did they aught avail;
Kindness and love, doubt and mistrust,
  To win him back alike did fail.
'I like the public-house,' said he,
  Speaking with noisy tones of wrath;
'I love the ale, the beer, the fun,
  Leave me to tread my chosen path.'
At last the cruel ending came,
  He left me, gone I know not where.
Weary am I, and sick at heart,
  Ill and alone, no home but here."

MRS. WHITE.

"Ah! drink again! 'tis always so.
  Drink, and the house where drink is sold.
What fearful sorrows do they bring,
  Causes of misery untold."

MRS. SHAW.

"I'm sure that what you say is true,
  I often used to think with pain
If all the drink shops could be closed
  How happy we might be again.
You speak and look so kind, I felt
  At once that I could call you friend,
And so I've told you all my tale
  Down to the sad and bitter end.
I hope that yours is not so sad,
  I'd like to hear it, if I may;
I sometimes think it cheers sad hearts
  To wipe another's tears away."

MRS. WHITE.

"The very thing I thought myself,
  It does us good to sympathize;
Our tears less bitter seem, when they
  Reflected are, in others' eyes.
A broken-hearted wife am I,
  Children I have, who cry for bread;
All I can earn, will not suffice
  To buy wherewith they may be fed.
Once such a happy home we had,
  A husband kind, a well filled board,

Money laid by for time of need,
  A house with needful things well stored.
But why repeat the oft told tale?
  My husband took to loving beer,
It seemed a trifling thing at first,
  But yet I looked on it with fear.
The fatal taste, how fast it grew;
  Our money melted like the snow,
And what was worse, our peace soon went,
  And gentle love seemed too to go.
We tried all ways to bring him back
  To temperance and sweet content.
But naught appeared of any woe,
  Still to the public-house he went.
And yet 'mid grief and bitter use
  I sometimes thought, and think so still,
That God will hear our many prayers,
  Will His own promises fulfil—
That they, who come to Him in faith,
  The blessings that they ask receive:
Though I may be no longer here
  That he *will* change I still believe."

MRS. SHAW.

"Where *is* your husband? does he know
  That here you come to ask for bread?"

MRS. WHITE.

"Oh, no; a year ago he left.
  Some cruel bitter words he said—
How that he hated wife and child;
  They were a burden—nothing more.
He left me weeping with despair;
  Since then he has not crossed our door.
I know it was the cruel drink
  Made him so hard, so changed become.
A struggle hard I've had this year
  To keep my children and my home.
At first I felt too proud to ask
  For help from Guardians of the Poor;
But when one's children cry for bread,
  Many hard things one can endure.
And now, I've grown too weak to work,
  Starvation stares us in the face;
So that is why I've come to ask
  An entrance to the dismal place.
Not that I fear but I shall meet
  With kindness in this large abode,
But, ah, it is a different thing
  From the bright home which once I loved.
I see the tears are in your eyes,
  I thank you for this kindly token
That you can sympathize, indeed,
  With all the grief of which I've spoken."

MRS. SHAW.

"I thank you too, for telling me
  Of griefs that seem, still worse than mine,
Help it will give me, well I know,
  My wrongs to bear and not repine."

MRS. WHITE.

"I'm older far, than you, my dear,
  And sorrow does not seem so strange,
Perhaps, too, hope less quickly dies,
  I think we both shall know a change.
In heaven we have a faithful Friend
  Who watches over me and you;
He knows our sorrows, feels our cares,
  And He will help us bear them too,
Therefore each day, let us implore
  That He will help us in our need,
Not for ourselves alone we'll ask,
  But others' griefs we too will plead.
And ask that Drink, our country's curse,
  Which brings such sorrows everywhere,
May not always have power to be
  Around our homes, so great a snare.
I wish the men in Parliament
  Could know how earnestly we pray
For public-houses to be closed,
  And their temptations swept away.
But He, our Heavenly Friend, knows all;
  He counts our tears, He knows our sighs.
Weary and worn, and contrite hearts,
  He never, never will despise."

MRS. SHAW.

"This talk with you has done me good.
  I am so very glad we've met,
I'll join you in your earnest prayers,
  Your hopeful words I won't forget.
Good-bye, we met as strangers here,
  We part as friends, I'm sure we do,
You in your prayers will think of me,
  And I in mine remember you."

MRS. WHITE.

"Good-bye."

MRS. SHAW.

"Good-bye."

(They shake hands and depart.)

A. L. C.

The "Seven Stars;" or, a Transformation.

"JOHN BURTON is very ill, Mr. Ellis, and I thought perhaps you would go and see him. Maybe if you go and speak to him he will listen to what you say." So said a respectably dressed working man to the landlord of the "Seven Stars," the house doing the most thriving trade in the populous village of Rexford.

"Ill, is he? I had missed him the last day or two and wondered what was become of him. I am very sorry to hear of his illness. Do you know what is the matter with him?"

"Well, I don't exactly know, but I did hear that the Doctor said he had got delirium tremens," answered Joseph Church, as he leisurely sipped his usual evening glass.

"Indeed!" ejaculated the landlord. "Ah, poor fellow, he is fond of the drink and no mistake! Pity he doesn't know when he has had enough and leave off then, like you do, Mr. Church, there would be no danger of his having delirium tremens then."

"No, I suppose not. Poor Burton, though, I hope he'll get over it, for by all accounts he goes on swearing and raving most awfully, and to say the least of it, it doesn't look very bright to go out of the world in such a state as that, does it?"

"Indeed it does not! Have you heard whether the rector has visited him?"

"I understood he went yesterday, but John was in such a state he could make nothing of him."

"Poor fellow! Well, I'll step round there presently and see if I can be of any use. What, are you going, Mr. Church? Good evening."

"Good evening, Mr. Ellis," and Joseph Church passed out, leaving the landlord to his meditations, which it must be confessed were not very pleasant ones just now, for the news he had just heard had given him one more glimpse of the effects of his trade.

Hiram Ellis had only recently taken to the business of drink-selling, and yet in these few months he had seen things connected with it that often made him seriously question whether he, as a professed follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, had any right to follow such a calling.

He had entered upon it with the intention to conduct the business in a different manner from the majority of publicans. He would give the men a word of warning when he saw they were going beyond the bounds of strict moderation. No man who entered his bar in a state of intoxication should be served with more drink. No profane oaths should be uttered on his premises. All these resolves, and many more, were formed before he became landlord of the "Seven Stars."

And how had they been kept? Well, in a great measure he had succeeded; so much so that the "Seven Stars" had already gained the reputation of being the best conducted public-house for miles round. But still he thought that the trade was having a deteriorating influence upon his own character if on no others. He had formerly been a local preacher, and a Sunday school teacher, but somehow, as soon as he entered the public-house both were given up. Perhaps the feeling that the drink and the Bible do not go well together might have led to this result.

All these things passed rapidly through his mind this evening, but he was not left long undisturbed to indulge his meditations, for the taproom was soon filled with the usual evening visitors. Whether the company were more boisterous, and less careful in their language than usual, or whether Mr. Ellis could not shake off the serious reflections that had been troubling him, certain it is that the scene this night jarred upon him in an unwonted degree. With the double view of getting away from it for a little time, and visiting John Burton, he left his assistant in charge, and went out into the cool evening air. It was a clear, frosty night, shortly before the season when we commemorate the birth of the world's Redeemer. Myriads of stars glittered in the firmament overhead, and as Hiram Ellis glanced up at their pure, clear beauty, it almost seemed as if the little twinkling orbs were accusing him of mockery in calling his new gaudy public-house by their sweet, pure name, for he was the owner also, as well as the landlord, of the "Seven Stars."

Wrapped in such thoughts as these he reached the abode of John Burton almost before he was aware. It was a poor, dilapidated, miserable looking cottage, just at the outskirts of the village. Nor did the interior prove more attractive; indeed, it presented a picture of discomfort and misery almost unparalleled in the experience of Hiram Ellis,

used as he had been to visiting the poor and sick in their humble abodes. The only merit the wretched dwelling could boast was that of being scrupulously clean, which was due to the unwearying exertions of John's patient, although almost heart-broken wife. Ah! if the history of many a drunkard's wife could be written, what a tale it would unfold! Blighted hopes, crushed affections, betrayed love, with all their attendant evils, often crowded into one life. The most thrilling pages of fiction and romance ever written would pale and sink into utter insignificance beside the mingled tragedy and pathos blended in some of these lives, could their inner history be unfolded to our view. Perhaps that accomplished and graceful poetess, Mrs. Hemans, had the image of a drunkard's wife in view when she wrote these lines in reference to the lot of woman, in that beautiful poem "Evening Prayer."

"Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches from affections deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship. Therefore pray!

"Her lot is on you, to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, Oh! to love through all things. Therefore pray!"

These lines must surely embody the creed of the drunkard's wife, above all others, or more evil consequences still would result. At any rate this was the case with Mrs. Burton. She had loved "through all things," hoping even against hope, praying for the reformation of her once loving husband, and never despairing even when his case seemed apparently hopeless.

On a wretched bed in his scantily furnished chamber, lay John Burton. At a table near sat his poor wife, busy upon a little garment she was making for the child of a more fortunate neighbour, for she was often obliged to work almost night and day with her needle in order to procure food for her three little children. An old woman, who lived next door, was also in the room, having, as she expressed it, "just run in to keep Mrs. Burton company a little while." In the room below two men were in attendance, in case their services should be required to hold the poor sufferer during the paroxysms of his terrible disorder, when he was very violent.

He lay quiet now, apparently exhausted from the last attack. Mr. Ellis went quietly up to him, but seeing his eyes closed as if asleep, turned away, not wishing to disturb him. But while he was addressing a few words to Mrs. Burton, his voice, low as he was speaking, attracted the attention of the sick man, and starting up he demanded "who that man was."

"A friend, my poor fellow," said the landlord, going up to him. "Come, John, lie down again and try to rest," he added soothingly, pushing him gently back on the pillow.

"Ah! Mr. Ellis, it's you, is it? You'll bring me some brandy, won't you? They won't let me have any, and I can't get it myself, but I know you'll get me some; you won't refuse to do me this favour, I know, we've drank so many glasses together. And, Oh! look there! drive them away, do!"

"There is nothing there, John, it is only your fancy."

But another attack was upon him, and the services of the men below had to be called into requisition. But their united strength was barely sufficient to restrain him in his wild struggles to escape from the imaginary foes surrounding him.

Mr. Ellis stood aghast at the sight. Never before had he seen such a spectacle as this poor, delirious, drink-wrecked man presented. He shuddered involuntarily at the dreadful oaths and curses, mingled with pitiful entreaties to be delivered from those awful demons, which fell from his lips; while his beseeching cries for more of the fiery liquid which had ruined him, might almost have moved a heart of stone.

And yet he had once been as sober and respectable, Mr Ellis knew, as any man in the country. When ten years before he had married pretty Bertha Ayres, the village belle, everyone predicted a happy future for them. And those predictions would doubtless have been verified, but for that one thing which blasts the happiness of so many homes, STRONG DRINK.

Sick at heart, the landlord left the chamber of horror, after slipping into Mrs. Burton's hand a sovereign, which her pressing necessities alone made her fain to accept. As he walked homewards, he tried to shut out of his mind the terrible scene he had just witnessed, but in vain. It *would* rise be-

fore him in all its horrors. Then he tried to reason with himself that this was quite an exceptional case, but too faithful memory instantly reverted to many exactly similar cases of which he had heard. As a last resource he tried to quiet his awakened conscience with the plea that it was not at his house that John Burton had been made a drunkard. He had not sold him enough to do him any injury, the mischief had been done before, and so he was at least guiltless in this one case.

"That may be," replied Conscience, "but how will it be in the future with those who now frequent your bar? Those young men, for instance, who are learning their first drinking lessons in your house. Is it not possible—nay probable—that among them some will sink even as low as John Burton if they continue the use of intoxicants? And even if they do not fall victims to delirium tremens, who can tell what other depths of misery or crime it may lead them into? Miserable homes; heart-broken wives; wretched children; blighted hopes; ruined reputations; premature deaths; are a few of the woes that the votaries of drink often experience. And then think of the crimes committed—a long, long line from the petty robbery up to the capital offence of murder—the majority of which are traceable, either directly or indirectly, to intoxicating drink. And how would you feel upon your dying bed if you knew that a murderer's hand had been dyed with blood through the fatal effect of drink you had supplied him with? Or, that one of your customers had committed that most terrible of all crimes—*self*-murder? Would not these thoughts haunt your dying hours, filling your soul with unutterable agony and remorse? And oh! how will you meet the piercing gaze of the Righteous Judge at the last great day, if on His left hand there are condemned sinners accusing you of having sold them that liquor which has proved their ruin, both body and soul? Will not the cry of those poor, lost souls ring in your ears, if such a thing be possible, even amid the glories of heaven?

"And putting possible victims out of the question, how is it with yourself? Are you living as consistent a Christian life now as you were before you opened the 'Seven Stars?'"

"No, you know well you are not. You cannot now gather the little ones around you Sabbath after Sabbath, and tell them sweet tales of the meek and lowly Jesus. You cannot lift up the voice of warning and exhortation to your fellow men, as formerly, because you know that you are engaged in an unholy traffic. Yes, *you know it*, and in that consists your condemnation. And will you, for the sake of paltry gold, barter away all opportunities of usefulness in your Master's service—and, it may be, eventually lose your own soul? Remember the Divine Word, once the guide book of your life, asks the solemn question 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

So the voice of conscience argued and reasoned with Mr. Ellis; and under the star-lit canopy of heaven, a battle was fought and won. Won, but not in his own strength. Like one of old under conviction, he cried out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And, like a flash of light in his inmost soul came the answer, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me."

And Mr. Ellis knew that in his case, denying himself, and taking up his cross, meant an inexorable renunciation of all connection with alcoholic liquors. Not letting the "Seven Stars" to somebody with a less tender conscience, and while transferring the responsibility, quietly pocketing the price of the business. Oh, no! nothing less than a complete surrender would meet the case. His house must be closed against the sale of intoxicating drink, come what might. He knew he would meet with opposition, sneers, and ridicule, but what mattered that if God and conscience approved!

When Mr. Ellis reached home he was surprised to find that it was long past the hour for closing, for he had extended his walk to a considerable distance and in his pre-occupied state of mind, time had passed unnoticed.

His wife was sitting up for him, and to her he unfolded his resolution. To his surprise, and greatly to his satisfaction, she offered no opposition, and cheerfully acquiesced in his plans. But the secret of her pleasure came out after a time in a burst of undisguised thankfulness.

"Oh, Hiram! I am so glad you have made up your mind to have nothing more to do with the drink, for I was so afraid you were getting a little too fond of it."

"That was a view of the subject that had not struck me, Lizzie," replied her husband, "but perhaps you were right. At any rate," he added meditatively, "if we give up using it entirely in every shape and form; there will be no danger menacing us from this source."

"What have you thought of doing for a living, Hiram?" asked his wife, after an interval of silence.

"Well, Lizzie, to tell you the truth I have not thought much about that. I daresay I shall find some difficulty in getting into anything else, and my old situation in Mr. Erskine's office is filled up. If it comes to the worst we must sell this house, but I am strong and willing to work, and no doubt we shall get a crust of bread somehow."

"And butter too, I hope," said his wife smiling. "But I have been thinking, Hiram, that perhaps if we substituted tea, coffee, and other refreshments for intoxicating liquors, we might still gain a livelihood here."

"Perhaps so," replied Hiram rather doubtfully. "At any rate," he continued, "it is certainly a good suggestion, and we will give it a trial. If it succeed, well and good; if it fail, we shall not be much worse off than before."

So it was settled, and soon the villagers were astonished by seeing the "Seven Stars" public-house transferred into the "Seven Stars Temperance Cafe," where, instead of intoxicating drink, tea, coffee, and other harmless and wholesome refreshments alone could be obtained.

Of course many flocked to see the novel sight of a publican, who had not only turned a public-house into a coffee tavern, but had also, with his wife and children, taken the Temperance Pledge, and for a time he did a roaring trade.

And when the novelty wore off, and some, whose craving for drink was very deeply rooted, forsook the temperance house and patronised the other taverns in the neighbourhood, yet many were well satisfied with the change, finding the non-intoxicating beverages cheaper, and more beneficial in every respect.

Among these last was poor John Burton, who contrary to the expectations of every one, had recovered from his terrible malady. Mr. Ellis had spared no pains to win him into the path of sobriety, and at last his efforts were crowned with success, and Mrs. Burton received an answer to her prayers in the gift of a reclaimed husband, and a comfortable, happy home became once more the portion of her and her little children.

There is a thriving Temperance Society and Band of Hope in that village now, and the ex-publican is among the most active of its working members. And he is happy; far, far happier than when he was engaged in the drink traffic, for he feels that he is free now from the curse embodied in these words of Holy writ—"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink." ARTHURESTINE.

Abstinence under Mental and Physical Exertion.

In a recent issue of *Knowledge*, the editor, Mr. R. A. Proctor, gave an interesting account, furnished by Mr. Arthur Reade, of the habits of the Abbé Moigno, whose working powers as an author had been greatly increased by an almost total abstinence from stimulants and narcotics. In regard to his own experience, Mr. Proctor says:—"I would venture to add an expression of my own firm conviction that a life of study is aided by the almost entire avoidance of stimulants, alcoholic as well as nicotian. I do not say that the moderate use of such stimulants does harm, only that so far as I can judge from my own experience it affords no help. I recognise a slight risk in what Abbé Moigno correctly states—the apparent power of indefinite work which comes with the almost entire avoidance of stimulants; but the risk is very slight, for the man must have very little sense who abuses that power to a dangerous degree. Certainly, if the loss of the power be evidence of mischief, I would say (still speaking of my own experience, which may be peculiar to my own temperament) that the use of stimulants, even in a very moderate degree, is mischievous. For instance, I repeatedly have put this point to the test:—I work say, from breakfast till one o'clock, when, if I feel at all hungry, I join my family at lunch; if now at lunch I eat very lightly and take a glass of ale or whisky-and-water I feel disposed, about a quarter of an hour later, to leave my work, which has for the time become irksome to me, and perhaps a couple of hours will pass before I care for steady work again; on the other hand, if I eat as lightly, or perhaps take a heartier lunch, but drink water only, I sit down as disposed for work after as before the meal. In point of fact, a very weak glass of whiskey-and-water has as bad an influence on the disposition for work as a meal unwisely heavy would have. It is the same in the evening. If I take a light supper, with water only, I can work (and this, perhaps, is bad) comfortably till twelve or one, but a glass of weak whiskey-and-water disposes me to rest or sleep, or to no heavier mental effort than is involved in

reading a book of fiction or travel. . . . For steady literary or scientific work, and throughout the hours of work (or near them) it is certain that for most men something very close to total abstinence from stimulants is the best policy."

A subsequent number of *Knowledge* contained a letter from Mr. W. M. Williams, the celebrated pedestrian, who says,—"I have tried experiments very similar to those you describe, with exactly the same results; in fact, so far as intellectual work is concerned, I might describe my own experience by direct plagiarism of your words. Besides these, I have tried other experiments which may be interesting to those who, without any partisan fanaticism, are seeking for practical guidance on this subject.

"As many of your readers may know, I have been (when of smaller girth) an energetic pedestrian, have walked over a large part of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, crossed France twice on foot, done Switzerland and the Tyrol pretty exhaustively; in one walk from Paris taking in on the way the popular lions of the Alps; and then proceeding, *via* Milan and Genoa, to Florence, Rome, Naples, and Calabria, then from Messina to Syracuse, and on to the East. All this, excepting the East, on foot. At another time from Venice to Milan, besides a multitude of minor tours, and my well-known walk through Norway.

"In the course of these, my usual average rate, when in fair training, was 200 miles per week. The alcoholic experiments consisted in doing a fortnight at this rate on water, scrupulously abstaining from any alcoholic drink whatever, and then for a fortnight using the beverages of the country in ordinary moderate quantity. I have thus used British ales and porter, Bavarian beer, French wines, Italian wines, Hungarian wine in the Tyrol, Christiania öl, &c., according to circumstances, and the result has been the same, or with very little variation. With the stimulants I have, of course, obtained a temporary exhilaration that was pleasant enough while it lasted, but after the first week I found myself dragging through the last few miles, and quite able to appreciate the common habit of halting at a roadside 'pub.' or wine-shop for a drink on the way. No such inclination came upon me when my only beverage was water, or water plus a cup of coffee for breakfast only (no afternoon tea). Then I came in fresh, usually finishing at the best pace of the day, enjoying the brisk exercise in cool evening air. Physical work of this kind admits of accurate measurement, and I was careful to equalise the average of these experimental comparative fortnights.

"The result is a firm conviction that the only beverage for obtaining the maximum work out of any piece of human machinery is water, as pure as possible; that all other beverages (including even tea and coffee) ginger-beer, and all such concoctions as the so-called 'temperance drinks,' are prejudicial to anybody not under medical treatment. To a sound-bodied man there is no danger in drinking any quantity of cold water in the hottest weather, provided *it is swallowed slowly*. I have drunk as much as a dozen quarts in the course of a stiff mountain climb when perspiring profusely, and never suffered the slightest inconvenience, but, on the contrary, have found that the perspiration promoted by frequent and copious libations at the mountain streams enabled me to vigorously enjoy the roasting heat of sun-rays striking so freely and fiercely as they do through the thin air on the south-west slopes of a high mountain."

Mr. Spurgeon on Teetotalism.

In a speech delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon said:—"There is an awful amount of money spent every year over the drink business. Now if, instead of that, the men had another coat or two, and the women had another dress or two, and the children had some little shoes to their poor feet—suppose the money went in some articles of furniture—why, all this falling off in trade would soon be altered. There would be plenty of work to do and work that would be worth the doing. Now for the production of drink very little goes to the working man who makes it. The materials that cost the money—I really do not know what they may be. There is no man on earth knows what beer is made of now—so I am told. We can see what the effect of it is, but there used to be a drink made of malt and hops. Has anybody tasted any of that? It seems to have gone out of use—and the

industry spent on the manufacture is a very small matter. Whereas, if I buy a coat I suppose nearly all my money goes to the working man, from the time when the shepherd tends the flock, right up to the time when the 'eighth part of a man' makes the last stitch. I would infinitely rather see a man spending too much on coats and waistcoats than too much on gin, rum, and brandy, because if he were to buy half-a-dozen waistcoats, and go in for two or three dozen trousers I do not know that he would hurt anybody, and it might be good for trade. If people must waste, let them waste their money on something that may be turned to account by somebody else. Then look at the poverty of the home—Ah me! Do you know it for a fact that nine-tenths of the poverty of London comes of drunkenness. If men take their wages home, now see the difference. I am not an enthusiastic soul who gets carried off by people beating drums and wearing blue ribbons. Look at the matter of fact. You can almost tell when a man is a teetotaler if you go into his house. I could go into the house of such a man blindfold and almost feel what he is. Don't I remember when I was a child a nurse who used to come to our house, and how she used to go home with horror when she heard her husband was on the drink, and how, when she went home, she was often felled to the ground, and by-and-bye away went clock and furniture and all her things till she could scarcely go into the open air for want of garments to wear. I remember as a child wondering however a man could drink a clock and his wife's clothes. I have seen enough of it since, and if it were for nothing else but the misery and poverty that this detestable thing brings upon the families of the people, Christian men and women ought to brace themselves up and say, 'We at least will have nothing to do with it.' Look at the sin that is caused by it. What painful memories we have of those we loved and esteemed, and reposed trust in, who might have stood for aught we can see, but that by degrees this monster got the mastery over them! We can tell of some who, according to all outward appearance, did run well. What did hinder them? Churches in their rolls must know that there is no more deadly artillery in the adversary's camp than this. Men who did not think they ever could become drunkards, and we did not think they could be either, and yet sometimes they speak rather thick, and sometimes they do not quite know what they talk about, and by-and-bye they fall by little and little till we have to say, 'How are the mighty fallen!' There is one prayer I never prayed, and that is that God would preserve me in going up in a balloon. I have not the slightest idea of ever going up in a bolloon, and so there I leave it. I do not know that you need pray to be kept from drink if you have previously prayed this prayer and got it answered, that you may never touch it at all. He that never drinks will never be drunk. I think that is clear, and there is a good rule we sometimes use in our preaching, and that is to keep as far off danger as you can, and a good moral rule it is for all men. Don't say, 'I can go so far, and I feel quite certain that I should never be overtaken as a victim.' I have heard that frequently said, and have always felt a fear of the brother who is quite so sure. But granted for a moment that you are quite sure, that you have taken out a guarantee that you never should drink too much, don't you think we should abstain for the sake of others? I heard one say he thought the blue ribbon was the mark of a reformed drunkard. Very good, and suppose it is; why, then we shan't get anybody to take it because they will all be marked as reformed drunkards; therefore come along a few of us that never were drunkards, and let us go in with them—and if we do so people won't suspect us, and if they do we are not particular about their suspecting us when we know there is no room for suspicion. But they can't pick everybody out and say, 'He become a temperance man because his character was gone, he had rather committed himself, and he was obliged to take hold of that.' I am glad when a man does it for that reason, but I should not like it to be so that nobody took this step but reformed drunkards. This were too heavy a cross. Here, my friend, let me take one end of your cross, and if anybody points to such a man as being 'a fool of a temperance man,' why, here is another fool. Blessed is he that is willing to be a fool for the sake of helping his poor brother to get his feet well up again after he has fallen. Now you who do not believe in total abstinence at all, I am sure I am not going to drive you to it, because, if I did, you would kick out and go the other way; but will you do something else to help the drunkard? If our plan is not good, try yours. We are waiting to put on the yellow ribbon, if you will tell us a better way by which the drunkard shall really be kept out of temptation. If you will propose it, we will listen very heartily; but, my dear brethren, is it that some of you do not like to hear about it because it is a very sore subject with you? You are almost coming round, and if we urge you forward you will back a bit, and so we will not urge you, but when you go

home you will like to think about it. Won't you consider it? We will be glad to see you here if you do consider it, and when you have matured some specially good plan, come and let us know what it is. I do not see any plan that is at all feasible for the great bulk of the people, but to turn the cup upside down and have done with it."

How I saw a Poet.

As an ardent and, perhaps, somewhat indiscriminating admirer of poets and poetry, it was one of my boyish ambitions to see a real live poet, and some years ago my wish was gratified under the following circumstances. The blank walls and hoardings of one of the suburbs of my native town were placarded with bills announcing that on a certain evening, a poet, too well known for me to mention his name here, would deliver an oration in a local institute on, "The Patriots of the Lyre." A poet's views of poetry must always be interesting, and so I promised myself a great treat on this occasion. Not being of a selfish disposition, I invited one or two friends to accompany me and share my pleasure. Ignorant as we were of the amount of popularity enjoyed by the poet, and being anxious to secure good seats, we made an early appearance at the doors of the hall on the evening in question. Situated as it was in a dull dreary back street, of mean exterior, and greatly dwarfed by its proximity to a lofty and handsome riding school, even the brightness of a pleasant spring evening failed to give the hall an attractive appearance. No one else had arrived, so, satisfied that we had acted wisely in taking time by the forelock, we walked up and down, and waited for the doors to open. As the time passed by, and very few people indeed put in an appearance, we began to have some misgivings as to whether we had mistaken the night or the time; but a reference to one of the bills speedily settled that doubt, and we were forced back upon the conclusion that poetry was at a discount. About this time, a man from a small house close by, came up, and introduced himself to us as the hall-keeper. "Are you awaiting for them doors to open," said he. We replied that we certainly were waiting for admission to the lecture that we understood was to be given there to-night. "Leckshure," echoed the man, as we thought derisively, "there won't be no leckshure to-night, leastways, the money ain't paid for the 'all, and I shan't open them doors till it is." He was conciliatory enough to add by way of comfort, I suppose, that of course it might be paid at any moment, in which case there would be nothing to prevent the delivery of the oration. "Leastways," he added, "not as far as I'm concerned." The clock struck the appointed hour, and as there was still no sign of the lecturer or his agents, feeling tired of staring at the announcement that had so misled us, we went for a walk. Returning later in the evening, we found the hall-doors still closed, but surrounded by a small crowd of people, and on the steps with his back to the door stood a man whom we did not at first know to be the poet. He wore an uncouth felt hat of the style that poets and artistes are generally supposed to affect; his beard was grey and dishevelled, and his eyes were rolling in a frenzy that might have been caused by the poetic afflatus, but which unkind bystanders attributed to drink. We had come to see a poet and there he stood. He was kicking his heels at the door, and lifting up his voice to curse the cruel fates (I supposed he meant the hall-keeper) that barred his entrance. It was then that we understood the force of a very old saying, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. In place of the glowing periods of oratory with which we had expected to be electrified, there were only the childish, nay, worse than childish, babblings of a drunken man. He expressed his determination to give the lecture where he stood; but his friends kindly and forcibly dissuaded him from carrying matters to such a climax. They led him away amid the derisive cheers of a group of small boys who are never absent from any street gathering. It then transpired that the reason why the fee for the hall had not been paid, and the doors had been kept closed, was that his friends knew he would not be in a fit state to lecture, and would only make a fool of himself. A gentleman, who seemed to know him well, told us, "Mr. ——— is a very gifted man, an exceedingly able poet, but he has one failing." We thought of "the jewel of gold in a swine's snout," and wondered whether it might not also apply to the case of genius degraded by drink. "Poets," remarked one of my friends, quoting Wordsworth's

celebrated aphorism, "are Nature's priests;" and it sounded like a satire in the presence of the exhibition we had just witnessed. For a man bearing the faintest claim to so high a title thus to disgrace its sacred functions was a sight to make angels weep. Poets have often glorified wine in their songs, and history is not wanting in examples of how the flowing bowl has proved the ruin of many a votary of the muse. I need hardly say that I would rather have passed through life with my boyish longing unrealized than have witnessed so melancholy a proof that the bright and gifted as well as the dull and stupid are in danger of falling if they dally with the destroyer. The beautiful verses of this poor victim of drink often ring in my ears, and they are full of noble lessons; but I can never think of them without recalling the fact, that this man "though greatly gifted had one failing." The dark shadow that rests on our land has darkened the lives of some of our most eminent literary men, and this illustration from actual experience might be easily supported by many instances from authentic sources, all tending to prove the fallacy of the statement "that education and refinement will save men from the curse of drunkenness. Let us hold fast to the central truth that Total-Abstinence based upon religion is the only sure safeguard for rich and poor, learned and unlearned, the child of genius and the son of toil.

J. F. H.

Turning Over a New Leaf.

(*A Recitation, by* THOMAS CRAMP.)

BOTHER the drink—the cursed drink—
I'll give it up; I will.
I feel all over out of sorts;
It makes me downright ill.

My head is aching awfully;
My throat is burning hot;
My tongue is parched—I'm sick and sad—
How wretched is my lot!

My hat is battered—waistcoat's torn—
My coat's a pretty sight.
My hands are cut; my face is bruised;
I'm in a woeful plight.

I took my wages yesterday;
I had a pound to come:
But all the lot was fooled away!
There's nothing left for home.

I hate myself, and what I feel
Most justly serves me right.
The fiery drink, though loved so dear,
Is sure to sting and bite.

I wish those licensed liquor traps,
Which tempt us everywhere,
Were all shut up, or all pulled down,
And never more appear.

I did not mean to get too much;
'Twas farthest from my thought.
I took one glass—the tempter's bait—
And so again was caught.

My home is almost like a wreck;
It scarce deserves the name.
My wife's in rags, my children want,
And I'm alone to blame.

I'm all behind about my rent.
Bakers won't trust me more.
The shop-keepers have stopped supplies;
And there's the liquor score.

I once had friends—true-hearted friends—
Who helped me any day.
But, O, the drink—the robber, drink—
Has drove them all away.

I call to mind the former times,
When home was my delight.
I then was happy as the day;
And all around was bright.

The Sabbath was observed with care;
And this was our good rule—
Parents attending the House of God;
Children—the Sunday School.

I used to walk abroad erect;
I had no cause to fear.
I paid my way, and none could say,
There goes a slave to beer.

I'm right enough when I don't drink;
I'm not unkind or lazy.
'Tis only when the liquor's in,
That I'm a fool or crazy.

Well—hit or miss—I'll sign the pledge—
And all this misery stop.
Yes, from this day, I'll drink no more—
No—not another drop.

If landlords frown and call me fool;
And tipplers tempt and jeer;
I'll heed them not, but, stedfastly,
Unto my pledge adhere.

I know I've lived a wicked life;
I feel my guilt and shame;
But God receives poor prodigals,
Who plead the Saviour's name.

I'll join the friends of temperance;
My lot with them I'll cast:
And, by God's help, I'll make amends
For all the gloomy past.

Joyful Day.

B. WALKER. Tyrolese Melody.

A glo- rious light hath burst a - round us, Joy - ful day, joy - ful

day! We see the chain that would have bound us, Joy-ful day, joy - ful

day! The spark- ling wine we ne'er will crave; To touch, to taste, is

to enslave; We drink the fountain's crystal wave, Joy-ful day, joy-ful day!

2 We'll sing to God a holy chorus—
Joyful day, joyful day!
Truth shines in radiant brightness o'er us—
Joyful day, joyful day!
A firm and dauntless host we stand,
Ye millions join our Temp'rance band,
And plenty then shall bless our land—
Joyful day, joyful day!

3 The young and old come forth to hear us—
Joyful day, joyful day!
The isles across the ocean cheer us—
Joyful day, joyful day!
We'll spread the truth where man is found,
Bear it to earth's remotest bound,
Till every wind shall catch the sound—
Joyful day, joyful day!

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

Varieties.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR THE INTEMPERATE?—I do think intemperance is the greatest blight in this fair land. You will find more drunkenness, I believe, in Protestant Scotland than in Mohammedan, Roman Catholic, or heathen countries. It is an awful disgrace and stigma. I do not know that much will be done until the Church of God wakes up to the evil of the drink. Temperance will not make much progress while the Church is hand and glove with the traffic. Ministers, and elders, and members alike will have to put the drink away. Let us all get on our faces before God and plead guilty. What would a heathen say of our Christianity if he were to walk through some of the streets in Glasgow or Edinburgh on a Saturday night? It seems to me an awful thing that so many in the Church make light of it. I have known fathers whose sons have gone astray through drink, and yet they keep it on their tables. When the Christian Church gets rid of the evil there will be no trouble in reaching outsiders; but while ministers, elders, and members use the drink, these drinking men will point to their example.—*D. L. Moody.*

CETEWAYO'S LESSON TO ENGLAND.—The National Temperance League have done well in approaching King Cetewayo on the subject of the use of alcoholic liquors in his dominion, to which he is about to be restored. But the answer elicited from the semi-barbarous monarch filled us with shame as we read it, and sounded like a rebuke from the lips of the heathen with whom we had come to remonstrate. Cetewayo, in reply to the deputation, observed, and truly enough, that his people are abstainers, and if only let alone would be innocent of the drink that civilised Christian nations force upon them. He had himself, in the days of his kingship, issued a proclamation against the importation of spirituous liquors into his country; and he assured the deputation that that proclamation "will certainly be enforced" on his return to his kingdom. Never was there a truer word spoken than the epigrammatic maxim to which his sable majesty gave utterance when he said, "But I think the right place to shut the door is the side from which the spirits come." On the Natal Government is placed the responsibility of laying restrictions on the commerce in drink. Our Government has the command of the seaboard, and thus holds the key of the position. But Cetewayo very pertinently, and almost helplessly, observes, "I am far in the country, and may not know; and so, really, the proper place for the restriction is at the boundaries of my territory. The subsequent testimony of this but partially civilised man will, we hope, be re-echoed on a thousand platforms, and duly made use of as a new and vigorous exposition of the evils caused to a country by the introduction of drink. It is "fatal," said the King, "it brings all the troubles and sins upon the land;" and unknowingly he re-echoes the testimony of Shakespeare, and of all physical science, that by bringing these liquors into the country you "rob the people of their brains."—*Church Standard.*

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

Mark Freeman's Christmas Tree.

By Stella St. John.

CHAPTER I.

It was half-past five on a wet evening in December, and tea was waiting in the little back room of Mark Freeman's cottage.

The room looked cosy enough, though the furniture was poor; poorer than it had any right to be, considering that Mark was a clever workman, and plied his trade of village carpenter and wheelwright without a rival in the pretty hamlet of Netherbury, which lay in the midst of a district of well-cultivated farms, tenanted for the most part by thriving, well-to-

do farmers, who were given to paying well and promptly for their work when it was done.

But Mark Freeman drew his money as fast as he earned it, and faster sometimes. Marvellously small were the funds that found their way into the family purse. Nevertheless his cottage was as neat as woman's hands could make it, and as clean as a new pin.

The fire in the old-fashioned grate was blazing cheerily to-night. A little brown tea-pot in which the tea was brewing stood on one hob, the kettle sang merrily on the other. There was a slice of bacon on the table for the father, a loaf of bread, but no butter, a jug of milk, and some coarse brown sugar. The cloth upon which this frugal meal was laid was spotlessly clean, so was the floor, and on the hearth-stone was spread a rug made entirely with tiny strips of black and crimson cloth, which somebody's skilful fingers had woven into a very ingenious and effective device.

Mrs. Freeman, a woman whose face might have formed a model for that of the angel of Patience, and whose shoulders were bent with something more than the weight of years, sat by the table, needle and worsted in hand, deftly bridging over an alarming chasm in the heel of her husband's stocking, by the aid of a spluttering dip that required the frequent application of the snuffers, which lay on a tray close by her hand.

Opposite her, on a rude but cleverly contrived couch, which was drawn close to the fire, lay a little girl, who was powerless to move without assistance. Her fingers was flying over a stocking which was meant to succeed by-and-bye the one which her mother was repairing, but her eyes were fixed dreamily on the fire, and the click of her knitting needles was lost in the vigorous song of the tea-kettle. Mark Freeman's youngest daughter was a hopeless invalid. Her spine had been severely injured by a fall when she was very young, and she would never be any better until she had exchanged her poor deformed little body for the beauty of immortality.

Mrs. Freeman was a lonely woman. She had been lady's maid at the Hall when Mark Freeman married her, and was the orphan of respectable parents, who had brought her up carefully, which accounted for the superiority of speech and manner that distinguished her children beyond the other children of the village. The pleasant dream of her youth had faded very quickly, the bright hopes of her girlhood had fallen from her one by one. She was still and reserved, and not given to exchanging confidences with her neighbours, and no one but God knew how passionate was the prayer which arose from her bedside night and morning that the frail, precious life, her dearest earthly blessing, might be spared to her yet a little longer. And truly Mark Freeman's invalid daughter was an angel in the house.

"I wish father would get you that lamp he has been talking about for so long, mother. I am sure it hurts your poor eyes to work by those nasty candles," said the little girl, as Mrs. Freeman applied the snuffers to the candle, which was a particularly bad one, for the tenth time.

"It doesn't need much light to sew over these big holes father makes in his stockings, Katie, only the wick keeps falling over into the grease, and wastes the candle, besides spoiling my clean candlestick. I do hate to see anything dirty," replied the mother, and rising, she took a duster from a drawer in the table, and carefully removed a great drop of melted tallow which had defaced the shining surface of the article in question.

"Or to see anything wasted, mother," said Katie, dropping her busy needles and smiling as Mrs. Freeman resumed her seat.

At this moment the door was burst open, and a boy entered noisily, raindrops glittering on his ruddy face, his clothes damp and bespattered with mud from his run through the drizzle and slush outside.

"There! I have done with lessons for one year," he shouted, tossing his cap into one corner, his satchel into another, and seating himself on the edge of the table. "Merry Christmas, mother!" This was Mark Freeman's youngest born.

Mrs. Freeman looked up at the boy's beaming face and laughed; then she looked down at the cap and the books, which had escaped from the bag and were strewn over the floor.

"Pick up your things, Harry, there's a dear boy. I don't want father to see such a litter as this when he comes in."

Harry gathered up his books obediently, and restoring them to the bag, hung it in a cupboard. Then he went into the opposite corner and stooped for his cap. He picked it up, held it at arm's length, and looked down at the floor with a rueful face There was a great wet mark where the cap had lain on the clean, sanded boards.

"Oh mother! I'm no end of sorry. I changed my boots in the shed, but I forgot the cap was wet. It blew off into the mud ever so many times. But I'll clean it up," and he disappeared into the little wash-house behind with the offending article, and returning in less than a minute with a perfectly clean towel in his hand, went down on his knees

and proceeded to apply it vigorously to the grimy spot on the floor.

"There, mother!" he said at last, looking up with a very red face, and half-breathless from his exertions, "that's every bit as well as you could have done it yourself; just come and see."

Mrs. Freeman rose and came with the candle to inspect her son's performance, though of course, like a wise mother, she did not expect to find that it had been accomplished with so much skill as energy. But her eye fell first on the cloth he still held.

"Why, Harry!" she exclaimed, "that's the clean towel I put out for your father before I laid the tea."

Harry looked blank. "Oh mother! and you've done your washing for this week, what a donkey I am. You haven't got over many towels either," he said, in a conscience-stricken voice.

"Well there, never mind, dear," going to a drawer, and taking out another towel, "I'll just wring it out again to-morrow, it won't take me long. Hang the dirty one behind the door in the wash-house for me, and put this one for father when he comes in."

Harry obeyed, leaving the door open, however. The little invalid gave an involuntary shiver, and Mrs. Freeman got up and shut it hastily. When Harry returned to the room he stood for several minutes looking into the fire with a very grave face. Suddenly he threw his arms round Mrs. Freeman's neck and laid his cheeks against hers.

"Why don't you take on when I bother you, mammie, like other folks' mothers do? It makes me feel queer when you say 'never mind,' when I've been and made you a lot of work."

Mrs. Freeman turned her face and kissed the boy's forehead. "What have you been doing at school to-day?" she asked.

"We've broken up for Christmas, mother."

"Did the Rector come down?"

"Yes; the Rector and Miss Nora. We didn't do much work this afternoon. They came in before three o'clock, and they've been there ever since. We're to have the prizes at the feast, on New Year's Day."

"How many holidays have you got?" asked Katie.

"This is Thursday, isn't it? and Saturday is Christmas Day. Well, we are to begin again a week next Monday, the Rector says, so we've got a week and three days."

The sound of the pump-handle from the wash-house announced that Mark Freeman had come in, and was preparing for his supper. Harry dropped into his chair, the invalid folded away her knitting, and Mrs. Freeman began to pour water on the tea which had been brewing on the hob.

Mark Freeman entered with his pipe in his mouth, a moody expression of face, and took his seat without saying a word.

"How have you been getting on this wet day, father?" said Katie, stretching out her thin hand and laying it on his knee.

The cloud on Mark's face lifted somewhat as he looked at his frail little daughter. He took the pipe from his mouth, knocked out the ashes on the bars of the grate, and laid it in the fender.

"About as usual, my girl," he said, then softly stroking the child's delicate hand with his big, rough fingers, before he turned to the table.

Mrs. Freeman crumbled a little bread into a basin, warmed some milk and put with it, sweetened it from the sugar-bowl, and set it, with a cup of tea, on a chair by Katie's couch.

Mark drew a paper from his pocket and began to read. He disposed of his bacon, and swallowed his tea without noticing that there was nothing but bread on the plates of his wife and son. Harry was hungry, and ate his bread with a schoolboy's appetite, but he watched his mother's plate anxiously.

"Haven't you got any butter, mother?" he said at last.

"No! it doesn't matter, dear, I couldn't get any to-day," she replied quietly, with a quick, nervous glance towards her husband.

Mark Freeman looked up and cast his eye over the table.

"Why haven't you got any butter, wife? Can't Harry go and get a bit?" and thrusting his hand into his trousers pocket he drew out sixpence and a penny.

"How much is it a pound?" he asked, putting the coins on the table.

"Sixteenpence," said Mrs. Freeman.

Mark dived into his other pocket, turned his coat pockets inside out, and at last found a halfpenny and two farthings in his waistcoat pocket.

"Here, wife," he said, handing the money across to Mrs. Freeman, "let the boy go and get some. It's hard lines to have nothing but bread to eat."

"Unless you'd like a bit yourself, Mark, we'll wait till after tea; Harry's got his boots off, and we've very near finished," replied Mrs. Freeman.

"Please yourself," replied Mark, returning to his paper.

"They're going to have grand doings at the

'Netherbury Arms' this Christmas," said Harry presently, he having finished his tea, and seated himself on a low stool, between his mother's chair and the fire. "Will Pryce has been telling all the school about it to-day. He says his father has had a capital year this year, and put a lot of money into the bank. If he has a few more such years, he says he'll make his fortune, and retire. So he is going to let them have a regular jollification on Christmas night. There are a lot of fine people coming over from Porchester, and old Joss is to be there with his violin, and there is to be dancing and singing, and I don't know what not. And there's to be a Christmas tree tall enough to reach to the ceiling of our Schoolroom, and old Pryce has had a great box full of things down from London to dress it up with. Will Pryce was half wild about it at school this morning. How I *should* like to have a Christmas tree just for once above everything," concluded the boy, heaving a big unconscious sigh; and turning his face towards the fire he grew absorbed in silent meditations on the unattainable glories for which his young heart craved.

Mark Freeman did not lift his eyes from the paper, but he heard every word. Presently he stirred, folded the paper, laid it on the table, smoothed it deliberately, got up, fetched his hat, and went out.

A shadow fell across Mrs. Freeman's face, and she sighed wearily as the door closed. She rose and began to clear away the tea-things. He was going to the Netherbury Arms, of course. His money would help to pay for the grand Christmas tree, she thought, with more bitterness than usual in her gentle soul.

Mark Freeman spent a great deal of money at the "Netherbury Arms." He was not a drunkard in the common acceptation of the term. He was never violent. He never beat his wife nor ill-used his children, nor broke up his household goods in fits of drunken fury. He had none of the working man's ordinary taste for beer, his taste was for spirits—brandy, hot, strong, and sweet, and his free indulgence of this appetite night after night all the year round kept his own pockets light, and made no mean addition to the coffers of the publican, who always welcomed his pattern customer with effusion, and sent him home to his patient wife when the inn's respectable doors were closed, with flushed face, muddled brain, and heart dull and cold as stone.

It was past twelve o'clock when Mark Freeman crept softly into bed that night, while his wife lay with closed eyes, and every nerve quivering with apprehension. But Mark had not been to the "Netherbury Arms," although his wife thought that he had.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning at about eleven o'clock, as Mrs. Freeman stood in her little wash-house wringing out the towel her son had used in place of a house-flannel the evening before, Mark entered, with a spruce little fir-tree in his hand.

"Look here, wife," he said, in a shamefaced sort of way, and without looking at her, "I don't mean Publican Pryce's to be the only youngsters in the village that'll have a tree this Christmas. Where shall we put this so that the boy shan't catch sight of it before the time?"

Mrs. Freeman's heart gave a sudden throb of gladness. Her first conscious thought was a thanksgiving, then she wondered where the things were to come from wherewith to decorate the tree; but like a wise woman she kept her thoughts to herself. It was enough for her at present that her husband had found it in his heart to think of such a thing.

"In the loft," she said, wiping her hands on her apron, and offering to relieve him of his pretty burden; "I found the key to that old lock you put on the door the other day, so we can lock it, lest Harry should chance to go up any time."

"All right, wife, you go first, I'll carry the bough, 'tis rather heavy for you, maybe," replied Mark, and his wife, in a very mixed state of mind, preceded him up the wooden ladder, and through the trap door that led from the wash-house into the loft, where the only light that found its way in came through crevices in the boards, and even then was curtained by cobwebs.

"There, wife!" said Mark, rubbing his hands together with an air of satisfaction when he had propped the tree carefully in the lightest corner—"there, wife! that'll do, I think, it'll be safe enough there. 'Tis a pretty tree, ain't it? I got it last night, and shut it into the shop, for fear Harry should spy it out. His eyes'll sparkle a bit when he does see it, I reckon."

They locked the door securely after them, descended the ladder, and Mark, after entrusting the key to the charge of his wife, went back to his work.

Poor Mrs. Freeman went up to her bedroom, locked herself in, and throwing herself on her knees by her bedside, thanked God for His goodness.

She was stooping over the fire in the little

back room an hour later, talking to Katie, and preparing their frugal dinner, when the door was put ajar, and her husband's voice called—

"Wife, step here a moment, will you?"

She went out, and Mark, who held the handle of the door in one hand, shut it softly after her, and opened the other without speaking, revealing to her astonished eyes five golden sovereigns spread upon his rough brown palm.

She looked up questioningly into his face, and saw there a look it gladdened her heart to see, it was something of the look it had been used to wear when first they were married—a look it had not worn for a long time now.

"This is for the children's Christmas tree, wife," he said in a whisper, catching hold of her arm, and drawing her away from the partition, which was not very thick. "Farmer Thorpe has just been in, and paid me for that bit of fencing I put up for him the other day. If you'll put on your bonnet and shawl by-and-bye, after tea we'll go into Porchester and get a few things. We can come back by the carrier, you know."

Mrs. Freeman was powerless to speak, and try how she might the tears *would* come into her eyes.

"Here, take the money, old woman, and don't take on," he said roughly, but not unkindly. "I shall be ready to start by five. Don't let on to the children, whatever you do," and he disappeared.

At half-past five Mrs. Freeman found herself out in the still darkness of the early winter's night, leaning on her husband's arm, and walking rapidly by his side towards the town of Porchester, whose numerous lights could be seen gleaming faintly through the mist in the distance. It was an unwonted situation altogether. Mrs. Freeman found it difficult to believe in her own identity.

They had left Harry and Katie settled cosily by a bright fire in the little back room with a book. It was a pretty illustrated edition of that exquisitely pathetic little story of Hesba Stretton's, "Jessica's First Prayer," which Miss Nora, the rector's daughter, had sent in for the patient little invalid in the morning. The two children had been lost in amazement at first at the idea of father and mother going out walking together, but the book was an interesting one; they forgot their surprise as they grew absorbed in the charm of the tale, and for the nonce, were perfectly happy.

Mark Freeman had his wife's hand tucked under one arm, in the other hand he held a large, old-fashioned carpet bag, one that his father, and perhaps his grandfather had used before him, and whose present destination was to convey the Christmas purchases from town. The five precious sovereigns were buttoned up securely in Mark's breast-pocket.

When they reached the town the first building of any pretensions they came to was a public-house, lighted up brilliantly, a glow of warmth and light falling into the wet street through its open door.

Mary Freeman's hand tightened round her husband's arm involuntarily as they stepped within the circle of light round the doorway, but Mark marched steadily past, without turning his head so much as an inch, and never once paused till he reached a butcher's shop.

Then he stopped, and began to gaze with admiring eyes at the rows of sheep, and the huge oxen that were being exhibited by Messrs. Hodgson and Son, in the bravery of their Christmas attire, and the rows of turkeys, and geese that were ranged on the marble slabs in front, holly berries, blue ribbons and all.

The worthy butcher and his assistants moved about among their customers with smiling faces, and the gaslights flickered and winked, and the blue ribbons fluttered in the wind, and the holly leaves shone, and the holly berries glistened, and the pretty little wife of Hodgson, Junior, who stood looking on from an inner doorway, looked so bright and charming in her warm crimson dress, that Mary wondered why she had never before noticed what a pleasant place even a butcher's shop may be.

"That beef looks prime, don't it wife?" said Mark, who had been casting his eye round the shop in search of a suitable joint for himself, and he pointed to some fine ribs which appeared as if they might once have belonged to a prize ox, and without more ado he stepped inside.

It was not very long before one of the courteous attendants waited on him, and Mark and his wife watched the weighing of a fine piece of beef, which was destined to adorn their own dinner table on the morrow.

It came to sixteen shillings and ninepence exactly; a pound of suet for the pudding made seventeen shillings and sevenpence, and Mark Freeman drew out one of his precious golden sovereigns to pay for his property.

"Come into the parlour, man, and let the wife mix you a snap of brandy and water," said Hodgson, Senior, as he counted out the change into Freeman's extended palm; it will keep out the cold, you know."

Mary began to quake, and she sent up a swift prayer from the very bottom of her heart. She still had her hand on his arm, so perhaps Mark felt her tremble.

"No thank ye, sir, I won't have anything to drink to-night, I want to get on; it ain't over cold for Christmas weather, thank ye all the same," he said; and directing that their purchases should be sent to the "Blue Boar," the inn at which the Netherbury carrier put up, by nine o'clock, the hour at which he would leave the town, they left the shop.

"Now we'll go and get the things for your pudding, wife," said Freeman, as they stepped on to the pavement; "it must be a good big one mind, and we'll get enough figs to make a cake at the same time—that'll please the youngsters, I'll be bound. We must have two or three dozen oranges, and some nuts, and some sweets too; I wonder which is the best shop to go to, now?"

"Howell's, in Latimer-street; it's some way to walk though."

"Never mind; you ain't tired yet, be you, wife? lean hard on me; we'll soon be there; and we shall ride home, you know," responded Mark, in a cheerful voice; stepping out vigorously, and holding his wife's hand tightly within his arm.

Mary felt thankful that just then they turned into a quieter street, where the lights were not so numerous, nor so brilliant, so that Mark could not see her face, for she was in a queer, mixed state between smiles and tears. It seemed so like the old, happy days when they were first married, that it pretty nearly broke her heart—the gentle, loving heart which had borne and suffered so much in uncomplaining silence—and betwixt the pleasure and the pain of it she was ready to burst into tears and sob. So she was thankful for the darkness that shielded her until she had recovered the composure which her husband's last thoughtful speech had well-nigh upset; she knew he hated to see a woman cry.

"You won't spend all the money to-night, will you, Mark?" she said timidly, when she found her voice, her careful soul exercised upon the thought of the days that were to come, when perhaps they might find themselves moneyless.

"Don't you fret yourself, old woman; there'll be some more where this comes from," returned Mark confidently, as he landed her at the door of the grocer's shop.

When they had completed their purchases here they sallied to a toy-shop a few doors beyond, to buy the things for the Christmas tree, and a Christmas present each for Harry and Katie.

There was a grand Christmas tree in the shop. Mark pounced upon all the prettiest articles he could find on it to suspend from the branches of the little tree so snug in its corner of the old loft at home, and at the suggestion of the shopman bought a dainty box full of waxen tapers to light them up with.

When they left this shop Mark had exactly one sovereign left, and he bore straight across the street to a draper's opposite and expended seventeen shillings and sixpence of this in a warm shawl for his wife.

He chose one, the pattern of which caught his fancy immediately, as it hung in the window. It was of check, black and red, in large squares. Mary would have selected one of a quieter pattern, a neat plain dark grey, at fifteen shillings and sixpence, that hung beside it; but Mark was so pleased with his choice, and so bent upon having his way, and it was so novel a situation altogether that she should be standing quietly by while Mark bought a present for her that she had not the heart to say him nay, nor would have had, I believe, had he desired to deck her out in orange and purple, or even rose-pink. So she stood passive and smiling while—after refusing the offer of the shopman to make it into a parcel—he folded the warm, bright shawl delightedly, if somewhat clumsily, round her shoulders, and, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders, and quite regardless of the knowing looks of the shopmen, and the giggles of the girls, bestowed a hearty and resounding kiss upon her cheek.

A moment later Mark Freeman stepped on to the wet pavement again with half-a-crown in his pocket, and turned his face towards home as happy as a king.

Mary took herself severely to task for her doubting spirit as they walked towards the inn at which the carrier put up, but she certainly experienced a little inward tremor as to whether or not her husband would be induced to step into the inn parlour while they waited for the van to start.

That door stood invitingly open, but Mark walked resolutely by without so much as a glance to right or left, and turned the corner into the side street which led to the inn yard.

The carrier was just putting in his horse. They counted their purchases, found them all safe, and presently Mary, with her new shawl round her shoulders, found herself sitting in the most comfortable corner of the van, her husband by her side, jogging slowly towards home.

The wind had lulled, the clouds had drifted towards the horizon, and the stars were shining when they got out of the van, which the good-natured carrier drove up close to the door that they might remove their parcels with more ease.

We fail to find words to tell of the welcome they received from the delighted children when they got indoors.

"Oh mother! you look proper in that shawl," shouted Harry, capering round her in huge delight, while Katie's large eyes shone with pleasure.

Mark Freeman proudly displayed his joint of beef to the amazed eyes of the pair, and Mary gave them each an orange out of her golden store; and then Mark produced the pretty presents they had bought for them. And while Harry hung breathlessly over his new paint-box with its rows of shining colours, and Katie examined with bright eyes and eager fingers the large packet of soft, rainbow-hued wools that would give her pleasant occupation for many an otherwise weary day in the future, and Mark watched their happy abstraction with a very satisfied expression of face, Mrs. Freeman managed to smuggle away the things for the Christmas tree, which she and her husband had agreed that they should not see until the morrow.

Then the thrifty wife began to think of mixing up her puddings straightway. Happiness had overcome any feeling of weariness she might otherwise have felt. When she had got the things together she began to mix them on the table in front of the fire. The children put aside their newly acquired possessions and watched this proceeding with much interest, while Mark stood by with his hands in his pockets, looking gravely on.

"We're going to have a bit of a treat to-morrow," said Mark presently, "is there anybody you children would like to ask to join in the fun?"

Harry looked at Katie, and Katie looked at Harry.

"I don't know as I know anybody in particular, father, that I care much about," replied Harry.

Mark and his wife looked at Katie.

"I'll tell you, mother," said the child eagerly, "those three poor little Leesons, they do look so pale and miserable since their poor mother died, I should dearly like them to have a bit of Christmas."

"So they shall," said Mark, "you're a good girl, Katie, to think of somebody that's worse off than yourself. What do you say to that, Harry, my boy?"

"I don't mind a bit, father. I should like the Leesons to come if Katie would."

"And haven't you a friend of your own, Harry, you'd rather have. Don't be afeared to speak, my lad. Bob Wright now," said Mark, insinuatingly.

Harry reflected that he had been obliged to give Bob Wright a licking for applying his toe to a small boy's shin only last week. Ned Sparkes, the only boy in the place he had ever cared much for was a farmer's son, and would probably be engaged with his own Christmas party.

"No, father, thank you," he said, slowly, "I had rather help Katie to play with the Leesons. I think it's very good of you and mother to give us a treat at all, father."

Mark made no reply to this; he turned his attention to the pudding again. When Mrs. Freeman had mixed the ingredients to her satisfaction, she let each of the children stir the mixture, "for luck," as Harry said; and when she held the spoon towards her husband with a doubtful look, and a half-hesitating smile, saying "Just one stir, Mark, for luck, you know," he drew his hand out of his pocket, and stepping to the table took the ladle and turned it round vigorously half-a-dozen times.

"Yes, for luck, wife, and may the Lord give ye more luck next year than ye've had this, for ye deserve it if anybody ever did," he said heartily.

Poor Mrs. Freeman! The tears had been very near her eyes all day. She went into the little wash-house to fetch the cloth and string for her pudding, and by the time she came back her face was serene again.

The pudding was in the cloth, and she was tying the string round it with fingers as deft as if she made Christmas puddings every day, while Harry, boy-like, gravely assured her that she had not done it "tight enough," when the door was pushed ajar, and a smiling, rosy face peeped in.

"Merry Christmas, mother! Merry Christmas, Father!" cried a cheerful young voice, and as the parents turned round with pleased, but surprised faces, the door was pushed wide open, and a young girl entered, enveloped in a large waterproof cloak, whose comfortable hood was pulled over her head. This was Mark Freeman's eldest child.

She carried a parcel in her hand, which she deposited on the nearest chair, and came forward to bestow a kiss upon father, mother, brother and sister.

"Why, Pollie! where do you come from at this time of night, my lass?" enquired her father.

"Too late for you to be out, isn't it, Pollie?" questioned her mother, anxiously.

"Yes, mother dear," said the girl, pushing back her hood, and displaying a knot of smooth brown braids, surmounted by a neat little cap which denoted domestic service. "Yes, mother,

but we have a party up at the Hall, you know, and we shan't be able to go to bed for an hour or more yet, so I thought I must just run down for a minute, especially as I had something to bring you. I ran every step of the way, though."

"I suppose you've been busy putting up the holly and the mistletoe, haven't you, Pollie?" asked Harry.

"Yes, haven't we been busy!" exclaimed Pollie. "I wish you could see the rooms now they're decorated and lighted up, mother; they look splendid. We had all the outdoor servants in this morning to help. Miss Ethel took the management of everything into her own hands, and how particular she was to be sure! I don't believe there was a bit of greenery put up anywhere that she hadn't an eye to."

"I should think Miss Ethel must have been pretty well tired before the company came," remarked Mrs. Freeman.

"I don't know, mother. She looks lovely to-night. I wish you could have seen her. She's all in white silk, with lilies in her hair. She looks like that picture opposite the stained glass window at the end of the long gallery."

"Have they many visitors this Christmas, Pollie?"

"Yes, a good many, mother. You remember the young gentleman that was down in September with Mr. Reginald? He is here; and they say in the housekeeper's room that there is to be a wedding before long. I never knew Miss Ethel so flustered-like as she was when I was dressing her this afternoon. She began pulling down her hair as soon as I had done it up, and when I stopped her, she laughed, and blushed, and said she didn't know what she was doing. I had to change her dress again before dinner, and then I noticed—you know she always wears her rings on her right hand—well, to-night she had one on the left, one I had never seen before; it had red stones in it that glittered like bits of fire."

"Well, I hope the young gentleman is worthy of her, whoever he is, for she's as sweet a lady as ever walked this earth," said Mark, with emphasis.

"And I mustn't stay chattering here much onger for fear she should want me," said Pollie; and skipping over to the chair on which she had aid her parcel, she knelt down by it and began to untie the cord as rapidly as the most nimble offingers could manage it.

"*We* are going to have a Christmas party, Pollie," said Katie from her couch.

"Yes, and look at our Christmas presents, Pollie!" chimed in Harry, bringing forward his and Katie's treasures that his sister might look at them. "We're going to have a beautiful Christmas this year, Sis."

"Why, so I believe we are," answered Pollie, looking up first at her father, and then at her mother, and being struck for the first time with the unusually happy expression on the countenance of each.

"Yes, a beautiful Christmas!" repeated Harry, taking possession of the string which by this time had slipped from Pollie's parcel.

Pollie lifted up one edge of the brown paper, peeped in, as if to assure herself that the contents were safe, then smoothed it down again and folded both her hands upon it.

"Now, Mother," she began, gaily, "I am going to show you *my* Christmas presents. But first I must tell you something that will gladden your dear heart, I know. When my lady paid me my wages, she said I had been a very good girl, and that Miss Ethel told her I got more handy every day, and that she should give me a present over and above my wages."

Pollie stopped here, blushing and smiling for a word of commendation; and she had it.

"And then," she continued, "my lady told me to go to a certain drawer in her wardrobe and take out what I found there. That was a roll of beautiful brown serge, and another smaller roll of pretty Scotch plaid. She said there were twelve yards of the serge and seven of the flannel, and I was to do what I liked with them."

Pollie was interrupted here by various ejaculations of surprise and pleasure.

"Well, you know, mother," resumed the girl, looking up archly from her lowly place on her knees on the floor, her rosy face alight with smiles, her little brown hands just holding together the edges of the brown paper, "I knew very well what my ladyhad in her dear head; she knew I would sooner have something for you than anything for myself, any day; and I suppose shethought it would be better for the presents to come from me than from her; so when I came home the other day I got a pattern of yours, and one of Katie's, and then I coaxed Mrs. Martha, my lady's own maid, who is a clever dressmaker, you know, to cut out the dresses, and she helped me to stitch up the seams on her machine in spare minutes, and so between us we got them done, and here they are."

Almost breathless from her long speech, Pollie got up and shook out the dark brown folds of a beautiful dress for her mother, which she handed to her, to feel how thick and warm it was. She next unfolded a wrapper of pretty Scotch plaid for dear little Katie, which

was much admired by Mark because it had a bit of red in it. Mark liked red.

It took some minutes for all to examine the various excellencies of the garments, and for the mother to express her admiring approval of the daughter's handiwork.

"And all done in play time too, Pollie; well, you *are* a good girl. Three cheers for our Poll!" was Harry's comment.

But Pollie had not come to the bottom of her enchanted package yet. She next drew out a thick sofa-blanket, which she spread across Katie's couch.

"There Katie!" she said; "your friend, Mrs. Rexworthy, sends you that with her love. She says she knows you will like it, because 'tis her own knitting, every stitch of it. And this is what Mrs. Rexworthy sends to you, mother," she went on, folding a knitted square round her mother's shoulders; it's her own work, and she wishes you a merry Christmas. Why mother, you look quite handsome in it!" and the daughter pressed an affectionate kiss upon her mother's thin cheek.

Once more Polly turned to her parcel.

"This is my Christmas present for Harry," she said, tying a warm comforter round the boy's neck. "I worked it myself. Mrs. Rexworthy taught me the stitch."

Then she took out a bundle of silk and velvet straps, and a half-a-dozen tiny dolls.

"Miss Ethel sends you these, Kate," she said; "she thought it would amuse you to dress them."

Last of all the girl turned to her father.

"Father," she said timidly, "I puzzled my head for a long time to think what you would like. We have never had a Bible in the house except mother's little one, and the children's Testament since the big family Bible was sold; and I thought, maybe, you'd like one to read to mother and Katie a bit of a Sunday afternoon. I got the largest print I could find." And she held blushingly towards her father, with a look that was half-frightened, half imploring, a large open. Bible, plainly bound in black leather, and printed in a bold, clear type.

Mark looked down at the Bible, then into his daughter's flushed face. Then he held out both his hands and took the blessed Book from her.

"May the Lord bless you, my girl," he said. "You could'nt have done a better thing."

He shut the Book, and laid it gently on a shelf.

"It shan't stay there long enough to get dusty, I tell you, Pollie," he said.

That was all. He was a man of few words. But Pollie drew her hood over her head with a thankful heart. Her innocent litttle scheme had succeeded far beyond her most ardent hopes.

"You'll be down to-morrow, won't you, Pollie?" said her mother, as she kissed her good-bye, after having shown her the purchases which had been made earlier in the evening.

"Yes, mother; Miss Ethel said I might come at twelve, and Mrs. Martha has promised to do all she wants for her after that. So I shall be here in time to have a taste of your fine big pudding there. Nobody's Christmas pudding tastes like one's own."

Mark reached his hat to accompany his daughter back to the Hall, and Mrs. Freeman prepared her small household for bed with her heart full of thanksgiving.

CHAPTER III.

They were all up betimes the next morning, and Mrs. Freeman had the fire lighted in the little copper in the washhouse, and her pudding boiling briskly before it was light.

After breakfast, while Mrs. Freeman employed herself about the house, and in cooking the dinner, Mark Freeman and Harry set out to cut some holly to decorate the front room, and the little invalid began to dress her dolls in readiness for her small visitors, though she did not know her handiwork was to ornament a Christmas Tree.

Pollie came in time for dinner, according to promise; and what a dinner it was, and how they enjoyed it! After dinner Pollie washed Katie's face and hands, brushed out her pretty light air, put on her new dress, spread her new knitted blanket across her knees, and gave her a new book, and some oranges, and bade Harry sit by her, and help her to enjoy them. Then she vanished into the front room, where she was occupied in some mysterious way with father and mother for nearly an hour and a half.

Mrs. Freeman had kept that door locked all the morning, and carried the key in her pocket. When the three reappeared after their mysterious seclusion, Harry was sent to fetch the litttle girls, and Mrs. Freeman went upstairs to dress.

"Well, wife, you look most as young as you did in your wedding gown," said Mark, admiringly, when she came downstairs smiling, and looking most neat and comfortable in the new dress, with clean white collar and cuffs.

"Shall we wheel Katie's sofa into the other room?" asked the wife, laying her hand on her husband s shoulder.

"Come along, Katie," said Mark, springing up with something of the alacrity of his younger days. And very carefully and tenderly he wheeled the frail little creature over the threshold into the room on the other side of the passage.

Katie uttered an exclamation of delight. The walls were hung all round with holly boughs. A fine fire was blazing in the grate. There was an oblong table against one wall, on which tea was laid. Such a tea! Piles of cake, plum and seed, plate after plate of thin bread-and-butter, pyramids of oranges, and figs, and sweets; and in the corner by the window stood—wonder of wonders—a Christmas tree!

Yes, a veritable Christmas tree, hung with glittering toys—among which Katie's dolls were conspicuous—and crowned by a wonderful fairy that spread her wings over it all like a benediction. Oranges gleamed through the green here and there, and the long spiral branches bore a multitude of dainty, coloured tapers, all ready to be lighted when the right moment came. To little Katie's inexperienced eyes it seemed the most wonderful Christmas tree that had ever been seen in this world.

"Well, do you like it, my lassie?" asked her father, laying his rough hand upon her head.

"Oh father!" said the child, with a long breath of pleasure, and that was all she had power to say, but she drew down his hand and pressed her lips to it, and her father was quite satisfied.

Mark disappeared as soon as he had settled his little girl in a comfortable place by the fire, and seen his wife seat herself opposite. When he appeared again he had on a black coat which had not seen the light for years.

Space fails us to tell of the delight manifested by Harry, and the three pale little girls in their rusty black dresses, when they came in and saw what awaited them. How heartily they enjoyed the bountiful tea, and how their hearts beat, and their eyes shone, when the tapers were lighted up, and the wonderful tree stood before them in all its splendour, may easily be imagined, we hope, by many little people this Christmastide. When it was all over, and the three little girls had bid their kind entertainers good-night, they went home hugging to themselves treasures that were to give them happiness for many a day to come.

Mark Freeman and his son accompanied the children home, and then Mark turned his steps in the direction of the "Netherbury Arms," still holding Harry fast by the hand.

The house was lighted up more brilliantly than ever to-night, and somebody was singing a Christmas song uproariously in the bar. Harry shrank back as his father stepped onto the threshold, and instinctively tightened his hold on the hand he held.

"Don't be frightened, my lad," said Mark, looking down on the boy's uplifted face, "I am not going to stop here long to-night."

Every member of the assembled company looked up when Mark Freeman entered the bar, with his son holding by his hand, and every face was turned towards him.

The landlord was standing at the head of the table, on the hearthrug, with his hands under his coat tails, every generous curve of his jolly red face and portly figure expressing satisfaction with matters in general—his own affairs in particular. The good-natured beam on his face expanded into a broad smile as his eye fell on Mark Freeman.

"Walk in, walk in, Mr. Freeman," he said noisily, and extending his hand, "you are quite a stranger. Come in and take a seat by the fire. All our little circle will be glad to welcome an old friend, I'm sure. Come in, come in."

Mark advanced to the foot of the table, and taking his stand there he rested one hand upon it, still clasping his boy's in the other.

"Thank you, Mr. Pryce, but I did not come to stop to-night, much obliged to you all the same. I've been a pretty reg'lar frequenter of this here bar, and take them altogether, I've been here a good many nights of the year, year in and year out; but I've come to-night to tell you that I've done with the 'Netherbury Arms,' and with you, Mr. Publican, for what's left of my life, and I've brought my boy with me to hear me say it, and I hope he won't forget it as long as he lives. You've got a Christmas tree here to-night, haven't you, Mr. Publican? and fine doings I've no doubt, going on upstairs; I saw the lights when I came in, and I can hear them dancing and cutting about overhead now; and my money, along with that of other poor fools has gone to pay for it. But your boy ain't the only one as has a Christmas tree in Netherbury to-night, Mr. Publican. My boy has one too, and please God he shall have a better one next year. I wish you good night, Mr. Publican," and turning on his heel, Mark Freeman strode out of the room.

Mark Freeman's old boon companions gazed at him in mute astonishment while he thus delivered himself; the landlord was stricken dumb; and Mark had crossed the threshold before any one among them recovered himself sufficiently to speak. He heard somebody

break into a loud guffaw as he closed the door, but little cared Mark for that!

Katie was lying back on her sofa, looking white and tired, but very happy, when Mark and Harry reached home.

"Well, my little lass," said Mark, gently, "and how have you enjoyed your Christmas?"

"Oh! so much, father," replied Katie, catching his hands between her own little frail ones. "I am so happy. I could die happy now but for one thing. It will be all lovely up in heaven, but I am glad I have had one such a beautiful Christmas down here first. I want only one thing more to make me quite happy."

"And what is that, my little lass?" questioned the father, kneeling down by the child's couch and looking somewhat anxiously into her white face.

"Oh! father," said the the child, tightening her hold on his hand, while a faint, nervous colour fluttered in her cheek, "I was thinking to-night how nice it would be if you could *always* stop at home with mother, and Harry, and me of a night; it does seem so *good* when you are here, you can't think. Could'nt you, father?" She finished off coaxingly, but a little nervously still.

"Aye, aye, my girl," said Mark; "please God I've given up going to the 'Netherbury Arms.' Publican Pryce shan't pay for no more Christmas trees out of my pocket; and please God I'll be a better father to you, and a better mate to your mother than I have been of late years."

"Oh! father," said Katie, with a little sob of excitement, while the tears streamed down Mrs. Freeman's face like rain, and Harry relieved his over-charged feelings by fondling the cat. I think everybody in the house had happy dreams that night.

* * * * * *

The Freemans have spent more than one happy Christmas since then. They have prospered greatly in worldly matters, too, since Mark gave up going to the "Netherbury Arms" and dropped acquaintance with Publican Pryce. They have now also the hope of dear Katie's partial, if not entire recovery, for "my lady" at the hall has sent a great physician from London to see her, and he has been able to ameliorate her condition very considerably. God bless them, and all others who have suffered, or are suffering beneath the chains of the pitiless god of alcohol.

Three Christmas Eves.

"It's got too late for Ted to go to school this afternoon, ain't it, mammy?"

The woman addressed stopped the whirl of her sewing machine for a moment, to look up at the clock.

"Yes, he won't have had his dinner in time. I can't think what he is staying out so late for,—he is generally so quick in going an errand."

The whirring began again, but the little girl was not satisfied.

"Mammy," she said, going to her side, "may I go down and meet Teddy."

Again was the work suspended, and the patient mother looked down sadly on her little one.

"No, Aggie darling—don't you know that it is very damp to-day? And you wouldn't like to get a bad cold for Christmas," would you?

"But I haven't been out for ever so many days! Shall I get some new boots for Christmas, mammy?"

"We shall see, dear."

Unsatisfactory reply, and poor little Aggie went back to the window rather gloomily. Her face grew brighter, however, as a step bounded up the long flight of stairs to their door, and a boy about twelve years of age ran in.

"Mammy!" he cried, "mammy, I've got a place!"

"Teddy!"

Eagerly the boy went on, explaining how he was to go to the grocer's shop down the village as errand boy, dwelling on the advantages it would afford him,—delighted at the opportunity of earning some money; but to his surprise his mother checked him.

"Ted, dear, I'm sorry you've set your heart upon it."

"Mother! why, It 'ud be so nice for us all!"

"Anywhere but there, Ted. We'll try to get you a place somewhere else, but not there."

"Why not, mother?"

"Because Mr. Bayter is not a good man,—I shouldn't like you to have anything to do with him."

And all Teddy's expostulation and persuasions were in vain, for his mother remained firm to her resolve. It was no light matter for the offer to be refused, for Mrs. Damin was a widow, and had herself and her two children to keep on the money she

gained by plain needlework. Their home was two small rooms at the top of the comfortable house which they had once occupied wholly.

Teddy was already a fair scholar, and he was longing to be at work, but his mother could not reconcile herself to the idea of his going to the place which had been offered him. Mr. Bayter was a gay kind of man, and rather a favourite with the children, but Mrs. Damin knew that he was not of a good character. He was far too fond of the intoxicating cup, and all worldly pleasure,—and not for worlds would she have her son taught to emulate his example. Although not a professed abstainer, she had never allowed her children to taste intoxicating drink, for she had seen a good deal of trouble through it.

So she stood firm for more than a fortnight, but then the offer was renewed, with more advantageous terms, Christmas being a busy season, and Ted being really a favourite with Mr. Bayter.

"You might let me go, mother," pleaded Ted, half crying with his eagerness, "you know I've got to leave school at Christmas, and a week won't make much difference. Then poor little Aggie hasn't got her shoes yet, and if you aren't able to get them, she'll have to be indoors all Christmas. O mammy, you *must* let me go!"

Then, for the first time, his mother began to waver. Things were going badly with her. The short days necessitated so much more expense, and less work, —and Mrs. Damin began, like her son, to think that it would be wrong to despise such an offer. For, after all, it did not follow that because Mr. Bayter liked drink, her son would learn to like it too, nor that he would contract any other pernicious habit, such as smoking and swearing.

So, after a short demur, Mrs. Damin reluctantly yielded,—and Ted ran off triumphant.

Christmas Eve came, and found Mrs. Damin at work as usual in her little room, where things did not look very cheerful, for the fire was small, and little Aggie was sitting close beside it, with a doleful face, trying hard not to cry. Her new boots were not bought yet, for the household expenses had taken all the money, and through a violent cold, Mrs. Damin had been unable to work much for more than a week.

Aggie was a brave child, and she knew it would pain her mother to see her cry, so she kept back the tears. She was sitting up for Teddy, but it got late and her head nodded drowsily, when at last his step was heard. He was in high spirits, and his cheeks and eyes were very bright. He ran over and kissed his little sister, and then sat down to take some supper, for which he did not stay at his master's. His mother stopped her work presently, and going up to him, laid her hand fondly on his shoulder, but as he turned up his face to speak to her, she started back.

"Teddy, have you taken any intoxicating drink to-day?"

The boy's eyes dropped, but the question could not be evaded.

"Only a little, mother. We were so busy, and I was so very hot and thirsty, and Mr. Bayter said it wouldn't do for me to drink water. I only had just one little glassful,—and I promise you, mother, I'll never take any again!"

The boy spoke earnestly, and his mother was fain to believe him, and to quiet her apprehensions with this assurance.

"Why, Aggie, what's the matter?" Teddy asked, as his little sister fairly broke down in something she was saying about the morrow. "Oh, is it your shoes? Don't cry about that, sissie,—we won't have a dull Christmas."

"You won't, but I shall!" sobbed the child, "now it's rained again, I shan't be able to go out,—not even to church." "Oh, we'll manage it somehow," answered her brother cheerfully, "you shall go to Church, even if I carry you on my back."

But though Aggie couldn't help laughing at the promise of such a novel ride to Church, she went to bed with rather a sorrowful heart. She was awakened the next morning by her brother's voice.

"Aggie, get up,—it's a glorious day!"

Aggie sprang out of bed, forgetting her troubles, and was already nearly dressed when Teddy ran in crying out "O Aggie, hurry up, you can't think what old Santa Claus has brought for you!"

Agnes ran out into the other room at once. There hung her little stocking by the chimney place,—bulging out with a few little trifling articles, but oh! there was something else too—a pair of new boots.

"You see," Ted said, as he watched her delight with no less joy—"the stocking wasn't quite big enough to hold 'em, so Mr. Santa Claus just took the trouble to tie 'em on outside."

Agnes laughed,—for she was old enough to have found out all the secrets of Santa Claus,—and how she hugged and kissed her mother and brother, and what a happy day they had, in spite of their poverty, and how proud Mrs. Damin was of her boy,—almost forgetting the shade of apprehension which his yesterday's "one little glass" had called up in her mind.

MOTHER, do go to bed, and let me sit up for Ted!" Thus pleaded Agnes Damin, now a tall girl of fifteen years, as she looked up for a moment from the fine needlework over which she bent. But the worn, weary woman who rocked herself backward and forward by the fireside, shook her head.

"No, no, my child! you go to bed. You need rest,—I don't feel as though I can ever get any again, unless my boy is saved. O Ted! and to think it was all my own fault!"

Agnes bent lower over her work,—she knew how useless any attempt would be to minister to that grief.

They were sitting in a small room in a town home, whither they had removed in order to get more work. Ted was a shopman now, or professed to be, for he had more than once been for weeks out of employment, dependent on the earnings of his mother and sister. For Ted, the loving son and brother of childhood, the manly boy,—had grown up into a wild, reckless young fellow now, and was squandering the days of his youth, and breaking his mother's heart.

"Agnes," said her mother suddenly,—"do you remember it was eight years ago when Ted first went to Mr. Bayter's? Eight years ago to-night he bought you those boots. He was a good boy then, —I was afraid for him, but oh! I never thought he would turn out so wild as this!"

A flood of tears burst forth, and the two wept together.

Ted's downfall had been rapid. Mr. Bayter's example and influence soon told upon him; he began to love the intoxicating cup, and to think it manly to smoke and swear. And to conceal these habits from his mother and sister, he was obliged to resort to a system of petty deceit,—and having once swerved from the habit of truth, it was easy to concoct his plans of deception,—and, encouraged by his master, Ted fell, step by step. Not until it was too late did Mrs. Damin perceive that her fears were verified. She hastened to remove Ted,—though with some difficulty, and great reluctance on his part,—from the stores, but it was already too late; the evil habits were acquired, and though, for a little time after their removal to the town he gave promise of being steadier, he soon fell in with gay companions, and grew worse and worse.

On this Christmas Eve, they were expecting him home from his work, where he had expected to be detained till late,—but as the hour of nine had passed, and he had not come, they concluded that he had gone straight away to some of his usual resorts, and Agnes was anticipating wearily the sad watch till the morning hours, which she was determined to share with her mother. Soon, however, they heard his step, and Agnes dried her tears, and rose to wait on him.

His swaggering air, and loose style of conversation told their own story, and he had taken enough intoxicants to render him irritable and unreasonable.

Agnes bore his fault findings submissively, for she still loved dearly this erring brother,—but alas! there was none of the tender affection and brotherly chivalry which had marked his conduct toward her eight years before.

It was dreadful to hear the oath with which he hailed some trifling mistake of hers. Then, for the first time the girl lifted her head, and ventured a remonstrance—a moment later, his hand descended in a heavy blow, and for the first time, he had struck his sister.

What a scene for a mother's eye to rest upon,—and on Christmas Eve!

AGAIN it was Christmas Eve, and Agnes and her mother sat together in the same room. Agnes was now a slender girl of twenty, but the quiet sadness of her manner was painful to see in one so young, and the shadow on her pale face told of anxiety and care. Her mother's face wore a look of premature age, and hopeless grief—for to them this festive night brought sad and bitter memories.

"No, I don't think he'll ever come back now," Agnes said sadly. "Oh mother, only think, it is five years ago to-night since he slept here! Oh, if we only knew where he is, and what he is doing, it wouldn't be quite so hard!"

So Ted had gone,—and the two who loved him still worked, and waited, sorrowing for the wandering one, not daring to hope for his return. On that Christmas Eve when we last saw him—when he dealt the blow that was remembered still, though long since forgiven,—he left his home; the next tidings they heard were that he had been arrested for assaulting a policeman. They hoped that this might prove a warning to him, and that on his release from prison he would be induced to give up the drink and reform his ways; but, alas! though contrition did touch the young man's heart,—though in those days of enforced abstinence his better nature did assert itself, and he resolved to "be a man," and fight against this foe, and regain his respectable position,—it needed but a few steps from the prison-

door,—and the tempter appeared again. A so-called 'friend" met him in the street—and shouting with joy at seeing him out again, invited him to "take a glass." Ted hesitated for a moment, but there were a few taunts, and he was conquered; his resolutions were shattered, his every prospect of reform blighted,—and those two watched and waited for the one who never came. Somehow, Ted couldn't bear to go home,—his situation was lost, and nothing but ruin seemed before him. And then, that fatal appetite, again revived, seemed to overpower him, and he was again led into crime—that of theft. This time he managed to escape, and fled with an accomplice to the thickest part of the great City, where his life was dragged out in misery and drunkenness, as untold numbers are, even now.

And on this Christmas Eve, that anniversary of the day when the deadly seed was planted,—that "one little glass,"—his heart-broken mother, and toil-worn prematurely grave sister, almost relinquished the last hope of seeing him again.

"Oh Agnes," Mrs. Damin moaned, as she raised her tear-stained face, "I feel as though I couldn't die without seeing my boy again. Only two,—and yet one has been ruined through my want of firmness! My poor children!"

"Hush!" And Agnes's pale face flushed,—there had come one feeble rap, and she moved toward the door. Some one else, however, was crossing the little hall to go out, and uttered such an exclamation of surprise that it brought most of the people of the house around him—but first were Agnes and her mother.

There, across the threshold, was stretched a man's form,—a man haggard and emaciated, with a few tattered rags hanging upon him, and a face scarred and bloated,—telling its own sad story. He had fallen down unconscious, and did not heed the wild cry which rang out into the street, and startled the passengers.

"Oh Ted, my son, my son!"

Yes, it was he—the wanderer. Tenderly they took him up, and carried him to the bed which for all these years had been kept awaiting him, by the toil of his dear ones, and then the sympathizing neighbours left him to the care of the loving ones,—and before long their care was rewarded by seeing him returning to consciousness. He was too weak and ill to tell them the mournful story of his life—but they guessed it only too well. And drink and want had done their work, and it was not for many weeks that they had to toil for their lost and found one. There was a short time of bitter mourning and deep suffering, hopeless repentance for a wasted life,—and then that life was ended.

Twenty-five short years, blasted and rendered worse than useless by the direful foe,—and one more death was added to the thousands killed by drink—two more mourners were left to bewail the fate of their dear one, and to curse the demon who was his death.

BIRDIE E. S.

Joe Muddlepate's Memorable Marriage.

BY M. A. PAULL (Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Step by Step," &c.)

CHARACTERS.

JOE MUDDLEPATE . . .	A Young Tradesman.
KATE HOPE . . .	A Young Lady affianced to Joe Muddlepate.
MR. HOPE	A Draper (KATE'S father).
MR. MUDDLEPATE. . .	A Merchant (JOE'S father).
MRS. MUDDLEPATE . .	JOE'S mother.
JAMES JOKER . . .	A Guard on the Great Undertaking Railway.
MR. JOLLY	A Farmer, Friend of the Hopes.
MINOR PERSONAGES . .	Visitors at MR. JOLLY'S Farm, Porter on the Railway, &c.

SCENE FIRST.

[*A walk by a river. Enter* JOE *and* KATE.]

JOE (*taking* KATE'S *hand as he walks*). "I wish you would trust me, Kate."

KATE. "So I do, Joe. But still, the p[illegible]dge is *such* a safeguard for a young man. I never intended marry any one who drank intoxicating liquors."

JOE. "As if any one who was so happy as to have you, darling, would be fool enough to care about drink, or anything *but* you."

KATE (*laughing*). "You think so now, Joe, but you won't always think so."

JOE. "When I don't, my pet, it will be time enough to talk about the pledge."

KATE. "Here we are at home, you'll come in for a little while, Joe, it isn't late."

JOE. "Of course I will."

Mr. HOPE (*within*). "Here's a letter for you, Kate. I should think you found it cold enough out of doors this time of night."

KATE. "Oh! it was beautiful, papa; there's a splendid moon (*takes the letter, opens and reads it*). Oh! Joe, it is from the Jollys, they invite me for a long visit, and they say you must come down for Christmas, it's very nice of them."

JOE. "Then you'll go, Kate."

KATE. "Of course I shall."

JOE (*pathetically*). "And leave me desolate."

KATE (*merrily*). "Oh! you'll have enough of me very soon; but mind, Joe (*in a whisper*), don't forget to be an abstainer while I'm away."

JOE (*sighing*). "Anything to please you, darling. But when shall you go?"

KATE (*musing aloud*). "Let me see, there are just five weeks to Christmas, if I go next week and stay a week or so after Christmas, that will give me a good long time, and Mary, I know, won't be satisfied with less. You'll be sure and come to me, for Christmas, Joe?"

JOE. "I should think so. Five weeks of purgatory to me, and five weeks of Paradise to you, Kate."

KATE (*laughing*). "You shall have plenty of Paradise by-and-bye, if Paradise and I are identical, Joe."

SCENE SECOND.

[FARMER JOLLY'S *great kitchen. Enter* JOE MUDDLEPATE *wrapped up, and* KATE.]

KATE. "Oh! I'm *so* glad to see you, Joe; what fun we shall have. Doesn't the room look pretty? with this splendid holly and mistletoe; we did the decorations yesterday, do admire them, because I did a great deal of it. You dear old fellow, it's ever so good to see you again."

JOE. "I can tell you it's ever so good to be seen. Smuggleton isn't the same place without you, it's been awfully dismal since you left. But here's a nuisance, Kate, all the tradesmen have decided to open the day after Christmas, after all their boasted generosity, and as I had given Tom his holiday before I knew, I shall have to go back myself to-morrow night after supper by the train that reaches home between three and four."

KATE. "That *is* teasing, why I quite reckoned upon having you the day after Christmas Day at any rate, if not longer; how mean of those Smuggleton tradesmen. However, I shan't be long after you in coming back, so comfort yourself. And now get ready, the people will be coming soon for to-night, and this evening and to-morrow as well, we are to have no end of fun, games, and forfeits, and such suppers; do take care at supper time, Joe, especially to-morrow, there's to be *such* a great bowl of punch; and brandy in the pudding, of course. Mrs. Jolly made me a little one without when she found I would not even *eat* intoxicating *drinks*. Oh, when will the world be teetotal?"

JOE (*grandiloquently*). "NEVER at Christmas time, my dear; a little jollity is excusable once a year."

KATE. "Oh Joe. Now, don't let me be disappointed in you. Do take care not to exceed moderation, at any rate."

JOE. "Of course, of course, Kate, I'm the most moderate of men. And besides, are you not here yourself to take care of me? Of course I shall be all right."

SCENE THIRD.

[*Same room next night. Enter* VISITORS, MR. JOLLY, KATE, JOE, &c.]

KATE. "A forfeit, sir, a forfeit, you missed."

JOE. "Yes, sir, you missed."

Mr. JOLLY. "Let's dress up and have charades now."

1ST VISITOR. "And then after them, blind man's buff."

2ND VISITOR. "What word shall we play?"

Mr. JOLLY (*later*). "Sorry to interrupt your sport, my friends, but supper's ready. Now then, good people, eat as much and drink as much as you like, the more the better. I'm glad to see my friends and neighbours, and wish them all a merry Christmas and plenty of pudding and punch. Mr. Muddlepate, you're the greatest stranger, your very good health, sir, come, sir, you were too abstemious last night, I'll not let you off again this evening."

JOE (*smiling*). "Thank you very much, sir, your good health, sir." (*Drinks.*)

1ST VISITOR. "Mr. Muddlepate, let me drink with you."

2ND VISITOR. "Mr. Muddlepate, your health, sir."

3RD VISITOR. "Mr. Muddlepate, your very good health, sir."

KATE (*later*). "Joe, you MUST go, your train will be off without you."

JOE. "My dear, I'm too happy here to leave you."

KATE. "You MUST go, make haste, Joe (*in a whisper*), I am ashamed of you, you're half drunk."

JOE. "My dear Kate, I'm not drunk, 'tis only the plum-pudding."

KATE (*aside*). "'Tis the punch, Joe. (*Aloud*) Make haste, Joe, or you really will be too late."

Mr. JOLLY. "Why can't he stay?"

KATE. "He must be back to business, sir, to-morrow."

1ST VISITOR. "I'll take him to the station. He can't walk, but there's the cab that brought out Mr. and Mrs. Thacker; the fellow will go and be back again in time for them. Come along, Mr. Muddlepate."

JOE. "I don't want to go."

VISITOR. "No, but you have to, come on. Here is the cab, get in, Mr. Muddlepate. Now then, drive off, John."

KATE (*calling after them*). "Take care of yourself, Joe."

VISITOR (*sotto voce*). "He has no sense to do that."

[*Exit* VISITOR *and* JOE.]

SCENE FOURTH.

[*Station on the Great Undertaking Railway. Enter* JAMES JOKER, GUARD, *with* VISITOR *and* JOE.]

JOKER. "This way, sirs, this way."

VISITOR. "Take care of him, guard, I'll get his ticket."

JOKER. "Where's he going, sir."

VISITOR. "To Smuggleton; you take care of him, he's drunk."

JOKER. "Christmas-time, sir, drunkenness very infectious at this season, sir."

VISITOR. "Here, Mr. Muddlepate, here's your ticket, look alive, get in, you'll be better by the time you get home. Off you go, pleasant journey, old fellow, merry Christmas!"

JOE (*Snoring within.*)

JOKER. "He's off, sir, already, to the land of Nod."

VISITOR. "So much the better, there, my man, take care of him."

[*Exit* VISITOR.]

[*A station on the journey.* JOE MUDDLEPATE *half asleep. Station bell rings.* "*Wedding bells, sweet wedding bells.*"]

JOKER (*looking in*). "What's up now?"

JOE. "I will; the sweet, I will. Wilt thou have this woman?"

JOKER. "He's going through the marriage ceremony. He's dreaming, and no mistake."

[*Bustle of passengers outside.*]

JOE (*muttering*). "Avaunt, ye crowds, permit me to advance and take my darling Kate from the altar to the vestry, from the vestry to her carriage. Behold the white favours dancing in the breeze (*station bell rings*). Sweet wedding bells. And we are married, Kate, my dear, we are married."

JOKER (*aside*). "I should like to see the bride *in propria persona* as the Latins say, that is, *in proper personage*, in my English barbarian tongue."

[*Train starts again and arrives at Smuggleton.*]

JOKER. "Tickets! Tickets!"

JOE (*rousing, rubbing his eyes and utterly confused*). "I am accused of an atrocious crime which I never would commit, namely, wife desertion, which I never for one moment contemplated. To say that I loved my sweet wife to distraction, to say that for her dear sake I would forswear the intoxicating cup——"

JOKER. "Ticket, sir."

JOE. "I a ticket-of-leave man? I arrested by the servant of the state for basely deserting my adored Kate? I deny the foul accusation."

JOKER. "Ticket, sir."

PORTER (*advancing*). "Let me light him up. (*Turns his lamp on him.*) Get out, sir, you're drunk, sir, you've no business in, sir. Ticket, sir."

JOE (*sobbing*). "I drunk? I, *no business?* Why I'm a grocer in Smuggleton, as every one may know. *I* a ticket-of-leave man, who has deserted the dearest and best wife that ever breathed, you know nothing about me, ye cruel base instruments of a tyrannical and overgrown legal system, that has its roots imbedded in the great and glorious bulwark of English liberty, the Magna Charta of King Harry the Eighth."

JOKER. "Where is your wife, sir; Here's your ticket, sir, in your hat, sir, so you've proved to be a ticket-of-leave man, sir (*aside*), who has a ticket to give him leave to travel by the Great Undertaking Railway."

PORTER. "Now, sir, please get out, we can't be trifled with, go home to your wife and family sir."

JOE (*in the street alone, soliloquises*). "I see it all now, this great white moon stares at me; in

fact most things stare at me; I am indeed an injured man. Jealous of my wondrous power to control my actions, a power for which I was most delightfully and singularly remarkable, they set the giant punch bowl before me and demanded I would drink. I, in the full blaze (no blast) of joy, hearing by instinct the marriage bells, which smote so sweetly on my ears this morn. But ah! let me reflect; *does* anything ever *smite* sweetly. Has my grammar, in the lapse of ages become slightly defective? For the honour of Lindley Murray, the great Grecian bard, let us hope not. To return. Let me once more reflect, man is a reflective being. My cruel father-in-law, bigotted in his teetotalism, a bigot, a heretic, that is it, a heretical teetotaler, unwilling to spare my beloved Kate from his parental roof, withholds her from my arms, married, legally, undoubtedly married, that we are. I will away and claim my blushing bride. 'Tis early morning, the fair round sun shines in the heavens, yet it is not light, a strange phenomenon. Had it been night, I should even have said, judging by appearances, this was the moon. Hasten my eager footsteps, haste ye on, and claim the lovely Catherine for thy own. This is the door of her relentless father's abode, the cruel parent who took my wife from my arms. Would that by one fell blow, I could lay that door prostrate upon the threshold. I will knock." (*Knocks.*)

Mr. HOPE (*opening*). "Hullo, Joe, you here this time of night? What's the matter? Come in, we're just breaking up our Christmas party, here are your mother and father, sisters and brothers inside, we've kept it up late, you see, and several visitors we have besides, they were just coming out to go home when you knocked, walk in, Joe. I didn't think you'd get back by the 3.30; what time did you have to leave Mr. Jolly's?"

JOE (*doggedly*). "I want my wife."

Mr. HOPE (*surprised*). "Bless my heart, what's the matter with you, Joe."

JOE (*persistently*). "I want my wife, I'm come for my wife."

Mr. HOPE. "Your wife! You haven't got a wife yet. How is Kate."

JOE (*angrily*). "I want my wife, I say, I'm come here to have my wife."

Mr. HOPE (*gravely*). "Come in, come in, Joe, you're drunk, Joe, you are not married, what's come to you."

JOE (*excitedly*). "I want my wife, I will have my wife, give me my wife; you *shall* let me have my wife."

Mr. HOPE (*aloua*). "Mr. Muddlepate, you're wanted."

Mr. MUDDLEPATE. "What's this, Joe? What has happened, Joe? Why you're drunk, Joe."

JOE. "You *shall* let me have my wife. I tell you I won't go away without my wife."

Mr. MUDDLEPATE. "Ha! ha! ha! Why Joe, Kate is at Mr. Jolly's, what are you dreaming about, Joe?"

JOE. "I will have my wife, I will have my wife."

Mr. HOPE. "What's come to him, is he drunk or mad?"

Mrs. MUDDLEPATE (*hurrying out followed by visitors and crying*). "Oh! my poor dear Joe, what *is* the matter? What *have* they done to you?"

Mr. HOPE. "Let's get him to bed, Mr. Muddlepate. He's drunk, sir, he's drunk, he has disgraced himself and me, and no drunkard, I can tell him, shall marry my daughter."

Mrs. MUDDLEPATE. "Oh! you cruel man to say he's drunk, something has happened, there's been some accident, there always are accidents on the railways at Christmas. He's gone mad, Joe, dear Joe, what has happened?"

JOE (*doggedly*). "I'm an injured man."

Mrs. MUDDLEPATE. "There! I knew it was that. I know you are, dear; injured poor fellow, is it your leg or spine?"

Mr. HOPE. "Brain, madam, injured by alcohol."

Mrs. MUDDLEPATE. "Joe, speak, my dear son, what is the matter?"

JOE. "I want my wife."

Mrs. MUDDLEPATE. "Why, my dear boy, you are not married yet, oh! how he must be suffering to talk like this."

Mr. MUDDLEPATE and Mr. HOPE (*both speaking*) "Let us get him to bed at once, he's drunk, foolish fellow, he's drunk."

Mrs. MUDDLEPATE. "He's injured, poor dear fellow, he's injured."

[*Exit all.*]

SCENE FIFTH.

[*Room in* Mr. HOPE'S *house,* JOE *and* KATE *within.*]

KATE (*indignantly.*) "I'm so ashamed of you, Joe, I feel as if I could NEVER have anything more to do with, or say to you. *You* keep yourself sober, and then go and make yourself the laugh-

ing stock of the whole town, and about me too. I'm ashamed of you, Joe Muddlepate, and I've only too good reason to be. The idea of you getting drunk, and dreaming you were married to me, and coming here, and claiming me before all those people, the Proseys who have never done gossiping over a story when they once begin, and the Sparks who run round the town, telling a little bit here, and a little bit there, and the Blights who injure everybody they can. And no wonder if they injure you, they can't injure you as much as you've injured yourself. Oh! Joe, you have *so* disappointed me. And then what must my brothers and sisters and your brothers and sisters say and think of us? Oh! it *is* humbling, and what's a great deal worse than my pride being humbled, is the terrible *sin* of it. It's *wicked* to get drunk, Joe, it's a sin against God. (*A pause.*) I can't have anything to say to you unless you give up the drink, and become a thorough-going teetotaler. There, Joe, now I've done. It's for you to choose between intoxicating drinks and no Kate, or Kate and no intoxicating drinks."

JOE. "You are determined to humble me now, Kate, but alas! I feel I deserve you should be angry with me, I'm a fool."

KATE. "Not a bit of it. As to humbling you, nay Joe, I would exalt you; do you suppose it possible for teetotalism to humble you as you humbled yourself by your foolish ridiculous conduct after the punch on Christmas night. I have suffered more than I like to think about, and if I have had to endure so much before marriage from your sin, what might I not expect if my fate were altogether linked with yours? You indulged so freely in that horrid punch, Joe, that I dreaded what you would do after it, and then to think of you slowly reeling through Smuggleton streets, and making such an extraordinary fuss at this house. Oh! Joe." (*Kate cries.*)

JOE (*hides his face in his hands, and is silent*).

KATE (*lifting up her head again and wiping away her tears*). "You know I love you too, Joe."

JOE (*jumping from his seat and going to her*). "You DO? you blessed kindhearted girl, I thought that vile punch had washed away all the love."

KATE (*blushing*). "Well, at any rate, I *used* to love you so much, Joe, and I think I *could* love you again, if——"

JOE (*interrupting her triumphantly*). "You DO love me, Kate, you said so."

KATE (*very seriously*). "Yes, *but I won't marry a man I can't respect.* And I couldn't respect a drinker, much less a drunkard, Joe, I made a mistake in not insisting on your signing the pledge before I promised to be yours. Had I done so how much happier we should be now, for I believe you love me well enough to do that for me, had I been firmer."

JOE. "I'll sign to-day at any rate, and the wedding may be next month as proposed. You'll agree to that, Kate?"

KATE. "No, my dear Joe. I'm determined that you shall wait one year as penance for your transgression, and then if you spend next Christmas teetotally, we will very soon celebrate, in a far happier way than in your dream, that which I think after what has happened, may very fairly be called, *Joe Muddlepate's Memorable Marriage.*"

JOE. "Your penance is a frightful one, Kate, but whilst you are the most tyrannical, you are at the same time the dearest of women, so I must accept my hard fate."

KATE (*mischievously*). "Be thankful, sir, it is not any harder (*gravely*). Now, here is the Smuggleton Pledge book, I got it from papa this morning on purpose for you to sign, and I will sign again with you. May God help us both to keep, all our lives long, this wise and Christian promise."

JOE. "Amen!" (*Both Sign.*)

A Word to the Boys.

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys:
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys:
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys.
The man gentle in mein,
Words and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

Life is Earnest.

LONGFELLOW. J. G. CALLCOTT.

mf Moderato. *p* *mf*

Life is re - al, life is ear - nest, And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou

mf *p*

art, to dust re - turn - est, Was not spoken of the soul. Not en - joyment, and not

mf *cres.*

sor- row, Is our des-tined end . . or way; But to act, that each to - mor - row

f *dim. e rit.*

Finds us far-ther than to - day, . . Finds us far - ther than to - day.

2 Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
Lives of good men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

3 Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

A Christmas Hymn.

RING out ye bells of Christmas, a joyous, joyous chime;
Wake all earth's sleeping nations to hail the blessed time;
Let hills and vales re-echo the angels' song again,
Ring out the glorious tidings, "Peace and good will to men!"

Call mourners in their sorrow; call age bowed down with care;
Call childhood, happy childhood; call toilers everywhere;
Call erring wanderers homeward to Him who died for them;
Bid all come to the manger of Christ of Bethlehem.

Ring out ye bells of Christmas! we too our offering bring,
We, like Judea's shepherds, may hear the angels sing;
Along the lengthened ages the chorus sweet is rolled—
We lay beside His cradle our frankincense and gold.

O great, glad world, rejoicing in such a love sublime,
Speed on thy mighty journey adown the path of Time!
Ring out ye bells of Christmas, till hills resound again,
Peal out the glorious tidings, "Peace and good will to men!"

Christmas at Grandpa's.

WHEN Christmas morning wakes from sleep,
We bid our Heavenly Father keep
Our loved ones all—in His kindly care—
Till we gather again at evening prayer;
Then "merrily, merrily, merrily ho!"
We sing till our cheeks are all aglow,
And round our grandpa's easy-chair,
In hand and heart our love we hear.

"Merrily, merrily, merrily ho!"
The hours glide by as round we go,
In the house where grandpa sits at ease
And tries his loving ones to please—
Though his locks of grey, and his wrinkled brow,
All tell of the years that are passing now.

The clock strikes nine, and now we lay,
Our fairest wreaths o'er the locks of grey,
While fond caresses plainly tell
Our grandpa that we love him well;
And the gifts we leave and bear away
Are tokens of grandpa's holiday.

Good-night, grandpa!
Good-night, good-night.

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

"ONE SAVED!"

By the Author of "Miss Margaret's Stories."

A DRIPPING wet afternoon in June is a terrible trial to young people in general. To young folks in the country, it seems something like an affront direct from nature to be shut up in close flower-scented rooms, watching a steady down-pour soak lawn and paths, and wash the velvety glory off one's favourite roses. If work or books or toys fail in such an hour, grumbles have occasionally been

known to grow out of nothing at all, and various forms of juvenile fidgets lengthen out the tedious hour and distract the unlucky guardian of school-room or nursery.

Such an afternoon, with such weariness and such a climax, was more than half over in the big south room at Newton Rectory, over which Nurse held dominion. The two little girls, Mab and Trottie, had finished learning next day's lessons, had bemoaned the wet out-look through every note of their most plaintive scale, had found an excellent reason for discarding every indoor game, and apparently an equally excellent recipe for teasing each other elaborately. For which unlucky state of affairs that depressing drip, drip, drip of the summer rain must have been answerable, as quarrelling was an accomplishment rarely exercised between those two, so rarely that Nurse was quite perplexed at the unusual naughtiness, and had no acquired skill in turning aside the threatened rupture between the little maidens.

Luckily interruption was at hand.

A quick step sounded along the passage, jumped the three stairs that led to the nursery, the door opened, and Dorothea, the elder sister of fourteen, appeared.

Instantly a discordant duet was opened upon her.

"Oh, Dora, Mab does nothing but hum that horrid piece she's learning. She won't leave off when I ask her. *Do* tell her to stop."

"Dorothea, Trottie won't lend me any of her books, because she says I don't put them up properly. Tell her to lend me 'Alice in Wonderland,' will you?"

"You've made my head ache ever so much with all that dum, dum, dumming, and you don't deserve the book, Mab."

"Well, if you won't play sensibly, I must amuse myself somehow. *Dorothea* won't mind my singing."

"Oh, now for shame to tell tales of each other like that. Don't be so cross, now don't," put in Nurse imploringly, and Dorothea closing the door as she came forward, repeated, "No, please, darlings, don't *you* be cross," in a voice from which Nurse instantly inferred matters had not been going smoothly altogether with her eldest young lady.

"Is anything amiss, my dearie?" said she, with the freedom of one who, after fifteen years' faithful service, was more friend than servant to the children. "Does *your* head ache, or have you been stooping over your drawing long? Something's made your face red enough."

"Yes, Nurse, I know it, but its not my drawing," exclaimed Dorothea more impetuously than she usually spoke. "It was Maria; oh Nurse she *is* so rude to me," and spite of the dignity of her years, Dorothea's tears welled up and overflowed.

Nurse's indignation was up in a moment. The little girls felt themselves sympathetically insulted, and forgot their own troubles as they hung about their aggrieved sister enquiring about hers.

"Oh, it is not so very much," stammered Dorothea, not at all liking her *role* of tale-teller, "but no one else is ever impertinent to me, and I don't like it."

"And how was she, Dora? I'll tell papa," said Mab, decidedly.

"No, that you must not, please," implored her sister, "it might only worry him more, Maria said it would. I just went to her pantry to remind her that papa would be home to tea a little earlier to-night, and found her just putting something in a basket, and getting ready to start off walking to Halesbury. So I said it would be much too wet for her to walk, and had Aunt Grace given her leave to go, and I didn't think Auntie would like it. And then, then—"

"Then she came out with some piece of impudence I expect," said Nurse, with whom Maria was no favourite.

"Well, she said, if Auntie didn't like it, she must lump it, and she shouldn't stand a child like me interfering with her. And I never meant to be interfering. I only thought four miles was too far for her to walk in the wet," said Dorothea pathetically, desirous of clearing herself from the unpleasant imputation. "But I'm afraid," she honestly added,

"that made me cross, for I said if she spoke in that manner, I should be obliged to tell Auntie, and I didn't wish to get her into trouble. And then—"

Dorothea stopped short, colouring up more than ever.

"And then?" questioned her hearers.

"She said," went on the child, slowly gazing up at Nurse with a puzzled, enquiring glance, "she said, oh, Auntie was the last person in the world she was afraid of! And Mr. Reginald Arden knew better than to scold her or stop her either if she'd a fancy to go to Halesbury. And if Auntie wanted to know what she'd gone for, I might say, 'to put some money in the savings' bank.' But she spoke so queerly, Nurse, I ran away for fear I should speak as I ought not to her."

And again the honest grey eyes looked very questioningly up. But Nurse rather avoided meeting them, though she, too, looked troubled. The little girls broke into complaints of Maria's crossness on various occasions. The rain dashed miserably upon the window-panes, and the little group seemed drifting off into melancholy spirits, when Nurse roused herself, declaring this sort of thing would never do, they must set about some work, everyone of them, or they might all fall out, and do each other a mischief.

"We'll all work if Dorothea will tell us a tale," promised Trottie.

"Or, oh Nurse, do *you* tell us a tale," eagerly broke in Mab, "that one you promised the other day, don't you remember, when I told you Maria's head ached, and she said if she was at home she should get three penn'orth of brandy, and have some weak brandy-and-water to make her well? You shook your head, and said you could tell us what came of such cures. Do you recollect? Tell us now. Do!"

Even Dorothea smiled at the prospect. Nurse's tales had not lost their charms for her.

"Do please," she echoed, taking from her own particular drawer the slippers she was stitching at for her father; and Nurse, thus pressed, pondered silently as she hunted up employment for the little ones out of her big work-basket, and at last, settling herself in her own rocking-chair, stocking on hand as usual, began.

"I said I'd tell you what came of such cures, did I? Well, I've often thought I would because I've often seemed to feel as if the story belonged to you like, to you three, and good might come of your knowing it. So now you shall hear. I'm not the least afraid you'll go talking of it to anyone else. I know you won't if I say I don't want you to—" (a gentle chorus of interruption, "No, Nursie, that we won't") "for it isn't everyone you can tell about yourself to. And my tale is about myself. When I was young and—wicked."

Dorothea looked up, and leant over to stroke her Nurse's hand. Her quick sympathy caught the ring of pain in those last words. Mab and Trottie sent covert glances of excitement at each other. This was something new. Nurse's tales about her youthful days, were always charming but to have her wicked too was an additional charm. They hoped it wasn't wrong, but greatly enjoyed the prospect of hearing about *Nurse* ever having been naughty.

"I've told you many times, my dears, about when I lived up in Suffolk, with my father and mother, and how I lost them when I was only sixteen, and went to service at Bury St. Edmunds, and got on comfortable enough only the place was too hard for me, so I had to leave and get a lighter one, and then's when my ill doings began.

"I used to have headaches, wonderful bad ones, and my mistress, who was as kind a lady as I'd ever seen, asked her own doctor what would do me good. And the gentleman said I'd been overworked before I'd done growing, and I wanted good food, and a little wine, or spirits every day. Wine mostly, spirits when my head came bad. At first I didn't seem to take to them, because you see I'd never been used to them at home. We'd had enough to buy food there, but nothing to spare for drink, and in my first

place a little beer was the most we ever got. But now mistress persuaded me to take what she gave me, just as medicine like, and said I should soon get over dislikin' it. And so I did!

"I hadn't had my glass of wine not a fortnight, before I began to wish it was double as much. Very soon I got to long for three o'clock to come, when I always had it after I'd cleared away mistress's dinner things, and one day I told her, and true enough I meant it, I didn't believe I could get through my morning's sweepin' and cleanin' about, if it hadn't been for knowin' I should have my glass of wine when my work was over. And mistress seemed so pleased, and said, 'There Bessie, now you see what good it does you!' And I thought it did too, nothin' but good. With that to look forward to I didn't mind how much I had to do, and I used to reckon of my hardest sweeping and scrubbing days, because the stooping made my head ache for certain, and then my eyes 'd look bad, and then mistress would be sure to give me a glass of hot spirits and water before I went off to bed.

"I *know* she never meant no harm, but she did it all the same. In my bad days that came afterwards I used to wish from the bottom of my heart I'd never set foot in that kind lady's house, and wonder whether the drink of all sorts she used to give away to ill people and to poor people, did any of them as much mischief as it did me. But as for me, it put a taste into me that grew as fast as mint on a 'sparagus bed'—(Nurse didn't go far for her similes!)—and I soon felt it would be easier for me to give up my bread than my drink.

"But I dursn't say so when the doctor called, and saw me one day after I'd been six months with this Mrs. Grey.

"'Come, come,' said he, 'we're cured now, I think. We're strong and hearty enough I fancy to leave off our wine. And a very good missus you've had, my girl,' he says, 'to grudge neither money nor kindness to cure you. Now you must stop and work for her till you get a home of your own.'

"And so I wanted, and wished, and meant to. But I didn't seem to have a bit of will of my own left. Day and night I used to long for that drink I'd been having so long, and 'stead of being grateful for what she meant to be goodness, I used to think her cruel for cuttin' me off what she always took herself, regular, though I don't think she'd ever any headaches.

"I bore it as long as I could, and then my dears, I did what I'd no business to, I helped myself. Ah, you may well say 'Oh,' Miss Mab, that was the beginning of misery enough to me, and yet I seemed right drove into it by the awful cravin' that was in me, that wouldn't be content with nothin' but drink.

"The best of food wouldn't take its place. I hated the sight of it till I'd got a taste of somethin' else in my mouth. Mornin' after mornin' I've slipped the sideboard lock and taken all I dared, a little of one sort and a little of another, out of any bottle I found, and then felt I could work on, cheerful, the whole day through without takin' a mite of nothin' solid.

"But the little I got so didn't content me long. I wanted it of a night as well as of a mornin'. 'The medicine that had cured me' was gettin' master of me now, and I took so shamelessly that I got found out.—"

It was all over a long, long time ago, but Nurse's face was very downcast as she made her confession. The little girls looked at her pityingly, and Dorothea's heart ached over the story she half wished had not been begun.

"Found out," she repeated, letting her work fall upon her knees, "and then I was sent away, and called ungrateful, and dishonest, and bad-hearted. All of which I was, sure enough, but it was a new sort of character for me to turn out with, and though I don't want to find excuses for myself, yet I *had* had some tutorin' in my first steps down!

"I was eighteen then, and for six or seven years I went here and there in nigh twice as many places. Poor ones mostly, for it soon got known what I was given to, and good houses didn't care to have me, though every missus I left said I could work well, and would

make a good servant, if it wasn't for the drink. Every fresh place I went to I thought I'd give it up. Every single time it got the better of me sooner or later, and at last I couldn't get a place to have me at all, so I went back to my old home, to see if a brother I had there, married and settled, would take me in for a bit.

"He was good to me 'was James. He'd let me stop in his house and help his wife, as long, he said, as I'd behave myself. And I knew what that meant, and tried my very hardest to keep out of trouble. He only took his beer at his meals and had nothin' at home, so I couldn't get more than was good for me out of his pocket, and I'd scarcely a penny piece to buy a drop for myself. But before I'd been with him three weeks I got so restless, I felt I'd go back to a town and beg in the streets sooner than not have money to buy what I craved after. And I might have done that perhaps if something else hadn't happened just then."

"What was it?" asked Trottie impatiently, for Nurse had paused.

"Why, my dears, I got married to an old sweetheart, who put more trust in me than I deserved, and believed me when I promised him I'd never have anything to do with drink again. He was only a labourer like my brother, but he was fifty times too good for such as me. It was a sorry home I kept for him the fifteen months we lived together, for my old ways came over me with a rush as soon as I had the fingering of his wages, and my promises seemed as clean gone as the breath I'd spoke them with.

"When a woman takes to drink, you see, my dears, her word's just good for nothing. Fifteen months and then my poor master was dead, killed, falling off a load of hay, and I'd never a chance of turning round and doing well by him as I was always meaning to, thinking I'd sure to be able to change my ways some day, poor silly woman that I was. I sobered for a bit after that, and shut myself up with my one baby, saying to myself by the time he grew big I'd have given up drink altogether, but I didn't give it up straight off, and before many weeks were over it got tight hold of me again.

"Nigh all I earned with my needle went to the 'Grapes Inn.' My little one was—well, poisoned I suppose, though I didn't see it so then. He wasted and wasted and drooped, and then by harvest time he followed his father, and I was all alone again."

"Don't go on, Nurse," begged Dorothea, kneeling by her side, "its all so sad. Why should you tell us and make yourself unhappy?"

But Nurse shook her head. "The end belongs to you," she answered, "I won't be long telling it."

"Well, after that harvest I went back into the town, and tried to get my living by going out by the week or month, just where a servant was wanted for a little while, but wherever I stayed longest, there I was least recommended. I was sure to let my weakness get the better of me.

"'Its no use, Mrs. Scott,' said the mistress of a registry office I went to one day, 'its no use you coming to me. The ladies that ask me for servants want trusty ones, respectable ones. You know you won't suit them, Mrs. Scott, you needn't come here any more.'

"I was getting very desperate. I remember that day. It was my baby's birthday, and when I got up that mornin' I remembered the year before when he'd first been put in my arms, and I laid thinkin' how good I meant to be for his sake. And now he was gone. I'd lost him in this world, and the way I was goin' there seemed small chance I should be fit to meet him in another. And *yet* I couldn't change! His little white face seemed to be lookin' at me wherever I turned my eyes. I suppose I was weak. I was very wretched, half-starved, for I'd had no drink that mornin', and ready to be knocked down with a hard word. Anyways when the hard words that I well deserved were spoken, I didn't know how to bear them.

"I wasn't trusty, I wasn't respectable, but, oh, I was so miserable. I just dropped into a seat, and threw my old shawl over my face and broke out crying bitterly. I wasn't got

to be so bad, you see, that I didn't understand my own badness, and when I thought of myself as I was, and as I might have been, and minded the sunshiny day out of doors, and the lots of happiness and friendliness that seemed all about for everyone except me, the feelin' crept over me that I'd be better away from it all, and as soon as it came dark I'd have a good strong drink to put some spirit into me, and then go outside the town, and slip off the river bank, into the cold water and so end my troubles.

"While the thought was on me, I heard someone speaking, first to me, but I couldn't answer; then to Mrs. Wells, the office-keeper, askin' about me, who I was, and what was the matter.

"While Mrs. Wells was tellin' of me, I heard her say I was clever at all manner of work, and willin' and honest in everything except drink. I dried my eyes, and quieted, and looked up. And then, my dears, I saw your mother.

"I didn't think she was married. She looked so young, with a sweet kind face, better than pretty, that might have belonged to a child, except it looked so steady and grave.

"She listened to all Mrs. Wells said, never takin' her eyes off me, till I felt so guilty and shame-stricken, that such a good gentle young creature should hear of my ill-doings, that I got up, and would have crept out of the room without another word, only she stopped me.

"Stopped me; puttin' her white little hand —ah, my dears, it hadn't known as much work then as it did afterwards—puttin' her hand on my arm, and she said, oh, so earnest, 'Would you like to try once again? Don't you think you may do better if you try once more?' I could only shake my head. It sounded easy to say 'try,' but where was I going to try. 'Who'd have me?' said I, sort of sobbin'. 'I will,' said she, 'if my husband does not mind, and I'm sure he won't. Who knows, Mrs. Wells,' said she, 'I may have been sent here, just when I was wanted. I hope it may be so.'

"And it was so, my dears, for certain, though I could hardly believe it then.

"Mrs. Wells didn't seem half to like my going. She kept saying over and over again that she'd warned the lady, and whatever happened *she* couldn't be called to account; but your mother only smiled at her, and said with her I shouldn't be tempted much, for though they did not call themselves teetotalers, very seldom was drink to be found in their house, and try me she would if I was willing to go.

"So I went, and seemed nearer to my old safe ways than I'd been since I was a girl. There was no servant but me, and lady though she'd been brought up, as anyone could see, your mother wasn't above sharin' the work with me on busy days, and talkin' to me of an evenin' and findin' me books to read, and doin' everything she could think of to make me happy, and such constant care she kept over me, without lecturin' or preachin' at me, that for seven long weeks I never tasted a drop of strong drink, and the blackest of my sorrows seemed to have come and ended that day at the register-office.

"But one summer morning—I recollect it as if it was yesterday—things seemed likely to alter.

"Your mother was none so well. She had fainted after breakfast, and when your papa went out to the church where he was curate, I heard him say, 'I shall bring Dr. Percival back with me, Margaret,' and so he did, and I was in the room bathing your mother's head with vinegar and water when they came in.

"'Don't go,' he said to me, setting hisself down by the sofa, 'keep on attending to your mistress,' and he then asked all sorts of questions, said something about slight weakness of the heart, and told your papa he must give Mrs. Arden a little brandy and water whenever the faintness came on. Your mother said 'Oh, no, no,' but the doctor just nodded at your papa over the sofa, and said, 'Do as I tell you! You're not teetotallers, are you?' and then bade your mamma good-bye, and walked off arm-

in-arm with your papa, talkin' and persuadin' him, as I could see, when they went past the window.

"Your mother was too sadly to be much with me through that day, and I was glad to do my work alone.

"I should have been frightened to have her with me. I felt as though my very face must look different, must tell tales of what I was thinking. And what I was thinkin' was this. 'It's comin'! I shall get a taste of it to-night. Only a little. I'll never take enough to get sent away from here. But I shall taste it, taste it, *taste* it again!' and I felt my eyes regularly gleam at the thought.

"I wanted no dinner. I took no tea. I worked and slaved about. I did double the work I needed. I slipped in and out of your mother's dark room, and waited on her, and cooked up little dainties for her, and helped her early up to bed, and then went and sat in my kitchen alone, with my heart goin' like a bell, wonderin' when my first chance would come of gettin' the flavour of liquor in my mouth once more.

"I hadn't to wait long.

"Soon after nine your papa came down; he'd been writin' in your mother's room.

"'Bessie,' he said, 'fetch me a little fresh cold water. Your mistress is faint again.'

"I took the water. Heard him as I shut the door draw a cork from a bottle he brought home at dinner time. Heard the little bubble, bubble, that the brandy made running out, and it sounded like music to me. Then heard him lock the chiffonier door before he called to me that he should want nothing more that night, and I needn't sit up.

"I knew he'd wait to hear me upstairs, so up I went, but only to stand by my window, and stare out at the grey sky, and wonder when it would be safe, when I should dare to go down and help myself to what I was thirsting for.

"I think there must have been a good angel and a bad one wrestling over me that night, my dears. Crazy as I was for the drink, I couldn't summon courage to go down stairs to it. Again and again my hand was on the door latch; again and again something seemed to pull me back. I was sick and feverish with hunger and this horrid craving. All my old pangs and torments seemed coming back upon me, and yet it was not till morning had dawned that I drove back all my better will, and screwed myself up to the pitch I wanted.

"Then leaving my shoes behind me, I went softly down at last, as cold as a stone, and shakin' all over, till I fancied I made the very boards creak double to what they ever did before.

"Once down I lost no more time. The little chiffonier lock was easy slipped back—the brandy was there! I was so mad for a moment, the wonder is, I ever waited to pour it in a glass, but your papa had left the one he measured with it upon the table. I caught it up, filled it, and had it to my very lips, my face all burnin' with pleasure, when I lifted my eyes a moment, and the glass fell to my feet.

"There by the door stood your mother. Her feet bare, her pretty hair all curling over her shoulders, her cheeks as white as the dressing-gown she'd just flung over shoulders. So she stood, and how she looked at me I never can tell. Found out I'd been till I was hardened to it. 'Worthless,' 'thief,' 'deceitful,' 'drunkard,' I'd been called times out of mind. All manner of reproaches, and all sorts of judgments, I was used to. I didn't think anything new in the way of blame could sting me, and yet I dreaded your mother's reproof as I had never dreaded one in all my life before. While I waited for her to open her poor pale lips, I shook till I could scarcely stand, and I daredn't look off the ground."

"Was she so very angry?" whispered Trottie, awestruck.

"What did she say?" questioned Mab, intensely excited.

Dorothea sat breathless: gazing out at the churchyard, certain instinctively of what was coming.

"She came," said Nurse, wiping her fast dropping tears off on her lilac print sleeve, "and took my hands, and bent my stubborn knees, and knelt by my side, and laid her

dear innocent head upon my arm, and cried to me to forgive her—*me*, to forgive *her!*—and, as humbly as if she'd been the worst of sinners, prayed God to forgive her for daring to put—temptation in the way of the weak!

"Children, children, I'd bin met with weapons without end to punish me, but none like this! She seemed to take the sin of my ill doing so wholly on herself to lighten my blame, to make hers heavier: she begged so pitiful that I would pardon her for giving me the chance of going astray, that every bit of hardness seemed to melt right out of me, that I could only crouch down and cry over her little cold feet, and tell her that if she'd take me on, and trust me again, I'd slave for her to my life's end, and thank God for the chance of being her servant."

"And she kept you!" cried April-faced Trottie.

"And she kept me. And with that day's dawn came the dawn of a real better life for me. I think I can see her now, first as she looked when all her kind loving words had first broken my heart and then healed it. 'Come', she said, 'Bessie, let us say Our Father together, and ask Him, however little or however long we may live together, to deliver us both from such evil as we've been so near.' And when we'd said it between us, she kept hold of me, while she opened the little garden window, and emptied all the brandy on the gravel path.

"She gave me such a smile as she turned round. 'May it please God,' said she, 'that this may be the last time I put such a stumbling block in any fellow creature's path. Now Bessie, let us both go to bed."

"And did you never go—be—get—you know what I mean, Nursie dear, any more?" asking Trottie, clearing the stockings off Nurse's knee, to make way for herself.

"Never," said Nurse, "never, thank God. Your mother didn't talk so much Christianity as some ladies—that wasn't her way. She lived it, and she led me, and many another along by her side into ways that no amount of words would have persuaded us into perhaps. Least ways that's what I've always felt, and so you see I owe her and her children, after all, the duty I've got to give in this world, for it was she that sort of saved me, and gave me the chance of doing my duty for another world.

"My story hasn't been very merry, has it? But you'll recollect now, why I told you it was not a good thing to cure head-aches with brandy and water, won't you?"

The little ones answered "yes" in subdued tones; it was not pleasant, after all, to have heard of Nurse being naughty. They were glad to run off and get ready to meet papa at tea.

But Dorothea stooped to kiss her old servant's forehead, and whispered a fervent "Thank you," before she slipped away to her own room.

The tiny pledge book that lay among the treasures of her buried mother had a new value now she understood those first entries, "Margaret Arden, and Bessie Scott." A fresh link of love and reverence bound her young heart to the memory of that good mistress and true friend, a fresh throb of gladness stirred her when evening time closed in, and she looked upward at the now clear sky, and thought rejoicing that "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Reader, it is for you and me to judge, each for himself, if we need to be forgiven on such a count as Margaret Arden accused herself.

Luckily is it for us if our hands are clean, if in this matter of drink we have never, more or less grossly, led one of the weaker brethren astray. A. P.

Domestic Troubles and Christmas Joys.

"GOOD morning, Mrs. Kale; cold weather for the time of year, isn't it?"

This was the greeting of Mr. Wheeler, the proprietor of the general provision store of a country village, one bleak autumn day.

"Aye, this is cold," responded she; "I remember we had such weather as this forty years ago this Michaelmas, when I came to this here place; it was——" But here Mrs. Kale's reminiscence was interrupted, for the shop door was again opened, and another customer entered, a young girl this time.

Mrs. Kale showed no wish to be served, but stood regarding the new comer curiously, so Mr. Wheeler attended to her first. Her purchases were few, and soon made. While the grocer served her, he chatted away on the unusual severity of the weather. The young girl answered his remarks for the most part in monosyllables, though quite civilly, and when her purchases were made, she left the shop.

"Poor thing, how white and thin she do look, to be sure," said Mrs. Kale, when she had gone. "I expects her mother and she have a pretty hard job to get along anyhow now. There ain't many folks as cares to employ people as they don't know anything about; and they're so close, too, over their affairs, it seems as if nobody don't know who they be nor where they comes from."

"I should think they have known better days," said Mr. Wheeler; "but, as you say, they are reserved, evidently they don't wish people to know their history, and it is quite true people don't like to employ a person without a recommendation. I daresay they have a hard job to make ends meet: not but what they always pay ready money for the things they have here."

Meanwhile, the subject of their conversation was walking briskly towards her home. As Abby, for that was her name, glanced around at the bare, brown fields, and the trees which had many of them lost their foliage, she contrasted the scene with the day on which she had first looked upon it, barely five months before; then it was radiant with the beauty of early summer, and Abby, fresh from the town, had never seen so fair a spot as this rural village, with its wealth of fruit trees, and its green fields—it came very near her idea of Paradise; though there was nothing but this beautiful scenery to make the place a paradise to her, for she and her mother had come there under painful circumstances. The grocer's surmise that they had "known better days" was a correct one. Abby in her early childhood had been surrounded by every comfort, everything that a tender mother, and a fond, indulgent father could procure for her pleasure and amusement she had, and now, looking back to that happy time, it seemed to her like some pleasant dream. For, since those days Abby had known great sorrow, she had known what it was to shrink from the harsh words, and even blows, of an infuriated father.

And what was it that had wrought this change? The great transformer,—Strong drink. There had come days, when Abby was a school-girl, when a cloud had been visible on her mother's face, and when their table lacked the dainties hitherto indulged in, and Abby had wondered, and questioned, but to no purpose. The mother strove, as so many mothers have done, and are doing, to keep from the child the knowledge of her father's downfall; but though she succeeded for a while, there came a time when he returned home in a state of intoxication, and when Abby ran up to him, as she had been wont to do, she was repulsed with angry words, enforced too by a blow.

No need to try to deceive her again; little Abby had realised the truth: her father was a drunkard. For years she and her mother had borne such trials as only the wife and children of a drunkard could fully under-

stand: the weary watchings for his return, the cold dreary days when the grate was empty, and the cupboard almost bare; the struggles with poverty and disgrace, the fits of drunken fury—all this had to be borne, and for years they had endured it, even when the little money they had earned themselves, and which was destined to pay the rent, had been taken from them to gratify the craving of the husband and father for drink. Still they had borne it, hoping and praying still for his reformation.

But instead of getting better he grew worse, everything he could pawn to obtain drink, he did; and even their lives were in danger, so transformed and infuriated was he when intoxicated.

Abby's white, wan face went to her mother's heart, and for her child's sake she determined to leave her husband. She had only one relation, a distant cousin. She wrote to him asking him if he could find her a place in the country, where she would be quite unknown, and safe from her husband.

He had told her of the little dilapidated cottage she now occupied, whither she had come in the early summer, trusting that by some means they would be able to earn a livelihood. But people regarded them rather suspiciously, and work was hard to find. A few, however, had employed them, though it was difficult to make the money obtained procure the barest necessaries, and they were looking forward to the winter with dread.

When Abby returned from the shop, she found her mother had a visitor, the rector of the parish.

"We were just talking of you," said he, turning to address her, "do you think you would like teaching?"

Poor Abby looked utterly bewildered by this unexpected question.

"I don't know," she faltered, "I never tried."

"Well," explained the clergyman, "your mother tells me you have received a fairly good education;—the pupil teacher at our girls' school has fallen ill, and we want to find a substitute for a few weeks, and I thought perhaps you would suit if you care to come, —or can be spared."

A rather bitter smile lurked round Mrs. Hill's lips as he added the last sentence. There had never yet such abundance of needle-work flowed in as to make Abby's assistance indispensable.

Abby was rather pleased at the idea, so it was arranged that she should commence her new duties the next morning. To be sure the remuneration was not much, but far more than she would earn by sewing, and it would be a help for a few weeks.

And the rector, as he left the cottage, reproached himself for not having tried to help them. Why should he have withheld assistance because they did not choose to reveal their past history? It did not necessarily follow that because there was mystery about them there must be wrong-doing. Evidently they were very poor, and as evidently they had not always been so. When he reached home he told his wife where he had been, and that he should like her in future, when she had any needle-work to be done, to employ Mrs. Hill; a promise readily made —and kept.

Abby did not find her duties very light. She had never dreamt that children could be so tiresome or so stupid as she found the little ones under her charge,—but she took a good heart to the work, and was not easily discouraged. Her pale face won for her the compassion of the school-mistress, who would often keep her to tea. She found out that Abby had a talent for music, and a rich, clear voice, and being very fond of music and singing herself, this made her take still more interest in her young assistant.

It really seemed as if brighter days were dawning for Abby, for her new friend contrived to help her in many ways, and in such a delicate manner that neither she nor her mother could mind accepting her aid.

Once when Abby was spending the evening with her, with several other young people, she kept her to supper. On the table was some alcoholic beverage, of which they all partook but her. When it was pressed upon her, she politely, but firmly declined.

"Don't you like it, my dear?" asked the hostess.

"I am a total abstainer," said Abby simply.

This reply brought a shower of raillery from the young people, and the question from the school-mistress, "What could have induced you to take that step, Abby?"

For a moment she did not answer,—the incident had brought very vividly to her mind the scenes of the past, and the dear one she had left,—for though they had left him he was still very dear,—and the tears rose to her eyes as she said,

"O, Mrs. Burton, if you only knew what I have suffered through the drink, you would not wonder I never take any."

She spoke thoughtlessly, she forgot they were not alone; but there was not one in the room but felt sorry for her, when they heard her faltering tones as she spoke thus; and, strange to say, there were very few glasses emptied after that.

Christmas was drawing very near, and most of the people in the village were making preparation for it in one way or another.

Even Abby was looking forward to it. She was then to take part in a sacred concert to to be given on the evening of Christmas Day, in the schoolroom.

Her school duties were over, for the teacher had recovered, but she was still a frequent visitor at the school-mistress's, and from her own lips that lady had heard her story, and after hearing it, she was even kinder to her than before.

Mrs. Hill had now as much work as she could get through, even with her daughter's help, for now that the rector's wife employed her, other people could do the same.

Abby had grown stouter and rosier of late, but there was still a tone of melancholy in her voice at times, and a dimness would come over her bright eyes when she thought of her father. The recollection of him would darken even the preparations for the Christmas festivities.

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright, with a slight sprinkling of snow on the hard, frozen ground, and sparkling on the trees and hedges, making everything beautiful. But Abby's heart, as well as her mother's, was sad as she took her seat in the pretty Church her hands had helped to adorn with bright evergreens and berries. She was living over in memory the Christmases of the past,—some of them so bright and happy, and others so drear and unhappy.

But the beautiful service began, and it had a soothing effect upon her troubled mind. And as she bowed in prayer, the whole cry of her heart was for the one who had gone astray.

The sermon, too, brought her comfort. It seemed as it the message came direct from Him whose birth they were celebrating, to cheer and encourage her. And she joined with the heart as well as the voice in that beautiful song of praise,

"O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord."

When the service was concluded, she lingered for a few moments, talking with the other members of the choir about the concert, and then she went outside, where she expected her mother would be waiting for her. But, to her surprise, she was not at the Church gate, and thinking that she had gone on home, Abby was about to go too, when she caught sight of two people standing in the shade of a tall yew tree, in deep conversation. Surely one was her mother, but how white and agitated she looked, what could it mean?

One glance at her companion, and Abby knew the reason. It was her father! Her father, but changed since she last saw him, a change that rejoiced her heart. It seemed to her as if it was the father she had known in infancy, who stood before her, only more aged, for drink had left its traces in the hollow cheeks and slightly bowed form.

She went swiftly towards them, and then ensued a scene too touching and sacred to be recorded here, though a joyful one. And then the re-united family went home to their Christmas repast with hearts full of gratitude for the kindness and love which had been round about them.

Then followed mutual explanations. Mr. Hill told them how their unexpected flight had surprised him into sobriety for once, and then, reflecting on his treatment of them, he had been stricken with shame and remorse; how he had resolved to give up the drink which had made his home so unhappy. And he told how he had tried and failed, he had fallen again into excess; and then a kind friend had come and talked to him, and induced him to take the pledge of total abstinence. Since that time he had been working hard to regain the position he had once held; this he had not yet attained, but he was earning good wages, and had once more a home to offer his wife and child, though not such a home as they had had years ago, if they would forgive the past, and go back to him.

Of course they were very willing to promise this, and began to reproach themselves, as people will do under such circumstances, for having left him, but he interrupted them, saying it had all been for the best.

He told them how he had applied repeatedly to the cousin of his wife for information of their whereabouts, but this he had refused to give, until he saw that he was really in earnest, and it was only the preceding evening that he would tell him where to find them. "I was looking for a house answering to the description he gave me," said he, "when I heard the Church-bells ringing, and I thought I would go there, thinking, too, that there I should most likely meet with you. I believe it was God's hand that led me there, for I felt as I never had before. I realised my position as a sinner, but I felt, too, that Jesus Christ 'came to seek and to save the lost.'"

Here his voice grew husky, and he stopped.

What joyful intelligence was this for the wife and daughter! And what fervent, earnest thanksgivings went up to heaven from their hearts!

And when Abby took her place among the singers that evening, she looked the brightest

of them all, and her voice rang out sweeter and fresher than ever in the Christmas anthems, for was not her father among the audience? And when the concert was over, the singers went into the rectory, where there was a repast provided for them, and here another pleasant surprise awaited Abby. She happened to be seated next a young man who had been a guest at the school-house on the occasion when she had refused intoxicating drinks. She noticed that to-night he allowed the winecup to pass untouched.

"It was your example that led me to abstain," he remarked, noticing her look of wonder, "at Mrs. Burton's, you know."

How she rejoiced that she had sufficient moral courage to own to her temperance principles.

Truly this Christmas-tide was to her one of joy and thanksgiving. LOUIE S.

A WINTER'S WALK IN SCOTLAND.

BY JAMES GRAHAME.

HOW dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep,
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day,—
Not even a foot-fall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain;
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
The flickering fall is o'er, the clouds disperse,
And show the sun hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire.
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream,
With azure windings, or the leafless wood.
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells, that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold!
There silence dwells profound: or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the calm,
The mantled echoes no response return.
But let me now explore the deep sunk dell;
No foot-print, save the coveys' or the flocks'
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs,
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long; the wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way. Oh then
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hills' stormy side
Where night winds sweep the gathering drift away.
So the Great Shepherd leads the Heavenly flock,
From faithless pleasures full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers, then to the pastures green
He brings them, where the quiet waters glide,
The streams of life, the Siloah of the soul.

SCOTTISH SHEPHERD PREPARING TO FOLD HIS FLOCK IN WINTER.

The Scar on Father's Brow.

A Doctor's Story.

COME into the study, Willie, shut the door close, sit down,
'Tis the last talk we'll have together, before you set off for town,
For the Mother will want to have you all to herself till you start,
And I want to tell you something, I have had long at heart;
Something I'm bound to tell you, although to hear it will be
Almost as much pain to you, Will, as to tell it will be to me.
I always meant to tell you, and now the time has come;
For, my boy, you're nearly a man now, to-morrow you leave your home—
You're going with hope and gladness, in all your young heart's pride,
To face your fate in the city, where your metal will soon be tried.
A wonderful place it is, boy, wicked, and hard, and cold,
Where ruin is very easy, and sin is bought and sold,
Where lives and souls are shipwrecked, and no one knows or cares
Where pitfalls are covered with flowers, and the path is beset with snares.
Oh, Will, take heed to your goings, watch well your ways, my boy,
Oh, pray to be kept from the sorrow that puts on the mask of joy.
But it was not to preach to you, Willie, I brought you in here to-night,
I have not left it till now, boy, to teach you the path of Right—
The path of peace and safety, and where to seek for the aid,
By which life's troublesome journey can only be safely made.
And I do believe you have chosen the One Guide, the Saviour, God,
And that the Strong Staff will support you, although you may feel the rod.
But now for my story, Will, for the night is wearing late,
I'll no longer defer the confession, though sore it humiliate;
Though long from the ordeal of telling the tale, I have weakly shrunk,
I'll tell you my shame in a word, now, that word Will, is *drunk*, aye drunk.
The father that you have looked up to, a model have thought, in fact,
Has degraded himself 'neath the level of brutes, by his own vile act,
By his own *one* act, though only, once only, the stain I incurred,
And this is how the transaction of shame and disgrace occurred.
When first I went up to college, fresh from my country life,
All was so new, so delightful, with such strange excitement rife,
That I could not settle to study—in fact, all my class-mates said,
With stewing, the first year he entered, no fellow need bother his head,
And so in idling and folly, I let the first year pass over,
Oh, often I wished since, Willie, that lost year I could recover,
Year,—no, but *years*, for idling soon into a habit grew,
And the second and third year also away like the first one flew.
Though I never intended to idle, I always determined to work,
But every day brought some good reason why lecture and "clin" I should shirk,
Though every night conscience would call me a muff and a pitiful sneak,
And re-echo the words of poor mother, the last that I heard her speak,
"Oh, won't you work hard, Johnnie, darling! remember how hard it will be
With all I can do to make ends meet, until you take out your degree."
Well, Will, thus in idling and folly, hours, days, precious years I let fly,
Till I saw nearly all who had entered with me in the race pass me by,
And when I went up for my second half, Will, to my shame I knew,

I could not accomplish in three years what others had done in two.
I was plucked like a goose for roasting, plucked bare and roasted well,
And after that what befel me, to this day I can scarcely tell.
I know that some fellows came round me, and made me just have a "shot,"
"A nip," "a pick-up," "a tightener," a "make your hair curl," what not;
Then came the jolly supper where all must get drunk of course,
And to "drown bad luck," as they called it, they made me drink deep, perforce
And I knew no more of what happened till late the next afternoon,
I woke with a horrible wrench, as it seemed from a deadly swoon,
'Twas the pain in my forehead woke me, here, where this scar you see,—
You've often asked me, Willie, how came that mark there to be,—
'Twas Jim Neville, my dear old Jimmy, who saved my life that night,
When he kicked in the door, and found me with hair singed and just alight,
For I had fallen in my stupor with my head in the grate, and lay
With the mark of the beast deep branded, that I'll bear to my dying day;
Oh Will! it was God's great mercy, the act of His loving Hand,
That plucked me that night from the burning, a ready kindled brand,
For after that wonderful rescue, the vow I solemnly swore
I have kept to this day unbroken, to touch strong drink no more;
And the love of my Lord constrained me to give my heart to Him then,
And since, I have striven to serve Him, with soul, and voice and pen.
And, O, my boy, I am hopeful, that you the same choice have made,
And that your feet will never wander, where mine have so sadly strayed.
God send it, oh! may He shield you from all sin's enticing lures,
Remember that "he is blessed who unto the end endures."
But 'tis late, my boy, good-night, now I've told you my shameful tale,
And you don't despise your old father, though you look so scared and pale,
But when you are tempted, think of the story I've told you now,
And remember, my boy, remember, the scar on your father's brow.

ABSTINENTIA.

ABSTINENCE AND ACTIVITY.*

BY BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. &c.

THOSE who say that abstainers from alcohol are feeble, and want skill and capacity for work, mistake seriously the facts. The very best workers of all kinds, the best runners, the best walkers, the best rowers, the best swimmers, the best soldiers, the best sailors, the best writers, the best speakers, the best labourers, the best artizans, the best of all classes of occupations, have been found in the ranks of those who do not touch strong drink.

Let me tell you an anecdote, in proof of this, which occurred very early in my own career, and which I candidly confess ought to have made me an advocate of Temperance over thirty years ago. I lived then on the Thames, at Mortlake, Surrey, between which place and Putney the great boat races are held, and it happened to me once to know one of the chief trainers or oarsmen. He was a champion upon the Thames, and had won a large number of races. He was a little unwell, and one day when I thought he looked weak and ailing, I said to him, "You ought to take a little wine or beer." "I cannot do that," he replied, "it would not suit my business." I asked him why? And he said, "Well, I am not a teetotaler, as they call it; but I know, as a matter of practical experience, that I must keep away from strong drink." I felt interested in what he said and asked him upon what his rule to this effect was based?

* From "Drink and Strong Drink," by Dr. B. W. Richardson. William Collins & Sons, Limited.

"In my profession," he answered, "I require to know precisely what I am about, so as to act properly at a moment's notice; never to be put out by noise, or cheering, or shouting, or finding fault; and always to hold on to the last." "That," I replied, "means precision, decision, presence of mind, and endurance." "True," he said, "that is just it, and these qualities are essential to the successful performance of my work. All my successes turn upon them, and I get all of them if I abstain, while I lose them if I take ever so little strong drink, for mine is a very ticklish part to play, I assure you." And then he told me this little episode about himself and another great rower:—

"Once I was going to win a race, as I hoped. I had a strong competitor who was quite equal to myself. I had watched him rowing before, and the precision of his stroke and the character of his work showed me clearly that he was a formidable rival. I knew I should have a tough job to beat him. Well, on the occasion of the race I refer to we started to his advantage on two points. He had won the toss for side of the river, and that was a little against me, and the sun was more direct in my face than in his. But just as he was getting into his boat, I noticed one of his supporters give him a glass of whisky. I said to myself, 'that's worth, to me, the lost side of the river.' 'Wet the other eye, old fellow,' said another supporter, as he gave him a second little glass of the whisky. 'That,' thought I to myself, 'is worth the sun to me, for now I shall win.' We were ready to start, the steamers got behind us and went apart, and we were off. We both pulled so regularly, and with such perfect precision, that there was nothing to be heard but one gentle stroke of our oars on the water. We were pulling for a long time, and I thought at last that I might not possibly win the race after all, when, as we were still side by side, I heard the smallest, faintest possible tinkle, for I could call it nothing else, in one of his strokes. His oar in going down had struck the water out of time. It was a very slight slip, but my ear caught it, and I knew he was losing his stroke.

"A little further on, as we were getting nearly opposite Chiswick, something like a boat turned upside down was floating before us. I was collected, and knew what course to take without a moment of hesitation. My opponent did not know. He hesitated, and waited to see what I did, by which he lost both in time and self-confidence, so that now I got a little ahead of him. Next minute I observed that he began to be affected by the noise from the people on the steamers and on the shore. He looked round at them, and made what one calls spurts, in response to their noise, and this interfered with his own judgment. At last, while I was still quite fresh, he began to get tired and to pull irregularly and more feebly than at first. Of course the race, sir, was now mine. I was quite master of the situation. I could have won by several boats' lengths: but he was a good chap, and I had taught him to row, so I let him come in as close as I dare, and though he lost he made a very creditable appearance, and he wasn't ashamed of having been beaten by an old stager like me."

Let me give one or two further practical examples. In the days before there were any railways, people used to travel by the old "stage-coaches," coaches drawn by four horses, at the rate of ten miles an hour, in stages, at which the horses were regularly changed. I just recollect these coaches myself, although I do not think I ever rode in one. I only remember seeing them dash along the roads, and how I often wished I could rattle away with them. I did not know then what hard and tiring work it was to travel by the coach; but in talking to those who have travelled much by it, I have learned that some were good and some were bad travellers, and that they were always the best who took no wine and no strong drink by the way. Evidence of a similar kind has been left in the writings of the late Dr. Cheyne, of Dublin, who says that nervous people who think that when strength is exhausted it may be best recruited by wine, are under a strong delusion. He tells us that he was first led to suspect this by the result of a long journey which he once made in the mail-coach while in a state of great anxiety. He travelled nearly seven hundred miles almost without stopping, having been five nights out of six in the coach, during which time he could not have slept half as much as usual, and the sleep he obtained was unsound and interrupted. During the whole time he lived chiefly on bread and tea, with a small portion of animal food once a day. He drank no malt liquor, wine, nor spirits. At the end of his expedition he was scarcely more exhausted than when he set out. During the journey he had several opportunities of seeing persons who regaled themselves

two or three times a day, who guzzled as much as the time would permit them to do, while the carriage halted, and who were completely worn out by journeying for one or two nights.

The same eminent author records another equally useful narrative. He states that in the county of Galway two extensive graziers met at dinner, when, upon a discussion taking place between them respecting the best method of enabling their herdsmen to endure the cold watching and fatigue to which they were exposed in driving cattle to Ballinasloe, it was resolved upon by one of the graziers that he would supply his herdsmen with abundance of good and wholesome food, and give them only water to drink, while the other determined that he would give his men an abundant supply of whiskey. Accordingly, the two sets of men started at the same time to the October fair at Ballinasloe.

They were all able-bodied young men of similar habits; the journey which they had to perform was of the same length, the fatigue the same. The weather was wet and inclement, and they, all drenched with wet, were obliged to sit up during the night in their soaked garments. On carefully contrasting the water-drinkers with the whiskey-drinkers, the result was decidedly in favour of the water-drinkers, who were in full vigour, had never quitted their posts and bore up well to the last; while the others were so completely exhausted that, during part of the time at the fair, they were useless, and on their return home were scarcely able to drag one leg after the other.

JUST A LITTLE CHAT.

A DIALOGUE FOR FIVE CHILDREN.

CHARACTERS.

MARY, KATE } *Sisters* .. .. { *The Eldest.* *The Youngest.*

JESSIE, TOM, WILLIE } .. .. *School-fellows.*

Scene—The Street. *All except* WILLIE, *going home from School.*

JESSIE. "Did you understand what teacher was talking about this afternoon, Mary?"

MARY. "Yes, didn't you? She was explaining to us the nature and power of alcohol."

KATE. "What is alcohol, Pollie?"

MARY. "Why, it is some sort of stuff they get from a lot of good things, by a process of fermentation, I think teacher called it, and then that makes a very bad thing, and they put it into beer, and wine, and spirits, and all those kinds of drink that make people do silly things."

JESSIE. "But how could teacher know all about it? She never made any alcohol."

KATE. "Why, Jessie, teacher knows nearly everything! I wish I did."

TOM. "So you will, you little goose, when you are as old; teacher had to go to school and learn it all, just like we do. But I'm sure I don't want to know so much—especially about this alcohol, because I don't believe it."

MARY. "Tom!"

TOM. "Well, I don't! I don't mean about how it's made, and all that,—I suppose that's right enough,—but about its being such an awfully wicked thing to make it. I don't believe drink does half the harm people say it does."

MARY. "O Tom! how can you say so? Just look at poor Mrs. Judge and her children, nearly starving,—and that man who was killed the other day when he was drunk! My father says the newspapers are nearly full every week of sins and crimes people commit through the drink."

JESSIE. "But, Mary, everybody who takes drink don't get drunk and do bad things."

TOM. "No, of course they don't! My father has his half-pint regularly twice a day, and he never got drunk in his life. He says his father, and his grandfather too, did the same, and he thinks it is wrong to want to deprive poor people of their comfort."

MARY. "What comfort does this drink give him, Tom?"

TOM. "Why, a lot. It makes him warm."

MARY. "But doesn't he drink it in the harvest field?"

TOM. "Of course he does! so does everybody."

MARY. "What do they want to be made warm for there? And beside, the warmth isn't real —it's soon over, and then they're colder than before. I wish you'd come to the Band of Hope, Tom! You'd hear it all explained so nicely there."

TOM. "No Band of Hope for me just yet, thank you! I like a little drop of beer, and I'm not going to give it up."

MARY. "I declare you are just as bad as Jessie is! And if you like it so much now, what will you do when you get older?"

JESSIE. "Oh, perhaps we shall get tired of it by then."

MARY. "There is little chance of that. Our Superintendent says that the greatest hope lies in giving it up while we are young, because then we never learn to like it, and so never miss it."

TOM. "I suppose that's right enough, but I don't believe in giving up now, anyhow. Father says I need it while I'm growing, to keep my strength up."

MARY. "Nonsense, Tom! Why, my brother Frank isn't quite so old as you, and I believe he's bigger and stronger—and he never tasted a drop in his life."

KATE. "No more did I—did I, Mary"?

TOM. "Well, you're a fine specimen of size for a teetotaler!"

MARY. "Well, Tom, you must remember she is very young, and Mr. Brown says those rosy cheeks of hers are good witnesses for the healthiness of cold-water drinking."

JESSIE. "But what are we to drink, Mary, if we give up our beer?"

MARY. "Anything that isn't intoxicating; tea, coffee, cocoa, milk, ginger-beer, lemonade, barley-water, or clear cold water."

JESSIE. "We couldn't drink water always, Mary, and my mother can't afford all those other things."

TOM. "What, don't you have any tea?"

JESSIE. "Oh yes! about one cup at breakfast and tea-time. Mother says much tea isn't good for me."

MARY. "And beer is worse, Jessie, if she only knew it. But we only have about that too, and Katie has only milk and water. I know a girl who never drinks anything but cold water."

TOM. "How horrible! that would never do for me!"

JESSIE. "How much beer do you have, Tom?"

TOM. "About a cupful for supper, and dinner on Sundays,—and more when I go out in the harvest field with father."

MARY. "A cupful a day! what a lot of strength you must get out of that! Mr. Brown would tell you there is three times as much in a slice of bread."

TOM. "Well, it makes one sleep, what I have at night."

MARY. "If you are as strong and well as you look, I should think you'd sleep very well without it. I do, and so does Frank. And it really does you harm instead of good. I wish I could explain it as Mr. Brown does at the Band of Hope,—all about its making your heart beat more quickly when it ought to beat slowly; it's so nice, you ought to come and hear it!"

TOM. "You are just as bad as teacher, Mary! You do make drink out to be an awful bad thing."

KATE. "So it is! It's nasty, wicked old stuff, and we're going to drive it all away, and make the poor people happy."

TOM. "A fine lot you'll do towards it!"

KATE. "I shall help, shan't I, Mary, when I get a little older?"

TOM. "Yes, you'll have to grow a few more years first."

MARY. "No, Tom,—Katie is helping now. She recites quite nicely at our meetings, and is going to say a piece at the next big Entertainment."

TOM. "How much'll that help?"

MARY. "I don't know, but Mr. Brown says we oughtn't to wait till we get older before we begin working,—we must do what we can now, and none of us are too small to help. Haven't you ever heard that pretty piece we sing at our Band of Hope? I taught you, didn't I, Jessie? Let us sing it now."

The three girls sing:—

"Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say 'I'm such a tiny flower,

I'd better not grow up:'
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell?
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell?

"Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
'What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away.'
The blade on which it rested
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

"Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way:
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so.

"How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do;
Although it has so little strength
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by his love."

TOM. "Well, how much is your love going to do to help in making people teetotalers?"

MARY. "A great deal. People have often signed the pledge through hearing children sing and recite,—and teacher says that little deeds and words have often had the greatest results."

TOM. "Well, I don't see that I could do anything, any-way."

JESSIE. "See, here is Willie coming! I wonder what teacher kept him for!"

(Enter Willie.)

TOM. "Were you kept in, Bill?"

WILLIE. "Of course not! What do you think teacher called me back for?"

MARY. "I did not think you had been doing wrong. But what book is that!"

WILLIE. "Ah, that's it! This a dialogue teacher wants me to get somebody else to help me to say at the big meeting next month. I wish you were a teetotaler, Tom! You know what Mr. Hart said about your reciting, at the Sunday-school Anniversary."

JESSIE. "What is the dialogue called?"

WILLIE. "Why the Boys should Join."

MARY. "Capital! You really ought to sign the pledge, Tom, and help to say it."

WILLIE. "I do wish you would, Tom. Teacher told me to ask you, Jessie, if you wouldn't come to the Band of Hope meeting to-morrow night. She wants another girl to help in a trio she's got for that meeting,—I shouldn't wonder if you'd do for that."

MARY. "Yes, do come, Jess! your mother would let you, wouldn't she?"

JESSIE. "Yes, I daresay she would. She asked me once if I wanted to join, and I said no."

MARY. "Well, you tell her now that you've changed your mind about it, won't you?"

JESSIE. "I'll join if Tom will."

TOM. "I don't believe father 'll let me. He doesn't believe in children signing the pledge, and saying things at meetings."

MARY. "I think he would if we came and asked him, Tom? I don't think your father understands it: he never went to a Band of Hope, you see."

JESSIE. "No,—that's what my mother says; she never went to school much, and there were no Bands of Hope nor Temperance Societies in her young days, so she always learnt to take her beer, and couldn't give it up now."

MARY. "Perhaps she never tried, Jessie. But if you can get her to let you join, you'll be able to tell her all about it, or, better still, get her to come too, then perhaps she'll see things differently. I think, Tom, if your father would come to some of our meetings, or let Mr. Brown talk to him, he'd soon see the rights of the matter, and let you join."

TOM. "I don't believe he'd come, nor yet talk to Mr. Brown about it, but he may let me have my own way if he found I'd set my heart on it. But I don't want to sign the pledge. I shall want some beer when I see them have it."

WILLIE. "Just for a little while, Tom, but not for long. I used to be very fond of it when I was little, and when I first gave it up I used to think I *must* break my pledge, but I made up my mind not to, and so I used to beg an orange or apple of mother when I could, and when I couldn't get anything, I used to go away from where the beer or wine was. And it didn't last long, bless you! I never

want any now,—wouldn't take it if 'twas offered ever so—I'd much rather have water."

MARY. "So would I. A gentleman told me one day if I had any now, it would taste worse than vinegar; so I'm sure I don't want to try it."

WILLIE. "Nor I. Come, Tom, now is your time! Even if your father won't let you join us, he can't force you to take the drink. I'd make up my mind, if I were you, to stop now, while it will be easy, or who knows but some day you may get as bad as poor Fred Jones is."

TOM. "I don't think there's any danger of that."

WILLIE. "There may be. He told my father that he used only to have it as a treat when he was a boy, and now he doesn't feel as if he could live without it. Mustn't that be dreadful? And father says he don't think he'll live many months, because the drink is killing him."

TOM. "Well, you can call, if you like, and if father will let me I'll come. I don't think I shall mind giving the drink up so much, after all, if 'tis such a dreadful thing as that. And I can come to your teas, and have some fun instead, can't I?"

KATE. "Oh, we do have such a lot of fun, Tom! And you'll get a pretty card, like mine, and you can get your father to frame it, like mine is, and hang it up over your bed."

TOM. "Thank you, Miss Kitty! I can frame it myself, if I get it. You won't forget."

JESSIE. "No, that we shan't! Mary and the others will call for me, and Willie 'll meet us at your house,—so we shall take your father by storm, and I don't think he can stand against all of us. Good-night."

TOM and WILLIE. "Good-night."

KATE. "Shall I bring my card to school tomorrow, and show you?"

TOM. "No, thank you,—I think I can wait till evening."

(Exit all.)

BIRDIE E. S.

ANCIENT ABSTAINERS.

PEOPLE talk of Temperance Societies, and the professions of Total Abstainers as a new institution, or as a thing of fifty years back, whereas, in point of fact, they can be traced back to the time of Moses, and there is every probability that they are of even greater antiquity. In the time of Moses there was a class of people who in a similar manner were pledged to "separate themselves from wine and strong drink" (Num. vi. 3). This class of people, although not often mentioned in the Bible, are always mentioned with peculiar respect, some of them occupying very honourable positions, and at some periods of Jewish history we have reason to suppose they were very numerous. It will be a nice exercise to take a slight glance at some of these noble men. The first that is mentioned by name is Samson. From childhood he never tasted strong drink, he was a Nazarite from his birth (Judges xiii.7), and he was honoured of God by being gifted with the greatest strength ever possessed by a human being. While yet a young man, passing along a country lane, having separated from his parents, he was attacked by a young lion. Unlike many others who, unarmed, would have striven to avoid the attack, he, on the other hand, in his turn sprang at the lion, and taking its powerful jaws in his hands, exerting his strength, tore its mouth as if it had been the mouth of a kid, and laid it dead at his feet. On another occasion, being delivered bound by his countrymen into the hands of the Philistines, he, by a sudden effort of his mighty strength, tore his cords asunder, and snatching up one of the many bones which lay bleaching on Eastern plains, laid about him with such terrible effect, that about a thousand of his enemies were placed *hors de combat*, while the rest fled. Excited by his gigantic exertions and the glaring sun of an Eastern land, being consumed with thirst, it is worthy of note that he found his greatest relief in water from a bubbling spring, miraculously sent by God. Afterwards he is found bearing away with singular ease the ponderous gates of a fortified town, which had vainly endeavoured to retain him a prisoner.

While Samson, without the use of strong drink, was thus exerting himself to the advantage of

God's people, at a place called Shiloh, lying north-east of the district in which he resided, might one day have been seen a woman engaged in prayer in one of the courts of the Tabernacle. Married for some time she as yet had no children. Many a time had she seen the Jewish mothers dandling their little ones on their knees, while they in turn would show their glee by childish prattle and innocent smiles. How she had envied them, and now she is found on her knees praying for a child. An aged priest, seeing her moving lips, but hearing no words of prayer, accused her of drunkenness. She soon gave him to understand that she was earnestly praying, upon which she was assured God would grant her petition. Soon after, Samuel was born, and at once he was consecrated to the service of Heaven. Before his birth his mother had vowed that he should be a Nazarite (1 Sam. i., 11). One night he was awakened by hearing a voice call "Samuel! Samuel!" It is a pleasure to remember with what celerity on three several occasions at that call he jumped up from his couch, and ran to his aged master, Eli, now almost blind with age, supposing that he had summoned him. But Eli perceived plainly that he was called of God. And God had indeed called this little boy, who so early was pledged to a life of Total Abstinence. He was called to be a great and noble prophet, who accomplished great things. The work of Samuel has not died out to-day, nor will it die out while the world lasts. He seems to have been the first to institute schools, for what are known as "Schools of the Prophets," are clearly in their origin referable to him. The family of Total Abstainers never died out for centuries after. Jeremiah, commissioned of God, prophesied nothing but good to the descendants of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, because they would "drink no wine" (Jer. xxxv.), according to the precept of their ancestor.

We have reason to suppose that from this time the Nazarites were very numerous. But the last one mentioned as such was that servant of God who had the peculiar honour of being the forerunner of Christ. Of John the Baptist, consecrated to touch no wine from his birth (Luke i. 15), the Blessed Saviour Himself said there had been no greater prophet.

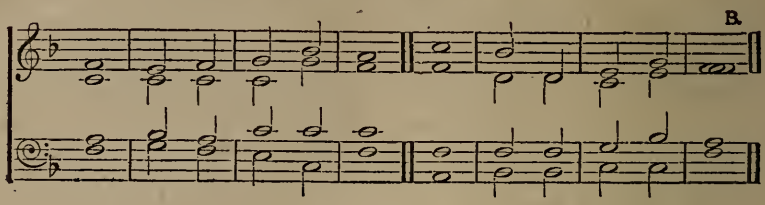
If God has so signally honoured our cause of Total Abstinence by such men as Samson, Samuel, and others who are numbered amongst the glorious fellowship of Bible Heroes, let us then take courage, and do all we can to lend a helping hand to our fallen brothers: to alleviate their sufferings; to reclaim them to those habits of "soberness" which the Apostle ranks with righteousness in this present world.

E. H.

SAFE TRAVELLING,

SUPPOSE some persons have a journey to make, and they have a choice of two lines of railroad. On one of these lines everything is kept in good working condition, trains always punctual, and worked on the block system, the officials civil and obliging, accidents unknown, and fares low. On the other line everything is neglected, and in bad working condition, trains unpunctual, and worked with an inefficient system of signalling, the officials surly and careless, accidents frequent, and fares high. Which line would be safest? And what would be thought of those who would persist in travelling on the dangerous line? The world would say they were mad. And yet there are thousands who will continue to travel on a road that is fraught with more destruction and danger than all the railroads in the country. This road is indulgence in intoxicating drinks. Moderate indulgence will soon make the drink pleasant, desirable and essential. So long as intoxicating drinks are used, we shall never be free from drunkenness, with all the untold horrors which always follow in its track: but if the people would universally adopt the safe and salutary practice of abstinence, they might infallibly free themselves from all the evils of drinking and drunkenness, and confer an inestimable benefit upon the nation.

The New Year.



1 We are standing on the threshold, we are | in the | opened | door,
We are treading on the borderland we have | never | trod be- | fore;

2 Another year is opening, and an- | other | year is | gone—
We have passed the darkness of the night, we are | in the | early | morn.

3 We have left the fields behind us o'er | which we | scattered | seed;
We pass into the future, which | none of | us can | read.

4 The corn among the weeds, the | stones, the | surface- | mould,
May yield a partial harvest; we | hope for | sixty- | fold,

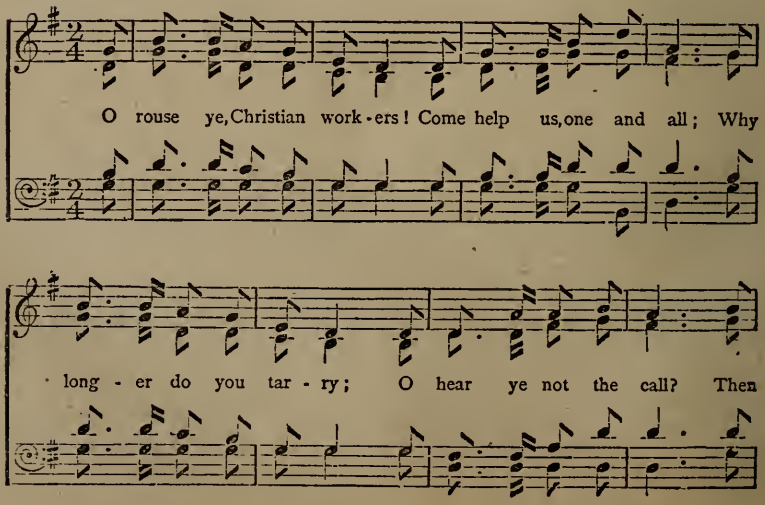
5 From out the tender hearts of | children | we have | taught,
From all the grateful homes where | Temper- | ance has | wrought.

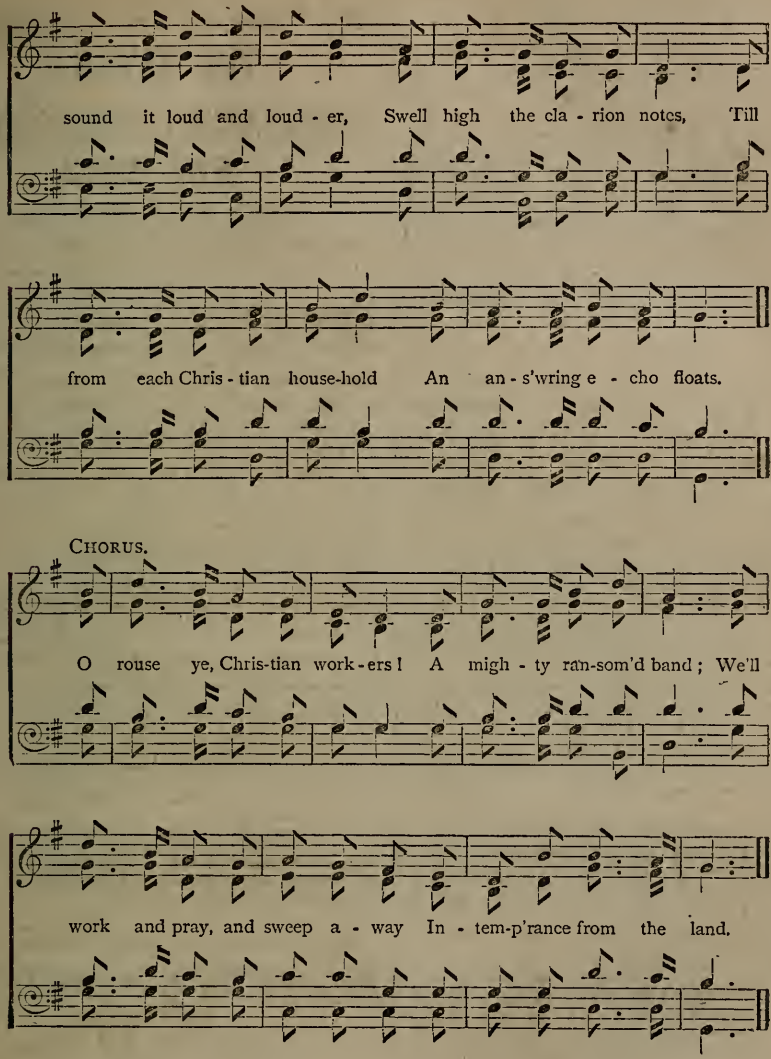
6 Then hasten to fresh labour, to | thrash, and | reap, and | sow;
Then bid the new year welcome, and | let the | old year | go;

7 Then gather all your vigour, press | forward | in the | fight,
And let this be your motto: "For | God and | for the | right."

O Rouse ye, Christian Workers.

A. S. HAWKS. R. LOWRY.





2 This wave the Lord uprolleth;
Seek not to stay the tide;
The work that He upholdeth
For ever shall abide:
It is the Lord who calleth;
The victory shall be won;
And faith and Prayer the armour
He bids you now gird on.
O rouse ye, &c.

3 O will ye longer tarry,
Just at the outer gate;
While sorrowing hearts in silence
For their deliverance wait?
Come, sisters, to the rescue,
Come, brothers, close the ranks;
In God's own time we'll conquer,
And at His feet give thanks.
O rouse ye, &c.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

VARIETIES.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH AND THE REVENUE FROM DRINK.—The Royal Speech, read at the prorogation of Parliament of Saturday, 2nd December, contained the following sentences:—"After a succession of unfavourable seasons in the greater portion of the United Kingdom, the produce of the land has, during the present year, been for the most part abundant, and trade is moderately active. The growth of the revenue, however, is sensibly retarded by a cause which must in itself be contemplated with satisfaction. I refer to the diminution in the receipts of the Exchequer from the duties on intoxicating liquors."

INTOXICATING DRINKS IN NURSING.—A medical correspondent writes:—"I was called in to attend an infant, three months old, suffering from dysentery. I had attended the mother in her confinement, and knew her to be an abstainer. Her friends tried to induce her to take stout, but I encouraged her to remain true to her principles, and heard nothing more of her till summoned as above. After some conversation I said 'What have you been eating or drinking?' At first she said, 'Nothing that could hurt baby;' then—'conscience stricken'—I suppose—she said, 'Well sir, three days ago I began to drink stout.' To my mind this was a solution of the question; so I left her with these words, 'I will not give that infant one dose of medicine; give up the stout, and if it is not better in three days let me know.' At the end of that time she called and said the child was quite well. It has remained so; and it will now take a good deal to induce that lady to believe in the value of intoxicating drinks in nursing."

BISHOP TEMPLE ON ABSTINENCE AND MENTAL LABOUR.—At a temperance demonstration, held in November last at Torquay, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter said:—"I can testify that since I have given up intoxicating liquors I have felt less weariness in what I have to do. I have been busy ever since I was a little boy, and I therefore know how much I can undertake, and I certainly can testify that since I gave up intoxicating liquors—although I did not like giving them up, inasmuch as I rather enjoyed them, when I used them, and inasmuch as I never felt the slightest intention to exceed, nor am I at all among those who cannot take one glass, and only one, but must go on to another—I have certainly found that I am very much the better for it. That sort of experience, you know, is an experience which it is very difficult indeed for a man to get over. Whatever arguments I may hear about it, it is impossible for me to escape from the memory of the fact that I have found myself very much better able to work, to write, to read, to speak, and to do, whatever I may have to do, ever since I abstained totally and entirely from all intoxicating liquor."

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THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S ANNUAL For 1883.

Edited by ROBERT RAE,

Secretary of the National Temperance League.

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

MR. GRAVES' DREAM, AND ITS RESULTS.

WE had had an arduous session at College, and, as my health had been slightly impaired by, perhaps, a too sedulous application to my studies, I was advised by my Edinburgh doctor to seek a change of air in England. Fortunately, my father had a friend who was pastor of a rural congregation in Lancashire. They had been friends in early youth, and after each had married and settled in life, had kept up

the intimacy by paying periodical visits to each other's homes. I had often been invited to spend a few weeks at the home of my father's friend, so now, when a change of air and scenery was rendered imperative by the state of my health, I decided to go thither.

Mr. Graves—for this was his name—was a man about fifty-two years of age, of a robust constitution, and though of grave deportment, had a slight turn for the humorous. His talents as a preacher had won for him a reputation among the more intelligent and well-to-do classes, while his affable manner and charitable disposition secured it among the lower. To the latter, indeed, he was more than a mere minister of the Gospel. He gave them advice in respect to difficulties connected with business, matrimonial differences, filial and paternal relationships, and, indeed, on every other question arising out of the pressing necessities of daily lite. His engagements were numerous, and his duties onerous, yet his early love of literature was unimpaired; he retained for the favourite authors of his earlier days all the fervour and admiration of youth.

One evening, when my friend, his lovely daughter, and I, were sitting chatting on literary topics, a knock came to the door.

"Mr. Graves is wanted," said the voice of a servant.

"Who wants me?"

"It seam two owre agean," was the reply.

"What two?"

"Them 'at ye divorced t'other day."

"Tell them to come in, Jane."

Jane, with a smile on her rosy face, turned round from the door. Not a little surprised to hear that my friend had power not only to bind hearts in the bonds of holy matrimony, but also to separate them, I expressed a desire to leave the room. Perhaps my motive for this was not altogether disinterested. I had had many conversations with Miss Graves, and a conviction of her superior worth was gradually gaining strength on my heart. As soon as I heard that her father was going to be engaged, the thought that I might possibly be permitted to enjoy the agreeable society of Miss Graves alone in an ante-room close by, flashed across my mind. I lost no time in making a proposition to that effect.

"As I have no wish to hear the nature of the business on which you are about to be consulted, Mr. Graves, you will perhaps have no objection to my leaving the room."

"Sit still, Mr. Gilbert,—you too, Annie. What you will hear will edify you both, I have no doubt."

I was disappointed, though certainly not displeased. I did not know just then how Annie took it—though, I ought to add, I enquired minutely into that afterwards.

We had not sat long when a burly fellow indued in a fustian coat and vest profusely covered with mother-of-pearl buttons, and corduroy trousers, entered the room. He was followed by a stout, grey-eyed damsel, bordering on forty-five; she was dressed in a winsey gown, with a tartan shawl drawn round her shoulders, and took a seat close beside the man whom she affectionately called Dick. Dick held a broad brimmed felt hat in his hand, against the crown of which he thrust the thumb of his right hand, on which he caused the hat to revolve. Mr. Graves took off his spectacles, looked broadly at Dick, then at his fair companion, and having satisfied himself as to the identity of the parties, he proceeded.

"Do my eyes not deceive me? Is not this Dick Larkum in company with his wife, notwithstanding the agreement, which, at the request of both parties, I wrote out four days ago, expressing a desire to separate for ever?"

A smile suffused the face of the old clergyman as he raised his spectacles, and paused for an answer. He had not long to wait. Dick giving his hat a twirl on his right thumb, with some stammering replied—"You did, sir, but Nan and me has agreed to make it all right again. We hope you will forgive us like. It was terrible silly on us to talk about separating."

Here Dick was helped out of the difficulty by Nan's more eloquent tongue. It was not the first time they had been similarly placed.

Reconciliations through the mediation of Mr. Graves had been effected before, and Nan knew from previous experience that they were not likely to escape without being lashed by his biting sarcasm, or ridiculed by his caustic wit. In order to make this as endurable as possible, she seized the first opportunity to mollify the severity of the clergyman's temper. She did not attempt to justify their conduct; no, it was too flagrant to admit of justification; she started on a line on which success was more likely to be certain, she entreated Mr. Graves to forgive them, and to look upon the agreement they had unitedly asked him to draw out as null and void—at least this was the purport of what she said—but let her speak—"Yes, yes, Mr. Graves; you must forgive us. They tell me as the Bible says it isn't good for man to be alone, and, though I suppose it says nothing about woman, it might ha' said the same things; for really I did find it lonely without Dick. Yes, it might have said the same thing safe enough—it might, indeed, Mr. Graves."

"Tut, tut, woman. If you go together to-night; you will be separated again before the week's end."

"O no, Mr. Graves; there is still in my heart a tender feeling towards Dick, and Dick says he has many a one for me."

"Feeling of what?"

"Feeling of attachment, sir."

"Yes, they are tender feelings; they are so *tender* that they will not hold you together forty-eight hours, if you were to return to your house this minute."

"Sir," replied Nan, feelingly, "we have got our foolish days over. We won't quarrel again. Just set us together once more, and that will be sufficient."

Dick twirled his hat on his thumb, and expressed his concurrence in what was advanced by the fair advocate, by giving an emphatic nod at the end of every sentence.

Hitherto Miss Graves had cast her eyes pensively on the floor, though occasionally taking a side glance at her father's parishioners. She seemed, for prudential reasons, unwilling to raise her eyes to the level of my own; perhaps she was afraid that a look from me might provoke a smile. Whether she was unable to restrain herself any longer, or she wished to see what effect the conversation had on myself, I don't know; but suddenly raising her eyes, and looking in the direction in which I was sitting, she burst into a laugh. I had almost done the same. Nan gave forth a deep sigh, then resumed.

"Aye, aye: no doubt you will some day marry and be happy. I hope, Mr. Graves, you will give Dick and me another chance. We have been a pair of big fools, but we won't act like it again. The other night I was nearly frightened to *deeth*. I went and told Dick that I had; he told me he was nearly frightened to *deeth* too. He then kissed me and said—'Nan,' says he, 'thou art the prettiest woman that ever lived.' I told Dick as he was the prettiest man too; I said as I had allas thought so. Since then we have been so kind, Mr. Graves; do let us go together again."

The old clergyman did not seem inclined to censure their conduct severely; he had often done so before. He perceived, too, that it was of no use withholding his approval of their re-union. Had he done so, they would have gone together again in spite of it. He was anxious, too, to avoid a repetition of this sort of thing, so he dismissed them curtly by replying—"You have my permission to go together again; but you must never come to annoy me with your differences any more; I will not listen to them."

Dick rose to his feet, raised up Nan to hers, by taking hold of her hand, and after they had both cordially thanked Mr. Graves, led her out of the room with all the glee of a bridegroom leading his bride from the altar, at which they had just been made man and wife.

A feeling of pleasure rose within me, when I saw the pair leave the room; when I saw a gleam of joy diffuse itself over Nan's big happy face. I thought how exalted the position of Mr. Graves, who was able to make the people dependent on his ministry

so happy. Power, in whatever shape it exists, is sure to attract our notice, and if wielded for beneficent purposes, has just claims upon our admiration. I could not refrain complimenting my amiable friend on the esteem in which he was held by his parishioners, no less than for his solicitude for their welfare. This and other instances of a similar kind convinced me that he was a man beloved by his people; that his life and ministry in the place must have afforded substantial proof that he was a man of sterling worth. Mr. Graves and I had had many conversations on different subjects; yet, strange to say, during the whole of my stay at his house, there had been nothing said about the ministry. This was all the more singular, since, at that very time, I was qualifying for it myself. It bethought me that the present was not an inappropriate occasion to seek from a minister so experienced a little advice on matters connected with the profession of my choice; so I began.

"What means have you employed, Mr. Graves, to win so thoroughly the respect of all classes generally, and the reverence of your own flock especially? Some ministers find it uncommonly hard to preserve the affectionate regard of their flocks."

"There is only one way, Mr. Gilbert, by which that can be done."

"And what way is that?" I asked eagerly.

"Practice what you preach," was the reply.

I paused for a few seconds: perhaps there passed over my heart a slight feeling of surprise. I perceived that the reply of my estimable friend contained more than I might at first have thought about. It implied a great deal, and the more I thought about it, the more I saw it contained. I was just about to ask him what he did, that the ordinary Christian minister left undone, when the door again opened. The visitor this time was very different from either of the last; it was a little pale-faced boy. He was clad in rags, which barely concealed his nakedness; an accident had deprived him of his right hand, and with his left he was wiping, with the collar of his tattered jacket, the tears away which rolled in quick succession over his grief-worn face. The fact that others besides Mr. Graves were present in the room seemed to have no place in his thoughts. He rushed up to the minister and cried—

"O, sir, will you come away to our house —my father is going to kill us all. My mother, and brothers, and sisters are all out on the street—my father will listen to no one but you. O, do come away at once, sir."

The terrible earnestness depicted in every feature of the boy's little worn face, together with his gesticulating manner, and the melancholy tone of his voice, made his entreaty peculiarly impressive—but not only was it peculiarly impressive, it was altogether irresistible. Mr. Graves rose to his feet.

"Are you going?" said I.

"Certainly, I must practise what I preach. If I urge my flock to work for the benefit of their fellow creatures, I must set the example."

"Then that is what you mean by *practising* what you preach, is it?"

"Yes, I strive to set an example; and that I find far more effective than precept."

My curiosity was somewhat aroused to see what kind of reception he would meet with from the rough fellow who had turned his distressed wife and starving family to the door. Whether Mr. Graves thought I had a desire to go along with him, I cannot say, but he requested the favour of my company. I readily consented to go.

When we reached the unhappy home, we found the man lying on the floor, not in a state of helpless intoxication, certainly, yet under the raging influence of drink to such an extent that he seemed equal to the commission of acts the most diabolical. The trembling wife and helpless children had been taken by a kind neighbour into her house, and were there temporarily provided for. The man himself had in the earlier part of his life been a respectable tradesman in the town, and had been reduced to his

present circumstances by his obstinate refusal to reform habits which had laid the foundation of his present misery. I wondered how Mr. Graves would proceed in this case; all the others had been mild cases compared with this. Here was a man delirious with drink; a man from whom his wife and children had fled in terror, and of whom all the neighbourhood seemed afraid. The good man, however, took none of the precautions I expected to see him take. Walking up to where the drunkard was lying, he seated himself in an old rickety chair that was standing close by. The wretched man heard someone approach. He raised himself half up, looked frantically round the room, then abruptly asked what my business was. I made no answer: my friend did—

"That is a young friend of mine, Mr. Brand, out of Scotland. I came along to see you, and he wished to accompany me."

"Is that my minister?" asked Brand, giving an idiotic stare in the direction where the rev. gentleman sat. He suddenly stopped, then shook his head ominously. He was much more rational than I expected to find him; but that, I thought, might be accounted for by being half conscious who was present. The shake of the head was significant, and seemed to be accompanied with some mental agitation—probably the memory of happier days, and their irrevocable flight. "Then you've not forgotten me," he continued in a half grunt, rolling over in a style for which, in his present state, he was hardly responsible.

"No, I have not forgotten you," responded the good man feelingly, which evidently touched the heart of the drunkard. "You are my parishioner. It would be wrong in me to forget either you or any of my parishioners."

"Yes, it would be wrong to forget any of the good ones, but I'm not a good one. I am very bad," he continued, again shaking his head. The sternness of his features now began to somewhat relax, and a tear or two rolled over his bloated face, as he thought on the miserable past, and still more miserable present. The minister perceived he was touched, and tried to improve the opportunity by speaking encouragingly.

"Life is not over with you yet, Mr. Brand. It is impossible for you to redeem the past, perhaps; but it is possible for you to make a mighty improvement on the present, and to give a brighter prospect to the future."

Brand shook his head despondingly. Drunkard though he was he had even in that wretched state a painful consciousness of having done wrong; but that he had within him power to reform habits that long practice had rendered inveterate, he seemed unable to believe.

"I'll never grow any better myself," answered Brand despairingly, "but would like—would like—to know," he continued, bewilderedly, "how you became so strong a teetotaler."

"It was by a dream," replied Mr. Graves, promptly, "simply through the influence of a dream."

"Then tell me the dream," responded the other, after some hesitation. "Let me know how—how others hit the right road if I miss it myself."

"Well, I shall tell you my dream, then; it may interest you if it does nothing more."

I expressed a desire to hear the dream myself, so my friend forthwith commenced to relate it.

"When I was a young man about eighteen I went to bed one beautifully clear night in October. The stars shone brightly from the clear azure sky, there was, indeed, in the aspect of the whole heavens a calmness and serenity that were all but divine. In my sleep I had a vision, and though I have had many since, no vision was ever so vividly impressed upon me in my sleep as that of which I am about to speak. All of a sudden I felt myself transported into a spirit-land, and on arriving thither was met by what I supposed to be one of its inhabitants. He accosted me with great civility, and promised to show me the beauties of the country, and to explain anything that might appear mysterious. I thanked him for his many civilities, and gratefully accepted his proffered assistance.

"'Thou mayest ask, my son, and I will explain to thee anything that may appear mysterious.'

"His voice was one of rare melody, and caused my blood to thrill with joy when its music broke upon my ear. My eyes gradually became habituated to the scenes immediately surrounding me; for when I first entered I was dazzled with the rich and varied scenery of the country and the stately grandeur of its buildings.

"The first object I saw distinctly was the person of my new acquaintance standing before me. My confidence in the benignity of his disposition towards me gradually became increased, for the humane feelings of his heart were pourtrayed in his face. His person was tall and majestic, his step agile and firm, his face, though full of dignity, was softened with the lines of kindness. From his shoulders there hung loosely a purple robe of costly fabric, fastened at the neck and upper part of the front with golden clasps, inlaid with precious stones, after the fashion of Florentine mosaics. When walking, he gracefully held in his right hand the lower front part of his long robe, so that he might not, in securing for himself the graces of costume, be deprived of freedom of locomotion. His hair was long, of a golden hue, and hung over his shoulders, playing wantonly with the soft breezes, which seemed to take special delight in caressing it: while on his brow there sat gracefully a crown, studded with scintillating gems.

"The spirit—for such I must call him—requested me to follow him, or rather to accompany him. I complied. He ascended the least declivitous side of a verdant mountain, covered in many places with tall, shady trees, and here on the tender sward he took his stand, having taken my hand, and drawn me near him. Here we could take in at one view a vast prospect. This view filled me with wonder, as I beheld a great country, whose rich soil was covered with vegetation flourishing in Tropical luxuriance. A vast tract of this land was laid out in pleasure gardens, in which were cut fantastic figures, with all the accuracy of mathematical precision. There were also theatres, operas, mansions, and palaces, vying with each other in architectural magnificence, and colossal grandeur. The extent of these gardens seemed to me immeasurable; while in them were planted trees and flowering plants of every known variety. The pleasures of these gardens, too, I learned, were as numberless as the varieties of vegetable life growing there. My companion observed that I was absorbed in the contemplation of the scene before me, and fearing that I might become enamoured of it, he said:—

"'What is it that rivets thy attention, my son?'

"'The exceeding beauty of the prospect,' I answered. 'It is so fascinating, that I am unable to draw my eyes from it: its pleasures are infinite in variety, and scattered about with a hand of lavish profusion.'

"'Do not, I pray thee, become enamoured of what thou seest: thou shalt learn presently, that all those pleasing objects are vanities. Follow me, and I will show thee something more yet.'

"My companion now ascended a spur which thrust itself out from a higher part of the mountain on which we were standing. Here the prospect was much more extensive; we could see much that was previously intercepted from our view by low, round-topped hills, strips of plantation, and clumps of trees. Many grand sights broke in upon my enraptured vision here that I did not expect to see; vast crowds thronged the gardens; some were sitting luxuriating on the seats set here and there; others were parading the avenues almost buried in the entombing trees, while others were entering the buildings which, though of gigantic dimensions, were hardly capacious enough to receive the multitudes who were hastening thither. Through the midst of the garden there flowed a stream, at which thousands were drinking, going away, then returning to drink. This somewhat astonished me, the more so since I had not

remarked anything like oppressive heat in the atmosphere, to account for the unquenchable thirst of which the inhabitants were, the subjects.

"This stream was succeeded by three beautiful lakes, connected to each other by arches, like links in the same chain. The shores of those lakes were the pleasure gardens on one side, and the open country on the other. Sailing about on those waters were thousands of pleasure seekers, drinking in the delicious odours wafted from the gardens by the breezes, and with which they were apparently intoxicated. On the shores, next the open country, were nine beautiful maidens beckoning and crying to the mad inebriates, who were gliding smoothly along the glassy surface, apparently heedless of what was ahead. Three stood on the margin of each lake; but all, except one, to whom they cried, instead of giving heed to what they said, steered their boats to the other side, in order that their cry might be drowned in the distance. If they paid any attention at all, it took the form of a stupefied stare, a mocking jeer, a hoarse laugh, or an obscene remark—nothing more.

"To the dispassionate warning of the maidens who gave warning to those on the first lake, those on the second added tears and entreaties. To tears and entreaties, those on the third added prayer and eloquent declamation. But neither eloquence, entreaties, tears, nor prayers could turn aside the foolhardihood that dared to trifle with its own safety in the reckless delirium of pleasure-seeking. Of the thousands who were gliding along those waters, I observed, as I have already remarked, but one who could be induced to take the warning given, and he only after having made an ineffectual attempt to row back again. He seemed, on comprehending what was said, desirous of disembarking on the spot from which he had first started; but that evidently could not be, for he was not able, though he made many attempts to do so, to push his boat a hair's-breadth back over the space he had come. When he was convinced of his inability to do this, he cried out—

"'Then I'll disembark here.'

"A burst of cheering then broke from the maidens as he rowed towards them. He dared not look back, for his complacent, yet thoughtless, companions had begun to hiss—but a moment more and he was landed safely on shore. A few of the maidens then commenced to sing over what they undoubtedly thought a trophy, a song of triumph. Two or three snatches of this song reached and enchanted my ear, but the most part of it was drowned in the ribald ditties raised by the jeering crew the young man had deserted.

"Not being able to discern into what the third lake—the one nearest us—emptied itself, on account of a dense, white mist which, though far below, seemed to lie over that part of it alone; nor yet to understand why the maidens should be anxious for the pleasure-seekers to make for their part of the shore, I availed myself of the spirit's kindness, in proffering to explain to me any mystery.

"'I am glad,' was the reply, 'that thou asked so important a question. What thou hast already seen would be meaningless, were not some explanation given—follow me, and I will give it thee at once.'

"My obedience to his commands had hitherto been prompt, so I followed. My conductor now led the way down the side of the mountain, beneath the cloud which had hung like a fleece, to intercept our view of what was to be seen below.

"From this station I saw a great river creep slowly through a swampy jungle. The water flowing from the last of the lakes through an arch, formed a tributary to this river. Joining on each side of the arch was a wall which ran along the other side of the river, till it came to a subterraneous gorge, into which it flowed, and was lost to view. Along the margin of this dark, dismal water were lying venomous beasts, such as snakes and reptiles in great numbers, to guard and defend them. This of itself would have been

sufficient to horrify me, but a sight more awful yet awaited. As the tributary stream came rolling through the arch, I saw it was covered with the frail boats of those whom I had before seen drink with such avidity then as they sailed about on the lake, regale themselves with the voluptuous odours of the groves; those who had taken no heed of the earnest warnings of the maidens, but who had jeered the young man who rowed ashore, about whom there were such rejoicings. But oh, how changed! The sensual smile and thoughtless air that had recently sat upon their faces were now changed to those of ghastly horror and despondency. Some seized with a fit of despair, uttered a piteous wail; others, as though suddenly aroused from a state of torpor in which they had long lain, suddenly awoke and wildly stared around, then, on realizing their awful position, leaped from the boat, either in haste to terminate their existence, or with some faint hope to reach the shore in safety, notwithstanding the loathsome guard who kept their sleepless watch. This warned the reptile force to prepare for the onset: they reared their slimy heads, and protruded their venomous tongues. The hideous sight did not fail—as indeed it well might not—to cause the hearts of the dread-inspired victims to sicken and die within them: then they sank no more to rise.

"My spirit-companion saw this sight had horrified me, but he neither made any remark himself, nor encouraged me to make any; indeed, so far, he had appeared anxious to avoid comment of every description. 'Cast thine eyes, my son,' he said, 'beyond the wall, and tell me if ever thou saw so large a crowd of mourners.'

"I looked. Beyond the wall which intercepted their view of the river, I saw a matty crowd of every rank. It was composed of both sexes, and there was the greatest possible difference of age, and outward circumstance; yet on every countenance there was stamped the same sad, sorrowful impress of grief. There was manhood in the zenith of its strength, brooding over the griefs that had baffled its energies and its cunning, owning itself conquered by sorrow. There, too, was old age, with its hoary head and wrinkled face, wiping away the tears from its lustreless eyes, and as it leaned upon its staff, bending under the weight of years, uttering deep groans in the anguish of its sorrow. There, too, was youthful innocence, as though newly awakened to a consciousness of being. Its lot seemed to be cast in a region which had a system of things strongly out of harmony with the instincts of its own sweet nature, and it wept to get away, but this it was unable to do without facing the tyrant sorrow. Nor in this strange medley was womanhood, with all its loveliness, wanting. The fountains of her being were broken up, and drained to quench the burning grief that preyed upon her—nay, the fair victim lay on the altar, an immolated sacrifice to the omnipotent divinity, whose mournful devotees named—SORROW.

"'Now, my son, all this, I apprehend, is still a mystery to thee.'

"'It is,' I replied.

"'Then I will explain it to thee. The stream at which thou sawest the thousands going to drink is called the DEVIOUS WATERS, because those who are accustomed to drink at it are sure to miss their way. The lakes are named the Highway of Destruction, and are made exceedingly pleasant, as thou sawest, by the proximity of the pleasure-gardens. There is symbolised in the nine virgins something very important, which I will at once commence to explain. The three standing on the shore of the first lake are intended to represent the way in which wilful youth is wont to disregard the voice of wisdom; those on the second, how it practically defies social restraint and parental anxiety; those on the third, how the influence of the church, and the voice of revelation, are alike unavailing in reclaiming those who have disregarded the other two. Avoid, my son,' said the spirit, vanishing out of sight, 'the Devious Waters.' At this instant I awoke, and found myself in bed, where I had been dreaming.'"

While Mr. Graves was relating his dream, Brand fixed his eyes steadfastly upon him. The subject took such a hold of him that he seemed to become quite sober. He sprang to his feet, and seizing Mr. Graves' hand, he cried out—"Sir, you have called me from the third lake to-night. I, too, in the future, will avoid the Devious Waters."

I marvelled at this, but I had reason to admire my aged friend more than ever. He made the poor man's case his own, and worked assiduously to establish him again in the paths of sobriety. I visited my friend a few years after—when his lovely daughter had become my wife—and of the many interesting stories I have heard him tell, none were more interesting than that which comprised the principal incidents by which Brand was successfully reclaimed, and his family made happy. But the good effects of that dream did not end by making that family happy. It gave me an insight into the character of the earnest Christian minister—a character I have striven, by God's grace, to imitate.

T. B.

THE TALE SHE TOLD.

THE school-room was all ready. The fires were burning brightly, and the forms arranged. I went in just before the doors were to be opened, to have a last look round, and to see whether anything had been forgotten. It was the first evening of a Gospel Temperance Mission, that my husband, the Rector of our little village, had arranged to hold for a week in our parish. Where that parish was need not be told; it was situated between two large towns on the South Coast. Our population consisted chiefly of fishermen, and I am sorry to say that drunkenness was rife among them. We were all very hopeful about the success of our Mission; it had been undertaken in the spirit of prayer, and we were depending solely on our Heavenly Father's help to carry it on. As soon as the doors were opened, I took my place near the entrance, that I might be ready to give a friendly word to all who came in. The first to arrive was a band of earnest Christian workers in the temperance cause, then more slowly, dropping in one by one at rather long intervals, the poorer people. I looked out anxiously for some of those men and women, whom I knew were ruining body and soul with drink, but none came. By eight o'clock the room was well filled, though it was not as crowded as we had hoped it might be. The proceedings were like most Gospel Temperance Mission Meetings I suppose. We opened with prayer, then had a hymn. After that a portion of Scripture was read, and then the Rector spoke. We had been only a year in the parish, but even in that comparatively short space of time, my husband's loving sympathy had endeared him to all his parishioners. He was not a strong man, but all present knew how gladly he had given up the small portion of stimulants he had formerly been in the habit of taking, that he might, by his example, help those to whom even moderate drinking was a snare. I was listening with loving pride to my husband's eloquent and telling words, when I saw the door at the furthest end of the room open very gently, and a woman slip in; she sat down close by the door, and seemed to shrink from observation. My husband spoke of the homes desolated and ruined by drink, of women losing their purity, and men their intellect, of children left destitute and starving, of noble men brought low, of poor men made criminals, of bright girls and clever boys all dragged down, down, down by the demon clutch of drink, ruined for time, and what is

far, far, sadder, ruined for eternity. Then he spoke of the only remedy for all this misery, want, and sin, and as he dwelt on the Saviour's yearning love to perishing souls, his usually sad and worn face glowed with the intensity of feeling, which stirred his heart as an ambassador of Christ. The woman who had come in so late sat leaning forward with her eyes rivetted on his face, and when he sat down, she drew back and sat with her head bent down. The hymn we then sang I remember was, "O where is my wandering boy to-night?" Other speakers followed, and the meeting was closed with prayer. I made my way at once to the end of the room, where the woman, whom I had been watching, was sitting. Seeing she wished to remain unnoticed, I stood before her while the people were going out, and when that end of the room was cleared I turned to speak to her. Never shall I forget the haggard look of agonized appeal in her eyes when she raised them to my face, and said in a voice hoarse with emotion—

"Sister, save me!"

I was young and inexperienced, but all my heart went out to the poor forlorn woman before me, and I said, almost with tears, "I will help you all I can, only tell me how to do it."

"I'll tell you all," she said eagerly, and then broke off, "Oh no, I can't tell anyone my wretched, wretched story. How can a lady like you know or understand how such a God-forsaken, sin-stained wretch as I am feels. Where is the man who spoke first, and who is he?" she demanded fiercely.

"He is my husband," I answered, I am afraid, a little proudly. "He will come and speak to you if you wish it."

"Oh no, no, if I speak to anyone, it must be to a woman. Can we be alone?"

"Certainly," I said, and going to my husband I told him that a woman wished to speak to me, and asked him to leave us together.

When we were alone my strange companion asked if the gas might be lowered. Willing to humour her, I turned it down, and put two chairs near the fire, taking one myself, and inviting her to occupy the other. She seated herself, and drawing back out of the glow of the firelight, she began to speak, and this is the tale she told.

"I would rather not mention my name, but I will call myself Magdalene, it will do as well as any other. I dare say you think I am quite an old woman, because my hair is grey; but really I suppose there is not very much difference in our ages. I shall be twenty-eight next month, and ten years ago I was a beauty, yes, and what is more I was the acknowledged beauty of this little village and the two neighbouring towns. Ah, that surprises you, does it? I came here to-night to have one last look at my native village, and then I meant to drop myself quietly into the sea and end my troubles and sins there. Don't speak, I know quite well that you want to say that death wouldn't end my trouble, that after death comes the judgment; but I read some lines in a book somewhere, and they have been burned into my brain.

"'Come unto me,' saith the awful sea,
'And I will give you rest;
A little struggle at first, of course,
A little gasping for one more breath,
A little agony—nothing worse,
And then the long, sweet sleep of death.'"

I meant to go to-night, it was only seeing the lights in this room that made me pause. I once taught in the Sunday School here, and I thought I'd just look in, and then I listened to what your husband said, and for a moment a wild thought crossed my mind that perhaps even now at the eleventh hour there might be hope for me, but it is too late, too late. If you want to know what has ruined me, I can answer you in one word—drink. It seems hardly possible that it can be ten long years ago since I was an innocent, happy girl at home. You will know where my home was, when I tell you it was a long, low, red-brick house, almost hidden among creepers, with a deep moss-grown-tiled roof, and a great many windows. You know it, of course, it was then the parish doctor's house, and the doctor was my father. Perhaps some of

my forefathers were drunkards, it may have been so; anyhow, I grew up to womanhood loving strong drink. I think I first began to find I couldn't live without it, after a serious illness, in which my father had used stimulants very lavishly. I daresay you will hardly believe me when I tell you that sometimes after dinner I have sat, almost unconscious of what was going on around me, trying to plan how I could get possession of the wine without being found out. Then, again, I have often slipped out of the house after dark and hurried into the town for a bottle of gin from the grocer's. For a long time I managed to hide my sin from those at home, but at last one night my mother found me in the store-room quite incapable of speaking or moving. She thought I was ill, and called my father; he of course knew what was the matter with me, and he talked long and seriously with me the next morning. I promised to watch myself carefully, but the only thing that could have saved me was not done; if the drink had been utterly and entirely banished from our home at that time, my story, in all human probability, would have been very different. My parents could not see that such strong measures were necessary. I saw wine on the table daily, and I managed to procure it for my own use. But why should I linger over the sickening story of my downfall. I thought when you were singing, 'Oh where is my wandering boy to-night?' there is yet a sadder question, and that is, Where is my wandering girl? And one night that was the question that my heart-broken parents had to ask, and no one could answer them. There was one, who, taken with my pretty face, I suppose, had always been at hand to walk with me, when I had gone into the town, pretending it was to shop, but really to have a glass of wine at the pastry-cook's. At last the end came. I had taken so much wine one day at my lunch at the pastry-cook's, that not knowing in the least what I was doing, I fell up against the window and broke a pane of glass with my umbrella. They threatened to send for the police, and then *he* came, and I let him take me away—I never asked where we were going—and, too late, I found I was cut off from a virtuous life. A man may return to his home and family after such a sin, a woman *never*. I went from bad to worse. I only lived to drink, and while drink had the power to intoxicate, I had some moments of hellish merriment, but now even that has gone, and I have nothing left but remorse and despair. I have told you all; and now good-bye."

I started to my feet and seized her hand in mine.

"No, you must not go," I said. "God lighted that feeble ray of hope in your heart, and He will make it brighten into clear daylight, if not into golden sunshine."

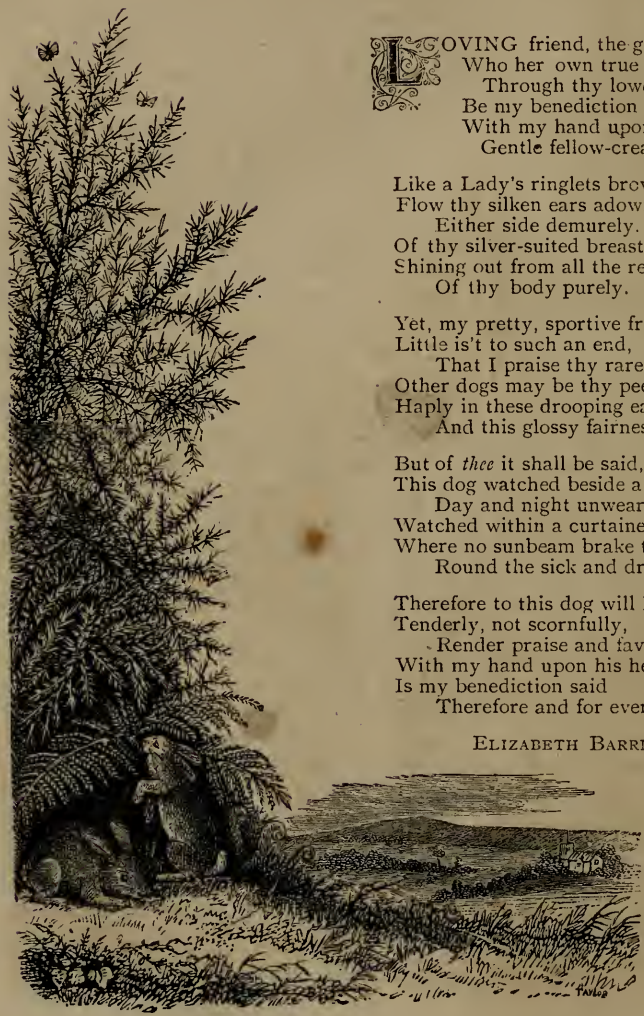
The rest is soon told. I took her home to the Rectory, and nursed her through a long and dangerous illness. We found out that her parents were still living, and we brought them to the bedside of their erring but penitent child. They saw now that they had not done all they might to save their daughter, and when she went home with them, it was to a household of total abstainers, and as she is now trying to lead a new life, trusting in God alone to help her, I have no fears for her.

Our Mission was greatly blessed, and I always feel so thankful that the door was open that night to welcome my weary, wandering sister. L. L. P.

Hard Work without Alcohol.

Six anchor smiths at Portsmouth were prevailed upon by Dr. Beddoes to drink only water for a week, and found as the week advanced they gained considerably on the other six, who wrought along with them, and used beer as formerly. The water drinkers themselves admitted that they felt much better at the end of the week than they usually did.

To Flush, My Dog.



LOVING friend, the gift of one
Who her own true faith has run—
Through thy lower nature,
Be my benediction said
With my hand upon thy head,
Gentle fellow-creature!

Like a Lady's ringlets brown,
Flow thy silken ears adown,
Either side demurely.
Of thy silver-suited breast,
Shining out from all the rest,
Of thy body purely.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
Little is't to such an end,
That I praise thy rareness;
Other dogs may be thy peers,
Haply in these drooping ears,
And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed,
Day and night unweary.
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom,
Round the sick and dreary.

Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly, not scornfully,
Render praise and favour.
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said
Therefore and for ever.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

DAISY AND HER PET DOG.

A Fireside Lay.

WE gather our pleasant hearth around,
Where so many comforts of life are found;
With the curtains drawn, and the frost and gloom
Carefully shut from our cosy room:
While the wind as it whistles against the pane,
Finds trying to enter is all in vain,
And its wild, weird song falls unheeded quite,
For we other music prefer to-night;
And the singing water the kettle bears,
And the flickering fire as it higher flares,
And the purr of the cat, on the hearthrug seen,
And the tick of the clock, with its face serene,—
Though not, perchance, so sublime and high
As the waving boughs, and the winds that sigh,
And the dark night-clouds of the arching dome—
Yet, too, have their music and songs of home:
And their soothing lays, and their voices clear,
Fall with lulling cadence upon the ear;
And as we sit in the cheery light,
These are the songs which they sing to-night:—

"Come, O, come, from the cold away!"
Thus the Fire begins its lay;—
"Come, ye parents with weary feet,
I will offer you comfort sweet.
You have been working through all the day,
With not one moment for rest to stay;
Toiling and striving, with mind and hand,
To feed and clothe all your hungry band:
But now the hours of the day are done,
And gone from sight is the winter sun,
Throw off labour, and throw off cares,
And rest awhile in your easy chairs,
And read your papers, and drink your tea,
Or list to your little ones' prattling glee.
For this have the coals which now shine so red
Been delved for, and brought from the mine's deep bed,
For this had they lain there for years so long,
To prepare for you warmth, and prepare you this song;
To dance and to sparkle with rosy feet,
And fill your dwelling with soothing heat;
Then come, O come, and the comforts share
Which your Heavenly Father provides with care.
Come too, ye children, with faces bright,
For I know ye are fond of the fire and light,
When with father and mother, and all, you sit,
And laugh and chatter, or read, and knit;
And tell your tales, or your sweet songs raise,
Or listen to deeds of your parents' days.
Come, while my bright coals sparkle, come,
And learn the meaning of 'Home, sweet Home!'
And make the most of your time of mirth,
And make the most of your native hearth,
For soon, very soon, may its pleasures flee,
And a scattered band all its children be;
Soon, very soon, may its joys be o'er,
And a parent's affection be known no more,
And ye may sicken and long in vain
To sit, as now, round the fire again.
Then be happy, the while you may,
And list to the lessons I teach to-day,
And make your fireside a cheerful place,
A pleasant memory in life's hard race,
Leading you on to a dearer land,
Where will come no cold, and no broken band."

* * * * *

So we list to the words of the fire's refrain,
'Till the singing Water takes up the strain:—

"Bubbling, bubbling! with spirits light,
In this blackened kettle we wait to-night;
We have come from the bed of the river deep,
Where fishes glisten, and willows weep;
We have mirror'd softly the summer sky,
We have sung low songs to the flowerets nigh;
Drops of water, all silvery clear,
And now at last we are pent up here:
But we do not complain if so be we bring
Comfort and health from our native spring.
Then come, ye thirsty ones, spread the board,
And let us be in your tea-cups poured,
'Mid gladness and converse and tinkling sound,
Let us help to spread fragrance and joy around.
Turn from the stream which polluted lies,
Though it sparkle and flash with a thousand dyes;
Turn from the glass which the wine doth fill,
For though pleasant, yet it is poison still;
And will bring you sickness and bring you death,
Will defile your mind, and defile your breath:
Then turn, O turn from it all away
To our purer cup and our milder spray!
For this did God send us in love from heaven,

For this unto man was the water given,
So come and drink of the cup which cheers
But never inebriates e'en through years.
Aged ones, gather, the while we flow,
For ye love the tea-hour to come, we know ;
Youthful ones too, with your laughter clear,
Come and partake of such freshening cheer ;
Come and help make the tea-time glad,
And chase the sorrow from faces sad :
And, oh, may your pleasures be always as sure,
And the beverage ye drink of be ever as pure ;
For this would we ask, if ye will but hear,
As we bubble up in the kettle clear."

* * * * *

And now to the cheerful tick ! tick ! tock !
To the pleasant voice of the Household Clock,
We turn our ears in the glowing light,
And fancy that thus it is speaking to-night :—
"O Family gathered around me here,
Father and mother, and little ones dear,
Busy and happy as people can be,
A pleasant sight are ye all to see :
And I love among you, O gathered throng !
To tell *my* stories and sing *my* song :
And the sweetest and best of all hours to come
Is the hour when I summon you each one home,
To sit and rest, as ye do to-night,
Round the cheerful hearth and the fire so bright ;
With your merry voices and mutual love,
An emblem sweet of the home above.
Not always, not always, upon *my* face
Do ye look as now, with such pleasant grace ;
For mine 'tis to point to the rough path too,
As well as to hours that are welcome to you ;
To waken you up at the early morn
To the daily duties and daily thorn,
To usher the moments of labour and care,
As well as the moments with flowers made fair :
When my tick ! tick ! tick ! is no pleasing call,
And frowning glances upon me fall :
But the duties of life, whatever they show,
And whether they're soothing or painful, we know
Must still be performed by both clock and man,
And to do them well is the wisest plan ;
Nor to stop at mere trifles nor anything—
For Time, as I tell you, is on the wing—
And who than myself should know better, I ask,
Who, the agent of Time, am appointed this task,
To tell the moments and hours that fly,—
The time to live and the time to die ?
And well I know it. For, many a year
Have I hung in my own old corner here,
Ticking and ticking from morning to eve,
Whoever might come and whoever might leave.
I told the hour when you children came,
And, one by one, received a name ;
I saw you lying as babies here,
And saw you growing with every year.
I pointed, too, to that darkened night
When sickness came with its withering blight,
And I ticked, ticked, ticked, with a saddened sound
Feeling what darkness was gath'ring around.
Ah me ! how anxious the faces were
Which then turned to me with mute despair,
And counted my hours with a sickening pang,
'Till at last each stroke as a death-knell rang ;
And they looked on my features, to see the hour
When faded their darling,—their cherished flower.
A young maid too has oft looked on me,
And thought of the morn when a bride she would be,
And smiled on my face as drew near the time,
While my small bell seemed like a fairy chime.
But I could tell you—O, many a tale,
To make you laugh or to turn you pale ;
And many a scene of the passing years,
When my tick ! tick ! tick ! fell on other ears :
But I tell to one, and I tell to all,
How the seasons pass, and the pleasures pall,
And how, also, the time is hastening on,
When both you and I shall be no more known;
My mission done, and my life-work o'er ;
But yours to go on, on another shore ;
To pass from the seasons of life away
To a land where the dwellers shall ever stay ;
And I bid you live so, as the hours pass by,
That you may not fear when you come to die."

* * * * *

So the clock goes on with its warning chime,
And its gentle tick in the evening time ;
And the Cat, too, lies on the carpet near,
And her purring song 'mid the rest we hear—
And cosy as cat can be she seems,
As she lies and blinks, or dreams happy dreams ;
And I ween, if we read her thoughts aright,
They are something like this, this winter night:—
"O a happy, happy cat am I,
As thus on this nice warm rug I lie,
While the bright, clear fire, which I like to see,

Throws its warmest and rosiest beams on me;
While my merry companions, the children, sit,
And sing, and chatter, or read, and knit,
Just as I like to see things here,
When we all so gleeful together appear:
For I love them, and I know they love me,
Or else they would never so kind to mé be;
I've had my supper—a nice one, too,
And finished up all I'm expected to do;
I've caught some mice in the barn to day,
And frightened the rest of them far away,
I've had a fight with a neighbouring cat,
And found out where lives a huge old rat,
Which I mean to pounce on before very long,
Though he's pretty cunning, and pretty strong.
But now are raging the wind and storm,
And 'tis cold outside, and this bed is warm,
Where I lie and dream to my heart's delight,
To the tick of the clock, and the fire so bright;
While sometimes one of them speaks my name,
And calls me pretty, or good, or tame,
At which I look up with a grateful purr,
Which I mean for 'Thank you!' to him or her:
And so I feel happy, as well I may,
Through the livelong night, and the livelong day."

* * * * *

So the voices sound in the firelight warm,
As we gather around from the wintry storm,
And each one's thought is a thought of rest,
As we list to the voices which please us best.
And in vain the wind tries to force its way,
And in vain falls the rain, and the sleety spray,
And we laugh and chatter, and drink our tea,
As the cat says, "as happy as happy can be;"
And the Fireside Lay is a pleasant lay,
As the hours of the evening pass away:
And we find though the winter has its sting,
It can also its joys and its music bring.

FAITH CHILTERN.

A Goods-Guard's Story.

PASSENGERS, railway servants, and property often run greater risks of destruction through the use of intoxicating liquors than the public have any idea of. Accidents are exceedingly rare compared with the immense number of people travelling and the enormous value of goods carried; yet, when they do occur, drink has often a great deal to answer for in regard to them, directly or indirectly. Some of my own experiences will show where the risk really lies.

One beautiful moonlight night in May, 1870, I had to work a mineral train from Burton to Bristol. When my driver brought his engine out of the shed I noticed he had been drinking a drop too much beer. He appeared able, however, to manage his engine; and as the fireman was perfectly sober I thought we would make no bother. So we started, though, as I well knew the danger of working with a driver in such a state, I resolved to keep an extra sharp look-out. All went well till we reached the point between Barnt Green and Blackwell, where steam should be shut off in order to stop the train at the summit of the Lecky incline. But my driver ran past this point, and I began, of course, to be thoroughly alarmed at the awful consequences that must follow in a few minutes—for this incline, as you know, is two miles long, and so steep that three engines are required to take an ordinary goods train up it; while to take one down, eighteen waggon brakes must be kept hard on, or else those of the three extra break-vans that are always standing in readiness on the top of the bank. On we rushed, then, at full speed past the point I spoke of, with steam on, and past the distance signal, which stood at "danger!" I had promptly applied my own brake with all the power I could, but it seemed to have little or no effect in reducing the rate we flew at. I felt so sure that we were going headlong to swift destruction that I had already made up my mind to try my chance of saving my life by rolling off my footboard on to the side of the line, when I happened to see in the bright moonlight an up-train coming towards us. Quick as thought I turned the side-lamp round so as to show a red light to the driver of the approaching train, who, thinking something was wrong, immediately blew his whistle so loud as provi-

dentially to arouse my own driver. He, suddenly awaking to the peril we were in, had just enough presence of mind left in him to reverse his engine and put steam on against the train. The bankmen on duty, who were as much alarmed as we were, also assisted in stopping us by putting a "sprag" or two in the wheels of the waggons. Thus were we pulled up, but only barely in time to save us from a terrible accident. Naturally the first thing I did on coming to a stand was to go to my driver and ask him the cause of his recklessness, though I need hardly say I pretty well suspected it already. He was compelled to own that he was fairly stupified with the beer he had been having at Burton; indeed, he had fallen fast asleep at his post on the engine, and had therefore seen no signal, and knew not where he was. He was by this time, however, thoroughly sobered by his fright, and begged me very hard not to report the case. Though he richly deserved reporting, and no doubt it was our duty to have done it, yet none of us wanted to throw the man out of his berth, and on his making a solemn promise never to touch the drink any more, we agreed not to enter any charge against him. He kept his promise for two years, and then the old appetite woke up, and instead of wrestling and praying against it, he let it master him. Notwithstanding this warning, he did the very same thing again, and, running past all the signals at Berkley, was reported by the authorities there, and discharged.

How wonderful it seems that men will persist in taking stuff into their mouths that may bring any one of them into similar or even greater dangers. How doubly strange does this seem when the drink does them no real good, gives them no solid or lasting pleasure, and brings them no true strength of body! Seldom does the thirst for drink, when it once has got its grip of a man ever let him go again; and if anyone wants to know whether it has got a grip of *him* or not, let him abstain from it for a few months, and if he then finds a longing and craving coming over him at times that seems as if it would take no denial, it is a sure sign that he has not awoke to his danger one moment too soon: he has run past the distance signal already. Better far for young men never to touch intoxicating liquors than to risk learning to like them too well. If they don't cause them to wreck a train they may wreck their characters and their worldly prospects, and endanger their chance of salvation. May these words of mine be as a "red light"—a danger signal—to railway men, for the Lord's sake.

On another occasion—in November, 1871—and this also was at night, I was working a train between Worcester and Hereford. On arriving at Malvern Wells Tunnel, my driver brought his train up to a sudden stand. Looking out of my brake-van to see what was the matter, I saw another train standing immediately in front of us. This of course I knew meant something wrong, for the line was worked on the block-telegraph system, and we had no business to be allowed to pass the Malvern Wells Station signal-box with another train so close ahead of us. This, however, we had passed—with the signals at "all right," too. I at once walked back to learn why my train had not been properly protected. There I found the signals still standing as if both up and down lines were clear, and the signalman *drunk* and *fast asleep* in his box! I was unable to put the signals on. There was a third train in the rear of my own, now nearly due, and so I ran as for very life to try and stop it. This I was fortunately able to do, and the driver pulled up abreast of the signal-box. Had it been a passenger train instead of a goods, I should have been utterly unable to have stopped it in time. Isn't it terrible to think how many persons' lives, and perhaps the happiness and prosperity of many families, would in that case have been at the mercy of a man who indulged—though possibly only now and then—in a beverage that is utterly useless for any purpose on God's earth, except to blast men's bodies and souls, as these trains might have been destroyed that night! It is not "a good creature of God," but the devil's best weapon for mischief and ruin. Well, with the help of the drivers we got into the box and put the signals on, so as to stop all further traffic, and then we woke the signalman. He was so drunk that he didn't in the least remember where he was, and we had to go and rouse the stationmaster to get another man to take his place before we dared to proceed. The railway system is as near perfection, perhaps, as human skill can make it, but unless all the company's servants are *bonâ fide* teetotalers, as well as selected for their general good conduct, there never can be any certainty that at some unexpected moment—and it is always unexpectedly that accidents happen, or they wouldn't be

accidents—the "drink" will not thrust itself in and upset the very best regulations and spoil the very best contrivances.

I don't preach what I don't practise, for I signed the pledge myself two-and-twenty years ago, and five-and-twenty years I have spent upon the line—eighteeen of them as a goods-guard. It wasn't because I was ever a drunkard that I became a teetotaller, nor because I couldn't "control" myself. I signed the pledge just because I *could* "control" myself, and was determined always to do so. Brought up as a boy to be honest, truthful, and sober, by a virtuous and hardworking, though very poor mother—for my father was only an agricultural labourer, and died when I was three years old—I never had any great desire for "drinking" or foolery of any sort. But I hadn't been long out in the world before I saw so much evil in the drink, and so little good in it, that I resolved to keep always on the right and safe side; besides I couldn't, as a Christian man, warn others of the danger of moderation, and the sin of drunkenness, unless I myself came out boldly as an abstainer.

Having tried teetotalism for so long a time, and having travelled so many thousands of miles in charge of trains, and having come in contact with such multitudes of my fellow railway men, I feel qualified to speak with authority. My testimony is that bitter cold and melting heat, long hours and night work, are stood better, and "time" everywhere is better kept, by the teetotalers than by the drinkers, and in this experience I am confirmed by all who know anything of the question and are not prejudiced.—*Western Temperance Herald.*

"Only His Own Enemy."

By Mrs. H. A. Noel-Thatcher,

Author of "Sir Walter Raleigh's Legacy," (the £50 Trevelyan Prize Essay), etc.

In circles where the practice of using alcoholics in moderation, as it is termed, prevails, how often may be heard the well-nigh proverbial decision, uttered in reviewing the downward career of some gifted slave of strong drink, "He was only his own enemy." Were this judgment correct, it would be sad enough, but the reverse is too often the painful fact.

"Only his own enemy."—Who can gauge the meaning of that sentence?

Let us analyse it for a moment or two.

"*His own enemy*"—the enemy of his affections, his circumstances; the enemy to all real refinement and culture in himself; the enemy to all aspiration after moral elevation; his own spiritual enemy—for "no drunkard" can enter heaven! Yet is this decision one of the many fallacies current among us. He who indulges in alcoholics to excess can never be *only* his own enemy. Wittingly or unwittingly, he is the enemy of his nearest and dearest ones; the enemy of the social circle in which he moves; the enemy of the common weal, for none of us are independent beings. The Great Creator has linked His creatures so together that we are not isolated units, whose habits and feelings are entirely inoperative upon any of the community.

He of whom we are thinking was favoured by nature with an attractive person and winning manners. Culture had added charms to his natural endowments, whilst fortune had profusely lavished upon him her favours. Wedded to the woman of his choice, beautiful in person and amiable in disposition, she was to him a true helpmeet.

There was a son—and a daughter. It is the story told a thousand times, but woven over again every day. The events occurred long ago; and from that time to the present the habit which desolated that home, that martyred that loving wife, that brought a blush to the cheek of the portionless daughter, that threw the son upon the world to carve his name as best he could, is rife among us *to-day*—working more havoc than war, famine, and pestilence ever wrought: and as the ruin of another and yet another is chronicled, men and women sip their wine and shake their heads and say—"He was only his own enemy."

Mr. and Mrs. C—— had a well-appointed home

at Hounslow. There was no railway station in those days, for the "line" had not been projected or thought of. It mattered little, for the carriage could easily convey any member of the family the two miles to the main road, whence could be taken the stage to London.

Christmas was approaching, and many nick-nacks would be required—articles of taste that Mrs. C—— would like to select herself in London. And so, notwithstanding the drizzling rain and the thick veil of fog that was sure to envelope the metropolis in such weather, the carriage was ordered and the lady proceeded to take the coach to London.

A long day was spent in shopping, but the driver of the Oxford coach so often brought home one or other of the family that Mrs. C—— felt no anxiety about her homeward journey. Sundry little packages were deposited with the passenger inside, and the coachman was reminded that the carriage would be waiting at the accustomed turn of the road.

Hounslow Heath, at the period of which we are writing, had an evil reputation in respect to footpads; but Mrs. C—— was not nervous. Her two high-stepping greys would convey her home in less than half-an-hour, and her husband had faithfully promised when they parted in the morning that the vehicle should be at the rendezvous in good time in the evening.

The coach draws up, and the guard, opening the door, remarks to the passenger who is about to alight that the carriage has not yet come up; and in trepidation, Mrs. C—— remembers that, contrary to her custom, she had forgotten the precaution of informing the coachman that he was to fetch her that evening.

A vague fear that she shall not be met seized the lady's mind, and seems to be participated by the guard, who suggests that they shall drive her on to the next hotel, from whence a postchaise could be procured.

Fearing to miss her own vehicle, she declines this thoughtful suggestion and elects to remain a moment or two at the turn of the road, hoping that her expected escort will soon appear.

As the stage-coach rolled away, the benighted woman fully realised the discomfort of her position. Houses there were none near her; not a footfall was to be heard. The latter circumstance was not to be regretted, as well-intentioned persons were not frequently found at such an hour, on such a night, in that locality.

Minutes seemed lengthened into hours. What should she do? To walk for two miles in the drizzling rain and pitchy darkness, would have been a formidable undertaking to any woman less delicate and luxuriously-nurtured than Mrs. C——. Moreover, the little parcels with which she had charged herself were encumbrances to one unaccustomed to inconveniences of this kind. An umbrella had not been thought of as at all necessary, but at that moment it would have been most acceptable, but for the dozen small and large parcels. In vain were the eyes strained to catch the first glimpse of the carriage lamps.. In vain was the sound of approaching wheels listened for. It was quite evident that the appointment to meet the mistress of that wealthy home had slipped out of memory. And so there was nothing for it but to pin up the skirt of that rich black lute-string dress, to wind the Indian shawl round the graceful, somewhat fragile figure, and attempt the homeward walk—not round the road, but by the footpath, through the fields which fringed that place of evil celebrity, Hounslow Heath.

Regrets were useless if indulged in, for the wife was becoming accustomed to the neglect of those courtesies which in days of early wedded life had been so freely bestowed. And yet, "he was only his own enemy!"

It was well that the footpath through those fields was familiar to that lonely one, for the darkness of the night enveloped every object in gloom.

Rapidly the first field was traversed; the stile must be close by. It is the very loneliest part of that lonely walk.

Hurried footsteps are heard approaching, and Mrs. C——'s first instinct is to announce her presence: she fancies it is some one in quest of her. A second thought suggests "Footpads!" She is not without money. Costly jewellery and rich furs would form no inconsiderable booty to the desperadoes who infest the Heath.

Her guardian angel, or the unslumbering care of the Most High, prompts the necessity for concealment, for heavy footsteps as of two men are nearing the stile. There is a shallow ditch close by, and Mrs. C——, regardless of everything but the imminent danger probably at hand, avails herself of this now welcome hiding-place.

One of the men has a foot already upon the stile as he exclaims hurriedly to his companion, What's that? Who's there?"

"Come on, come on, Jack," admonishes the comrade; "it's only an old cow in the ditch; let's get on, or ——"

A muttered oath and some syllables not distinctly heard apprize the frightened woman of danger mercifully warded off.

Terror-stricken, the benighted lady has scarcely strength to prosecute the rest of her perilous journey; but without further indications of danger, she toils on until the welcome lights of her residence gleam through the darkness.

"Where is your master?" is hastily asked; "is anything the matter?"

A negative is the reply.

The lady passes quickly to the dining-room: and there, stretched upon the couch, lies the husband, his heavy slumber and stentorian breathing telling their own tale. The decanters have been drained, and the appointment to send the carriage for the wife forgotten: "Only his own enemy!"

The next morning there was a rumour, soon verified, that a gentleman had been murdered between six and seven o'clock the previous evening upon Hounslow Heath—happily the last deed of violence committed in that locality by highwaymen that our criminal annals record —and in Mrs. C——'s mind it amounted to certainty that on that wretched night she had encountered the perpetrators of this atrocity red-handed, hastening from the scene of their guilt.

Precautions were henceforth used to prevent a recurrence of such misadventures; but in an incredibly short space of time, carriage, horses, plate, furniture, family, were dispersed. He was "Only his own enemy!" And he *was* his own enemy—and worse! There was a report of a pistol—a suicidal death, the sequel to a wasted life.

An enfeebled widow, with but a scanty pittance, was left to struggle on. Penury and suffering—physical and mental—were experienced at the close of that life commenced so auspiciously.

And what of the son and daughter?

Deprived of property, reduced from the position which was theirs by birth and fortune, the former held an appointment as a railway official, helping to maintain the widowed mother and orphan sister. The latter remained unmarried, to tend the declining days of her beloved widowed parent, refusing wealthy marriage which would, by residence in India, have entailed separation from her beloved mother.

"It was a bitter ordeal," she remarked to the writer, "to give up Frederick; but I could not leave dear mamma after all she has passed through. Oh, everything would have been *so* different if poor papa had not ——"

Tears concluded the sentence. And yet he was "only his own enemy!"

Softening of the brain terminated the widow's earthly sufferings. In her last illness it was pitiful to hear her speak of her former luxurious life—of the residence in Grosvenor Square, where she fancied she then was, as she pathetically asked the Christian doctor who gratuitously attended her, to order her to be taken away from sultry London, at this season of the year, to the seaside. And wandering thus, yet amid all her weakness and suffering, with her soul resting upon the mercy of her Redeemer, she passed away from disappointment and care, and the vices and sorrows entailed upon families and individuals by the respectable drinking usages of society; and she now quaffs full draughts of the river of the Water of Life evermore.

The Declining Consumption of Alcohol.

TRACES of the progress of the temperance movement may be seen in the records of home consumption of wine, spirits, and beer this year (1882). Enthusiastic supporters of the movement have been disposing of their wine cellars, and while the consumption of spirits has distinctly fallen off this year, the increase in the quantity of beer charged with Excise duty is small, when the steady growth of population is taken into account. Moreover, the beer duty is too new, having begun to operate in October, 1880, to allow a proper comparison over

years. From the following comparison it may be learnt that the consumption of imported wine is nearly 8 per cent. less this year than last, and 9 per cent. less than in 1880; in imported spirits the decline is at the rate of 1¼ per cent. on last year; in home-made spirits, for which the returns are only made up for nine months, the decrease is 1 per cent. The following tabulation of these results is from official data:—

HOME CONSUMPTION.

	1880.	1881.	1882.
Wine (for 11 months), gallons	14,597,000	14,389,000	13,309,000
Spirits, foreign (same period), gallons ...	7,507,000	7,374,000	7,289,000
Spirits, home (nine months), gallons ...	19,856,000	20,394,000	20,189 000
Beer charged with duty (same period), barrels	—	20,185,000	20,563,000

Allowing for increase of population, the rate of decrease in the home consumption of spirituous liquors is very distinct indeed. It is also interesting to observe the remarkable growth of the consumption of tea at the same time. So far this year, compared with last, the growth has been at the rate of 3 per cent.; in cocoa it is 8 per cent. Were there any means of getting at the quantity of aerated waters consumed in place of alcohol, similar results would no doubt appear. The figures available are these:—

HOME CONSUMPTION.

	1880.	1881.	1882.
Tea (11 months), lbs.	146,886,000	148,308,000	152,797,000
Cocoa (same period), lbs.	9,863,000	10,278,000	11,113,000

The foregoing comparisons further help to strengthen the conviction that, happily, the will, not the power, to consume spirituous liquors is weaker in this country. From the standpoint of the mere financier it is satisfactory to find evidence that the diminished popular expenditure on alcohol does not imply a diminished spending power or a feebler tax-bearing power on the part of the nation.—*Daily News.*

THAT the revenue from Excise is not increasing, but is actually falling behind, despite the change from a malt tax to a beer duty, is indisputable. That temperance habits have made prodigious strides in the last few years is also beyond question. Do the two changes stand to each other in the relation of effect to cause? In other words, is less of beer, spirits, wine, consumed because there is a want of inclination, or is it from want of ability? Partly from the latter influence, there is little doubt. Total abstinence is popular with many because it is an aid to health: with others because it is the handmaid of morality and thrift: self-denying persons practise it because it sets an excellent example, and multitudes like it, as it is economical. How large a proportion of the enthusiastic neophytes of Blue-Ribbonism welcome the chance of reducing their weekly or quarterly bills we need not too curiously inquire: but there is ample room for that feeling. It is a patent fact that, take them all round, the expenses of living in England increase steadily, and in a far more pronounced degree than do the means of living. Every avenue to employment is choked by applicants who trample each other under foot in the fierceness of their competition: and even in cases where the rate of pay or salary has been augmented the increase has never as a rule kept pace with the higher cost of the necessaries of life as well as its luxuries. In so far then as the need for retrenchment is one cause of reduced consumption of strong drink, a change in habit and in fashion might be expected to come with increased material prosperity. The nation "drank itself out of the Alabama difficulty" in the exuberant days which saw Mr. Lowe at the Exchequer: and it may yet again take to tippling so heartily as to enable Mr. Childers to dispense with a portion of the income-tax. At present, however, there is not the faintest symptom of this: all the indications point in the other direction. Temperance and total abstinence march from one conquest to another, blessed by bishops, clergy, and even princes of the Christian Churches, patronised by doctors, eulogised by hard-headed men of business, and gathering in everywhere crowds of enthusiastic converts. The movement is sweeping over the nation in an unchecked tide, acquiring force as it goes, and inaugurating not change merely but a social revolution.—*Daily Telegraph.*

The Faithful Friend.

A CROWD was one day seen collected near a heap of stones in Central Park, New York, gazing intently upon some object. A number of policemen stood in front, and on approaching the object of their attention was discerned to be a *drunken man*, lying utterly senseless upon a pallet of blasted rocks and stones. Of course his presence there was an offence against public decorum, and the neat-looking, blue-coated policemen who are hired to preserve order and decency in the city, found it their duty to remove this specimen of the handiwork of the dramsellers, who are *also licensed* by the same city to turn human beings into such grovelling, helpless imbeciles.

But though there were spectators and officers in plenty, the man could not be removed. He had a friend with him, more respectable than he; a friend who stuck closer to him than a brother, in spite of his degradation and shame. A noble Newfoundland dog stood over the helpless man, looking down into his face, and suffering no one to approach his unconscious charge. He did not like the looks of the policemen, and the policemen did not like the looks of the dog. Twenty feet was about the proper distance the dog had settled upon, for them, and any man who came nearer than that came at his peril. Pails of water were brought and thrown over the faithful animal in the hope of driving him away, but steadfast amid storm and gloom, he only drew closer and closer to his unworthy companion.

"We cannot take the man unless we shoot the dog," said one, "and he is too noble an animal to kill."

"*Which is the brute?*" asked a passer by, as at a glance he took in the scene.

The dog was at his best, and doing his best, with a more than human fidelity and steadfastness. The man at his worst, degraded and disgusting, lay helpless, under the care of the brute. Such a spectacle of human degradation is enough to make angels weep, and to thrill the very heart of God with feelings that no mortal can describe. And yet, as He looks down from Heaven He sees *to-day* the young, the strong, the noble, and the fair, trifling and toying with that poison which shall lay them lower than the very beasts; boasting of their strength, glorying in their ability, deriding those who warn them of danger, and even invoking the sacred name of God and the example of His Son to justify them in entering upon a course which ends in Sin, and shame, and sorrow; in disgrace, degradation, and destruction.

"Slavery and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl;
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul."

Death and the Grave.

THE following conversation imagined to have taken place between the Grave and Death, has been translated from the Welsh language, having been published in a little periodical entitled, "Y Cyfaill Eglwysig" ("The Friend of the Church"), published by Mr. W. Spurrell, Carmarthen.

GRAVE. "Oh, I am an hungred. Give me food."

DEATH. "I will send my destroying Messenger out to fetch food; and thou shalt have enough."

GRAVE. "What messenger art thou going to send?"

DEATH. "I will send my servant Alcohol. He will go under the cloak of medicine and food, and under the mantle of pleasure, hospitality, friendship, &c."

GRAVE. "I am satisfied; but I hear the bell tolling, and the sound of a procession coming. Who is coming now?"

DEATH. "There is a whole family coming. A drunken father gave a death-blow to his wife. He killed the mother and child together, and then put an end to his own life."

GRAVE. "Who is coming next? I hear the sound of many children crying."

DEATH. "On the shoulders of those are borne wife and husband, father and mother. In poverty and want the wife broke her heart, while the husband was spending all his earnings in the public-house, and he met with his end in a fight. That which thou hearest is the crying of the children after a father and mother."

GRAVE. "Who is this one that is coming?"

DEATH. "Here are the remains of a young man—one whose heart was *light* and *free*. He became step by step a prodigal son, and spent all he possessed. He was turned out into the street one cold night, and was frozen to death by the morning."

GRAVE. "What is this wailing I hear now?"

DEATH. "The wailing of a poor widow. Her only son is coming for 'food' for thee. He despised her love, disregarded her chastisement, would not hearken to her advice, laughed at her tears, jeered at her prayers, and refused to comfort her. I see a multitude coming—of men and women, sons and daughters—my servant Alcohol is inviting them. They come unto me with singing, dancing, and jumping, and I will shut the door after them that they may not return, and I will send them unto thee on biers so that thou need'st not be 'an hungred' any more."

GRAVE. "I am satisfied, I am satisfied."

A CRY FOR HELP.

CHARLES GARRETT. IRISH AIR.

mf KEY B♭.

.s₁ :s₁ .m | m :- .r :r .d | d :- .t₁ :l₁ .s₁ | s₁ :l₁ .t₁ :r .d
.m₁ :m₁ .s₁ | s₁ :- .f₁ :f₁ .m₁ | m₁ :- .s₁ :f₁ .f₁ | m₁ :f₁ :f₁ .m₁
Intemp'rance spreads o'er all the land, Breathing its blight on young and
.d :d .d | d :- .t₁ :t₁ .d | d :- .d :d .t₁ | d :d .r :t₁ .d
.d₁ :d₁ .d₁ | d₁ :- .s₁ :s₁ .d₁ | d₁ :- .m₁ :f₁ .s₁ | d₁ :f₁ :s₁ .d₁

d :- .s₁ :s₁ .m | m :- .r :r .d | d :- .t₁ :l₁ .s₁
m₁ :- .m₁ :m₁ .s₁ | s₁ :- .f₁ :f₁ .m₁ | m₁ :- .s₁ :f₁ .f₁
old. Its work is seen on ev - 'ry hand, Fill-ing men's
d :- .d :d .d | d :- .t₁ :t₁ .d | d :- .d :d .t₁
d₁ :- .d₁ :d₁ .d₁ | d₁ :- .s₁ :s₁ .d₁ | d₁ :- .m₁ :f₁ .s₁

f

s₁ :l₁ .t₁ :r .d | d :- .s₁ :s₁ .f | f :- .s₁ :s₁ .m
m₁ :f₁ :f₁ .m₁ | m₁ :- .s₁ :s₁ .t₁ | t₁ :- .s₁ :s₁ .d
hearts with grief un - told. Within its toils our brethren
d :d .r :t₁ .d | d :- .s :s .r | r :- .s :s .s
d₁ :f₁ :s₁ .d₁ | d₁ :- .s₁ :s₁ .s₁ | s₁ :- .s₁ :s₁ .d₁

rit. *a tempo.*

m :- .d :d .m | s :- .f :m,r .f,m | r :s .f :m .m
d :- .d :d .d | t₁ :- .r :d,t₁ .r,d | t₁ :t₁ :d .d
lie In sin, and mis - - e - ry, and shame, Too dull to
s :- .m :m .d | r :- .t₁ :s₁ .s | s :s :s .s
d₁ :- .d :d .d | s₁ :- .s₁ :s₁ .s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :d .d

dim. *cres.*

m :- .r :r .d | d :- .t₁ :l₁ .s₁ | s₁ :l₁ .t₁ :r .d | d :- .
s₁ :- .f₁ :f₁ .m₁ | m₁ :- .s₁ :f₁ .f₁ | m₁ :f₁ :f₁ .m₁ | m₁ :- .
think, too weak to fly Ensnared in Free - dom's sacred name.
d :- .t₁ :t₁ .d | d :- .d :d .t₁ | d :d .r :t₁ .d | d :- .
d :- .s₁ :s₁ .d₁ | d₁ :- .m₁ :f₁ .s₁ | d₁ :f₁ :s₁ .d₁ | d₁ :- .

2 The young are sinking day by day
  In deepest sin and wretchedness;
In anguish wild to you they pray,
  To help them in their sore distress.
They cry aloud, they cry to you—
  The strong, the wise, the pure, the good—
You, who such sorrows never knew,
  And in such danger ne'er have stood.

3 Oh, Christians! pass not heedless by;
  'Tis Christ's own lambs for help who call,
On wings of love to aid them fly,
  And rest not till ye save them all.
Begin at once, begin to-day,
  Their sorrows chase, the cause destroy,
Each home shall then be pure indeed,
  And filled with light, and peace, and joy.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

VARIETIES.

THE way to do we know quite well:
We'll neither make, nor buy, nor sell,
But hereby pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.

TEETOTAL MAYORS AND PROVOSTS.—The present year's list of English and Welsh Mayors who are abstainers has now reached twenty-seven, and it is stated that there are eighteen teetotal Provosts in Scotland.

DRINKING AND EMIGRATION.—The *Sunday at Home* for January contains "Notes of a Journey to the North-West Land," by a lady who went to Canada by the Allan steamer *Sardinian*. Respecting her fellow passengers, she says:—"There are people of all sorts going out. It is sad to find how many are young men sent off from their homes on account of drink. There surely ought to be some control of ship's companies as to the quantity of stimulants they sell. On both sides of the ship there is far too much drinking. I have succeeded in obtaining some pledges, but wish I could get many more. I think it would not be too much to say that in the steerage and intermediate, among the English-speaking passengers, nine-tenths are leaving home, directly or indirectly, on account of drink; and if they do not land with temperance principles they will only go into greater temptation, unless indeed they go straight through to the North-West territory, which is happy enough to have a prohibitory liquor law."

BISHOP PARRY'S THREE Ps.—Presiding at a temperance lecture delivered in Canterbury on the 19th December by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., of Leicester, the Bishop of Dover said that like most movements, this had its three stages—first, the pooh-pooh stage; secondly, the pelting stage; lastly, the prosperity stage. Total abstinence had got far past the pooh-pooh stage, and was passing well through the pelting into the prosperity stage. The movement was making way all through society. He could but contrast Oxford life as he knew it twenty-five years ago with what it is now. There was a blessed change. He knew something of the gun-room of a man-of-war, and rejoiced to see that a young man could now take his stand on total abstinence without difficulty. To come nearer home, a year ago he (the Bishop) was the only Canon of Canterbury who was a total abstainer, one out of seven. Now the total abstainers had the majority, for the Dean and three Canons had signed. In the Oxford boat-races, when the end of the course is far away, a crowd of sympathisers run alongside to encourage those who are pulling for their lives; then amid the uproar and din the words most often heard are, "Well rowed! You are gaining." That was the position in the temperance movement. They were certainly gaining. They might not live to see the time when they could rest on their oars, but the time was coming.

PRESS NOTICES OF

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Edited by ROBERT RAE,

Secretary of the National Temperance League.

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

EZEKIEL STONE'S VALENTINE.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was unusual excitement on the fourteenth of February, some five years ago, in Ezekiel Stone's abode, for the postman had actually taken a letter there addressed to Mr. Ezekiel Stone, Valeford, Merston.

Now no doubt many people will wonder why a letter should cause any surprise in these days of the penny post and universal

education, when writing is no longer an unusual accomplishment, nor the transmission of letters a costly affair.

In spite of these facts, however, letters *were* very rare things in this particular home, so rare that even the postman was surprised, and after reading the address again very carefully to make sure he was right, fell to wondering how many years had passed since he last took a letter there; a point, however, upon which he could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion,—the date being so far distant.

"*Mr.* Stone, too," he soliloquised; "'tis long since *Z*eke Stone has had a handle put to his name I reckon; though I remember the time when there wasn't a respectabler, better-looking man in Valeford; and everybody spoke well of him too, and said Lucy Bird was a lucky girl to get him; and now look at her, poor thing! hardly a shoe to her foot, or a rag to her back, and obliged to go out charing every day to get a bit of bread for the young 'uns, while her husband spends almost all he earns at the public. Well, well! 'tis queer the way some folks go on!" And with this philosophical remark the worthy letter carrier dismissed the subject from his mind

Ezekiel Stone was a carpenter by trade, and when fourteen years before he had married pretty Lucy Bird, he had constant work, and was in the receipt of fair wages.

Their little home was very comfortably furnished; "too good for such folks," some half-envious neighbours had remarked, as they detailed the splendours of the bright little parlour, in which Ezekiel had spent so many happy hours, fitting it up for its intended occupant.

For a few years all went smoothly with the young couple; he was devotedly fond of her, and she both fond and proud of the handsome young fellow who had made her his wife.

But a change had come over the aspect of affairs; so slowly as to be almost imperceptible at first, but still advancing, until it had cast an ever-darkening cloud over that once happy home. Ezekiel Stone had become too fond of the intoxicating cup.

Words easily spoken, but embracing such a wide, wide range of suffering and sin!

But so slowly had the fatal appetite been imbibed, that not until he was bound hand and foot with the chains of the drunkard, was he himself aware of the fact. His wife had known it for some time, and had repeatedly warned him and besought him to give up the drink. But he had laughed alike at her arguments and entreaties; and assured her that he always knew when he had taken enough, and could stop at any point he pleased.

But a time came when his eyes were opened to his true position, only, alas! the drink had gained complete mastery over him, and he felt himself powerless to break away from the vice that held him as in fetters of iron. All his vaunted boasts of stopping when he pleased he found had become as impossible as many other human theories have done: such a fearful power does the indulgence of any evil habit obtain over its victims.

It happened on this wise. There had been a "raffle" one night at the "Green Man," the public house Ezekiel most frequently patronized. A flitch of bacon was the prize, and according to the usual custom, the "putter up" and the "winner" had each spent a certain sum "for the good of the house." But whatever good the *house* might have obtained from it, Ezekiel Stone, in common with several of his companions, certainly derived only evil.

They sat drinking and carousing till a late hour, and then began discussing their favourite subject, politics, with all the wisdom of drunken men.

Soon the discussion took an argumentative turn, and ere long the voices of the politicians waxed loud and fierce in angry debate, which soon grew into a furious quarrel.

In vain the landlord tried to silence them; they were too intoxicated to listen to reason, and their number rendered it impossible for him, unaided, to expel them from the house. In this dilemma he took, what perhaps was the only available course—dispatched a messenger for a policeman.

When *he* arrived upon the scene, he found the men engaged in a general fight; and the taproom presented a scene of indescribable confusion.

Broken cups and glasses, which had evidently been used as missiles, were scattered all about the floor; and several of the infuriated men were bleeding profusely from wounds they had received. Among these was Ezekiel Stone, who for the first time in his life was completely intoxicated, and who had met with severe usage in the *mêlée*.

They were somewhat scared by the entrance of "the man in blue," who quickly effected a clearance; and as the result of their evening's dissipation, they were summoned before a bench of magistrates, who kindly gave them their choice of a fine or imprisonment. Ezekiel paid his fine, and left the court feeling deeply humbled, and more ashamed of himself than he had ever felt before in his life. But as he went home he resolved that it should be the first and last time that the drink should overcome him, and that he would take care in the future to steer clear of the "Green Man," and all other such places. But, alas! for his good resolution! It failed him lamentably, as resolutions made in man's own strength will fail; and before long he succumbed to the temptations besetting his path, and drank deeper and deeper, until he lost his employment, and was obliged to seek work elsewhere. In this quest he was successful after a time, but it involved a walk to Merston, a town about three miles distant, every day, and where the temptations to drink were multiplied.

So he went on, sometimes working steadily for weeks together, and spending only his evenings at the public-houses; at other times passing whole days in drinking, until he was shunned by the more respectable of the villagers, and became known far and wide by the *soubriquet* of "drunken Zeke Stone."

CHAPTER II.

"I SAY, Lucy, here's a letter for dad! Wherever can it come from?" exclaimed little Zeke Stone, as he ran indoors with the missive the postman had entrusted to him; his mother being as usual away from home, doing a more fortunate neighbour's washing.

A curly-haired, sturdy boy of about ten years of age was Ezekiel Stone, junior, with round rosy cheeks, which certainly owed their colour more to the out-door exercises in which he delighted than to his bill of fare.

His sister was a complete contrast to him. She was tall and thin, with delicate features, over which a prematurely aged look had already crept, as though the care of her little brothers and sisters, which had long devolved upon her, had rendered her far older than her twelve years. She was even then trying to reduce their tangled locks and poor attire into something like order, preparatory to starting them to school;—she herself, being very quick at learning, having passed the required standards, and left school a year before—but came forward at her brother's call.

"I can't think who can have sent it," she replied, after examining the letter.

"Perhaps it's a mistake," suggested Ezekiel; "you know there are some Stones at Valeton, Luce; perhaps it ought to have gone there."

"No," replied Lucy, gravely, "the address says Mr. *Ezekiel* Stone plain enough. Of course the names of the places, Valeton—leave go, Georgie, you'll tear the letter—and Valeford, are very much alike, but then—run outdoors a minute, Minnie, Zeke's coming directly—the Mr. Stone there is named William, I know, for I have read it scores of times over his shop door."

"Then I s'pose it must be for dad right enough. How thick it feels! Open it quick, Luce, and let's see what's inside."

"You don't suppose I'd open it, do you?"

"Why not?" queried Zeke.

"It wouldn't be right: you know that as well as I do, Zeke," replied Lucy, as she placed the letter on the mantel-shelf, and again turned her attention to the little ones.

"Here, Zeke, they're both ready; take

care of Minnie, and make haste to school; and mind you don't get kept in to-day, Georgie," and the little mother led her charges to the door.

But Ezekiel was once more examining the mysterious document, and did not hear her remarks until she again turned to him. "Zeke, put that letter up directly, and start for school, you'll be late else, and Minnie can't walk fast."

"I shan't," replied Ezekiel, promptly; he was not always a good boy, and resented being ordered to do anything by his sister. Seeing this, like a wise girl, she changed her tactics.

"*Do* start now, Zeke, there's a good boy," she said, coaxingly, "and then, you know, perhaps you'll see what's in that letter when father comes home to-night."

"And perhaps I shan't," replied Ezekiel. "You know, Luce, there's never no telling what time dad will get home now. I calls it a shame for him to go to those nasty old alehouses, and spend all his money, and make mother have to work as hard as she do. And here we've got no shoes to put on hardly; and look at your frock, Luce, all mended with different coloured pieces. Other children haves nice clothes, and I don't see why we shouldn't. When I'm a man *I* won't go to the nasty old places, I know; and I'll earn a lot of money, Luce, and buy you a new frock, only I s'pose by then you'll be got big enough to wear a gown like mother do. And when I have some children the others shan't tease them, and say, 'Ah, your dad's a drunkard!' nor tell them they only looks fit to stick up in the fields for 'scarecrows,' as BenWhite told me the other day I did."

Poor little fellow! The thoughtless words and sneers of the boys had often wounded his sensitive childish heart; but only on very rare occasions did he allude to it at home; never in the presence of his mother, for he felt instinctively that she had enough to bear without listening to his complaints.

"Well, never 'mind, Zeke, you'll soon be a man now, and then you can buy all sorts of nice things," answered Lucy, consolingly. She could sympathise with his feelings, for the same things had been said to her when she attended school, and indeed were still said when she chanced to encounter some of the other girls. "But do start now, Zeke," she continued, "I'm sure it must be pretty near nine, and you know if you don't 'pass,' and can't read and write and sum you won't be able to get that place in a shop you are always talking about. They wants good scholars there, Zeke."

Thus adjured, Master Ezekiel started with his little brother and sister; and Lucy turned indoors after watching them out of sight, to see if the baby was awake, and to perform her household duties.

CHAPTER III.

When Mrs. Stone arrived at home, almost tired out with her hard day's work, she found her children awaiting her with unusual impatience.

They felt so sure "mother would open the letter and show them what was inside," that they were grievously disappointed when she decided that "it must not be broken open until father came home."

Once upon a time—oh, how far away that seemed now!—she would have felt no scruples upon the subject; her husband and she were so perfectly one in everything, that no suspicion of anything secret had arisen between them. But things were changed now, and the poor woman knew it was possible that Ezekiel's variable temper might resent it, if she ventured to open a letter addressed to him. So, although feeling rather curious about it herself, she laid it aside, and she and her children proceeded to partake of their scanty evening meal, which the careful Lucy had already prepared. They were just in the midst of it, when, to their surprise, the door opened, and the husband and father entered.

For a wonder he was quite sober, and the children quickly seeing this, crowded eagerly round him; for when not intoxicated he was a kind, indulgent parent.

"O, dad, dad," they shouted, "here's a

letter come for you this morning; such a big one; do open it quick, and let's see what 'tis!"

"A letter for *me*," ejaculated Ezekiel in surprise; while the mother called the eager children back to the table, reminding them that "father was tired, and wanted his tea."

They instantly took their places again, for mother's word was law, she having trained them to obedience from their earliest infancy.

Having washed his hands and face, Ezekiel took the letter and turned it over and over before opening it, while the children watched him with undisguised interest.

Mrs. Stone meanwhile was busy frying a rasher for her husband's supper, though they had only a very small piece of bacon in the house, and she could not see where any more was to come from; but she was resolved that he should not be driven to the public house through the want of any attention she could render him, when he *did* chance to come home sober.

"Why, they're books! arn't they, dad?" questioned Ezekiel junior, when his father at last tore open the cover and exposed to view what looked like two or three good sized tracts.

"Looks like it, lad," answered his father, as he replaced them in the envelope, and put it into his pocket, remarking that "after tea would be soon enough to see what they were about."

"*Only books!*" said the younger children in a disappointed tone, for books were only connected in their minds with the simple lessons they found so tiresome; but Lucy and Ezekiel wondered why their father put them away so quickly.

The fact was he had caught sight of the title of one, and did not feel exactly pleased that anyone should have sent him a tract with such a heading.

But although out of his sight, the tracts were by no means absent from his mind during supper. To tell the truth he was as anxious to read their contents as his children had been to see what the envelope contained; but he restrained his curiosity until he was alone, and could examine them unobserved.

"Well, well! s'pose somebody thought they'd send me a valentine to-day!" he remarked to himself as he looked at them. "'The Fool's Pence,' whoever sent it thought I belonged to that class, I've no doubt,—and there's no denying they're right either—and 'Buy your own Cherries,' and some 'Statistics of the Liquor Traffic.' And I declare if here isn't a bill about that tea meeting Bill Sykes was talking about to-day; and two tickets wrapped up in a piece of note paper, and somebody has wrote on it, 'Please accept the enclosed tickets, and bring your wife to the tea.' But there's no name on it; I wonder who can have sent it!"

But as all his wondering on the subject failed to reveal the sender, and his wife could throw no light upon it, he was obliged to remain in ignorance of the name of his unknown friend.

Whether Ezekiel reckoned the person a *friend* at that time is, however, extremely doubtful; but he did what he had not done for many a long day, sat by the fireside with his wife, when all the children had retired to rest, and read the tracts through to her, while she mended Ezekiel junior's old jacket, which he had torn sadly that day while romping with the other boys.

It would be impossible to tell the thoughts of either, as Ezekiel read the deeply interesting narratives, in both of which his own condition was so graphically portrayed.

They were the first Temperance Tracts that had ever entered their house; for no Total Abstinence Society had hitherto been started in Valeford, and it was little of any kind of literature they ever possessed.

But whatever Ezekiel *thought* about the tracts, he expressed no opinion upon them, much to the disappointment of his wife, who still hoped against hope for the reformation of her husband; and after he had retired to rest she burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping, for the histories she had been hearing had touched her not a little, and made her long, oh! how earnestly! that such a

change could be effected in Ezekiel as had been wrought in the men told of in these stories.

Reader, do you wonder at this? If so, you have never seen the fair buds of promise fade away from your life, blighted and destroyed by the fumes of alcohol. You do not know what it is to see a loved one—almost dearer than life itself—wander far away from the paths of honour and sobriety, into the mire of drunkenness and sin, while you stretch out eager hands trying in vain to save.

CHAPTER IV.

During the next few days Ezekiel Stone's mind was haunted by the incidents of which he had read. Although an outward observer would have failed to discern any change in him, for he still frequented the public-houses, and drank as much as ever, yet the tracts were working their way like leaven in the inmost recesses of his mind and conscience.

"Buy your own Cherries," rang in his ears when he called at the "Flying Dragon" for drink in his dinner hour; and when, as usual, he joined his boon companions in their nightly revels at "The Green Man," and delivered up his money to the landlord, the coins seemed eloquent with voice, for he fancied he heard them saying, "more fools' pence going to the wrong till."

"Oh! if I could but give it up," he moaned to himself sometimes in an agony of spirit.

"Try again! Be a man once more! Assert your freedom as those men did; and trusting in a more than human power renounce the drink at once and for ever," replied conscience.

"It is too late, I *cannot* give it up," and again and again Ezekiel tried to stifle his newly-awakened convictions.

The tea-meeting to which he and his wife were invited caused a good deal of talk in Valeford, especially among the company at "The Green Man"; and Ezekiel soon found that he was not the only one who had received some tracts and tickets for tea, and very varied were the opinions expressed concerning it. Some treated the matter as a good joke, while others were highly indignant; but the majority agreed that they would go to tea, and see of what the public entertainment announced on the bill would consist; for upon this point the invited guests felt particularly curious.

"Do you think of going to the tea to-night, Zeke?" asked Mrs. Stone, as her husband was about to start to work on the morning of the eventful day.

"Yes, I thought about it," answered Ezekiel; "if I can get away, that is, but we're uncommon busy this week. The tea isn't till half-past six though, so I shan't have to leave off very early. You'll go, I s'pose, Lucy? You're not going out to work to-day, are you?"

The last question was asked in a hesitating, half-ashamed manner, for Ezekiel knew well that if it were not for the drink there would be no necessity for his wife to go out to work at all.

"No, I'm not going out to-day." she answered quietly.

"Very well; get ready then by the time I come home," said Ezekiel, as he started off.

"Get ready," thought the poor wife, bitterly, "how long will that take me, I wonder, when I haven't a decent dress or bonnet to put on? I declare I've half a mind not to go; no doubt the folks there will all be dressed very smart, and I shall feel so shabby and out of place among them. I shouldn't mind so much if I had a respectable shawl to put on, that would hide my dress a bit, but my best is worn so threadbare and rusty I'm almost ashamed to go out in it on Sundays. But there, if I don't go, perhaps Zeke won't, and I shouldn't like to be the cause of making him miss anything that *might* do him good. I did think that night when he was reading those papers that they touched him a bit, for once or twice his voice quite trembled, and I saw the tears in his eyes, but it really seems as if nothing would make him better now. But there, I suppose I ought not to say that, for with God

nothing is impossible, and it may be that this meeting to-night is to be used as the means of leading him into the right way. So I'll just get him a clean shirt ready, and brush up his old clothes as well as I can, and go to the tea with him."

So she set about her multifarious duties with a will, for being absent most of the week, her domestic work was necessarily heavy on the days she was at home, Lucy being, of course, too young to perform all the necessary work for a family of seven. But she was able to render her mother much assistance, and the thoughtful girl worked harder than ever, in order that her mother might be able to get ready in good time.

About half-past five Ezekiel made his appearance, and after performing his toilet, which did not take him long, they started out for their walk to the British School-room, about a mile distant, in which the tea was to take place.

"Take care of the children, Lucy," was the mother's parting injunction, for she hardly liked to leave them alone so long at night. "Zeke, you must stay up with Lucy till we come back; lock the door when it gets quite dark, and if anybody comes, ask 'Who's there?' and don't open it unless you know their voice. I don't expect we shall be very late home; good-bye, my dears!"

"Good-bye," responded the children, going to the door to look at the unwonted sight of their parents going out together.

"Just like the man and woman in 'Buy your own Cherries,' Luce, isn't it?" asked Zeke; for they had read that tract, but not "The Fool's Pence," their mother had put that out of their way, thinking their father might not like them to know that had been sent to him.

"Yes," responded Lucy, "only I'm afraid they won't bring home such a lot of nice things as *they* did, Zeke; they are not gone to market, you know."

"No, they arn't, worse luck!" answered Zeke.

"I wish *I* could go to the tea-meeting," said Georgie, wistfully, as he gazed down the road, round a corner of which his parents were just disappearing; "they have some nice cake there, Jem Bates told me, and he has been to two or three tea-meetings, so he ought to know. I expect he's going to-night, and I wants to go too."

"Then that's just what you can't do," replied his brother, rather roughly.

Georgie, in spite of his eight years, looked just upon the point of bursting into tears, when gentle Lucy took it in hand to console him.

"Come, Georgie," she began, "you don't know what we have got for tea to-night; come and help me get it ready, and then you shall see."

Georgie needed no second bidding, and the things were quickly on the table, when Lucy took from the cupboard a plate of buns, which elicited a cry of delight from all.

"Where did they come from, Luce?" asked Ezekiel, for, as his companions sometimes assured him, "he was a master hand at asking questions."

"Mother got Mrs. Mason to bring them from Merston to-day," replied Lucy. "She didn't like to go to tea herself, and leave us here without anything extra to eat, so she sent for these, though she didn't know how to spare the money, I know."

"Well, they *are* good!" was Georgie's verdict a few minutes later; "the very *bestest* buns I ever tasted."

CHAPTER V.

It was not a very aristocratic assemblage gathered around the tea tables that night in the British School-room of Valeford; but it was a very appreciative one, to judge by the piles of bread and butter and cake that disappeared, and the laughing and talking that went on. Many of them had never been to a tea-meeting before,—for they were very rare occurrences in Valeford—and therefore it possessed the charm of novelty to them, some of whom frankly admitted they had never enjoyed a tea so much before in all their lives.

But the crowning enjoyment to many was

the meeting which followed, and which, as announced on the bills, was thrown open to the public, and as the result the room was crowded to excess.

The entertainment was given principally by a deputation from the Temperance Society in Merston, and consisted of singing, recitations, and short addresses, in all of which the evils of drink were shewn, and the advantages of Total Abstinence set forth.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten night in the memory of many present; and when at the close, the aged, grey-headed minister, who had laboured for fifty years in the little Independent Chapel at Valeford, rose to address a few words to them, the audience listened as though spell-bound.

"My dear friends," he began, and his voice was tremulous with emotion, "during the last few weeks my mind has been greatly exercised on this subject of Total Abstinence; and it has been revealed to me in a totally different light from what I have ever seen it before.

"I have always been, as most of you know, a moderate drinker, and I have advocated moderation as the right rule for every person's life. But lately I have been led to see that I have made a mistake; and a mistake, moreover, that I shall regret to my dying day; for as I look back on my past years I can remember many bright, promising young lives which have been completely ruined and destroyed by strong drink,—some alas! even filling a drunkard's grave—and who knows how much *my* example may have had to do with their fall!

"The subject of Total Abstinence has been agitated to-night for the first time in Valeford, but I earnestly hope it will not be the last; for if ever Temperance was needed anywhere, it is needed here. We have but to look around us to see the sad ravages drink is making in our quiet country village; and it is with the view of trying to bring about a better state of things that this meeting has been convened to-night.

"I sincerely thank our friends from Merston for the valuable services they have rendered us to-night; and I hope that many of you present will come forward and sign your names on this pledge-book, and thus tender them the most acceptable thanks you can give. I have already recorded my name in it, and oh! how earnestly I wish I had taken this step years ago!

"I should like to see you all, men, women, and children, join us to-night; and let us all labour unitedly in this great work, as long as God shall spare our lives, and thus help to rid our country of its deadliest foe.

"I am an old man; I have long passed the allotted three-score years and ten, and cannot expect to sojourn much longer upon earth; but to-night I ask the forgiveness of any present if I have influenced them in this matter for evil. And as a great—it may be a last—request, let me entreat you once more to give up the drink, whether you have been in the habit of taking little or much, so that you may not have to regret at the close of *your* earthly career that your life-long example has been on the wrong side in this matter."

After singing the doxology the audience dispersed, not however until the minister's heart had been gladdened by seeing many in whom he was deeply interested, enrol their names in the pledge-book.

Among these were Ezekiel Stone and his wife, who had both been deeply interested in what they had heard. It was with many secret misgivings and fears that Ezekiel signed his name; for he knew by sad experience that the drunkard has a hard battle to fight ere he can free himself from that awful craving for drink, and he was afraid lest he might relapse into his old habits again. But he knew that in his wife he possessed a true help-meet, one who would sympathise with and help him in every available way; and he also resolved to put into practice a line of a hymn they had been singing, and "ask the Saviour to help" him to overcome every temptation he might meet.

Thus was Temperance introduced into Valeford, and ere long a flourishing Society and Band of Hope was formed, much to the annoyance of the landlord of "The Green

Man," who found his trade rapidly decrease.

Ezekiel Stone kept his pledge, and his home soon testified to the fact. His house was gradually comfortably furnished once more, and his wife no longer obliged to go out "charing." The dress of his wife and children also underwent a renovation, and little Zeke was no longer afraid of being pointed out as a "scare-crow."

But the greatest blessing of all was the happy home which was their's once more. The children no longer were shy and silent in their father's presence, but prattled merrily to him of all their childish affairs.

And of all their household treasures nothing is more highly prized than those well worn tracts, which first led Ezekiel to think about Total Abstinence, and thus paved the way for his reception of its principles, and which the children always designate by the name of "Father's Valentine."

ARTHURESTINE.

SAVED FROM THE WORKHOUSE.

TWO ladies sat at needlework together. One was far advanced in life, the other much younger. The younger lady raised her head, and spoke enquiringly.

"You said a little time since that you did not become an abstainer from principle, Mrs. Herbert. That strikes me as strange, for I have heard you give so many good reasons why you should be one."

"Does it? I will tell you the circumstances, and then I think you will understand.

"I have been a widow for nearly thirty years. For the first few months after my husband died, I was inexpressibly lonely. And yet I did not care to ask anyone to come and stay with me; my home seemed so dreary, I thought no one but myself would know how to endure it. It was proposed to me as a means of lessening my mental depression, that I should spend some time every day in visiting among the sick poor around me, and acknowledging that the plan was a good one, I endeavoured to carry it out. One day I went to a house where a poor woman lodged who suffered from a painful disease, and who was very grateful for a few words of sympathy. As I entered her room a little girl rose from a chair by the window, and passed quickly and softly away. But I caught a glimpse of her face as she made her exit, and was interested, I scarcely knew why.

"'Who was that child?' I asked of the sick woman.

"She was worse than an orphan, I was told in reply. Her father and mother lodged in the house, but they were both sad drunkards, and cared little, if at all, about the child. She was a queer little thing, silent and sad, and did not care to be talked to much. In fact, in many ways she seemed hardly like a child.

"'No wonder!' I thought, 'if she knows so much of sorrow already.'

"After that I had an illness, and it was some little time before I visited the same woman again. When I did I encountered the child who had so taken my fancy, at the foot of the stairs. She glanced up into my face as if meditating whether she should fly from me or not; her look was half-fearful, half-trustful.

"'You are not afraid of me,' I said, and putting my arm round the tiny sad child, I kissed her.

"'No,' she said, after a pause, during which she scanned my face attentively. I kissed her again, and then went on my errand. I had not been long in the invalid's room before she asked me,

"'Do you remember the little girl, ma'am,

you noticed in the room the last time you were here ? '

" ' Yes,' I answered, ' I saw her to-day, just before I came up.'

" ' Ah! you'd see that she was in black, then. She's lost both her parents since you were here, they died within a few days of each other, poor wretched creatures! I am really sorry for the child, for she's so different from most of the children about. It doesn't seem suitable to send her to the " House," does it, ma'am ? '

" I fairly started. That child sent to the workhouse, the idea was incongruous.

" ' That's where she will have to go to, ma'am. We're keeping her between us for a week or so longer, but it'll come to that sooner or later. I'm very sorry, but it can't be helped.'

" A thought arose suddenly within me, and I said, ' Do you think she would like to come and stay with me for a time ? '

" 'Oh! yes, if I would be so kind,' the woman was sure she would. And I asked her to speak to her daughter, and make arrangements for the little orphan to be sent to my house.

" Accordingly the next day she arrived. It was about eleven o'clock, the hour when I usually took a biscuit and glass of wine before going on my round of visiting for the day ; so having shown her where she was to sleep, and in what room she might go by herself to play, I led her into the library. I ordered a glass of milk for her, and proceeded to pour out a glass of sherry for myself. In the act of drinking it I caught the child's eye fixed upon me with a sad wistful gaze, and presently the large tears came rolling down her cheeks. I fancied she was thinking of her parents, and bid her gently to try and be as happy as she could ; I was going out for a little while, I would not be so very long gone. She gave me no answer, but turned away with a sigh.

"When I returned my first thought was of little Gwennie (Gwennie Thornley, that was her name,) but I was very weary, and going to the library after taking off my things, thought to rest awhile before I sought her.

" There was no need to *seek* her, for as I sat there quietly musing she came creeping in with her hat on, and advanced to my side.

" ' Please, if you are not too busy, will you say good-bye to me ? "

" I started, and gazed at the child in surprise—

" ' Where are you going, my dear ? '

" She answered me steadily, while her sorrowful eyes looked straight into mine.

" ' Back to the lodging house to ask Mrs. Hicks to let me live always in her room. I will be very quiet and good, and not want any dinner if there is none to spare.'

" ' Don't you think you would like to stay here a little longer ? ' I asked, feeling grieved that the child should fail to appreciate the comforts by which she was surrounded. 'Why do you want to go away from me so soon ? '

" ' Because I saw you drink it,' she said, becoming suddenly agitated. ' Mrs. Hicks never drinks it, she told me so.'

" That was the secret of this strange conduct, then ! Gwennie had some comprehension of the cause of her sorrow, and she could not bear to see me touch that which had in its effects saddened her young life. For some moments silence reigned in the room, and then she said again softly, ' Good-bye.'

" A sob followed the word, and as I put my arms around her pityingly, she pressed closer to my side, and laying her head down upon my breast, wept so bitterly, that I could do nothing else but weep too.

" For some time we remained in that position. She was the first to move. Lifting from the floor the hat which had fallen there while she had been crying, she put it on, and then looked at me with a quivering lip, and half turned.

" ' Gwennie,' I said, ' are you determined to go away and leave me ? '

" ' Yes.' The answer came slowly and with a great effort.

" I hesitated. All the time the child had been resting her head against me, my mind

had been busy. The only alcohol I imbibed was contained in wine. I took neither ale nor spirits. I enjoyed a glass of wine, and *fancied* it was beneficial to me.

"But I had discovered more of Gwennie's thoughts than she had put into words. I read in her face as it was upturned to mine, that she was disappointed in me, that she hardly trusted me. Poor child! Was it any wonder that she saw no possibility of anyone tasting intoxicating drink without the committal of sin. For little Gwennie's sake, and to save her from a workhouse life, could I give up my wine? I resolved I would.

"'Suppose I were never going to drink any more wine, Gwennie, would you like to stay with me then?'

"'Yes, yes,' she said, eagerly; and I took the hat off again, and gathered her to me.

"From that time I loved her as if she had been my own child, and she never left me until she crossed the sea to one who had made a home for her in America.

"I have found out reasons since why I ought to be an abstainer, why I should try by every means in my power to help forward all efforts to banish England's great enemy to peace and happiness, but I recognized none of them then. I dare say no one else was ever placed in just such a position as that, yet there are many who might devote the money they spend on this too often hurtful luxury, to a good use, by giving it for the help in some way of the children of drunkards, or, at all events, of their orphans. You cannot wonder that I feel an interest in children whose case at all resembles Gwennie's. But I am growing tedious, and *you*, I know, sympathize with the sorrows of such."

"Oh! yes," replied the younger lady; "and I shall not forget Gwennie. I fear there are many children in an equally distressing situation, though few realize, as she did, what it is that makes their lives so miserable," and the speaker gathered up her work, and with tears in her eyes, left the room. H. B.

Not my Business.

A WEALTHY man in St. Louis was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings, but he scornfully refused. After being further pressed, he said:

"Gentlemen, it is not my business."

A few days after his wife and two daughters were coming home in the lightning express. In his grand carriage, with liveried attendants, he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business, and planning for the morrow. Hark! Did some one say "Accident"? There are twenty-five railroads centring in St. Louis. If there has been an accident, it is not likely it has happened on the — and Mississippi Railroad. Yet it troubles him. "It is his business," now. The horses are stopped on the instant, and upon inquiring he finds it has occurred twenty-five miles distant on the — and Mississippi. He telegraphs to the superintendent.

"I will give you five hundred dollars for an extra engine."

The answer flashes back, "No."

"I will give you one thousand dollars for an engine."

"A train with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward, and we have no other."

With white face and anxious brow, the man paced the station to and fro. That is his business now. In half an hour, perhaps which seemed to him half a century, the train arrived. He hurried toward it, and in the tender found the mangled and lifeless remains of his wife and one of his daughters. In the car following lay his other daughter, with her dainty ribs crushed in, and her precious life oozing slowly away.

A quart of whisky, which was drunk fifty miles away by a railroad employee, was the cause of the catastrophe.

Who dare say of this tremendous question, "It is not my business"?

The Cedars of Lebanon.

WHAT reader of the Bible is not conversant with the cedars of Lebanon? The name is as familiar to us as that of our own oak or elm, yet we really know but little of that magnificent tree which was cited as marking Solomon's acquaintance with botany. He was so familiar with the vegetable world that "he spoke of trees from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." This tree was held in high estimation by the ancients, probably as much from the rich aromatic perfume which it yielded as from its depth of colour, fineness of texture, and great durability. The royal palace of David was largely composed of this timber, who felt it as a reproach that "he dwelt in a house of cedar, while the ark of God dwelleth within curtains." When the great desire of David's heart was about to be carried into execution by his son Solomon, the latter sent to Hiram, King of Tyre, and requested to be supplied with "cedar trees to be hewed down in Lebanon, and sent to him that he might build a house unto the name of the Lord."

The cedars of Lebanon now existing are not very numerous, forming a grove of probably about three hundred trees. They are not found growing upon the summit of the mountain, but the great Orientalist and traveller, Dr. Kitto, informs us, "at an elevation of about six thousand feet above the sea on a natural terrace, at the foot of a lofty mountain, in what may be considered as the arena of a vast amphitheatre, open on the west, but shut in by high mountains on the north, south, and east. The cedars here stand upon five or six gentle elevations, and occupy a spot of ground about three-fourths of a mile in circumference." The trees are large and tall, one of them is stated to measure forty feet round, and some of them are about ninety feet in height. In such a country as Asia, where large trees are not so common as in more northern climes, these splendid ornaments of the mountain might well afford striking comparisons, as when Amos states the Lord destroyed the Amorites, "whose height was like the height of the cedars." They were so strong as to afford evidence of the irresistible power of the Almighty. "The voice of the Lord," says the Psalmist, "is full of majesty, the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon." The cedar throws out numerous branches horizontally from the parent trunk, these again part into smaller limbs, and these into minute twigs, all preserving the same horizontal growth; the branches are very wide, overshadowing much ground, hence the beautiful appositeness of the Psalmist's description of the righteous, who shall not only "flourish as a palm, but shall spread abroad like a cedar of Lebanon."

Many very fine examples of this splendid tree are to be found in England, some of which are of considerable age, those at Chelsea having been planted two hundred years since, and are still vigorous; as are those at Kew, Zion House Gardens, Warwick, and other parts of the country. An old poet, Thomas Stanley, 1647, thus writes of the cedar:

"Pleasant and fertile trees that bear,
What may both sight and taste invite,
And with the riches of the year,
All senses equally delight.
Exalt your humble tops, and join
With the proud cedars in this praise,
To celebrate the Power Divine;
Who from the earth you both did raise.
That in this pious strife both win the field,
Cedars to shrubs, shrubs may to cedars yield."

LARGEST OF THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

From a Photograph by F. MASON GOOD. *By his special permission.*

Two Pictures.

I.

THE moon that shone so brightly, one frosty winter's night,
Looked on a pleasant cottage, down in a country lane;
The snow that had been falling, lay glistening and bright,
Covered the cold dark earth, and hid all spot and stain.

Through a chink in the closed shutters, streamed forth a warm red light,
That told of household comforts within the tiny walls;
And if we look within we see a pretty sight,
A home more full of happiness than many lordly halls.

On one side of a glowing fire, an ancient grand dame sits,
With pleasant smile on all around, despite her many years,
And now and then she doses, and now and then she knits,
And by her feet poor pussy sleeps, and has not any fears.

In the other fire-side corner, the father sits and reads
A paper that was sent him by a friend who lives in town:
The mother mends a garment that Tommy sadly needs,
And which he tore across the knees one day in falling down.

Two little girls are talking in earnest tones and grave,
About the frock they want, to make dear dolly smart,
And baby Johnnie crows a merry little stave,
And shouts out like the man that drives the donkey-cart.

Tommy has a sum to do, and knits his brows in thought,
As he tries to find the figure that makes his total wrong,
And just as to despairing his mind is well nigh brought,
The rules he ought to work by into his memory throng.

That was a pleasant picture, and it was drawn from life,
A scene where every joy and bliss of home take part,
And to it one might turn from all the city's strife,
And feel its rest and quiet enter his troubled heart.

II,

Now let us stand once more within the moon's clear light
Beside the little cottage in the still country lane,
But from the unclosed shutters there comes no radiance bright,
For all within is dark—and now we look again.

The tender moonbeams that with pity seemed to fall
Upon a woman bound in grief, beside a cold hearth-stone,
Show how she holds her darling, who shouts no merry call,
For the life is gone she valued far higher than her own.

Poor Tommy sits with folded arms, his brows are knit with care,
He wishes that he was a man to help his mother more,
The little girls half starving, have said an evening prayer,
And cried themselves to sleep upon the cold bare floor.

Dear granny has gone home to rest—the Lord who loved her so,
Sent down His shining angels to save her from the pain
Of seeing those so dear to her in misery and woe,
Caught by the grip of Poverty and all his dreary train.

Where is the father now?—whose strong right arm
Worked to maintain the honour and comfort of his home?
Is it that he is dead? Oh! no,—this woe and harm
From his own sin and folly all have come.

He drinks without compunction, while those who love him die,
A fiend has got possession of heart, and soul, and brain,
At the feet of the great Drink-god, we see the victim lie,
Hugging to his own heart the drink that is his deadly bane.

And that is how so often the joy of English homes
Is banished by the presence of Drink's invading curse,
And how so many of our brave and toiling ones,
Caught in its toils, descend from bad to worse.

J. FULLER HIGGS.

BUYING A BROKEN TUMBLER.

"WHY, you careless man, you have just broken your glass!" said a smart-looking young landlady with a quick tongue, to one of her best customers.

"Nonsense, missus," said the man, Saul Hobson by name; "I haven't broken your glass."

"But you have, then," she retorted impatiently, annoyed at his contradiction; "just look at that crack; do you mean to tell me that crack was there when you took your drink? You've knocked it against something, that you have—why the glass is utterly ruined."

"All right," said Saul, pacifically, in a rather maudlin tone, for he had already drank a great deal.

"'Tisn't all right," said the provoked landlady; "it's all wrong, and I can tell you you shall not leave this house without paying for the glass you have broken."

"Nonsense," said Saul, "you know me, and you ought to believe my word. I didn't break that glass. You don't mean that."

"I do mean it," she said.

"Bless my heart! and think what an old friend I am of you and yours; you'd never be so hard upon a poor fellow as that? Besides, I didn't break it."

"You did break it," she exclaimed, still more angrily.

Then Saul Hobson grew angry in his turn.

"Very well, missus," he said, sternly, "what's to pay?"

"Fourpence; and it's worth every farthing of the money too."

He flung down four penny pieces noisily upon the table.

"There, then; and now the glass is mine, and I can take it home?"

"Of course you can," she rejoined, haughtily and sarcastically, "if you've a mind to go filling up your place with poor, broken stuff like that. Take it and welcome."

"There's no welcome about it; I've paid for it, and it's mine."

With these words Saul Hobson rose to leave the "Three Fawns," carrying in his hand the broken tumbler. At the door he met the landlord, who had been out.

"Good evening, Saul; where are you going to, man?"

"Home," said Saul.

"Home! Nonsense!" said the landlord, "it isn't nine o'clock yet—you've been in no time at all, man: what's the matter?"

"I'd better not speak any more in this house, for my word isn't believed."

"Sally," said the landlord of the "Three Fawns," turning a look of annoyance on his

buxom partner behind the bar, "what have you been quarrelling with Mr. Hobson about?"

"Nothing, Mr. Hart; he's broken a glass and had to pay for it, that's all."

"I didn't break it," said Saul.

"Had to *pay* for it? Give him back the money this moment. Is this how you manage my business when my back is turned? Don't you know better, Sally, than to treat an old friend and a good customer in such a way? What's the price of a tumbler? Come back, Saul, and forget all about her folly," urged the landlord.

"No, thank you," said Saul, not smiling, nor yielding in the slightest degree to Mr. Hart's good nature and blandishment. "I shall keep my word, and go home."

So saying he left the house.

"You're a beauty, to quarrel with Saul Hobson," said the landlord, angrily, to his wife, and there ensued a war of words between the pair which we need not chronicle here.

"There's no sense in your being so savage, Mr. Hart," said the wife, among her other speeches, "that man will be back in a few nights at furthest, as sure as my name is Sarah Hart."

Saul Hobson took his way to the desolate, barely-furnished room he called his home. His wife looked up in surprise when she saw him enter. With dry humour that she hardly appreciated, he set the broken tumbler on the table and said:

"There, Fan, what do you think of that as a bargain for fourpence?"

"Fourpence, Saul?" she answered in grave earnest, "it would be dear at a ha'penny. What on earth did you buy a broken tumbler for?" and she glanced around at the contents of the room, of which certainly quite a large portion was unsound.

Saul followed his wife's glance, with a bitter smile upon his lips.

"Yes, Fanny, so the tumbler will match."

Wondering alike at the comparative sobriety and the strangeness of his tone, the discreet wife ventured no further remark.

"Have you got no supper for your husband, Fan?" he next asked.

"I've a bit of bread, Saul, there's nothing else in the house."

He laughed bitterly.

"And you didn't expect me?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, I don't blame you for that. Is it too late to buy a pound of bacon? There is fire enough to fry it, more's the wonder. There's a shilling, Fanny; perhaps you would not dislike a cup of tea?"

"Oh, thank you, Saul."

Fanny Hobson was hungry and tired, and the prospect was inviting. She slipped out readily, wondering and excited. She soon returned with the bacon and an ounce of tea. It was quite wonderful the alacrity with which, thus encouraged, she bustled about to make the place comfortable. The warm savoury smell, and the noise of the frying bacon as it fizzled and hissed in the pan, reached the children in their bed on the floor in a little recess of the room, and they called out:

"What is it, mother? Who's frying?"

"Mother is," answered Saul Hobson, "and if you are good and quiet you shall have a taste."

Awe-struck at their father's voice, the children were like mice for the next few minutes, save a whispered comment or two on the prospect before them.

It was a sight to behold that family half an hour later—the poor little wan, half-fed, scantily-attired children gathered around their parents' knees, and eating ravenously of the bread and bacon, with an occasional sip of warm tea from the basin which their father used, or the cracked tea-cup of their mother. When they went back to bed, warm and contented, there was a whisper among them, and then uprose in tremulous tones—a little out of tune, but in tune with the angels' music—simple words of thanks.

Saul Hobson's eyes grew moist with blessed tears, and he was silent for some time. Then he raised the broken glass in his hand and flung it over the fireplace, where it fell in a dozen pieces.

"There, Fanny," he said, "there's my last glass at the 'Three Fawns'—that's the last glass of liquor I shall ever drink."

"Thank God."

Eight years have passed away—eight happy years for Saul and Fanny Hobson. Slowly but surely the work of reformation has been carried on in that once miserable family. Almost the first act of its head when he had recovered all his pledged articles from the pawn-shop was to remove to a tidier quarter of the town, and

engage two rooms. Being an able workman he soon received an advance in his wages, and then his master discovered that he could depend on his punctual attendance; and Saul began to save. He had ideas of bettering his condition formed in his sober brain, which in his drink-loving days could not find room there. And now, with a small capital carefully and prudently accumulated year by year, he has just gone into a business as a master tradesman, with a light heart, a clear conscience, and a happy home.

Flora Fairgood's Fancy Funeral.

By M. A. Paull, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Step by Step," etc.

Characters:—James Spark, Frank Reckles, Willie Spree, Harry Hope, Dr. Fairgood, Mary Merry, Postilion.

SCENE 1st.

[At J. Spark's rooms, a supper party.]

Harry H. "I say, Jem, do you remember that Miss Fairgood you used to be so sweet upon?"

J. S. (Confused). "What of her?"

Harry H. "Oh! well, I know you don't care anything about her, awfully straight laced girl she was, in her notions, down upon a fellow's drinking and smoking, and all that."

J. S. (Emphatically.) "Well, but what about her, Harry?"

Harry H. (Mockingly.) "Oh! you do care to know, do you; why, she wouldn't marry any one who wasn't a teetotaler, not even if he were as good looking, and as nice a young fellow as a certain friend of mine."

Willie Spree. "Some people can't forget a girl who has jilted them."

Frank R. "Particularly if she's a pretty girl, and a loving sort of girl, for all her strict notions."

J. S. (Hotly.) "I don't know why you're talking at me in this fashion. I did once, a year or two ago, make an offer to a young lady, this Miss Fairgood, and what's the harm of that, I should like to know?"

H. H. "None in the world, my dear fellow. Showed her want of taste that she refused, so I should say."

J. S. "She was a very strict teetotaler, and I wasn't a teetotaler at all, and I would not give up my liberty of action to please any woman. Frank, will you pass the brandy this way?"

H. H. "Well, all that affair is over now.

J. S. "Of course 'tis over; what do you mean?"

H. H. "Miss Fairgood's dead."

J. S. (Starting up.) "*Dead*, did you say *dead?*"

F. R. "Why man, how you take it to heart; drink and forget your sorrow."

J. S. "Dead? Flora Fairgood *dead?* You don't say so, what did she die of?"

H. H. "That I didn't hear. I hope it wasn't a broken heart."

J. S. "Nonsense, the thing happened a year ago and more. Still I've never loved any one since." (Begins to cry.)

H. H. (Aside to F. R. and W. S.) "What a fool brandy makes him, he is a goose, and this is a lark to make a fellow cry for nothing. (Aloud.) Drink, man, drink, and cheer up your spirits a bit."

F. R. "Yes, drink, old fellow."

W. S. "There's nothing like wine and brandy for mending the rents in a man's affections."

J. S. (Crying still.) "Leave me, my friends, leave me to my sad thoughts."

All. "Not a bit of it, we wouldn't be so heartless."

SCENE 2nd.

[Next morning. J. S. sitting down to breakfast, a black bordered envelope lies on the table, opens it and takes out a mourning card. Reads aloud,]

"In Memory
of
FLORA FAIRGOOD,
Daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Fairgood.
Aged 23 *years.*

Funeral on Friday, at Greenhill Cemetery at

eleven o'clock. Your company is affectionately requested."

J. S. (Despondingly.) "Ah! those last words are *written* I see, not printed, she must have expressed a wish that I should attend her funeral. How much this event has unmanned me. I will go. It is the last I can ever do for her. Ah! strong drink, you have separated me now for ever from a pure, good woman's love; was my freedom to drink, to smoke, to be gay, *worth the price* I paid for it? Worth giving up Flora for? My poor head, how it aches, nothing but brandy will stop its furious throbbing; yet no, I will *not* take brandy to-day and to-morrow, these days I consecrate to her memory, the memory of a fair and good woman; I will be teetotal for this time, I will at least pay her that amount of respect; my coffee shall suffice. She did not love me much, I suppose, and yet I think if I had cheerfully acceded to her wishes she would have formed a different opinion of me, and she might have learned to love me. Well, well, I might have had a quiet happy home by this time, instead of feverish oyster and brandy suppers at night, and those tremendous headaches in the morning. What a fellow that Harry Hope is, how coldly he broke the news to me with Reckles and Spree present. Confound him! he has no heart. I must be off, I can get some mourning at Fitem's, and then catch the 4.40 train, see (consults Bradshaw), I shall reach Pocklestown to-night easily, and sleep there, and take the train to Northover in good time for the funeral. A suit of black is only the proper thing, now that I have been personally invited. I will be off to my tailor's." (*Exit.*)

SCENE 3rd.

[The day after, J. S. emerges from the station at Northover, to proceed to the house of the Fairgood's.]

J. S. "I flatter myself that my clothes, my appearance, my whole state of mind will be so in harmony with the company assembled, that whatever unpleasant feelings my presence might otherwise possibly excite in some of the family, my present conduct will at once dispel them. My head feels wonderfully clearer for yesterday's abstinence. So, this is the street, yes. Why, how can this be? A wedding, bless my heart, what a strange thing, a wedding at one house and a funeral at the other, on the same day. Strange juxtaposition of events. (Stares bewilderedly.) But how is this? Why, the carriages are outside No. 7, *their* number, the Fairgood's house. Oh! it is white because the bride—I mean the dead lady—I mean—what do I mean? It *isn't* a child's funeral, it *is* a wedding. What does it mean? they must have changed houses; I will enquire."

(Speaks to one of the postilions, who stands at his horses' heads). "Whose house is this, please?"

MAN. "Dr. Fairgood's, sir."

J. S. "Haven't they just lost a daughter, Miss Flora Fairgood?"

MAN (laughing). "Well, sir, they're about to lose her, but the job isn't finished yet."

J. S. "She isn't dead?"

MAN. "Bless your soul, sir, as I believe, her was never more alive in her life: leastways, I saw her yesterday with her young man, and her did look purty, and no mistake, her always was purty, and good, and kind too, which is more."

J. S., (in bewildered confusion). "There is some dreadful mistake."

MAN. "Well, sir, I shouldn't call it dreadful, but you do look more as if you'd come to a funeral than a wedding."

J. S. "Exactly, I had come to a funeral, I mean I *did* come to a funeral, and behold there is a wedding instead. It must be all a dream."

MAN, (aside). "I hope the gentleman isn't mad."

J. S. "Can you tell me whom Miss Fairgood is to be married to?" (still puzzled).

MAN. "Of course I can, with pleasure; to young Squire Hope, of Hopestone."

J. S. "Squire Hope. Charles Hope?"

MAN. "The very same, sir, and a fine fellow he is. This is a teetotal wedding, sir."

J. S. "What a cruel hoax has Harry played upon me. Oh! that I could be revenged for all this suffering, this cruel wrong."

MAN. "If I might make so bold, sir, seeing you are so took aback, sir, I would advise you to move yourself from this side of the pavement for they're coming now, and you'll

excuse me, sir, but they do say 'tis unlucky to see mourning garments at your wedding."

J. S. "I will change mine, and hasten to the church."

MAN. "Here they come, sir. Don't they look handsome. Cut across the fields, sir, and you can reach the church as soon as they do." (*Exit* J. S.)

SCENE 4th.

[In church. The party at the altar.]

J. S. (musing.) "Well, I must again congratulate myself on the propriety of my appearance, I have so soon changed my apparel for a costume that would not disgrace any wedding. Flora looks well, beautiful indeed, but she is lost to me for ever: lost, ah, lost to me as much as if she were really lying, as I expected she would be by this time, in Greenhill Cemetery, and I a mourner beside her grave, looking with tearful eyes at the coffin that contained her beloved form. What nice-looking girls her bridesmaids are, particularly that sweet good-tempered little thing, who acts as chief. Well, I don't know how it is, but I can't take my eyes off that young lady, she fairly captivates me; a charming little bundle of white lace and blue silk, and forget-me-nots, and white rosebuds, and sunny hair, and laughing eyes, and full rosy lips. What is coming to me? *Did* I ever love Flora Fairgood? she is such a contrast to her friend. I suppose I did, and yet nothing and nobody please me to-day but that charming, saucy, arch-looking little bridesmaid. I *must*, I *will* make her acquaintance. Is she, too, a teetotaller, I wonder? Well, I can't help it, if she is I'll be one too, it must be a good tree that bears such delicious fruits. Your teetotal girls, so far as my experience goes, have an evenness of spirits, a bloom of complexion, a gaiety and clearness of fancy that the drink soon destroys in our fashionable, wine-drinking women. Here I am smitten, smitten in this church, smitten with love for that little charmer, smitten as I never was before, even by Flora herself: head over ears in love for the first time in my life at a wedding, when I thought to be weeping over my dead lady-love at her funeral. This is a fancy funeral and a real wedding with a vengeance, and another wedding shall follow it speedily, if fond wooing and renunciation of alcohol and tobacco will do it, this time. I wonder if it will; I trust it will, I know I shall be miserable all my life long if it won't. Heigho, why, they're off already."

SCENE 5th.

[Dr. Fairgood's house. Dr. F. and J. S.]

J. S. "I must ask a thousand pardons for intruding, but being in the neighbourhood, and hearing of your daughter's marriage, I thought I should like to offer my congratulations."

Dr. F. "Exactly, my dear sir, never were friends more welcome than on this happy day; my daughter will be quite pleased to see you, pray come in, we must not delay the feast, the ladies will soon be ready."

J. S. "Miss Fairgood, I beg her pardon, I ought to say Mrs. Hope, does not, I trust, retain any unpleasant remembrance."

Dr. F. "Not at all, I believe she regards it now as only a little bit of a flirtation, that ended the right way, perchance, for both: she always speaks kindly of you, and if you had been a teetotaller, she might have learned to love you, that I can't say; as it is, the young Squire has won her whole heart, and he's worthy of it, he's a splendid fellow. By-the-bye, we expected his brother down here to-day, and he hasn't come—you know him, don't you? Harry Hope. He's been paying his addresses to one of my daughter's dearest friends, but she snubs him at present, for the same reason that Flora once snubbed you, she doesn't believe in marrying a man who loves his drink better than his wife. And she's right too; if all the girls would treat young men in this determined fashion the world would be a soberer world than it is now. I'm ashamed of women who delight in a man being rather wild, and encourage him all the more for that reason; no true happiness can arise from such folly and wickedness. But come, I hear the bevy of fair ones descending. Come, let me introduce you; a young man, a good-looking young man, at a wedding is sure to be welcome, and we're short of the article to-day, for we depended on Harry Hope."

SCENE 6th.

[A cosy bower in the garden some few hours' after the wedding breakfast. James Spark and Mary Merry resting.]

J. S. "This has been the happiest day of my life, Miss Merry."

MARY M. (laughing). "Why, I thought you told me just now that you came in the saddest possible frame of mind, to attend your dead lady-love's funeral, and that then you found her alive, and about to be married to some one else; curious things to make you happy. I wonder who could have hoaxed you so cleverly?"

J. S. "Cruelly, you mean."

MARY M. "Cruelly! Well, it would have been if you had been made very miserable, but as this is the happiest day of your life, cleverly is the proper word to use."

J. S. "I think I know perfectly well who was the forger of that mourning card."

MARY M. "Who? Do tell me."

J. S. "I may offend you, if things are as I think they are."

MARY M. (wonderingly). "Why, who do you know that I know?"

J. S. (hesitating.) "You will not be angry?"

MARY M. "Certainly not with you, since I desire you to tell me."

J. S. "It was Mr. Harry Hope, the bridegroom's brother."

MARY M. (with dignity and coolness). "Oh! you are a friend of his, are you?"

J. S. "You are offended?"

MARY M. "Oh! no, not at all, unless at your thinking it could matter to me. Who told you it would? for it does not. But *are* you *his* friend?"

J. S. (reluctantly) "Yes."

MARY M. "Then you can tell me what sort of man he is?"

J. S. "You know the old saying, Miss Mary, 'Tell me who your friends are, and I'll tell you what you are,' I fear to confess."

MARY M. (playfully) "Do as I bid you, sir, under pain of my extremest displeasure."

J. S. (gallantly) "When you command I *must* obey. He is a good-tempered, gay, jovial young fellow, fond of a practical joke, as I am unfortunately able to attest to-day."

MARY M. "Does he drink intoxicants—wines and spirits?"

J. S. "He does, Miss Merry."

MARY M. "To excess?"

J. S. "Occasionally, Miss Merry."

MARY M. "And smokes?"

J. S. "Yes."

MARY M. "And you do the same?"

J. S. "I have done so hitherto."

MARY M. "Yes, and though you lost the chance of winning a good, loving, beautiful wife a year ago, through your obstinacy, you *continue* to drink and smoke. If 'fools' was a right word to use, I should say, what fools young men are."

J. S. "I think you are right, Miss Merry."

MARY M. (indignantly) "That is the worst of all, the *stupid apathy* of the species! Tell them they're wrong, that they are wasting their manhood, that they are ignoring the high and noble purposes for which God created them, that they came into the world for some grander employments than sitting over wine, and spoiling their complexions and their constitutions by tobacco smoke, and drink poison, and they will coolly reply, 'I think you are right.' Sir, I have no patience nor sympathy with the self-loving, self-indulgent, idle, gay, young men of the present day. What ever sort of England would it have been, what ever sort of a world should we have now, if Columbus and Francis Drake, if Hampden, and Newton, and Wesley, and Wilberforce, and Garibaldi and Livingstone, had been made of such feeble stuff as these *men*. Men! They don't deserve the name, they are but mannikins; they have dwarfed their intellects, dwarfed their physical powers, and beclouded their very souls by their unmanly excesses—they are not God's men, they are Satan's mannikins."

J. S. "Spare me, pity me, Miss Merry. Your noble words stir my soul, they make me long to be a hero."

MARY M. (smiling ironically) "A hero! Only be a *man*, and that will be a wonderful advance on your former career if you have hitherto been the useless creature you confess to have felt yourself, a creature with few higher aspirations than London porter and bird's eye tobacco."

J. S. "You *are* severe, sweet censurer of men, but I own I deserve your severity. Will you

undertake my reformation? I pray you, wound me, but to heal."

MARY M. (laughing) "I? no thank you, there can be no vicarious reform, you must reform yourself."

J. S. "And if I reform, if I cease to be a mannikin, and become a man, will you give me hope?"

MARY M. "Hope, hope—what of, I pray?"

J. S. "Oh! Miss Merry, I am terribly in earnest, do not laugh at me, I beg of you—I never loved till this moment."

MARY M. "Except your wine bottle and cigar-case. You are like Mr. Harry Hope, and if I ever love, I am determined to love a *man*, and not a drinking, smoking animal."

J. S. "Be as severe as you like, Miss Merry, only tell me that if I come to you again, with a noble purpose in life, the determination to do my duty, and if I give up henceforth intoxicants of all descriptions, you will not discard me when I offer you my——"

MARY M. "Stay, stay, I pray you, there has been enough giving away of hearts to-day."

J. S. "I know mine is gone."

MARY M. (smiling) "Where?"

J. S. "Wherever you are."

MARY M. "Hush, hush, you know nothing of me, and I know very little of you: true love is the outcome of respect and tried affection."

J. S. "Not always. I loved you when I first looked at you in church to-day. Pray do not discard me."

MARY M. "Do you in very truth from this time forth for evermore discard the drink, discard the pipe, discard the stupid music hall slang and songs, keep your lips pure from oaths, your brain pure from alcohol, and desire to have your soul purified from sin."

J. S. "Sweet catechiser, I do."

MARY M. (giving him her hand) "Then I'll not forget you, Mr. Spark, and if, at the end of six months you come back to me, and say you have faithfully kept your vow, I'll perhaps say——"

J. S. "What, Mary, sweet arbiter of my destiny?"

MARY M. (playfully) "I think I'll say, *I don't hate you*."

SCENE 7th.

HARRY HOPE (at his breakfast table with an open letter) "Here's a pretty kettle of fish to fry. Charlie off on his wedding tour with Spark's former lady-love, and Spark in love with my little Mary, and, what's ten thousand times worse, my little Mary, or what I once thought would be my little Mary, in love with Spark. What a confounded piece of folly that I sent him off to her neighbourhood by that fine hoax of mine. Practical joke, did I call it? The biter is bit this time. Well, I wouldn't be a teetotaler to please her, and now I've as bad as lost her. What are all the girls coming to? Are we all to turn over a new leaf, or else to be confirmed old bachelors? Have they entered into a conspiracy against the drink-sellers and drink-makers? Practical joke! indeed, I never felt less like a joker in all my life. Out of my forged mourning card, concocted in my cups, will spring wedding cards; instead of my pretended knell there will be merry bells, and out of Flora Fairgood's Fancy Funeral, unless I am very much mistaken, will arise Mary Merry's Magic Marriage—to bring about which, and the downful of my own fond wishes, I have myself acted the magician. Heigho! 'Spirit of wine, since I have no other name to call thee by, I'll call thee devil.'"

WHAT BECAME OF CHARLEY.

By H. W. ADAMS.

SCENE I.

"GOOD-BYE, mother: don't worry about me. I can take care of myself. I shall come back in my carriage some day, and see you all again."

This was Charley ———'s self-confident farewell to his mother, as he left the little town of M—— and took the stage for the nearest railroad station, bound for the great metropolis.

New York was not much like the quiet farming

town where he had lived. The city, with its ten thousands sights and sounds, stirred his soul. To see with his own eyes the wonderful things of which his fellow-clerks told, did not accord with his conscience or his promises to the dear folks at home. But they were "slow," and "behind the age." There can be no harm in going just once to Booth's Theatre; lots of church members go there. So over the sins of worldly church members, Charley stumbled.

SCENE II.

Hamlet was played that night. The glare of a thousand gas-lights; the gorgeous scenery; the gaily-dressed, bright-faced men and women; the royal attire of the actors; the splendid tragedy, which seemed so real; the absence of anything coarse or vulgar, captivated our hero. He saw at once that all the stories about the demoralizing tendencies of the theatre were grandmas' fables, told by people who knew nothing about it.

George —— was a grand, whole-souled fellow, a salesman in the store where Charley was employed. He had paid for the evening's entertainment, and now they were on the way home.

"Let's look in here a moment, Charley."

There was a sudden twinge of conscience, for that brilliantly-lighted room was a billiard hall, and Charley had never put his foot inside of such a door in his life.

"All right, George; we will just look in a moment."

All eyes were centered on a match game by two of the renowned players of the metropolis, It was hotly contested. The men were equally skilful, and had kept together, almost point for point, throughout the game. The one then playing had run up his score to 495; his opponent had to his credit 492. With two brilliant strokes the leader ran up his figure to 499, leaving him but one point to win. His hand trembled a little as he put himself in position for the last stroke. He missed, and his opponent soon won the game, amid the plaudits of his friends.

Charley was more than interested: he was intensely excited by the game, and by his first taste of gay city life. Near the door where they entered was the bar, grand with gilded decanters, marble, and plate glass. The polite bar tender handed down a decanter, as they were about to pass out.

"Let's have a glass, just one, Charley!"

But Charley stood irresolute. Visions of home, and mother, and sisters flashed before him. He dared not drink, and under the pressure of the night's glare and whirl, he dared not refuse.

In the afternoon he would have repelled the temptation, but twice already that night he had been tempted and yielded, and the lesser temptations were the thin end of the wedge which opened up the way for the greater.

"Don't be squeamish—you can take care of yourself, and so can I."

"Well, just a glass, then."

"The wine when it is red," how it sparkled: *but who can picture the woe that slept in the depths of the first glass!*

SCENE III.

Two years farther on. You would hardly know our innocent farmer lad in the fast young man who faces us and tips with maudlin leer his glass to an older comrade. Cigars, cards, and drugged brandy, with the prostrate form of his partner on the floor, tell of "a high old time," and rapid transit on the Devil's road to ruin and death. And there is that which we dare not picture. There are scenes which we will not describe, and associates that we may not name, that are wasting his substance and consuming his precious life.

SCENE IV.

Only twenty-five, and you would think him fifty. Exhausted, shattered, wrecked; disgusted with the cup of pleasure, which at the first was so sweet, and now is as bitter as gall. He wakes from a troubled sleep, after a debauch, to find that the deadly mania of the cup is upon him. Snakes writhe and twist themselves about his shivering form; spiders and toads crawl over him; terrible fancies and forebodings rack his soul. How he pleads with God to save him, and yet he knows that Satan has him bound hand and foot. "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

SCENE V.

The end is not far off, but who can write it? Diseased, debauched, his nerves unstrung, his constitution broken, his bones rotted, his eyes bleared, horror and darkness settling about him, he sinks in the dire struggle, and his sun goes down at noon! Strangers look coldly on him in the dying hour, and rude unfriendly hands convey him to the Potter's Field. Ah! how many such graves there are! and no man that lives *dare* go to the old home where childhood's sunny hours were spent, and tell the whole honest truth about what carried the wandering boy to his grave. No man dares to break that mother's heart with the terrible narration of the sin, and vice, and ruin which the destroyer has wrought.

But in after years she comes, a worn and wearied pilgrim, gray-haired, with furrows on her care-worn face, and by that neglected grave, where thorns and briers twine and tangle themselves above the sleeping dust, the mother kneels and cries out in the bitterness of her soul, "My son! my son! would God that I had died for thee!"

Speak Gently.

Tenderly. THOMAS WARR.

Speak gen - tly!—it is bet - ter far To rule by love than fear—

Speak gen - tly— let not harsh words mar The good we might do here!

Speak gen - tly to the lit - tle child! Its love be sure to gain;

Teach it in ac - cents soft and mild, It may not long re - main.

2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!
Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

3 Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!
Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

VARIETIES.

JOHN WESLEY ON BRANDY AND WATER.—The Rev. John Wesley was once being entertained by a gentleman, who after dinner proposed a little brandy-and-water. On perceiving this, Mr. Wesley, with an air of surprise, cried, "My brother, what's that?" "It's brandy," was the reply: "my digestion is so bad that I am obliged to take a little after dinner." "How much do you take?" enquired Mr. Wesley. "Only about a tablespoonful." "Truly," was the reply, "that is not much; but one tablespoonful will soon lose its effect: then you will take two; from two you will get to a full glass; and that in like manner, by your becoming used to it, will lose its effect, and then you will take three glasses, and so on, till in the end you may become a drunkard. Oh, my brother, take care what you do."

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS IN SICKNESS.—Dr. Stevens (editing *Medical Reform*, by Dr. S. Thomson, America), wrote as follows in 1849:—"And thus prejudice, encouraged by the old system of medicine, makes it difficult to convince that strength is only to be got from what we digest of the food we eat, and that alcohol, in any form, arrests digestion—not only by saturating the food, but by blunting the nervous energies of the stomach; so that strength is never derived, but greater weakness. Alcohol, ever injurious to the healthy, should never be given to the sick. It is not strong food that can impart strength, only such as the stomach can master or the gastric juice dissolve that can be assimilated and impart nutrition. It is also a most pernicious error to provoke an appetite, or force a patient to eat against his inclination, for when the system can assimilate food by the secretion of sufficient gastric juice the same will be manifested byappetite."

YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH.—When a man has drank up his farm, his house, his furniture; when he has ruined his wife, beggared his children, and lost his home; when he is too dissipated to find employment, too worthless to obtain a situation; when no one can trust him; when credit has gone, and the last farthing is spent; when no man is willing to treat him or give him a penny with which to obtain drink; when every other resource has failed, and life has become a curse, and he stands before the liquor dealer's bar and begs for a drink to quench his raging thirst and quiet for an hour the hell of torment that rages within him, then the time has come; and, as the liquor-dealer shoves him out into the cold and darkness, he says to him, "You have had enough." He may plead, he may expostulate, but in vain. "You have had enough." Young man, entering upon a course of dissipation, you may not know when you have "had enough." Perhaps you will prefer to determine for yourself when you have "had enough," and if you will take the advice of a friend, you will say, "I have had enough now to last me as long as I live; I drink no more."

PRESS NOTICES OF

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For 1883.

Edited by ROBERT RAE,

Secretary of the National Temperance League.

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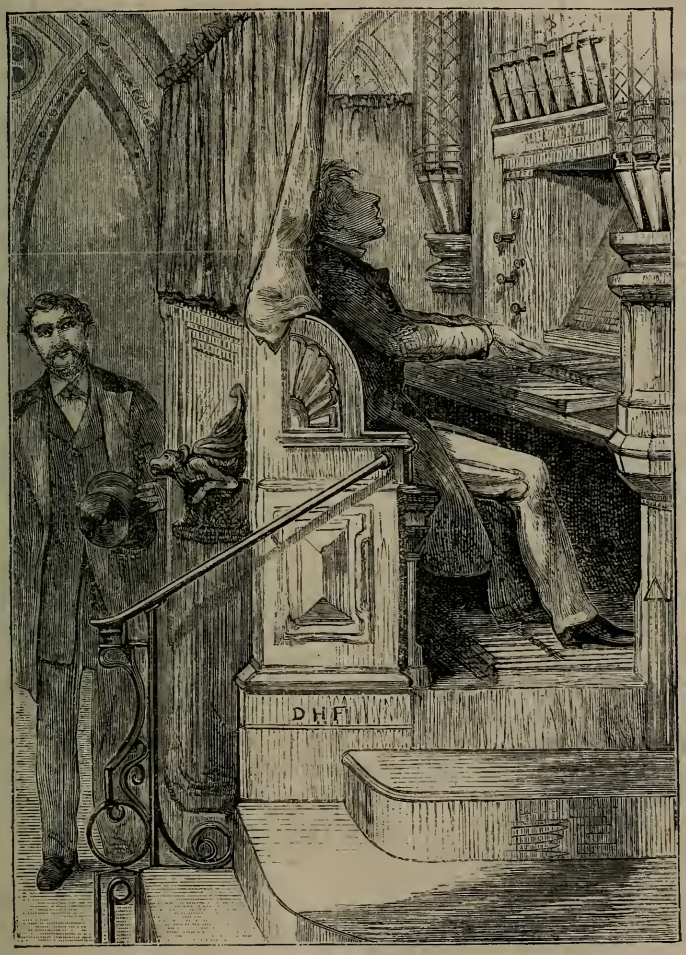

THE BLIND ORGANIST.

"I QUESTION whether we shall act wisely if we engage him. There is no doubt about his ability; he has great power over the instrument, but I fear that he will not be able to manage the boys. What do you think?"

"Well, Rector, I think I should engage him if I were you. He certainly plays better than any of the others who have applied for the

post. We have two or three very musical men who would volunteer to act as 'Choir Master,' and undertake the management of the boys. When I was a young man people did not think half as much about music as they do now. A musical education was the exception and not the rule, as it seems to be in these times. Why, Rector, fifty years ago it would have been quite impossible to have given a concert like our last, in a place like this, with merely local talent."

"Yes, you are quite right. Music is becoming a powerful factor for good in this country, and I am very anxious now that our choir should be as good as our efforts can make it. We have the material for a first rate choir, but we must have a good organist."

"Yes, we must, and I really think this blind man would suit us very well."

"So I think," replied the Rector, "besides I have a great deal of sympathy for the blind. My poor sister, you know, is quite blind now, and music is her greatest solace. We may consider the matter settled, then, as you have no objection."

"Decidedly. My brother churchwarden votes for him. He told me so yesterday morning. People are prejudiced sometimes against blind organists, but I don't think we need fear any opposition from our people. As far as I can gather there seems to be a decided feeling in his favour."

"Ah well, that is very good. I will write to him by to-night's post. Poor fellow! I have no doubt it will be a relief to him to know our decision. He seemed very anxious."

"I suppose he will be able to come at once, eh?"

"Oh yes, at once. We can count on him for next Sunday."

"Very good. I'm glad the matter is settled. Now I must be off, so good morning, Rector."

A few days after the foregoing conversation, the blind man came to S——, and was welcomed as the new organist. The Rector, ever considerate and always thinking of other people's wants, had made it his business to hunt about and secure a small but com-

On the first Sunday after his arrival, he came to church accompanied by a neatly dressed woman, whom people soon found out to be his wife. There was no beauty in her face. She was a woman that men would scarcely admire, yet she had a very sweet expression about her mouth, and a gentle look in her eyes which was wondrously winning. Those who knew her well always spoke of her as "a sweet woman." The blind organist soon settled down to his duties, and owing to the kind exertions of the Rector, he got some pupils who seemed to get on very well with their gentle afflicted teacher.

His wife was also successful in getting pupils for the piano, as she was a very accomplished pianist. Thus their life at S—— began *couleur de rose.*

The blind man was quite happy. He had no children, but he felt no trouble on that account. He had his music.

With the Rector he was much delighted, as he found in him a congenial friend. The blind man had studied much, by his wife's assistance, who always read aloud to him during the evening, after their day's work was done. Sometimes the Rector came in for a chat, and these visits were very much appreciated by the organist, as they always afforded him an opportunity for some intellectual conversation.

"I have very much to be thankful for," he used to say, "I have my organ, my music at home, my books, and a loving and devoted wife, so that I hardly feel the loss of my sight."

"Yes, indeed," the Rector once said to him, "there are many possessed of their sight who would gladly change places with you."

"Ah! I often think that," he replied, "when I hear of all the misery and wretchedness there is around me. My wife was reading something from a newspaper the other day about a poor blind beggar in London, who was run over and injured so much that he will be a cripple for life. Poor fellow, he had no home, and no friends to look after him. Fancy what his life will be compared with my happy lot! I am so very happy."

The years passed away, and the organist's little home life was calm and uneventful. No troubles over-shadowed his roof. So he and his wife looked forward to peace and happiness.

* * * * *

"Yer wanted sir, at wunst! There's bin a hawful haccident on the railway close to Farmer P——'s new 'ouse."

The doctor had just come in from a long round of visiting, very much done up, when his boy burst in upon him with the startling information, but without a moment's delay he got ready to go to the scene of the accident some way off. Putting some instruments and other things into his pockets, which he thought might be useful, he started without waiting for the refreshment he so much needed, and was soon at the spot where his presence was required. He found plenty of work to do.

"Thank God, you have come, doctor," said a man who recognised him, "this is a terrible business, and I fear there are many poor creatures for whom your skill can do nothing."

Such was the case. Many of the hapless passengers in the wrecked train were beyond reach of assistance. Many, however, required immediate attention, and the doctor, forgetting his fatigue, was soon busily engaged in attending to the wounded.

There had been a collision. A mineral train had, somehow, got in the way of the London express. No one knew how it had happened; something had gone wrong, and there were the dead and the wounded to be taken from the wreck.

The report of the accident had soon spread, and a number of willing hands had been gathered to the spot. The doctor worked with quiet energy, and at last the painful work was finished. Some of the injured passengers were able to proceed to their destinations. Many were far too seriously hurt to travel, and lying apart in a ghastly row were eleven human beings whom the doctor had pronounced to be dead.

Among the injured was the blind organist of S——, and among the dead was his wife. The unfortunate man's face was terribly cut and disfigured, and when he was got out he was insensible. The farmer, near whose house the accident had occurred, and who had at once come to give his assistance, volunteered to take the injured blind man into his house, so he was carefully carried there.

Early the next morning the local doctor called to see his blind patient, and before he went he had a chat with the farmer.

"It's just as well," said the doctor, "that he cannot see, for he will be frightfully disfigured for life, but he is not injured in any other way. Poor fellow! he is in great trouble about his wife."

"Yes, poor chap; blind men don't often get women as is willing to marry 'em, do they, doctor?"

"No, indeed; and he is less likely than ever to find a wife now: its a very sad case. I dare say she was everything to him, as he says."

"Do you know where he comes from, sir?"

"Oh, yes; I have not let him talk much, he must be kept quiet, but I have found out that he is the organist at a place called S——, a long way from here, on the other side of London. He and his wife had been to Margate for their holiday, and were returning home yesterday."

"Well, well; some folks 'as rough luck to be sure," replied the farmer, "but we'll do what we can for the poor chap while he is here, and my missus bid me say, doctor, that he can stay till you say 'ees fit to go."

The doctor thanked the good-natured yeoman, who kept his word. The blind man was carefully nursed and attended to until the day of his departure. The Rector of S——, who had soon heard the sad news, came himself to accompany him back to his home. He, in his kind way, and others, did all they could to console him in his terrible affliction, but the death of his beloved wife was a terrible blow to the afflicted musician. He missed her attention in a thousand little ways. He missed her voice, and could not

books. He missed her playing more than anything. He would never permit another hand to touch her piano. It remained silent, for it was a long time before he could be persuaded to touch its keys himself, but—

"Amid the golden gifts which heaven
Has left, like portions of its light on earth,
None hath such influence as music hath."

The blind man returned to his music. It became his consolation. The melody stole away his thoughts from the past, and when he played he seemed as one entranced. A change, however, had come over him. He no longer cared for conversations with the Rector. He preferred to be alone, and seldom took an interest in anything that was not connected with his music. He spent much time in the church at the organ, and people often went in and sat to hear him play, for the instrument was a very fine one and the afflicted organist played with great power and feeling, and those who did go in and knew him, sat where they could not see his face. But during his lonely evenings he began to drink—brandy.

* * * * *

One day, about two years after the railway accident already mentioned, a stranger staying at a place a few miles from S——, walked over to see the church. He found the door open and heard the sound of the organ as he entered the building. He had chanced to come during the practising hour of the blind organist. Being a great lover of music he stood still to listen. Finding that he had come upon an accomplished performer, he very quietly went up towards the chancel that he might have a look at the player.

The sun was shining brightly into the church, and the light fell on the face of the blind man. His quick ear detected the approaching footsteps, so he took his fingers off the keyboard and turned round as if waiting to be addressed. Then the stranger saw his face for the first time.

Such an unexpected appearance caused him to stand aghast for a few moments without uttering a word. As he said, afterwards to his friends, "the sight was horrible. There were no spectacles to cover his dull eyes, and the great scars over his face were shown in all their hideousness by the sunlight. I never saw such an appalling face."

Not hearing him speak, the blind man said, "I don't know your step, do you want to see me?"

"I fear I have interrupted you," replied the stranger, "I was never in this church before to-day, but I hope you will go on playing. Do you often play here?"

"Often? yes, very often, when I have time to spare; when I feel weary and forsaken, I come to my organ. Music, sir, is my life."

As he said this, his hands again touched the keys, and the rich tones of the organ filled the church. The listener was silent, whilst the sightless musician played on, apparently unconscious of his presence. As he played he lifted up his awful face, and his spirit seemed to be going out from him with the melody which was pouring from the grand instrument under his hands.

It was a strange sight, and the man who stood listening on that summer's day in the church of S——, often thinks of the exquisite playing he then heard.

Suddenly the church clock struck five. The blower left his post and came round to tell the blind man that it was time for him to leave.

"I will blow for you, with pleasure, if you want to go on playing," said the visitor.

"I'm sorry I cannot trouble you," replied the organist, "I must go myself now."

So the two men left the church together, the blind man finding his way with the greatest ease.

The churchyard was raised considerably above the level of the road which bounded it on one side, so that it was approached by a flight of steps, and these were rather steep. As they walked towards them, the stranger looked about, and then whistled and called for his dog, which he had left in the churchyard, when he went in to hear the organ. The dog was nowhere to be seen, but just as the blind man began to descend the steps, it

came bounding up them from the road to rejoin its master.

The animal was large and powerful, and, like many big dogs, given to rushing along in a very reckless kind of way. Somehow, it charged the organist and upset him. The unfortunate man, being at the top of the steps, fell heavily to the bottom. Still he managed to scramble to his feet before the owner of the dog got down to his assistance. He was rejoiced to find that no bones were broken, but very much grieved to see that his new acquaintance was terribly shaken, and that his right hand was badly cut and bruised. He bound up the cut as well as he could, and after expressing his regret at the unfortunate accident, offered to see the blind man home.

"Oh, it's a mere nothing," he replied, "there is close by here the house of a friend of mine. If you will kindly go with me thus far, I will get my hand bathed and rest there awhile before I go home."

After seeing him safely into his friend's house, the stranger bade him farewell.

"I shall come over again to hear you play," he said, "and I hope I shall find that you have completely recovered from your hurts."

But he was never able to keep his promise. Circumstances over which he had no control, took him away from the neighbourhood a few days after his visit to S——, and he has never had the opportunity of returning to hear the blind organist again.

* * * * *

About ten years after the blind man's accident on the church steps, the Rector of S—— was sitting one evening over his study fire in conversation with a brother clergyman, who had come to preach at a Special Service. The two men had never met before, so they found much to talk over in connection with their parochial and church labours.

The subject of choirs soon came up, and as the Rector was mentioning his difficulty in getting organists who were good churchmen as well as good players, his guest interrupted him by saying:—

"I heard a few years ago from a friend of mine who walked over here one day to see your church, that you had a very fine organist, a terribly disfigured blind man. Has he left you?"

"Dear me, how very strange," replied the Rector, "a friend of yours, you say? Well, when you see him, pray don't tell him of the sad result of the accident which his dog caused. I'm sure he would only be distressed if he knew."

"Accident caused by his dog! I don't remember his mentioning anything about it."

"Very likely not. At the time it seemed a mere trifle. As poor —— was coming down the churchyard steps, your friend's large dog upset him. He fell and cut his hand. Your friend, who had been listening to him playing, was very much concerned. He bound up the injured hand, and saw the poor fellow safely to a friend's house, and we never heard anything more of him since, so he is in happy ignorance of the melancholy sequel."

"Did the poor fellow die?"

"Oh, no; and as far as I know, he is living still. He lost his hand. We thought the wound would soon heal, but gangrene set in, and the only thing to save his life was amputation. But the saddest part of his story is this. His hand, in all probability, would have been saved if he had been a temperate man."

"Was he a drunkard then?"

"Well, not exactly. No one ever saw him in what you would call a beastly state of intoxication, but he was a hard drinker, and his drink was brandy. He took to the fatal habit after the death of his wife, who was killed in that accident near R——. Our doctor said that he could have saved his hand, but for the state of his health in consequence of alcoholic poisoning. Of course he could not retain his post as organist, but we tried in vain to induce him to stay here, and earn his living by giving music lessons. I should have done my best then to make him give up the drink, but it was no use talking to him. He made up his mind to go. He said he had some relations in London, and that they would give him a home, and when he made up his mind to do anything

no persuasion could induce him to alter his determination. Then I offered to go up to town with him, and see him safely to his destination. However, he would not consent to this, so I made up my mind that I would go up with him, without letting him know that I was in the train."

"You were quite right. I should have done the same myself to be assured of his safe arrival."

"Unfortunately I was laid up with a bad cold for a few days, and during my confinement to the house, he went off and gave us all the slip. He never told anyone his intentions, but went off one morning with no other companion but one of the choir boys, whom he sent back from town by the next train. I questioned this boy but he could give me no information whatever. He only heard the cabman directed to drive to Lambeth. The boy had tried to find out where the relatives he spoke of lived, but he got no information. It was evident that the unfortunate man did not wish anyone here to know where he had gone."

"He never sent you word, then?"

"No, not a line, and London is the worst place to look for anyone. I tried to find out where he was, but never succeeded. Now I have given up all hope. My own impression is that the poor fellow is dead."

* * * * *

Tap! tap! on the muddy pavement. For a moment the dull monotonous sound ceases, then it goes on again. No one takes any notice of it.

The sound is familiar. It comes from the point of a blind man's stick, as he slowly makes his way along the street.

People as a rule don't take much interest in blind beggars. Most of them are impostors who thrive well on "the milk of human kindness." But this beggar is not an impostor.

Looked at full in the face he is hideous. There is need of "make-up," to excite compassion.

His sightless eyes are open and ghastly. white hair and unkempt grey beard only add to the hideousness of his features.

In his left hand he carries his stick. A glance at his right arm shows that the hand had been amputated at the wrist.

A little open leather bag hangs in front of him attached by a strap to his waist. Into this the charitable drop their coppers. He seldom gets a silver coin. Those who can afford to give silver, somehow or other do not like to be seen stopping to relieve misery in open places. The Pharisaic love of open alms-giving is not fashionable in our time. So the blind man has to trust to those who are not ashamed to be seen giving him a trifle. He does not get much.

Hundreds, it is true, pass him daily while he plods along his weary path, or stands in his endless night alone, but they take no notice of him. They have their own pressing business to mind, their own wants to satisfy; they could not trouble themselves about the stern necessities of a solitary blind man, so those who drop coins into the little bag are few and far between.

Day after day in crowded busy London he has nothing but his thoughts to bear him company. He has no friends—not even a dog—no one to care how soon the grave closes over him. His fellow lodgers have their own heavy burdens to bear, the same constant anxiety for the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. They have no time to talk to and sympathise with the lonely blind man. They look at him and hurry away, for even, to their eyes, his terrible unsightliness is repulsive, and they are accustomed to repulsive sights and faces, God knows.

He will not seek aid from those who would be his friends, so, day after day, in sunshine or wet, he leaves his lodgings and goes out to make his mute appeal for daily bread. He is one of the "regular lodgers" in a low slum; his only home a common lodging house.

A stranger now and then speaks a kind word to him, but he never seems to listen. He listens to nothing but one thing—music.

When the sound of music, true music, falls

A strange look comes over his weird face. It is not a look of pleasure. His features could never express such a look. They rather seem more hideous as they twitch and quiver, while his ears drink in the melody. He does not often hear the strains of music. There are few good bands to play in public places in great and rich London, and the ordinary street musicians, with their villanous performances, cause his poor sensitive ears acute pain. But every Sunday he makes his way to the door of a church where he can listen to the sound of the organ within, but he never ventures to enter the building.

He did once, poor fellow, and one of those mistaken blots on the profession of Christianity rudely turned him out, bade him begone, and told him that the church was not for the likes of him.

Trembling in every limb the blind beggar crawled away, and never attempted to pass the threshold of God's house, for fear of being turned out again. But music, when he does hear it, is more than a pleasure to him, it is a pain.

He drinks in every note as a fevered patient drinks a cooling draught, but when the last sound dies away, he moans like a man in pain, and goes away to the nearest gin shop to drown memory in drink.

Some of his fellow lodgers call him mad; the "deputy" who keeps the house speaks of him as a queer harmless old fellow, who never will speak to anyone, but who is often heard muttering to himself something about music.

"He's mortal fond o' music, poor old chap," says the deputy, if anyone speaks of the blind beggar. "He's let out in his sleep, and when he's bin a bit gone in licker, that he used to be an organist once, which aint unlikely. Them as lives 'ere now didn't always keep such company as we 'as mostly in this place. But he can't a-bear horgins as is played in the street; and when 'e's drunk he stops an swears at 'em, and he do drink too, they say he's a killing himself with brandy and gin. He's had the 'tremblings' already. It wont be long afore he gets his wooden coat, I know."

Then, if he has an attentive listener, the deputy goes on to say that he believes that the old chap would never have come there at all but for the drink.

"Why, sir, there aint no doubt that its drink as brings more than half of 'em to these lodging houses; and when they gets here they drinks and drinks till it rots 'em body and soul, and kills 'em. I give it up soon after I came 'ere, and saw what it does for men like that old blind organist."

W. S. R.

WHY MRS. BROWN WORE EARRINGS.

"THERE goes Mrs. Brown with her jingling earrings again—I wonder how she can wear such things."

"It is odd, for in everything else she is such a plain simple woman. Look at her dress, nothing could be neater, and if there is anything the matter with her bonnet it is not having flowers enough about it. How *can* she wear such earrings?"

Mrs. Trimmer shook her head slowly as if she had found a problem which could never be solved, and Job Trimmer, her husband, took up a pewter pot that was standing at his elbow, and finished off the contents with the quickness of a practised toper.

"There's never any real good in a woman who wears earrings," he said, "especially jingling ones. Her's are little bells, aint they?"

"They are," replied Mrs. Trimmer emphatically, and smoothed her apron with her hands to imply that nothing more could be said upon the subject.

Mrs. Trimmer's apron, by the way, wanted

a little smoothing; and an introduction to the washtub, with a pair of willing hands to give it a good rubbing, would have done it no harm. As with the apron, so with the Trimmer house; cleanliness seemed to have absented itself for good and all, and there was no more furniture in it than was necessary for their every day requirements. The only ornament in the room was a wretched old clock with one hand, and works beyond the watchmaker's art to repair, and the whole thing beneath the notice of a pawnbroker, or it would not, being in a measure superfluous, have been there. Whatever Mr. and Mrs. Trimmer could do without, and on which money could be raised, had long ago been disposed of for the benefit of the publican and the brewer.

They were, in short, the black sheep of Hope Street, and were generally looked down upon by the soberly, orderly, people, who, on the principle of birds of a feather flocking together, had gathered there. It had nothing in common with Brewer Street, that ran parallel to it, and where, again, on the flocking system, a little host of drinking, quarrelsome people had taken up their abode.

In Brewer Street there were two public-houses, one licensed for spirits as well as beer, and the other for beer only. In Hope Street there were none. These streets were owned by different landlords, who had opposite ideas on the temperance question, and while one looked down with scorn on sober people, while he was glad to have them for tenants, the other did his best to keep his houses clear from people who drank, and succeeded in getting a very respectable little community together.

The Trimmers got there by what may be called an accident. They came strangers to the neighbourhood, really bent upon taking their abode in Brewer Street, where they had some relatives, but in passing through Hope Street saw there was a house to let, and being then tidy, respectable working people, were allowed to take possession.

Left to the influence of the people around them, all might have gone well with them, but having friends in Brewer Street, and getting under Brewer Street influence, they soon fell away. Little ornaments and extra dress early found their way to the pawnshop, to be followed by all the furniture that could possibly be spared, and the inhabitants of Hope Street were all either sorry for or angry with their neighbours.

Trimmer had employment at the Gas Works, and at one time had been a man of trust, but neglect, the result of drink, lowered him in the scale, and it was entirely owing to his previous good character that he was not discharged altogether. Mrs. Trimmer did nothing but "look after the home," and looking at the dirt and disorder in it was about all she did.

Hope Street was dull for her, because she found there was not very much gossiping—"sociability," she called it—indulged in. The women there had their homes and children to look after, and most of them had additional work that brought a little grist to the mill. Mrs. Trimmer had no children, did nothing to speak of in the house, and never thought of seeking work,—so it is no wonder that she found a non-gossipping neighbourhood rather quiet.

One source of amusement she found in watching her busier neighbours, especially in watching Mrs. Brown, a bright, active little woman, who seemed to have some magic wand in her possession, for she kept her home in order, and half-a-dozen children neat and clean, cultivated flowers in every window, and yet did well as a boot-binder, while her husband, who was a carman, earned good wages, and appeared to be one of the happiest men in existence, if a cheerful aspect goes for anything, which it generally does.

That he should be happy, being healthy and prosperous, was no marvel. Everybody, including the Trimmers, said he ought to be happy, having such a wife who performed veritable miracles, so thought Mrs. Trimmer, in the way of house-keeping. The Brown doorstep never wanted cleaning, the Brown muslin blind never wanted washing, the

Brown children were always neat as wax, and yet Mrs. Brown, sitting near the window in the simplest of stuff dresses, seemed to spend two-thirds of her time in working at the boot uppers, that brought her in quite ten shillings per week.

A mystery was Mrs. Brown, especially in the matter of those earrings. Why did she, of all women, wear a pair of tiny silver "jingling bells" in her ears?

This question exercised the mind of Mrs. Trimmer considerably, and she was continually referring to it to her husband, until one day, when he was a little more irritable than usual, he told her "not to bother him about Mrs. Brown's earrings, but to go over and ask her why she wore them."

"You wouldn't wear such things," he added, "not if I knew it."

"Not for long," replied Mrs. Trimmer, "if they would fetch the price of a pint of beer."

"You drink your share, I suppose," he growled.

"Well, suppose I do, Job, haven't I a right to?"

"I don't know about that—all I know is this, here's only Wednesday night and I've not a copper, and am as thirsty as a fish."

"They'll trust you at the 'Lame Dog,' I suppose?" suggested Mrs. Trimmer.

"No, they won't—not for tuppence—and after all I've spent there. The landlord says he's got too many on his slate now, and he won't have any more of it. Now, if you worked and brought in a shilling or two——"

"I haven't the heart to work," interrupted Mrs. Trimmer, impatiently, "who would have—*here*," and she cast an angry eye round the wretched room.

"Why don't you keep it better then?" Trimmer demanded.

"What is there to keep?" was her next question.

"We had lots of things when we married five year ago."

"So we had. But who first went to the pawnshop?"

"That's nothin'. *You* followed readily enough, so don't talk to me."

"But I *will* talk to you," said Mrs. Trimmer, with angry eyes, "how can I help speaking when I see everything and everybody around us so different to what we are. Look at their homes, right and left, and over the way—see how they can dress, and how decent they all look——"

"They all work," Trimmer put it, "and *I* work."

"Yes! Five days a week instead o' six, and spend the wages of four days at the public-house. That's what you do, and I have to suffer."

"Look here," said Trimmer rising, "I'm not going to have the blame put wholly on me. There's a pair of us, if there's anything. It's pot and kettle, and if I've gone the wrong way, you've helped me to go it. So there—and when you face about the right way, perhaps I'll march with you; but till you do—Don't talk to me."

Mr. Trimmer, feeling that he had said enough, bounced out of the house, banging the door after him with much violence, and with his hands deep in his pockets, slouched off to Brewer Street, with the hope of finding some toper generous enough to share his drink with him.

Meantime Mrs. Trimmer, with her eyes full of angry tears, stood by the window in the deepening twilight. The misery of her position appeared to her as it would have appeared to any one with a spark of feeling. Drink had done much to harden her, but it had not yet obliterated all womanly tenderness in her heart.

She knew that her home was not what it ought to be, that it never could be while she and her husband went on as they did, and that she was ashamed for anybody to cross her threshold and look upon the dismal wreck that drink had made, but she could not see her way out of it. As the twilight deepened she grew sadder, and presently sat down, and laying her head upon the ricketty table, sobbed aloud.

"Great Father in Heaven, help us in our misery."

It was the first prayer that had escaped her

lips for many a day, and the mere utterance of it brought her a little comfort. Thoughts that had long lain dormant within her were awakened, and with her hands clasped above her head, she repeated the words again and again, and finally sank upon her knees, and knelt there in the darkness until she heard the footsteps of Job Trimmer without.

He had always objected to prayer from the hour of their marriage, and it was his influence that had done much to lead her from it—but she did not move, feeling a new strength within her.

"Peggy," he said, as he pushed open the door, "where are you?"

"I'm here," she said softly.

"Haven't you a candle?"

"No."

"And what have you been doing?"

"Praying to God to help us in our misery."

She expected he would burst into a laugh or curse her for stupidity, the latter being the most likely course he would pursue, but he did nothing of this sort. Groping about he found a chair and sat down.

"Peggy, I've found out why Mrs. Brown wears earrings."

"Never mind that now," she answered, "let's talk of something that most concerns ourselves—let us try to find a way out of our misery."

"But your mentioning that you'd been praying led me to think of the earrings," he rejoined, "you will see that they're something to do with this question that's been troubling you. I met Brown to-night, and he told me all about it."

"I thought you never spoke to each other?" said Mrs. Trimmer, rising from her knees, and quietly resuming her seat.

"He never spoke to me before," returned her husband, "but I've jeered him a bit now and then, and I jeered him to-night, and then he turned on me and said kindly enough, 'You are a poor fool, my lad—a poor fool, and I was once like you—I drank away what I earned, and I robbed my house and home, and I made my life miserable, and I used to jeer at, aye! and swear at people more respectable than myself—its all mad folly, as you will find out some day.' Then I asked him what I should find out, and he replied, 'The curse of drink.'"

"It has been our curse," said Mrs. Trimmer softly.

"So it has," said Trimmer, "I've been led to see; but let me tell you about Brown. He used to drink and idle about, and pawn things when he had anything to pawn, and through it all Mrs. Brown was loving and kind to him. *She* never drank anything and always stood up against having anything, in the house. One night she found a bottle half full of whisky under the bed, and she threw it into the dust-bin. Brown, when he found it out, was nigh mad with rage, and he struck her. 'Thank you, Jack,' she says, quietly, 'that's the only thing you've given me since drink laid hold of you.'"

"I should think that shamed him," said Mrs. Trimmer.

"He was quite broken over it for a time," replied Trimmer, "and he could not look her in the face. She went about as usual, and when she saw him downcast, would say, "Don't blame yourself, Jack, but lay it to the drink." She didn't say much to him just then, but he'd already foreseen it, and signed the pledge, and the money that used to go into the public-house, was during the next fortnight put away to buy her something. So one night when he had enough, as he thought, he went about to look for something suitable, and he took a fancy to those little bells she wears in her ears."

"But why bells, Job?"

"I'm coming to that, Peggy. He bought the bells, and he took them home, and he laid them before her. 'There,' he said, 'I've given up drink that led me to strike, and having turned sober, have brought you home a little present. Earrings ain't much in your way, I know,' he says, 'especially such things as them, but I want you to wear them, and when I'm standing up in a fury before you again, just shake your head, and I think that the tinkling of 'em will bring me to my senses.' 'I shall never want to shake them,' she cried,

clinging to him with joy, 'while you leave drink alone, but I shall ring them often, and will be glad to ring them in thanksgiving as long as you keep true to a sober life,' and true he has been, Peggy, and Mrs. Brown keeps to her earrings, for the little music they make is very pleasant to them both."

"And when did this change come on him, Job?"

"Five years ago."

"Only five years, and they've got a home to be proud of, and money in the Savings' Bank as I've heard, besides clothing their children as if they had I don't know how much money—and they are happy people—very, very happy, as anyone can see. If I had such a home I'd wear earrings if they rang night and day as loud as a peal of bells."

"It can't be done with drink, Peggy."

"But it can be done if we do without it, Job."

A pause—both silent in the darkness—suddenly Job spoke—

"Peggy, shall we we try it?"

"My prayer is answered," she cried, and then he felt her arms about him as she stood beside him, and with tears, not tears of sorrow, dropping upon his cheeks.

That night saw the turning point in their career. The resolutions formed were kept, not without a struggle, and many a prayer during the hour of temptation, but the reformed couple held fast to their vow, and are now no longer a source of anger or sorrow to anyone in Hope Street. Intemperance has been driven from their home, and sobriety invited to take up its abode therein, with the inevitable result. Cleanliness was established at once, and little by little they added to its comforts, until Mrs. Trimmer is no longer ashamed to see a visitor, but rather proud of it; and if anybody wishes to know the history of their reformation, she will gladly tell them all about it, and you may be sure that Mrs. Brown's earrings will play a prominent part in the story. E. H. B.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

IF you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, e'er life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead!

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praise long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it, do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share,
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's eyes,
Share them. And by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad,
When a brother's heart is sad.

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place,
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow,
So until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

The Wren.*

WHO that has ever spent a few weeks in the country in early spring is not acquainted with this pretty little inhabitant of our hedgerows, where it flits in short flights from twig to bough, enlivening the scene with its activity as well as by its cry of chit, chit; or more ambitious song which it pours out with loud and clear note as the sun brightens the landscape with its cheerful beams, whe then days begin to lengthen. Its nest is begun in March, and when finished is a neat, domed structure, lined with hair, feathers, wool, or other soft material, in which six to eight eggs are laid. This nest is frequently snugly sheltered between the branches of a tree, or amidst the ivy covering old trees or walls; if the nest be disturbed, or a too curious school-boy seeks to peer into the domestic secrets of its home, the bird, small as it is, resents the intrusion with animation, and attacks courageously; this trait of its character is made use of with striking effect by the great dramatist, Shakespeare, who says:—

"The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl."

Our readers need not be reminded that this tiny bird has long held a distinguished place in the region of fancy, and has borne many names, being known by the old poets as "Our Lady's Hen," "The King of Birds," "Snow King," "Little King," etc., although it is now impossible to trace the origin of this majestic title.

The following pleasing lines were addressed to a Wren, which for many years built her nest behind an ash tree which overhung the writer's garden:—

Little warbler! long hast thou
Perch'd beneath yon spreading bough,
Snug beneath yon wild tree,
Thy mossy nest I yearly see.
Safe from all thy peace annoys,
Claws of cats, and cruel boys.
We often hear thy *chit-chit* song
Call thy tiny brood along;
While, in her nest, or on a spray,
The throssle charms us with her lay.
Little warbler! cheerful Wren!
Springtime's come, and *thou* again.
Little warbler! thou, like me,
Delight'st in home, and harmless glee.
What of peace is to be found,
Circles all thy dwelling round.
Here with love, beneath the shade,
Thy tranquil happiness is made;
With thy tiny, faithful mate,
Here meet'st resign'd the frowns of fate.
While prouder birds fly high or far,
Or mix them in the strife of war,
Or restless, through the wide world range,
And restless, still delight in change.
Thou mak'st *thy home* a place of *rest*,
Affection, *love*, and that is best.
Then welcome, welcome, faithful Wren!
Thrice welcome to thy home again!

JENNINGS.

* Troglodytes Europœno.

A COUPLE OF WRENS.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

CHEERLESS and dark was the wintry night,
The blast blew fierce and high;
Not a single star pierced the heavy gloom
That shrouded the darkened sky.

Quickly the passengers hurried along,
Through a busy city square,
Each longing to reach his own fireside,
And greet his loved ones there.

The faintest gleam from a gaslamp high
On a lofty building falls,
Dimly revealing the dark outlines
Of its high and massive walls.

Undinted, the snow lies all around,
One pure, white, sparkling sheet;
Unsoiled as yet, by a single mark
From the wet and muddy street.

Yet stay! over there at the other side,
Surely that is a wee foot print,
And young indeed must the child have been
That has pressed that tiny dent.

But still the busy crowd hurries along,
Regardless of all around,
And no one thinks of the little feet
That have trod that cold, hard ground,

Until a loving, motherly eye
Is caught by the foot mark small,
And she thinks of her own dear little ones,
Up there! where the snow does not fall.

And though this is someone else's child,
Still, it has a claim upon her;
And she wonders why it was out alone,
And how it has wandered there.

"I'll follow, and see where the footmarks end,
They cannot lead far astray—
No child would stay up there in the dark,
It must surely have gone away."

Yet with a strange foreboding of ill,
She slowly follows the mark,
And it leads her on towards a pillar high,
On, further into the dark.

And there, where the little footsteps end,
Is stretched the form of a child,
Exposed to the chill of the wintry blast,
And the force of the tempest wild.

Still and motionless there he lies
At that lofty pillar's base,
And the snow around is not whiter
Than the little upturned face.

The stranger's eyes are filled with tears,
As she looks at the little form,
Lying so calmly and peacefully there
In the midst of the raging storm.

Softly she touches the little hand,
Then raises his head on her arm,
For that icy touch has chilled her soul,
And filled her with dread alarm.

And she knows, ere she reaches the street again,
That she carries the form of the dead,
That out alone, on the pitiless ground,
The little soul has fled.

Gone to the region of heaven above,
The beautiful home of the blest,
Where sin and sorrow can never come,
Where the weary find their rest.

But why had he wandered away that night
On the cruel streets alone?
Had he no share of a mother's love,
No bright and cheerful home?

Listen, ye who would like these things to know,
I will tell you the reason why
On that icy bed in the drifted snow
The poor child lay to die.

It was because, in his once bright, happy home,
There was misery, and sorrow now;
And no welcome smile for his motherless boy
Ever lighted the father's brow.

But drunken curses, and angry blows,
And ragings fierce and wild,
Were the only things, in their wretched home,
That greeted the hapless child.

And so, he laid his aching head
On the snow so white and cold,
And thought of the stories of God and heaven,
His mother so often had told.

And he longed, O! so much, to go to her now
In her beautiful home above,
For he knew she was happy and peaceful there
In the land of light and love.

He remembered the earnest, trustful look
That had beamed from her dying eyes,
When she told him they should meet again
Beyond the cloudless skies.

And while he dreamed of the heavenly land,
Of the bright and cloudless day,
God sent His Messenger of Death
To bear his soul away.

Tenderly lift the little form,
Carry it gently away;
Lay it to rest in the quiet grave,
Against the judgment day.

And pity, oh! pity, while you blame,
He, who has caused this woe;
His heart, perhaps, was tender and kind as your own,
Ere it fell 'neath the subtle foe—

Ere the treacherous fiend he had kept in his breast,
And thought such a harmless thing,
Had turned and destroyed the love of his heart
By its deadly, venomous sting.

Oh! ye who have entered the dangerous path,
Allured by its tempting glare;
Stop, ere the demon has dragged you down
To the depths of dark despair.

And ye careless, moderate drinker!
Though ye may never sink so low,
Still; if ye fight not on our side,
Ye MUST *be aiding our foe.*

And ye rich, that in well-furnished sideboards
For your guests keep an ample store;
Do you never think of the lives you may blight,
As the sparkling wine you outpour?

Do you never think that the social glass,
That ye offer in friendship's name,
Is the demon's very strongest power,
Is the victim's most galling chain?

And is it right? and should it be?
That steadily, day by day,
The grain that God gave for "our daily bread,"
Should be worse than thrown away?

Is it right? that the children of our land
Should be starving from hunger and cold?
That the many should ruin their bodies and souls,
That the few may gather *gold*!

O! Temperance workers, brave and true!
Don't weary in the fight,
Press bravely on in our noble cause,
And God shall prosper the right.

Then shall the earth bring forth for good
The gifts that He has given,
And man shall seek the road that leads
Upward to God and heaven.

JESSICA.

THE SKILLED ARTIST.

By Mrs. HARRIETT NOEL-THATCHER.

HE earned good wages, for he was a high-class workman—a cabinet maker, and fond of his employment—so fond of it, or of the remuneration work brought, that much "overtime" was made. Edward Baines boasted that he could, "with ease," earn five pounds a week;—no niggard income for young persons in their position to set up housekeeping upon. And so his smiling, blushing Mary became Mrs. Baines one bright frosty October morning.

Mary's father had been for many years in what she termed the "public line"; but while his daughter was still young her mother died.

There were ugly rumours respecting the illness and death of the publican's wife not reflecting credit upon himself. But during the week previous to the funeral, loquacious customers were liberally treated. Perhaps the poor man fancied he needed strong drink to sustain him beneath his heavy loss, and treated his customers from a vague notion that they sympathised with him.

The tipplers who frequented the "Bleeding Heart" drank the drams or beer gratuitously supplied them, and more than one had an idea floating in the muddled brain, "He's only his own enemy"; a verdict we should not endorse,

since while the publican is assuredly his own enemy, he is likewise the enemy of the community. Many a bright, promising young man cursed the day in after years upon which he touched the easily swinging door, and entered that place so rife with mischief.

At length a day came when the "Bleeding Heart" passed into other hands, for the landlord had died suddenly of apoplexy, as the medical certificate notified.

A numerous family were left unprovided for. Mary obtained service in a large, well-conducted hotel. But as strong drink had been familiar to her in her childhood's home so in her place of service these falsely called good creatures of God abounded; and Mary, like many another brought up in a home, most devoutly believed that alcoholic drinking liquors were the good creatures of God. Hence she was not startled by the fact that her future husband frequented the Chequers. True, like many girls similarly situated, she fondly hoped that once they were married, her husband would find home so attractive, that he would not care to spend his evenings away from her. She had saved some few pounds while in service, which were intended to be laid out in nicknacks and articles of taste for her home. Edward had formed the resolution to construct his own furniture; it would be so pleasant to know that he had made their things.

Under these circumstances, the young couple decided upon taking two furnished rooms in the north of London near Edward's work-shop.

Friends did not fail to pay the bride and bridegroom early visits. Thus upon setting out in life, Mary and Edward Baines spent the Sunday morning, the husband in smoking and attending to his birds, and Mary in preparing the conventional hot dinner of the London working man.

Friends, as we have said, "dropped in" of a Sunday afternoon and partook of a bountiful tea and supper, with no lack of malt beverages, while "a drop" of something "neat" was used as a "grace cup" at parting.

Expensive habits such as these are only too common among the class from whence our present illustration is selected; and in how many instances is the feasting commenced on Saturday afternoon and continued to Monday night, supplemented by pinching, and occasionally enforced fasts, ere "pay-day" comes round again. But Edward earned good wages, and if he liked to treat his friends, why should he not? He provided Mary with all the necessaries, and many of the comforts, of life.

Little Ted was introduced to this mundane scene before a single article of furniture was made for the cottage that was to be taken. As Mrs. Simpson, their landlady, disliked 'lodgers with children," Mary and Edward were compelled to change their residence.

The wife had already found out that her housekeeping money melted marvellously in the beginning of the week; she, therefore, chose less expensive lodgings this time. They were somewhat barely furnished. Mary's savings had been reserved to purchase pictures, vases, and so forth, to accompany the "handsome furniture" Edward was always going to begin to make; but Mrs. Baines now resolved to buy a few plain articles to supplement those of her landlady.

Meanwhile Edward continued to use the "Chequers," and to treat his mates there. Little Edward now and then had a toy given him by his father, but on these occasions Mary's housekeeping money was always short. Edward had lent cash to his "mates," which was to be returned "the following week"—an arrangement not benefiting the wife, who never received it.

Alice Alberta Victoria came as a playmate to the little brother, and as an additional care to Mary. Her health had never been good. Edward was a delicate child: he had been so from birth, and yet Mary had taken "good nourishing stout," and plenty of it, both before and after her little son's advent. The child was kept very much in doors and in one room, as Mrs. Lawrence, the householder, objected to children "lumping about over her head," and poor little Edward did little else but "lump about," for, in the language of an old friend who came to be with Mary at the birth of Alice Alberta, he "cut his teeth in his loins," and it "took him right off his feet." The fact was, he suffered from want of fresh air and exercise, whilst the tobacco and strong drink of his father had much to do with the condition of the poor little fellow, pronounced strumous by the medical man.

Mary was often jaded and sad, but her husband failed to notice the alteration, or he did not remark upon it.

The talk about the handsome furniture had been dropped for many months, but prudence dictated the desirability of obtaining unfurnished

rooms, as a removal was imperative, Mrs. Lawrence complaining that the little ones "spoilt the things."

And now Mary, worn and aged, was found occupying a second floor in a back street. Edward still earned high wages and still treated his mates, but failed to bring home sufficient money for the support of his ailing wife and weakly children. The rooms were innocent of carpet, a piece of old drugget served for a rug, a length of iron-rod for a poker, and a publican's can for a tea-kettle, and the rest of the appliances to comfort were on the same scale.

It was a dull November day, and the wretched fourpence-halfpenny-worth of coals supplied a sad apology for a fire. The infant pined upon a pallet with scanty bedding. Teddy was amusing himself with pulling out the cane from a broken chair, and Alice Alberta was crying for food.

"How is it," asked the writer, touched with sympathy, "that your husband, who earns such good wages, does not provide you with needed comforts in your weak state? Is he unkind?"

"Oh, dear no, ma'am! he would give me gold to eat."

"And yet he fails to supply common necessaries for yourself and children," was hazarded.

"You see, ma'am," was responded apologetically, "he's so fond of treating his mates. He's liked by everybody, and he's very good natured; he's nobody's enemy but his own."

Needless is it to trace step by step the downward course of the once popular, skilled young workman. There are scores in London and in our large towns such as he was on that wedding day, and there are hundreds such as he was when little Teddy was only eight years of age. Delirium tremens hurried him, unconsciously, unprepared, into a future state, whilst poor Mary passed away in what is called galloping consumption, leaving three ailing children to be cared for by the respectable abstaining and non-abstaining ratepayers in the parish where Edward Baines squandered time, skill, health, peace for the present and hope for the future, and domestic happiness, at the shrine of the Drink fiend,—despite the popular verdict that he was "only his own enemy."

A Story of a London Workhouse.

WORDSWORTH, in a little poem entitled "The Reverie of Poor Susan," sets forth how a touch from the outside world striking sharply on the sense, may awaken into joy and life a spirit well nigh broken through the dreariness of daily life, and the sorrow which the heart has often to endure, unsolaced by love or sympathy. It may be through a book, a song of old time, a text of Scripture once familiar, a word spoken in kindness, that the spell is wrought; but in this poem it is the song of the thrush that does this sweet and kindly work on one who, poor, had come from the country to live in a populous city, but who still retained deep down in her heart the memories of a happy childhood.

It was on a summer day, when the sun glanced through the rich foliage overhead, and played with the flowers below, that I first read, as a young girl, lying on the bank of a clear and noisy stream, this little poem, and whilst thinking on it, gathered the lesson—that a trivial incident may call the spirit of love and goodness from death into life again.

Some time after that summer dream, in a visit to a London Workhouse, this lesson was so strikingly illustrated and confirmed, that it may be worth while to tell the simple story of it.

The workhouse is one which I am accustomed to visit weekly; but on this occasion, with other friends, it had been arranged to give a tea-party in the women's wards. When tea had been discussed, the visitors sang songs and hymns, in which the old women sometimes joined. The hours had passed quickly, and it became time for returning home, and as I went down the ward bidding good night, I passed by the bed of an old woman drawn up near to a stove. Prompted by an irresistible feeling, I went up to her and said, "Good-night. Have you enjoyed the little feast and singing?"

Receiving no answer, I sat down on a chair

close by the bedside, and said, "Are you suffering much, tell me?" Still no reply, so I continued "Has the singing wearied you? We thought it might please you to hear some well known songs. Did you not know any of them?"

At last she spoke and said, "I am so miserable. Ah! that song of 'Auld Lang Syne,' why did you sing it, it has made me more than ever wretched?" The utter misery and loneliness of this poor woman awoke in me love mixed with a tender pity, and I longed to comfort her, yet I knew not how, but as I uttered the words, "Are you very unhappy here?" the "Reverie of poor Susan" occurred to me, and I thought—if I could wake her to the love of the long ago days, comfort would perhaps come, and so I added, "You make me think you are from Scotland, when you speak of 'Auld Lang Syne.' Will you tell me about your home there?"

"I have no home," she uttered, "and if I had you would not care."

"Oh, yes, I should," I replied, "I have a home, and it is to me so beautiful, I should like to feel that everyone had known a happy home. Many years ago I went to Scotland, and I often now think with delight of my visit there. I know and love your country. Besides, I have a dear friend living close to Aberdeen, and she has told me of her home close to the sea, and of the wild storms which break over the coast, and how she loves to sit, and watch the——"

"Stop," she said, "I too come from Aberdeen, don't talk to me anymore, I must think," and she covered her face with her hands. After a long pause she spoke again. "Not a soul have I spoken to for four years. I have lain here, and never spoken a word, refusing to answer all questions. No one cared for me, I cared for no one." Then with a sudden impulse she said, looking straight at me, "Do you care for me?"

I took her hand and said, "Yes, very much."

"Well, listen," and with a great effort over herself, she began a long sad story, which I will tell half in her words, and half in my own.

It was full fifty years since she was a happy child, living on a farm, with loving, strong hearts protecting and educating her. She was still young when she married against her parent's wishes, and ran away from home. With a bitter ring in her voice she continued, "I went to Ireland with my husband; there he drank and left me alone with my three little bairns. One by one they died through starvation. I buried them, and I drank to drown my misery. My husband came back one night, and we had a fearful scene together; I left him that night for ever, and worked my way to Liverpool. I threw my wedding ring into the sea one day—I thought I should be free, I kissed it first. I had loved him once so much, but I hated him then," and with a sob that seemed to be wrung from the depths of her heart she said, "my bairns—he had killed them!"

She stopped, and I said, "Did you not return to your people?"

"No, never. They vowed they would never receive me again when I ran away, and I vowed I never would return to be thrust away. I lived year after year, I don't know how, I have forgotten. It was terrible, and one day I found myself here, and here I shall die, and I don't care."

"Don't say that; don't say that," I replied, "for you know you would care to see your little bairns again, and they are waiting for you in a beautiful Home. All these many years a loving Father has been taking care of them for you. He loved you when you were born, He loved you when you loved Him in those happy years you told me of, He loved you all through your life of sorrow and misery. Have you ever thought what pain you gave this Father of Love by your sin; how deeply grieved He has been to see you wander so far away from Him? And you never stopped to think of all this?"

"He ceased to love me," replied she, "or else He could not have treated me as He did."

"Oh, no," I answered, "Gcd could not cease to love you, for He is unchangeable; He loves for ever and ever. It was your life which caused your misery. He longed to take you in His arms and rest you. He longs to do so now, won't you come to Him? He asks you yet again to love Him."

"I can't," she answered, "I don't know how to love."

"Think," I said, "does the memory of the song of 'Auld Lang Syne' recall no old times when your mother taught you the life of Jesus and His love, and she asked her little child, who listened to her with love to follow in His footsteps. Think again."

At last she said, "Yes, I remember, but I can't do it now." A long pause came, and then she continued, "She told me to try and make others happy."

"Won't you do so even now? You could read to the poor old woman in the next bed to you. You know how weary and dreary it is to lie day after day, and perhaps night after night, in pain and sleeplessness, with no change, no new thoughts to help you, no loving word to break such sad monotony. Think what happiness you might give her by talking, reading, and sympathising with her; you might make the close of he life beautiful in this place. Think how your heavenly Father will smile upon you, and what joy it will be to feel that all His love to you has not been given in vain; for you surely now long to work for and love Him." I stopped for an instant to see if she would speak, but she was still silent. At last I said, "I must leave you now, will you promise me before I go?" I waited for an answer and receiving none I said, "Will you try for my sake?"

"Yes, I will," came at last.

"Thank you dearly, and you will think of the happy days long ago, and your mother's words, and you will be happy."

"Will you kiss me?" she asked on my rising to go. I put my arms round her, we kissed one another, and she whispered, "God bless you," and I whispered "He is with you. I know you love Him, and He loves you, and you will be happier," and with a promise soon to return, and a bright look from her, I left the ward.

I never saw her again. I went soon afterwards with some flowers for my friend. The nurse met me as I reached the bed. "Last night," she said, "I was with your old woman. She was dying, and as she died she turned to me and said, 'Give her my love, and say I am quite happy.'" The weary and heavy laden soul had done with her voyage, and a smile of happiness rested on her worn face. She had gone to the haven of rest and for ever now dwelt in her Father's love. As I stood alone thinking, I heard a voice beside me saying, "She was so good to me, I am waiting to join her in the home she told me of." It was the poor woman in the next bed who spoke, and I turned and gave her the flowers, and talked with her. From her I learnt the love my poor dear friend had given her, and I knew then from whence came that look of Divine peace which brightened her countenance in death.

It was thus, that, through a song of long ago awakening the slumbering recollections of childhood, the lessons learnt at a mother's knee, the soul of this aged pilgrim was gently led to trust in God, to love her kind, to follow Jesus in doing good, and to realise for herself that beyond the stars there is a land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

HONOR BROOKE.

TEMPERANCE IN ITS PHYSIOLOGICAL ASPECT.*

THE object of this lecture is to lay before the view some of the mistakes which have been made about the properties of alcohol, and to show how these mistakes arose.

One of the arguments used by people unacquainted with chemistry, and the properties of bodies generally, is that, because sugar is good, therefore alcohol, which is formed from sugar, is also good. This is an entirely erroneous supposition, even if alcohol were always made from sugar, which is not the case, as chemists have lately succeeded in building up the atoms of which alcohol is made, without making any use of sugar. Many instances might be given of a very useful substance, which can be split up into two useless or even poisonous ones, but we will content ourselves with one, and we will take as our example common salt, called by chemists sodium chloride. This is an exceedingly useful substance, and, if not necessary for life, it is so, at least, for health. If we lived entirely on vegetable food, we should be obliged to take salt freely, but there is so much present in meat that it takes the place of the simple article. Without salt we should be unable to digest our food properly, and should soon be ill. When this substance, so obviously useful, is divided into its component parts, sodium and chlorine, we find that we have two exceedingly noxious ones. Sodium is a soft metal, bright and glittering when first cut, but the surface very quickly clouds over with rust; it has an intense affinity for oxygen, and will divide up water very rapidly into its component parts. This causes

its danger, for the instant it is laid on a damp substance—as, for instance, the tongue—it would combine with the oxygen so rapidly that a great heat would be produced; the freed hydrogen is set on fire, a hole is soon burned through the tongue, and a little ball of soda falls through into the bottom of the mouth. The properties of chlorine are even more dangerous; with a certain amount of care, sodium could be avoided, but if through any accident an experimenter were obliged to inhale some chlorine, a serious illness or even death might be the result.

These facts have sufficiently shown the error of the idea, that because a substance is formed from a useful one, it is itself necessarily useful. We have not yet, however, proved that alcohol is poisonous, but only that it is not necessarily good for food; we must leave the proof of the former fact for a time, whilst we look into the manner in which alcohol is made.

All growing plants contain starch, some in a less, and some in a greater degree; it is stored up in seeds, thick stems, and roots, to supply food for the new, or the next year's plant, as the case may be. But starch is insoluble, and as anything which is to nourish the plant, must be dissolved, the latter has the power of changing its starch into sugar, which, as we know, can be readily dissolved. We often notice a sweet flavour in potatoes as the spring comes on, which is evidence of the change going on, preparatory to the sprouting of roots and leaves from the eyes. From the sugar thus produced, the Irish make their whiskey, but the standard English drink is made from barley. It is kept damp and warm till the young plants begin to shoot, and then, when the sugar has been thus prepared, the growth is suddenly stopped by applying a great heat. If this sugar, when dissolved, were exposed to the air, fermentation would soon set in without any assistance. There are always minute germs floating about in the air, and as they fall into the sugar, their action there divides it into two parts, both poisonous, namely, carbonic acid and alcohol. Brewers do not leave their malt to this slow process, but add yeast, which makes the fermentation begin much sooner. The carbonic acid, being a gas, passes off into the air, as it is formed, and the alcohol is left behind. The liquid thus formed is very generally taken by people under the impression that it is a food, and that it in some way does them good. Until we know exactly what constitutes a food, we have no means of proving that alcohol is not one.

All the body is built up of food, and before the substances can enter the blood and begin the process of nourishing it, they must be entirely dissolved. We will take bread as a good example, and show the stages it goes through before every serviceable part has become perfectly dissolved. When we put a piece of bread into our mouth, we find that it is at once moistened. The source of this moisture is in three pairs of glands (one near the ears, a second under the jaws, and a third under the tongue), which secrete a liquid, called saliva from the blood, and pour it, when needed into the mouth. One of the uses of the saliva is to convert the insoluble starch, which the bread contains, into sugar. The saliva in the mouths of little babies has not this power, so that they should not be fed with food containing starch. When the bread has been swallowed, it enters the stomach, and here the gluten, which is the other important substance in bread, is digested. The irritation against the sides of the stomach causes an extra flow of blood there, and from it numberless little glands in the very walls of the stomach secrete gastric juice, which they pour upon the food. By this means the gluten is turned into peptone, which is perfectly liquid. After the food leaves the stomach, the rest of the starch is turned into sugar by the pancreatic juice, and the whole is ready to enter the blood. Thousands of little tubes absorb it, and convey it to the left thoracic duct, which turns over at the shoulder, and pours the liquid at last into a vein. There the process of sanguinification is at last concluded, and the food is ready to circulate through the body, and contribute a little here, and a little there, to build up the bones, the flesh, or the skin, as the case may be.

If anyone is doubtful about the fact of all the different solid substances in the body being formed from fluid blood, let them look at a plum hanging on its slender stalk; the skin, the pulp, and the hard stone *must* have all come down the little stalk, and this it did, not in tiny solid particles, but as a liquid. A chemical example may also be given of a solid formed from liquids; zinc sulphate and ammonia hydrate, which from their appearance could not be distinguished from water, when mixed together, instantly form a thick, white solid hydrate of zinc.

We see now that a food must contribute soluble substance to the blood. This alcohol does not do. It is a fluid, and it enters the blood unaltered, and flows along with it. It does, it is true, cause people to become fat, but this is not by supplying anything from itself, but by preventing a sufficient supply of oxygen. Muscle is always tending to retrograde into fat, and unless all waste materials are at once burnt up by oxygen, this will be the case. We prevent the ready supply of oxygen by sitting in close rooms, by not taking sufficient exercise, and, as has already been stated, by the use of alcoholic drinks.

Besides building up the body, some foods are useful in keeping up its heat. Sugar does this, it unites with oxygen in the veins, and so creates warmth. The used up material of the body is also again made serviceable in this way, and the heat which was drunk in by living plants from the sun, is now reproduced in the body. In this way all our heat comes directly or indirectly from the sun; plants drink in light and heat through their leaves, and use it to separate carbon from the carbonic acid in the air. We eat these plants and make them part of ourselves; and when the carbon has fulfilled its use, it again unites with oxygen in the veins, the latent heat again becomes apparent, and carbonic acid is breathed out.

Heat is almost always generated when substances combine with oxygen. The following is a striking chemical example: phosphorus dissolved in carbon di-sulphide, when dropped on a piece of paper, gradually unites with the oxygen in the air, it becomes hotter and hotter, and at last the paper breaks out into a flame.

This property of warming the body is oftener than any other attributed to alcohol, because after taking it we seem to be warmer. The real fact is that the heat has been drawn out from the more protected parts to the surface, where it comes in contact with our nerves of feeling, and we are therefore conscious of it. Instead of causing heat it really wastes it uselessly, and only makes the body cold and chilly afterwards. It is just like cutting a large plum pudding, which has cooled outside, in quarters, and turning it inside out, and then imagining that it is warmer because more steam is rising from it.

We have thus shown that alcohol does *no good whatever* to the system, but that, on the contrary, it causes a loss of strength and heat, and a useless accumulation of fat. Yet, over this poison there is a fearful amount of money spent, more than can be imagined; there is enough to buy a comfortable dwelling house every minute, or to put every year £40 on each letter in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. And this immense sum is paid, not by the wealthy, who might be said in some sense to be able to afford it, but, to a large extent, by the poor, by people who cannot possibly afford to waste money, who have not even enough to feed or clothe their children, or to provide them with a suitable shelter, much less with a decent education. And this is not all. Drink, besides ruining characters and impoverishing homes, causes enmity between nearest and dearest friends; fond parents, when under its influence, beat and abuse their children, husbands their wives. This is the curse that fills our workhouses, our prisons, and our madhouses, and without it we should scarcely need our police. With the signs of this evil, this national sin, around us, ought we not to do our utmost to stop the spread of it? Even if we do not think that it does harm to ourselves, is it not still our duty to help our fellow-men? Were we not put into this world to help one another, to work for one another? And this is a thing we can all do; we can all refuse to touch the drink ourselves, and we may—nay, we are sure, to be able to do something towards helping others to refuse it also.

MORAL ASSASSINS.—Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it *is* crime. If any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practised by the bravos of any country or of any age.—*John Ruskin.*

The Savings' Bank.

A Street Conversation between Two Artisans.

William Dixon. "I say, Tom! I can't think how it is your wife goes nearly every Monday to put something into the Savings' Bank."

Tom Matthews. "Like enough, Dixon, and three years ago I should have said just the same; and if I am a little wiser now than I was then, it is but fair to say that my wife is to be thanked for it."

D. "How so?"

M. "Why, you see, three years ago I never went to work without a pipe in my mouth, and besides that, there was always a smoke or two in the evenings. My wife sometimes complained that the smell of tobacco poisoned the house, and made the children cough; but I didn't care for that, and felt sure I couldn't do without my pipe."

D. "That's true, a man as works ought to smoke."

M. "It's more than likely that I should say so too, if my wife had never done anything but complain. But she's a tidy hand at reckoning, and one night, when I went home, she had got some figures set down on a piece of paper."

D. "What for?"

M. "I'll tell ye, Dixon. You see, it never cost me less than sixpence a week for tobacco; well, as there's fifty-two weeks in a year, Mary put down fifty-two sixpences, these fifty-two sixpences made twenty-six shillings, and then she wrote down underneath all the things that could be done with six-and-twenty shillings. First—the money would buy nearly coals enough to carry us through the winter; second, it would pay for half-a-year's decent schooling for our boy Jack; third, it would buy a bedstead, which we very much wanted; and then in the matter of clothes and shoes there was no end to the good that was to be done with six-and-twenty shillings."

D. "Did you believe that?"

M. "To tell the truth, I felt a little put out at first that my wife should seem to have more sense than I; so I sat down and lit a pipe, just to show that I was master. Well, Mary didn't say anything, she let the bit of paper lay on the table, and after a minute or two I took it up and looked at it, and read it over again; and then I looked at Jack who was reading an old ragged book, and thinks I, its a little too bad not to give the lad a chance, seeing that he's fond of his book, and so without another word I emptied my tobacco box into the fire."

D. "What a flat!"

M. "Well, Jack looked at his mother as the stuff blazed away in the grate: and she jumped up and gave me a kiss, and said, 'Thank ye, Tom, for such a good beginning,' in a voice that made my blood tingle with pleasure."

D. "And did you stick to it?"

M. "Why, not exactly, but somehow I managed to get through the first week, and then I took to the pipe again. However, after that I was ashamed to smoke at home, so I took a whiff in the street or at the shop."

D. "Ah, I thought you wouldn't be able to do quite without it."

M. "Wait a bit, my wife talked to me about it once or twice in a quiet way, and at last I promised her I would give it up. It was hard work, though, to wean myself from tobacco. Sometimes I mixed a little brimstone along with it, and then the smoke half choked me; but the best thing was tying a piece of lead to the end of my pipe, this made it so heavy that my jaws ached again with holding it, and I was obliged to take it out of my mouth every two or three minutes, and lay it down on my bench. But 'twas desperate work; at times I felt inclined to keep on smoking whether or not, and I half wished Mary would say something to make me angry, and give me an excuse for keeping on, but she didn't, and before two months were over, I cared no more for tobacco than I did for physic."

D. "You can't be in earnest, for I don't see why a fellow should give up smoking just to please his wife—some women like the smell of a pipe."

M. "I'm quite in earnest, my wife didn't ask me to leave off just to please her, she proved that we should all be the better for it at home, and without worrying me she took care somehow I shouldn't forget that sixpence a week made one pound six a year."

D. "'Tisn't much to brag of, after all."

M. "That's true in one sense, but then its a beginning; and as the saying goes, 'he who begins well ends well.' It wasn't long before I began to think that two shillings or more was going away every week for beer; two shillings for beer and sixpence for tobacco made half-a-crown; and half-a-crown a week is £6 10s. a year, a nice little sum. It's hard upon three years now since we began, we have kept ourselves and the house comfortable, the children have had good schooling, we have had a holiday or two, and now there is a matter of eighteen pounds of ours in the Bank. You'll understand now why my wife goes to add to it nearly every Monday—but here we are at the workshop."

W. S.

NEVER BEGIN.

EDWARD CARSWELL. JOHN GUEST.

KEY B♭.

:s₁.s₁ | s₁ :d :d | d :t₁ :d | r :d :r | m :- :d.d | d :f :f | m :r :d
:s₁.s₁ | m₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ | d :- :d.d | d :t₁ :r | d :s₁ :s₁
In go-ing down hill on a slip-per-y track, The go-ing is ea-sy, the
:t₁.t₁ | d :m :m | m :r :m | s :m :s | s :- :l.l | s :s :t₁ | d :r :m
:s₁.s₁ | d₁ :d₁ :d₁ | d :s₁ :d | t₁ :l₁ :s₁ | d :- :l₁.l₁ | m₁ :s₁ :s₁ | l₁ :t₁ :d

d :t₁ :d | r :- :s.s | s₁ :d :d | d :t₁ :d | r :d :r | m :- :m.m
s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | t₁ :- :s₁.s₁ | m₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ | d :- :d.d
task get-ting back, But you'll not have a tum-ble, a slip, nor a stop, Nor
m :f :m | r :- :t₁.t₁ | d :m :m | m :r :m | s :m :s | s :- :s.s
m :r :d | s₁ :- :s₁.s₁ | d₁ :d₁ :d₁ | d :s₁ :d | t₁ :l₁ :s₁ | d :- :d.d

CHORUS.

s :f :l₁ | t₁ :l₁ :s₁ | r :d :d | d :- || s₁ .f₁ | m₁ :m :d | t₁ :f :r
d :d :d | s₁ :f₁ :f₁ | f₁ :m₁ :m₁ | m₁ :- || m₁ .r₁ | d₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁
toil from be-low if you stay at the top. So from drinking and swearing and
d :l₁ :r | r :d :r | t₁ :d :d | d :- || d .d | s₁ :d :d | r :r :t₁
m₁ :f₁ :fe₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ | s₁ :d :d | d :- || d₁ .d₁ | d₁ :d₁ :m₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁

d :r :m | s₁ :- :s₁.s₁ | l₁ :se₁ :l₁ | r :m :d | t₁ :d :l₁ | s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :m :d
s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | s₁ :- :m₁.m₁ | m₁ :m₁ :m₁ | f₁ :s₁ :l₁ | s₁ :l₁ :fe₁ | s₁ :- :s₁ | m₁ :s₁ :s₁
ev-er-y sin, You are safe and se-cure if you ne-ver be-gin; Then ne-ver be-
d :t₁ :d | m :- :d.d | d :t₁ :d | l₁ :t₁ :d | r :r :d | t₁ :- :t₁ | d :d :d
m₁ :r₁ :d₁ | d :- :d.d | l₁ :m₁ :l₁ | f₁ :m₁ :l₁ | r₁ :r₁ :r₁ | s₁ :- :s₁ | d₁ :d₁ :m₁

t₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :f :t₁ | d :- :s₁ | s :f :m | r :l₁ :r | t₁ :l₁ :t₁ | d :- ||
s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :t₁ :s₁ | s₁ :- :m₁ | s₁ :t₁ :d | l₁ :f₁ :l₁ | s₁ :fe₁ :f₁ | m₁ :- ||
gin, oh, ne-ver be-gin, You can't be a drunkard un- less you be-gin.
r :- :t₁ | t₁ :r :f | m :- :d | m :r :d | f :r :f | r :r :r | d :- ||
s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | d :- :d | d :s₁ :l₁ | r₁ :f₁ :r₁ | s₁ :s₁ :s₁ | d₁ :- ||

2 So in mounting a ladder, or scaling a wall,
You may climb to the top, or be bruised by a fall;
My philosophy's this, and I think it is sound,
If not needed above to remain on the ground.
So from drinking, &c.

3 Some boast they can stand on the cataract's brink,
Some do it, but some topple over and sink;
Then I think, to be safe, the most sensible plan
Is to keep from the brink just as far as you can.
So from drinking, &c.

4 In a journey you may have to make a descent,
By climbing a danger to others prevent;
You may rescue the child from the rock's giddy shelf,
But never save sinners by sinning yourself.
So from drinking, &c.

VARIETIES.

BE loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding. —*D. M. Mulock.*

A DUTCHMAN'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—"I shall tell how it vas. I drunk mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head, and dere vas one pain; den I puts mine hand on mine body, and dere was unuder pain; den I put mine hand on mine pocket, and dere was notding. So I jine mid de demperance beeples. Now dere is no pain in my head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone away. I put my hand on my pocket, and dere vas 20 dols. So I stay mid de demperance peeples."

ENGLISHMEN AMONG THE HEATHEN.—Speaking at the Canterbury Blue Ribbon Mission, the Rev. F. E. Taylor said: "From his connection with St. Augustine's College, he frequently heard how the greatest possible disgrace was brought on the name of England in foreign countries by Englishmen giving way to drink. He recently received a letter from a friend in Borneo who spoke of the immorality of almost every European there, and of their habits of intemperance. The writer added, 'Thank God, in my mission there are no Europeans.' What a terrible thing it was that a man sent forth to spread the Gospel of Christ should have to thank God that he had no Englishmen near him!"

"IT WILL BURN YOU."—How does a child learn to avoid the dangers of a fire. "By being warned very early," comes the answer readily. The answer is a correct one. We know that a mother begins very early to teach a child to avoid danger. She does not say to it, "You may play with the fire all you wish, but be careful and not get burned!" She knows that the fire holds within it elements of destruction, and she says to her child, "Do not go near the fire! Have nothing to do with it, it may burn you!" Oh! if mothers would use this same care with regard to the fire that holds such awful forces within it! If they would begin early to tell the child, "Rum may scorch your soul—may ruin you! never touch it!" how many would be saved from a drunkard's grave! But, alas! the majority of mothers wait until babyhood and childhood are passed, until manhood has brought strength of appetite and passion, and then after the boy has been burned they lift up a useless cry. Oh, mother! see to the early warning.—*Our Women.*

PRESS NOTICES OF

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Edited by ROBERT RAE,

Secretary of the National Temperance League.

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

ALL DOROTHY'S DOING.

By NELLA PARKER.

DOROTHY'S thoughts had been wandering all the morning, and try as she might to bring them back to the subjects with which they had the best right to be occupied, they wandered still. Of course, this does not mean that Dorothy was idle; on the contrary, she seemed more than usually busy, and that is saying a good deal, but her heart was not in her work. She had fed the chickens, and

cast a reflective eye upon a late brood of ducklings. She had settled what fowls might be sent to the neighbouring town next market day, and thoughtfully decided upon the merits of the morning's churning, but in some way every one knew all was not quite right with the "young mistress," and as Dorothy was just the mainspring by which the machinery in general at Beech Farm was kept in movement, a good deal depended upon her changes of mood. And this morning she was decidedly pre-occupied. She never enquired whether the remedies prescribed for the old speckled hen, who had been ailing the day before, had proved efficacious. She had had no words of greeting for Rollo when he came bounding round her, she had scarcely seemed to see Bob and Brindle when they put their heads over the fence, in expectation of the usual dainty that Dorothy's large pocket never failed to yield up for their benefit, and she paid no attention to their reproachful lowing when she passed them by, whilst, strangest fact of all in the eyes of her head man, Judson, who looked upon the young mistress as a perfect marvel of "book learning," Dorothy quite failed to reckon the amount she ought to receive for the produce of the six great plum trees, for which a neighbour had made her an offer the day before at so much a tree. And when at last she confessed that "she felt stupid," and really could not multiply "pounds, shillings, and pence" by six, Judson, as he expressed it, "might have been knocked down by a feather." Indoors, too, quick eyes had noted the little differences in the girl's manner and appearance. Her mother had remarked upon her heavy eyes and pale face, and old Harriet had felt inclined to scold her a little concerning her scanty appetite, but Dorothy made her escape as quickly as possible, and took herself to task for having betrayed the trouble she had meant to hide, whilst her mother and Harriet, never reflecting that she might have some cause for anxiety of which they were ignorant, decided that she was "out of sorts," and talked over the simple country medicines suitable for such a case. Meanwhile Dorothy went about her accustomed duties with the shadow of a great sorrow weighing upon her spirits. And it had come to her so suddenly. She had never felt lighter hearted than the preceding evening, when she had started to walk to the village to buy some cotton for her mother's knitting, and a new riband for her own hat.

Walking briskly along, humming the refrain of her last new song, for Dorothy seldom let a day pass without finding an hour to spare for her music, and troubled with no anxiety except a little doubt as to whether straw-coloured riband would fade, she had met the old postman on his way to Beech Farm, and saved him a farther journey by taking the letter he was on his way to deliver.

"Hester's writing," said Dorothy to herself, as she turned the letter over, "I wonder what has induced her to put pen to paper. I must say she has not improved since I taught her," and with a little smile at the remembrance of the hard work it had been to teach the buxom country lassie to keep her letters anywhere near the lines, Dorothy sat down on a tree stump and read her letter.

It was somewhat hard to decipher, for Hester's spelling was unique, and she had an awkward habit of joining four or five words together, but Dorothy, after a few moments, was too concerned about the subject matter of the letter to be daunted by the difficulties in reading it.

However, as Hester's orthography might appear much like a cryptogram to most people, it will be best to put her expressions into ordinary language. First, it must be told that Hester, thanks to her good looks and good temper, had made what the village folks called "a great match." She had married a young carpenter, who had come down with a party of workmen to make some alterations at the Hall, and had gone to settle in London with her husband, where it was reported by one or two who had visited her that she had "a wonderful fine home."

Dorothy and her mother had often been

amused by these accounts of Hester's splendour, but they knew that whatever else it might be, her home would be scrupulously clean and well kept, so when Dorothy's only brother, Frank, went to London, they had all three thought it a good thing for him that Hester had a spare room, so that he could lodge in her house, and, as his mother observed, have someone to look after him and see that his clothes were aired.

As was but natural, both mother and sister would have been better pleased had Frank been content to settle down to a farmer's quiet life, but such "an existence," as he called it, had possessed little charms for him as a boy, and it seemed even more distasteful as he grew up to manhood, so Mrs. Steele gave up her own wishes on the subject, and through an old friend a situation was obtained for Frank in a merchant's office in London. The parting had been a hard one to all three, but Frank, after the fashion of very young men, had tried to soften its pain by talking about the grand things he meant to do in the future, in all of which Mrs. Steele and Dorothy were to share, although whilst his fortune was being made, "it might be as well that the farm should be kept on"—so he confessed—and so Dorothy, with her bright smile at her brother's heroics, entirely agreed.

Well, Frank had left home in the pleasant spring time, when the young wheat was a tender green, and now the harvest was well over. How had he fared, and how many steps had he taken on the road to fortune? Judging from his letters, which came with tolerable regularity, Frank found London life and London ways entirely to his taste, but the loving hearts at home would have been better satisfied had he written more concerning himself and less about the things he saw and heard. But even this they had scarcely acknowledged to one another, and now like a sudden thunder clap on a fair summer afternoon, had come this letter from Hester, in which, as gently as her limited powers of diction allowed, she plainly intimated that the road in which Frank was travelling was far more likely to lead to disgrace than to fortune. Late hours, doubtful companions, morning headaches, were amongst the things of which Hester wrote, only hinting at the end of her letter that her husband had declared "Master Frank" should not remain an inmate of his house, unless he quickly and entirely altered his way of living. All this was told to Dorothy, because everyone expected her shoulders to bear and her head to devise some remedy for any trouble that might come in her way. "Poor mother!" said the girl at length, as rising from her seat she put the letter in her pocket, and pursued her way. "Poor mother, a grief of this kind would be enough to kill her. What can I do?"

And this one thought, what she could do to save her brother, had taken all the pleasure out of her walk, had cost her a sleepless night, and sent her down in the morning with heavy eyes and an aching head. On one thing, however, she had determined, and that was that she would not tell her mother of this trouble that threatened them until she had made at least one effort to avert it. And Dorothy having once decided that it was necessary to do a thing, was never long at a loss as to how it should be done, so by the time her morning work was over, her plan being arranged, it only remained to put it into execution. Accordingly no sooner was their early dinner ended than she startled Mrs. Steele by asking,

"Mother, do you tkink you could spare me for a little holiday?"

"Certainly, child. Where do you think of going? To Horton!"

"Oh, no! much farther than that. To London, I do so want to see Frank, and Hester would, I know, be glad to have me for two or three days."

"Oh, my dear, you could not go all that distance by yourself," exclaimed Mrs. Steele, to whom, with her stay-at-home notions, such a journey seemed a terrible undertaking. "And we cannot both leave home at once."

"No, we cannot do that, but I am sure it

will be easy enough, and it need not cost you a penny, for I have saved a good deal out of my egg money this year, so do let me go, mother."

"Well, do as you like, child; but I shall not be easy after you have started, until I hear you are safely at Hester's. You look as if you needed a change, and I shall be glad enough to have news of Frank."

So Dorothy having carried her point, wrote a note to Hester announcing her coming, and spent the next twenty-four hours in doing as much work as it was possible one pair of hands could accomplish; and by six o'clock the next evening she was standing in Hester's little sitting-room.

"Dear heart! but you have come quickly. Well, you never did let the grass grow under your feet," was her greeting from her hostess, "and how did you leave everything at the Farm?"

"Well—all well," returned Dorothy; "and now about Frank, Hester? You said nothing of my coming."

"Not a word, as you told me not to do so."

"And when will he be home?"

"He said I was to have his tea ready at seven."

"Then I have plenty of time to unpack before then. You are sure I do not inconvenience you."

"Now, Miss Dorothy, don't talk like that, I'm only too proud to have you, and so is Tom."

Dorothy's unpacking, as far as her own belongings were concerned, did not take long, but she had brought with her a hamper of farm produce, the contents of which were to be equally divided between Frank and Hester, and when that was done, she set to work arranging a little feast for her brother's benefit as she had often done at home. First of all she filled a bowl with some late roses she had gathered the last thing before starting, then the delicious country butter and a jar of preserves was placed on the table, together with a jug of such cream as Hester said London would fail to produce for love or money, and by Frank's plate were placed two newly-laid eggs ready to be boiled the moment his footstep was heard. All this took a little time, but Dorothy had finished her preparations and grown familiar with the appearance of the two comfortable little rooms that constituted Frank's new home, before she looked at the time and found it was half past seven. A few minutes later, Hester appeared bringing with her a cup of tea and some toast, which Dorothy, bent upon waiting for her brother, was at first disinclined to take, but Hester's arguments prevailed, and she was compelled to admit that she really was glad of the refreshment. Then she again settled down to waiting, and never had an evening seemed so long. At last the clock struck ten, and Hester, looking troubled, came in to wish her good night.

"Tom never will sit up later," she said anxiously, "he says we're fit for nothing in the morning if we do, and if I were you, Miss Dorothy, I'd go to bed too; Master Frank has his key."

But to this Dorothy would not agree. She could not bear the idea of being under the same roof with the brother she had not met for months, and waiting until the morning to see him, so Hester very reluctantly left her, and the girl tried to interest herself in a book, whilst the time crept on until she grew terrified, and felt sure some accident must have occurred to Frank. But just as the suspense was growing unendurable she heard the front door open, and then subdued voices and a half smothered laugh, as Frank said huskily, "All right, all right, I can manage now."

"Never mind, old fellow, I will see you up to your den. Wait for me, Travers.

"Well, look sharp, then," said a third voice, and Dorothy, feeling she scarcely knew what, stood with anxious eyes fixed on the door.

Slowly the footsteps approached, they reached the landing; a sharp push sent the door back, and on the threshold appeared Frank, half led, half supported by a companion, apparently a few years older than himself, who stared in astonishment at the pale-faced girl who stood confronting him.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, "I had no idea—"

"Ha! ha! what a s'prise," interrupted Frank, too stupid even to be astonished. "Dolly, my dear, let me introduce."

But Dorothy walked up to him, and taking his arm, said quietly to his companion, "I can attend to my brother now, please go."

"You had better let me take him through to his room," was the answer, as the stranger lifted his hat, and a hot flush mounted to his face at the girl's look of silent reproach.

"Please go," repeated Dorothy in the same quiet tone, and the next minute brother and sister were alone.

Without a word, Frank submitted to be led to the couch, where he threw himself down, and before Dorothy could, with the aid of the little spirit lamp Hester had left her, prepare some tea, he was sleeping heavily, so, covering him with a blanket she fetched from his room, she sat down wearily to await his wakening, and the tears chased one another down her cheeks as she thought of Frank, her friend, playfellow, protector of many bygone days, degraded to the level of a drunkard; and her reverie ended as it had done the preceding evening, with the despairing exclamation, "What *shall* I do?"

So the time passed until the grey light of dawn came creeping in, making the room look cold and cheerless, and Dorothy, rising to put out the lamp she no longer needed, wakened Frank by the movement. In some degree his sleep had sobered him, but he was still too confused to ask any coherent questions, and quietly yielded to his sister's suggestions that he should go to bed: a suggestion she would not have dared to make before it was light, for Dorothy's one fear was an intense dread of fire, and the idea of Frank tipsy and alone in possession of a candle was unbearable.

It would have been difficult to tell, when brother and sister met at the breakfast table, which of the two had the whiter face or more tired eyes. On the whole it was not a happy meeting. Frank felt he had betrayed himself, and yet was not sure how much Dorothy knew; whilst she felt awkward and constrained on his account. However, she tried to talk pleasantly about him and home news, and it was not until Frank was ready to start that the slightest reference was made to the occurrence of the preceding night, when Dorothy having asked what time her brother would be home that evening, he answered quickly,

"It is an early day, so I can be back at half past five, and then we can go out somewhere, and—and, Dorothy, I am awfully sorry I was late last night: I'll turn over a new leaf now—really I will."

And then Dorothy watched him down the street, hoping and praying as she did so that the new leaf might be turned in earnest.

The next few days passed over very peacefully. Dorothy went out during the day under Hester's care and did a great deal of sightseeing and some little shopping; everything relating to which would be told to Frank at tea time, then the brother and sister would generally go for a long walk in the pleasant summer evenings, gossiping as they walked, and so the day came to an end. Gradually during these long conversations Dorothy acquired a clearer knowledge of Frank's doings and associates than he perhaps intended, and she learnt to understand as she had never done before how easily he was led to right or wrong by any one whose opinion he valued.

Amongst those who seemed to have most influence over him was a fellow-clerk, Stephen Chester, of whose doings and sayings Frank was never tired of talking.

"He would like to see you, Dolly," he remarked on one occasion, "but I think you frightened him a little that night. You see it was really kind of him to come home with me."

"You had been at his house, had you not?"

"Yes, I and two other fellows."

"But, Mr. Chester seemed quite—quite sober."

"Oh! yes, you see a very little knocks me over, but he has such a good head."

"I should think better of him if he had

also a good heart," was the answer, and the subject dropped.

Dorothy had been in town nearly a week, and was beginning to be divided between her wish to go home, and her reluctance to leave Frank, whilst the new leaf was so very new, when coming in one afternoon from a walk with Hester, she found awaiting her a note from Frank, in which he told her that Chester was going to have a little musical party that evening, and insisted upon his going, so would Dorothy excuse him, and be sure to go to bed without worrying, as he had not forgotten his promise.

Dorothy sat down feeling faint and giddy. She had no faith in Frank's strength of mind, and it seemed to her as if she and Stephen Chester were engaged in a struggle in which he was sure to win. Hester coming up presently with the tray, looked grave when she heard Frank was not to be home to tea, but she, good soul, had perfect faith in his promise of amendment, and at ten o'clock she bade Dorothy good-night, telling her that Master Frank would be sure to be all right. But Dorothy felt she must sit up, and so she did though it was past two before she heard the sound of the key turning in the lock, followed by an unsteady step on the stairs, that told her her fears had been well grounded.

On the night of Dorothy's arrival, Frank had been stupidly tipsy, now he had passed that stage and was simply quarrelsome, and his sister had to listen to a torrent of abuse that stunned her by its violence. Then when his passion had somewhat spent itself, he went into his bed-room, slamming the door behind him in a manner that seemed to shake the whole of the quiet house, whilst Dorothy, in an agony of grief and shame, threw herself on her knees by the couch, where for a long, long time she remained almost too stupefied to put into words the prayer that was in her heart.

Perhaps there was some truth in Frank's assertion that he was more easily affected by drink than most young men, but be that as it may, when Hester called him at half-past eight, he was totally unable to rise, and the end of it was that a boy was despatched to the office with a note, excusing his attendance that day, on the score of a sudden attack of illness. In about an hour the messenger returned, bringing with him an answer from the head clerk.

"You must read it, Dolly," said Frank, "I can scarcely see for this confounded headache," and in a low voice Dorothy read,

"Mr. Flowers begs to remind Mr. Steele that this is the sixth occasion on which he has been absent without leave. As there is very little doubt concerning the cause of these sudden attacks, Mr. Steele will be good enough to understand that the seventh will be followed by his dismissal."

This curt epistle Frank heard read in silence, and Dorothy, leaving him, went into the sitting-room, where, after a little thought she wrote a note, which she went out and posted directly it was finished.

All that day Frank spent in bed. In the afternoon he fell into a troubled sleep, and Dorothy telling Hester she was going for a walk went out. Half-an-hour later she was passing "Frank's office," and after taking a couple of turnings, soon found herself in one of the quiet streets of the city, where the noise of the great thoroughfares only penetrates as a subdued hum. Here she walked up and down for a few minutes, when she was joined by Stephen Chester, whose face wore a very expressive look of surprise, and a little conceit.

"You wished to see me, Miss Steele," he began in a hesitating manner, as he looked into the girl's troubled face.

"Yes, I daresay you thought it very forward of me to write and ask you to meet me. I could not have done such a thing a week ago, but grief makes people bold."

"I should be sorry to think that you can know much of grief," began Stephen, but Dorothy interrupted him.

"You have, I think, neither mother nor sister," she said.

"No, except for an uncle, an old country

clergyman, I do not know of a single relation belonging to me."

"Then I can scarcely expect you to understand much about women's feelings, but you know in what state Frank left your house last night."

"Well, perhaps he had had a little more than was good for him."

"He had had enough to transform him into almost a madman. The sight of him made my heart ache as it has never ached before, it would have broken my mother's. Mr. Chester, Frank has told me things about you that make me believe you can be brave and generous, I am here this afternoon to beg you to be so in our case, and to save my brother."

"Really, Miss Steele, you are overrating Frank's fault and my influence with him."

"I wish that were true," returned Dorothy, sadly, "but it is not. My father's death was caused by drink, and it has been the aim of my mother's life to strengthen her son against its influence. Until Frank came to London he had never tasted wine or spirits, and now," but here a sob choked Dorothy's utterance, and Stephen scarcely knowing what to say, asked,

"But what would you have me do, Miss Steele? Frank is a lively, pleasant companion, always likely to be sought after. If *I* were to cut him he would find others who would do him more harm even than I should."

"And who could not do him so much good if they would. Do you know that Frank had a letter from Mr. Flowers to-day, telling him that his next offence will be punished by dismissal?"

"No, I had no idea of that."

"But, knowing it, you will help to save my brother? Oh, Mr. Chester, think of what it is for which I am pleading. In two or three days I must go home, and unless some very sudden alteration is made there is nothing but ruin before Frank."

"Look here, Miss Steele," said Stephen, after a pause, "I am afraid I have been thoughtless, and worse; will you give me till this evening to think over it? Frank will not be likely to go out, and I will come to see him between eight and nine. For a little time let nothing be said about our meeting."

And so the two parted. Stephen was right, Frank had no wish to go out, and half-past eight found him lying on the couch in the sitting room, silently watching Dorothy, who sat quietly working by the table, trying with all her might to avoid betraying her excitement; but still a hot flush came into her face, when at last the sound of a sharp quick knock was heard.

"Why, its Chester," said Frank listening, and the next moment Stephen entered the room.

Dorothy rose as the visitor bowed to her, but neither took any further notice of each other, and the girl resumed her work, whilst Stephen said,

"Why, Frank, you look the picture of misery. Have you been lying about all day?"

"Yes, you should not have such rich pastry. I shall avoid the pies at your house in future," trying to speak in an off-hand manner.

"Oh! the pastry won't do you any harm, better avoid something else, old fellow."

"What do you mean?"

"The wine."

"Ah, that advice comes with good grace from you. Why, you drank——"

"More than anyone present, possibly. Well, luckily or unluckily for me, I can take a good deal without showing its effects. However," and here Stephen's eyes wandered to the flushed face bent over the work at the table, "that is all altered now. I have drank my last glass of wine," and Dorothy, hearing this, gave a little cry, and someway knocked over her work-basket, and when its contents were replaced, her eyes were full of tears whilst Frank laughed and wondered how long Stephen's good resolution would last.

"Till I see sufficient reason to change it," was the answer. "Now look here, Frank, you got awfully stupid last night, and I was

a good deal worse than stupid to let you have the drink. You and I would say a few hard things of a man who would eat till he could not move, but really its not worse than drinking till—"

"Well, never mind the rest," interrupted Frank; "and don't preach, Stephen, I'll just tell you what it is, when you take the pledge I will do the same," and Frank leant back with an air of having fairly checkmated his adviser.

"Of course that's quite fair, and is just what I wanted. I sign it to-morrow evening, and you will do the same," returned Stephen, coolly.

"Don't talk nonsense," was the irritable comment on these words.

"Indeed, there's no nonsense about it. On my way here I called upon Redmond."

"A conceited prig."

"Not at all. I thought so at first, but I made a mistake as you do. He really seems a very good fellow, and as he is a teetotaler and knows all about this business of pledge-taking, I wanted his advice—we will go there to-morrow evening."

"I shall have nothing to do with it," said Frank, sullenly.

"Oh! yes, you will, old fellow. You see you have a mother and sister to give you an occasional push in the right direction. I have no one to help me if you won't."

"I don't think my help would be of much use to anyone," returned Frank, somewhat mollified.

"It would be to me. Come, think it over. We've both been wrong together, let's try and back one another up in the right for the future."

For some little time the argument went on, but in the end the strong mind prevailed over the weak one, and before Stephen left Frank that night he had obtained his promise to go with him to Redmond's house the next evening, at least "to hear all about it," which he did to such purpose that Stephen brought him home in triumph to Dorothy, "as a rampant Rechabite."

Three days after that, the two young men went to "see Dorothy off," for everyone and everything at Beech Farm missed the young mistress, and the girl herself, after the excitement of her London visit, was longing for home. But though there would certainly be lamentations over her pale face when she should reach the farm, still there was a happy light in her eyes as she bade Stephen good bye, adding a whispered "God bless you," that he thought well repaid him for the sacrifice he had made.

The full extent of her son's danger Mrs. Steele never knew, and it was long before Frank heard the story of his sister's appeal to Stephen, and having once talked it over, the subject has never again been mentioned by the two friends, but both are tacitly agreed that the change for the better, in both their lives, was "all Dorothy's Doing."

How I came to Leave "The Jolly Boys."

"THE Jolly Boys" was unmistakably going to the dogs; from being one of the liveliest, busiest publics going, it had become as dull as a Meeting house. I hadn't heard a good song sung in the tap-room for over a month. All our merriest and most jovial fellows had deserted the place, and of my particular set, only Jack Manders and myself were left, and we were getting as down in the mouth as the landlord.

This is how the change came about. A Blue Ribbon Mission had been started in the town, and they did not do it by halves either. The town was placarded all up and down, and divided into districts; they visited the people,

distributed tracts, and invited everybody to their meetings.

A good many went out of curiosity. You see they'd heard and read a deal about the Blue Ribbon Army, and so they wanted to see what it was like, and then they were caught by their flowery speeches and lively singing. Scores had left off drinking and put on the blue, and that's how we lost the company from "The Jolly Boys."

Some of them tried their hardest to get me, but I wasn't to be caught by their chaff, not I, indeed; I gave them a piece of my mind, told them to mind their own business, I wasn't going to be fooled by none of the lot of them—I'd have my beer as long as I could get it, and that would be a good while yet.

One Friday night Jack and me turned into "The Jolly Boys." We sat down and called for some ale; Jack says, "This will never do, Tom, we'll have to change our house, if things don't look up a bit, it's as dull as a funeral, now all our mates are gone. They're having another meeting in the Town Hall to-night, I heard a chap say it's crammed." "Jack," says I, "let's go and have a do with them, kick up a shine, and let them know there's some sensible chaps left yet; are you game?" "Yes," says he, "we'll have a jolly spree at their expense." We laid our plans, emptied our pewters, and off we started. We meant to make a great row as we entered, but they were making a big one themselves; a fellow had just sat down, and they were cheering him like anything. A gent met us at the door and asked us up to the front, he said there was a seat there; he gave us a hymn-book, and if we was dookes he couldn't have spoke more polite. I thought of our errand, and felt a bit ashamed and hung my head till we were seated. When I looked up, what a gay scene met my view! The platform was a very large one, and was all decked out with pictures, and flags, and blue papers, and there was a lot of ladies and gentlemen seated there looking so happy and smiling, and all got their bit of blue on—and could I believe my own eyes? Yes! if there wasn't Bill Cooper, our crack singer, among them, looking every inch a gentleman. "My eyes," says I to Jack, "look at Cooper, he's been through the mill I should think, and they've turned him out a precious swell, and no mistake," and Cooper looked down at us and smiled, and nodded, and didn't seem a bit set up, and that pleased us.

Just then one of the prettiest girls I ever set eyes on came to the front; she looked as fresh as a posy, and she sang out, just like an angel I thought,—

"Where is my wandering boy to-night,
The boy of my tenderest care;
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?"

I'd never heard that song before, and she sung it so sweet and clear you could hear every word, and I forgot where I was, and what I'd come for, and my thoughts went back to our poor Will as broke mother's heart with his wild ways, and then he run away, and we never heard anything more of him, and I found the tears streaming down my face—me, as hadn't shed a tear since the day poor old mother died, blessing her poor lost boy, and begging *me* to promise to meet her in heaven, as she called "home."

I made the promise, but had forgot it for many a long day, and now it came back as clear as yesterday, and the thought with it, if mother was at home in heaven, wasn't I her wandering boy as well as poor Will, for I knew I wasn't on the road to heaven, far from that, and then the music stopped, and a great clapping began, but I couldn't clap, it seemed too solemn for that, and I looked at Jack and see a great tear rolling down his cheek too.

When all was quiet, the Chairman called up a white-haired old gent to speak; I could see he was cut up, too, with that song, and he had to clear his throat two or three times before he could begin, and then he says, "Mr. Chairman, my dear friends, I came up here to-night with a speech all cut and dried ready for you, but that sweet song has sent it all away, and it's given me a text I dare

not refuse to take, for I feel God has given me a message to some of you. I saw how those words touched many a heart, and that some of you forgot all your surroundings, and only saw some scene in your past life; memories were stirred, chords were touched which had long lain silent. My dear friends, do not, I beseech you, suppress this feeling, do not think it unmanly to shed a tear; remember that 'Jesus wept,' and so showed how truly human He was. My mind went back into the past, also, and I saw my *only* boy, a bonnie, bright-eyed, sunny-haired child, the joy of his mother's heart, as he was the pride and hope of mine—I saw him as a youth, start out in life, with brightest prospects, he was very clever, and bade fair to rise to eminence in his profession, but, alas! he fell; a monster of evil passed his way, a fiery devouring fiend, and my lad was just the kind of prey he was seeking. The Drink Demon held him fast, and in six short years he was a hopeless, helpless drunkard, and he fled from home and friends, he is a wanderer to-night, and my aching heart cries out, 'Where is *my* wandering boy to-night?' At the untimely grave of his heart-broken mother, I registered a solemn vow, to use my remaining strength, my voice, my all, in endeavouring to slay this hideous monster, who is a mocker yet, and who is *still* raging; therefore am I here to-night, and I beseech *you* also to rise up and be about this work too, join, and help to swell the ranks of the Temperance Army—we *are* winning, God is with us, and we *must* prevail. My beloved friends, I have another word for you. There may be wanderers here to-night in another sense, those who are wandering in the downward path, into the broad way which leadeth unto destruction. I, an old man, tottering upon the brink of the grave, beseech you to cease your wanderings e'er it be too late. One knocketh at the door of your heart, He saith, in gentle tones, 'Child, thou art weary with thy wanderings,' 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest.'" He ceased, a silence fell upon that vast audience, only broken by smothered sobs.

Jack and me couldn't resist, that old man had seen our tears, he came and asked us, and we signed our names to the Temperance pledge, and that pretty girl who sang the song pinned on us the bit of blue,—and that's all about how I came to leave "The Jolly Boys," and by God's help I never mean to go back again. B. C.

The Story of an Outcast.

We will call her Myra. It does not matter what her name was. Whatever it was she had brought such shame upon it that it is better to leave it in oblivion. How I came to know her does not matter either. This was the story she told me, looking at me fiercely and suspiciously all the while out of her dark eyes.

"How did I come to be what I am so young? So young do you call me? Why I am seventeen, think of that; seventeen! Young, I was old at fourteen. Years and years ago I remember having a home, and a father and mother, but then I loved the drink better than any of them, and I do love it now. If I had to choose between it and them, I should choose the drink. 'Have I never repented?' you ask, 'never felt any remorse or sorrow for my sinful life?' I have known what the angels must have known who were banished from heaven with Satan. Once I went down to my home, but I did not go in. Yes, very likely my parents would have forgiven me and taken me back; but then I should have had to give up the drink, and I can't do that. 'How did I first get to like it?' I hardly know.

I had always had beer given to me by my father and mother, and then I went to the public-house to fetch their beer for them, and one and another would give me a taste, and it got to be necessary to me. 'You wonder someone did not ask me to belong to a Band of Hope?' They did when it was too late. If you take my advice, and you want to save the young people, you will begin with the babies. But you say the drink didn't make me what I am. Yes, it did. I should never have met him who led me wrong, if I hadn't been in a public-house. He would never have dared to have spoken as he did to me, only he saw me drinking with a lot of bad men and women. Don't tell me it is not too late to alter my life now. I say it is. If there were no public houses in the land, and I couldn't get a drop of drink for love or money, I might be saved, saved for this life I mean, I know quite well that nothing but God's mercy can save my soul. I went to a Sunday School when I was young, but I don't want to be saved. You needn't look so shocked, hundreds are like me, the thought of heaven makes me shudder. *I could not live without the drink.* You should not be surprised that so many of us put an end to ourselves in the river, it is rather a cause for wonder, I think, that so many do *not.* The life has the fascination of despair. We dare not pause to think. I have nothing more to tell you. I live anywhere and anyhow, I don't mind going for days without food, if I can get drink, and I'd sell the clothes off my back, and the hair off my head to get it. That's all."

Myra left me, left me thinking if all the temperance societies, and all the temperance workers put together, had only saved one poor soul from such an awful life, or prevented only one from becoming such, they would not have been formed or worked in vain. Then let us all go on, and in God's name do all we can to help our brothers and sisters from falling victims to intemperance.

L. L. P.

The Revenue Returns and the Budget.

PUBLIC attention has once more been drawn to the indications of increased sobriety which are revealed by the Revenue returns, and the Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Commenting upon the Revenue Returns for the year ending March 31st, the *Daily News* says:—"Coming to Customs and Excise, the revenue that is levied on articles of consumption, and therefore the accepted tests of the condition of the great body of the people, we find an increase under the head of Customs of £370,000 for the year, and £199,000 for the quarter, while under the head of Excise we find a decrease of £310,000 for the year, and of £178,000 for the quarter. Taking the two together, as we ought to do, there is a net increase of £60,000 for the year, and of £21,000 for the quarter. Practically, that is, the revenue from these two great items, exceeding in the year just ended 46½ millions, and constituting more than 52 per cent. of the whole income of the United Kingdom, is stationary, and, what is worse, has been stationary for some years past. Last April Mr. Gladstone formed very moderate estimates—too moderate, many said at the time; yet his estimate for Customs has been exceeded only by £357,000, while his estimate for Excise has turned out £300,000 too high, so that the estimate for both is exceeded only by £57,000. The explanation there can hardly be a doubt, is that offered twelve months ago by Mr. Gladstone—an increase of temperance."

"In his calculations of revenue," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "Mr. Childers was influenced by one consideration to which we have frequently referred—the gradual falling off in the receipts from Excise and from the Customs duties on

spirits and the equally steady growth of the revenue from tea and one or two other items. On these points he went into interesting detail, the outcome of which was that since the year 1875—6, when the consumption of strong drink seems to have reached its highest point, the revenue from that source has fallen off to the extent of fully five millions sterling; while that from tea has increased, and the receipts from tobacco had scarcely varied. The decrease in the drink revenue is equal to about threepence in the pound of income-tax; but Mr. Childers, while bound in candour to point this out, added that he could not profess to regret a change which was all in favour of public morality and therefore of improved thrift, industry, and national gains. For the time, however, this consideration affects the equilibrium of every Budget, and so the Chancellor of the Exchequer cuts down his estimate from Excise below even the reduced receipt of last year. As a set-off he enlarges the estimate under the head of Customs in more than a corresponding degree, and it is in this quarter apparently that solace must be sought for the future should the cause of sobriety make further serious inroads upon the chief source of the national income."

The Giant's Leg, Bressay, Shetland.

When gazing upon the sea as it flows with a gentle rippling lap, lap, against the sides of our boat, as we idly float upon its surface in the summer brightness and calm, or as standing upon the rocky shore we watch the waters silently and gently creeping on until point after point is covered, and the wide waters lave with smooth caressing touch the fringing cliff, we receive no hint or suggestion of the mighty force with which these same waters under other circumstances dash upon the rocks, grinding and crushing them into shapes, now grotesque, or now beautiful, but each bearing witness to the mastery exerted by the rolling waves of ocean. In most parts of the rocky coast-line of our country, the cutting and rending power of water may be readily observed, but probably no part of the British shores affords such striking evidences of the violence of the waves, as that which may be seen along the margin of the Shetlands. This group of Islands, the most northern territory within the limits of the United Kingdom, consists of about a hundred islands, and there is but little doubt that they, together with the sister group of the Orkneys, once formed part of the mainland of what now bears the honoured name of Scotland. The Islands are exposed to the unbroken fury at once of the German Ocean and of the Atlantic, while the tides and currents of both seas run round them with great rapidity, and at the same time strong westerly gales drive the waves with irresistible force against the tremendous cliffs, which are composed of rocks of varying degree of hardness; sandstones, pudding stones, or conglomerates, with occasional masses of granite. These, by the long continued battering from ocean's artillery, have been washed, torn, rent, ground, and pierced, until the most singular and striking forms have resulted. Steep cliffs are hollowed out into deep caves and lofty arches, while almost every point of land terminates in a cluster of rocks which more or less resemble columns, pinnacles, and obelisks. At the extreme point of Bressay the action of the water has hollowed out a high narrow archway, so that the rock rears its mighty head against the parent rock like a huge buttress, but the true origin of this picturesque rock, had it been surmised by the native mind, would have been much too simple, and yet grand an idea for adoption; hence the name it bears, "The Giant's Leg," is attributed by local tradition to a sad loss on the part of a giant, who in the good old times strode from Shetland to Orkney, but in so doing left his leg behind him.

THE GIANT'S LEG, BRESSAY, SHETLAND.
(*By permission, from a photograph by* MESSRS. G. W. WILSON & CO., Aberdeen.)

The Convict's Story.

(Suggested by a real incident).

I HEARD a sad story the other day,
And I will repeat it to you;
It just shows what an evil example
Or a thoughtless word may do.

The story was told in a convict gaol
By a criminal—only a youth;
But his glowing eye and his trembling lip
Proclaimed that he told the truth.

A visitor passing along the wards,
Accosting him, civilly said,
"You are young to be here as a convict,
Pray, what are you in for, my lad?"

He paused a moment and o'er his pale face
Passed the signs of an inward strife,
Then with tremulous voice at length he said,
"I am here for taking a life!

"What am I here for? It may not seem much
Of a question for you to ask;
But you little know what a wound you have touched
Or you wouldn't have set such a task.

"But I'll tell you my story—tis a sad one,
But one, alas! that is true,
And through the whole of my life, in this prison,
My crime I must evermore rue.

"I must work while I talk, for we never
Are allowed our tasks to shirk,
But from morn till eve, with scarcely a break,
It is always work! work! work!

"I was brought up by good Christian parents,
Who towards me were always kind,
And through the length and the breadth of our country
A happier home you'd ne'er find.

"All my wants and my comforts were studied,
My youth was a life full of joy:
In fact, then, I ruled the whole household,
For I was the favourite boy.

"But school-days passed ever too quickly,
And as I my bread had to earn,
I was put out to work with a painter,
A good useful trade now to learn.

"I soon learnt my trade, for I liked it,
And my master used often to say,
'Ah! William, my boy, if you stick to your work
You will make your mark some day.'

"I was a teacher in the Sunday School—
Oh! God, but it near drives me mad
When I think of the hours I have spent like this,
And then how I came to the bad.

"It was here I learnt the lesson of love,
How it happened I scarce can tell;
But before I knew it my heart was lost
To my beautiful, fair-haired Nell.

"I loved her, ay, better than life itself,
And hoped I might make her my wife;
And yet, goaded on by the cursed drink,
I robbed my darling of life.

"Not that I was e'er what you'd call a drunkard,
For all through my earlier days
I'd been brought up as a total abstainer,
And nurtured in wisdom's ways.

'But I will tell you just how it happened
And how I have come to my fate;
Perhaps it may help some to give up the cup,
And abstain before it's too late.

"One night I'd an invite from the pastor,
Who always made it a rule
To take counsel with those who were teachers
Concerning the Sunday School.

"We very soon finished our business,
And then we were asked to partake
Of our kind entertainer's provision,
In the shape of some wine and cake.

"I was the only abstainer present,
The rest took the proffered wine,
But when it was passed along to me,
I said 'I must beg to decline.'

"Then the good man looked scornfully at me,
And said, 'Why I thought you a man;
I little thought you were so weak-minded
As to follow the teetotal plan.

"'Teetotalism's all very well, no doubt,
For those who cannot God's gifts use
With moderation, but my advice is
To use them, but not to abuse.

"'I know very well you teetotalers think
That nothing's so good as your plan,
But for my own part I like to see one
Who can drink and yet be a man.

"'Come, fill up your glass, nor let it be said
That you can't control your own mind.
For you are now a guest at my table—
If you refuse it will be unkind.'

"Of course the rest held with the pastor—
I was but a poor foolish lad,
So I yielded at last to his pleading,
Oh, God! but I must have been mad.

"That, sir, began all my troubles,
It is where most troubles begin—
For the drink, though it doesn't put evil *in* man,
Brings *out* all the bad that is in.

"The wine that I drank at the pastor's
Lit up a strong fire in my breast,
Which, when once the flame had been kindled,
Filled me with a strange unrest.

"For I drank till I lost all my manhood,
All my good deeds gave place to bad,
I drank till my brain whirled with anger
I drank until I was quite mad.

"Then a horrible doubt seemed to fill me,
And it burned me through and through,
That my Nell, whom I loved so fondly
Had towards me become untrue.

"I tried hard to drive this thought from me,
But kept adding fuel to the fire,
Until her gentle words of entreaty,
Would rouse up my angry ire.

"Till at last the poor patient creature
Was obliged to speak out quite plain,
And said till I had changed my bad habits
She had better not see me again.

"What happened after this I know not,
It seems just like a horrid dream;
But, even now at times it seems to me
I can hear her last dying scream.

* * * * *

"When I awoke I was in a police cell,
Stretched out on the boards so bare,
Whilst a constable sat watching beside me,
But I never knew how I came there.

"'Say, policeman, tell me what's the matter'—
I had known the man quite well—
'Quick, tell me what I am brought here for,
And confined in this horrid cell.'

"Then the constable looked me straight in the face,
'We have a bad case here, I fear;
But I cannot tell thee about it, lad,
The Super will soon be here.'

"The Super came in shortly after,
With a sad look on his kind face,
And he came over and stood beside me,
Saying, 'This is a very bad case;

"'For I have to charge you with murder!'
I fell back like a lump of lead;
Then the past came back as by magic,
And I wished that I, too, was dead.

"Yes, sir, in my rage I had killed her,
And sent her to an early tomb,
And now in this dismal cell I was cast
To prepare for a felon's doom.

"I need not tell you what followed,
The crowds, the court, and the dock,
How bit by bit they told my crime—
I thought I should ne'er stand the shock.

"When the jury at length, with their verdict,
Came silently back to their place,
I saw it was hopeless—there was my doom
Plainly written on each man's face.

"What else *could* they say but 'guilty!'
The witnesses spoke but the truth;
But they recommended me to mercy,
In consequence of my youth.

"Then I fainted away, and was carried
Back into my prison so drear,
To prepare myself for a murderer's doom,
And before my God to appear.

"But the Chaplain taught me this sweet lesson,
Though my hands were all stained with blood,
That for me there was still peace and pardon,
The gift of a forgiving God.

"Then my sentence was commuted, and now, sir,
For life I must here remain,
Working out a life-long expiation,
And branded with the brand of Cain.

"'Tis a dreary look out that's before me,
But, sir, I can feel it is true,
That He who for sinners once died on the Cross
Will help me and comfort me, too.

"Though weary my task, and painful my load,
I'll endeavour not to repine;
But I sometimes feel as though I could curse
The pastor and his glass of wine.

"And I sometimes wonder if at the last day,
When all must again appear,
Before the great Judge to answer for sins
That we have been guilty of here,

"Will the minister then stand forth inn ocent,
And will the fault alone be mine,
For I should never have taken my Nelly's life
But for the pastor's glass of wine.

"But now my sad story is finished, sir,
And you must go on your way;
Whilst as slave in this terrible prison,
From year to year I must stay.

"But let me say this, just in parting,
As we never shall meet again,
That I hope you will use all your powers
To get folk from drink to abstain;

"And let your voice and example ever
Stand forth both clear and bright,
To point out to those all around you
The path that is true and right.

"But here is the warder coming this way,
To say that our talking is o'er;
So I must say adieu, till we meet once again
Where partings shall be no more."

* * * * *

This story as told by the convict,
With its lessons so painful and true,
Has haunted me like a grim spectre,
Thrilling me through and through.

That in this fair land—our Christian home—
Such things as these *can* be;
That our social customs should produce
Such sorrow and misery.

And shall we not all, both young and old,
These lessons take well to heart,
And in the good cause of Temperance
Each bravely take his part?

For there is a work we all may do;
Let none then stand idly by,
But take our pledge, and help us win
Our glorious victory.

And since our example may do so much
Of good as well as of ill,
O let us watch well each word and each act,
Always striving to do God's will. E. L.

Fully Persuaded.

A Dialogue for Six Ladies.

Mrs. Bolton	
Agnes	Her daughter.
Bertha	Her Niece.
Edith, Clara, Gertrude	Mutual Friends.

Scene.—Room in Mrs. Bolton's House. All the girls excepting Edith seated with work. Mrs. Bolton takes up some needle work and seats herself.

Mrs. Bolton. "Now, girls, I think we are ready to begin. I hope our meeting together will bring great profit, not only to our funds, but also to ourselves."

Agnes. "I should think we shall accomplish a good amount of work, anyway. The recollection of the cause for which we are working ought to stimulate us to exert all our energies and ingenuity."

Mrs. B. "After such a declaration, Aggie, we shall expect to be able to take you as an example of industry. But I agree with you in thinking that the noble cause to which our labour will be devoted is worthy of all the care we can give it—not only in preparing things for our Bazaar, but in other phases of work. And I am sure we must thank our friends who have come over from the enemy's camp to help us to-day."

Gertrude. "Father told me before I came

that I must prepare for a little civil war, but I assured him I could stand a good few more shots yet."

CLARA. "Just fancy! ladies talking of fighting and warfare in that manner! But I think, Mrs. Bolton, you are rather severe and uncharitable in calling us enemies. Why, the very fact of our being here proves, I should think, that we are rather allies."

Mrs. B. "It seems to prove to me that you are warring against your own convictions."

CLARA. "What do you mean?"

Mrs. B. "You must not be offended if I speak plainly. I believe it is an old woman's prerogative to do so. You say you are an ally to our Temperance Cause, and yet you are here to-day as a moderate drinker. Does it not seem rather incongruous to spend time and money in aiding our work when you have not faith enough in it to lend your personal influence? Your presence proves that you are willing to help us in other matters, but while you give so much, do you not see that you are withholding more?"

CLARA. "My name, you mean, from the pledge-book? I shall begin to think it of great importance, it is demanded so often, though I confess I do not see its importance."

Mrs. B. "It is not only your name, Clara, you know. It is your influence, your example, your life. 'Are you a teetotaler?' is a question often asked, and if put to you, what would you say?"

CLARA. "I'd 'boldly answer no.'"

Mrs. B. "And suppose that answer were to decide the action of the questioner in this matter? On such apparently trivial words have often hung great and awful results. If on the other hand you could answer yes, that would be the true proof of your friendship to our cause, and you would be standing opposed to the enemy, striking daily, by your life and example, blows on its stronghold."

CLARA. "I am unable to see it as yet. I take so little drink, it can be no strength to the 'enemy' as you, perhaps, rightly call Alcohol."

GERTRUDE. "And I'm sure I hardly ever take any. I can only remember three or four glasses these last six months."

AGNES. "Why, then, Gertie, you are silly not to give that up! You couldn't miss it, and if you didn't do any good to others by leaving it off, you would have a clear conscience."

GERTRUDE. "Oh, my dear, I assure you my conscience isn't troubled now."

AGNES. "Then it ought to be. You are acknowledging, by your willingness to help us, that you believe our work to be a good one, and the thing we are fighting a bad thing, and yet you refuse to cast in your influence for the right,—preferring to keep up the attempt of trying to work on both sides, and so, while helping in some things, hindering in others.

CLARA. "I don't think you are very just, Aggie. Because we take a glass of wine now and then, we are not hindering your work, that I can see. And beside, I thought the chief object of your Temperance Cause was to rescue drunkards."

Mrs. B. "And keep others from becoming such, —that is not the least important part of our crusade. We are striving to overthrow the whole thing, as well as rescue the perishing. But I hear someone else coming. It is Bertha, I expect. Come in." (*In response to knock*).

[Enter Bertha, who divests herself of outdoor attire, and taking up work seats herself.]

BERTHA.—"I am afraid I am very late; indeed, I expected to be, for I have been chatting with Edith Western."

GERTRUDE. "I suppose she does not intend to honour us with her presence?"

BERTHA. "Not to work, certainly. I don't expect she will even call, for, though she wants to see aunt, she thought she would defer her visit till to-morrow."

CLARA. "I am rather surprised at that. I should have thought she would have come on and braved it out, scolded Gertie and me for our inconsistency, and challenged you others in a hand-to-hand fight,—in other words, brought you into a close argument, and searched all the Bible through to prove her own ground."

Mrs. B. "I think you have given a pretty general sketch of Edith's character, Clara, but I do not like to hear it made fun of. I am sorry she cannot see it her duty as yet to join us in this work, and I believe she will some day be led to do so. I am convinced that until she takes it up as a matter of conscience she will not undertake any work for

it. But if she could once see the necessity for, and the blessed truthfulness of, our cause, I believe she would espouse it at once, and to pledge herself to it would mean to devote herself to its service. You will not be offended, I trust, if I say that I have almost more hope of people who set themselves in opposition, as it were, to the teetotal movement, than in those who profess to be in sympathy with it, and yet refuse to give up their little drops for its sake."

CLARA. "Just hear that, Bertha! That was as good as saying I have more hope of Edith than of you. But really, I don't see how you can speak so harshly of us. I think you are apt to knock us moderate drinkers rather too hard. It is all well and good to try and save those who are in danger, and to win over the drunkard, but to make out that we are as bad as he,—this is going too far."

Mrs. B. "Decidedly, my dear. But in what way do we make out this? We do not come to you as we go to the inebriate, with the warning that you are fast going down into perdition; we do not say, 'thou shalt not inherit the kingdom of heaven,' because we do not believe that. But we do ask you whether or not you believe that you are your brother's keeper,—whether you are not, by your moderate drinking, countenancing a traffic which is the bane of our country,—and by your influence inducing others to follow your example,—or try to do so. You may be more responsible in this matter than you think. And if, as Agnes has said, you see no visible result from your sacrifice—if giving up so little drink be a sacrifice—you will yet know that you have shaken off the responsibility of example on the wrong side, and the ruinous system will have lost one supporter."

GERTRUDE. "But, Mrs. Bolton we can hardly be called 'supporters,' I am sure. My two or three glasses of wine, for instance, are not much support to the drink-trade."

Mrs. B. "But those glasses of wine prove that you are on their side; that you haven't given them up is sufficient proof that you do not believe in the deadly power of drink."

GERTRUDE. "Oh yes, I do. I know it would be a good thing for hundreds of people if all the public-houses and breweries were closed to-day. Nor should I care; indeed, I should be glad. But I do not see that I should be helping it on by giving up my little drink."

AGNES. "How much are you helping it by keeping on drinking, Gertie? I think you are a goose, when you haven't really any scruples against it, not to join our Temperance Society. You would get all the pleasure out of it, if you did."

GERTRUDE. "And have to renounce others to gain them."

AGNES. "But very few indeed, I am sure, and no pleasures can be worth having that are gained by such a wretched thing as strong drink; beside, these fancied pleasures may be bought at a tremendous cost to some one else."

GERTRUDE. "Well, I declare, here is Edith coming! I suppose she has changed her mind."

[Knock is heard. Mrs. Bolton responds, and Edith enters.]

EDITH. "Good afternoon, all you good people. I daresay you are surprised to see me, after the refusal I gave Bertha. But I found that I was not likely to have another opportunity of seeing Mrs Bolton for some time, so thought I had better break my word, and call to-day."

Mrs. B. "I am glad you have done so, Edith. I may as well be candid, and tell you that we have been discussing your refusal to work with us."

EDITH. "Of course you have, and why shouldn't you? I have no doubt you ascribed to me the right motive for keeping aloof."

Mrs. B. "I believe we did. We conclude that it is because you do not fully approve of and sympathize with our object."

EDITH. "That is exactly it. There are many things to which I object in your Total Abstinence movement."

BERTHA. "Pray state your objections, and let aunt combat them. I do enjoy these conflicts."

CLARA. "Yes, do, Edie. I have done so, and as Mrs. Bolton has not yet vanquished either Gertrude or me, we shall be on equal sides."

EDITH. "It is not easy, nor always possible to define one's objections, Clara. Even when they are clear and tangible to one's own mind, it is difficult to clothe them in words, so that

others may fully understand them. And besides, I strongly object to argument on these subjects. That is one thing that I dislike in most teetotalers,—they seem almost always waiting to launch out into a discussion."

BERTHA. "Do not be afraid of pointing your arrows straight, Edie: we can combat them better when we are sure they are meant for us. But I don't think your objections on that point are very valid. If we are going to learn and improve in our daily life as we ought to do, we must keep our minds and hearts open to instruction, and not bury ourselves in our own opinions. Without argument we should not be led to think and search our convictions and beliefs, and they would not infrequently sink into a very erroneous and careless condition."

EDITH. "But argument invited and instructive is one thing, and forcing obnoxious opinions on unwilling ears is quite another, and teetotal enthusiasts are often oblivious to the feelings and consciences of others."

Mrs. B. "I hope none of us here need plead guilty of such a grave fault as that, Edie, nor can I quite agree with you in condemning entirely my fellow-workers. Some, I know, are unwise—many are more zealous than prudent, but are you sure that you are not most unwise in lending 'unwilling' ears instead of debating the subject, and considering the statements made."

EDITH. "I have done so many times, Mrs. Bolton, and my opinions remain the same. You teetotalers are so hard upon us moderate drinkers; you credit us with no thoughtfulness, no discrimination, no care for the well-being of others. On the contrary, many of us are acting as conscientiously as you are. You remember what St. Paul said of matters under debate in his day, 'To him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, it is unclean.'"

AGNES. "And you do not esteem this to be unclean, Edith?"

EDITH. "Not in itself, Aggie, it is man's abuse of it that renders it so."

Mrs. B. "And its abuse of man, Edith. You do not, I am sure, realize the power of the arch enemy of mankind, or you would not speak of it as a thing of cleanness."

EDITH. "I do not think I do that exactly, but I do not see it my duty to take your extreme measures, nor do I think it necessary for me to argue the subject again. I am willing to let you take your way unmolested, believing that you are doing what you think to be right, and I should like to beg the same privilege. If I may again refer you to St. Paul, you will remember he says,—'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.'"

Mrs. B. "That is exactly what we are contending for, Edie. We want to be assured that you are fully persuaded in this matter. May I request you to put it to yourself, in this way. Here is a dreadful thing of mysterious influence and fearful power; it is ruining hundreds,—working misery in hearts and homes, making the rich man poor, the poor man a degraded wretch; making wives worse than widows, and children worse than orphans; it is filling workhouses, asylums, jails, and tombs,—wrecking the lives, destroying the bodies, condemning the souls of thousands; it overthrows the wisdom of the wise, and blasts the genius of the noblest intellects; it steals the bright gems from the Sabbath schools, and is the greatest robber that approaches the Church. It works more misery and death than we can calculate; it is a blot and a stain on the fair name of our country,—it stands denounced in God's Word. And yet you say that you are 'fully persuaded' that you are doing right in taking it."

EDITH. "But, Mrs. Bolton, it is not the thing itself which works all this, it is man's indiscretion. I hate and abhor drunkenness, as much as you can do, and I have thought it is that which the Bible denounces. I am sure we often find mention of wine, and I cannot feel assured that it is true which your coadjutors say, that unfermented wine is meant."

Mrs. B. "That subject is one which we have scarcely time just now to discuss at length, nor do I feel myself equal to entering into the subject so deeply as to convince you. But I will, if you like, lend you a volume in my possession prepared by one who has made the subject his especial study. I hope its perusal may clear your ideas, and scatter your doubts."

EDITH. "I will take it since you wish me to do so, but I hope you won't be sanguine of its results."

BERTHA. "I cannot understand how you can denounce drunkenness, and yet believe in the drink, Edie."

EDITH. "Why, there is a wide margin between the use and abuse of a thing, Bertha. The fact that so many take it daily, and yet remain unharmed, proves that it is in the drinker, not the drink, that the mischief lies.'

Mrs. B. "I do not think, Edie, you realize the power of this thing yet. Will you bear with me a little longer, while I try simply to illustrate it. Suppose you were a traveller in the lands where there are the peculiar kinds of serpents that have a fascinating power: you heard one day that near at hand a man, woman, or child had strayed from the path, and was bound beneath the awful spell of the serpent's fascinating gaze that portends destruction. You knew that many had already fallen a prey to it, but you had gone on fearlessly, seeing and knowing the way to avoid it, but many hapless ones had heedlessly wandered into its precincts, and met an awful doom. You heard people discussing it; many rose up in arms, and cried, 'Let us destroy it, ere it kills more,' and began to plan ways and means for its destruction; but others turned coldly aside and answered, 'No, don't take that trouble, don't go out of your way to do that! Let them die! We have travelled here, and have not met it. They might have done the same.' What would you think of their humanity, their kindness to their fellow-creatures? Would you join them in their efforts to frustrate the protection of those who had fallen beneath the deadly spell of the serpent; or would you be among those who were crying, 'Away with the serpents!' 'Search out every means to destroy them'?"

EDITH. "I hope I should be among that number."

Mrs. B. "And yet here is a serpent that has slain hundreds of thousands, that is working more evil than anything else in our country, and you are lingering on the side of those who stand with rebellious hearts and hands, saying, 'Let them die!' The drink doesn't fascinate us; we are strong enough to withstand it, let them do the same.' And so this serpent is kept, and fondled, and petted, for the benefit of the few strong ones who can withstand its wiles, to the utter destruction of the weak ones whom it fascinates with a deadly power."

EDITH. "You speak very seriously, Mrs. Bolton, —but I see now from what stand-point you view the matter. But do you think Total Abstinence is going to do all it aims at?"

Mrs. B. "For the answer to that question I must refer you to the converted drunkards around us. You know some of them as well as I do—how the wretched homes have been made happy, and the almost starving have gained food, the naked, clothes. You do not need to be told this—you know it."

EDITH. "And rejoice to do so. But cannot these things be done without destroying the traffic, or taking from moderate drinkers their right to a little?"

AGNES. "It seems to me, as if you would do it something after the fashion in which I used to weed my flower-bed. I remember how I used to pull off the weeds at the top, and leave the roots in the ground, so that almost as fast as I cleared them in one place, they began springing up in another."

CLARA. "And you infer as fast as the drunkards are rescued, others will be taking their places! Well, you teetotalers seem to enjoy the work, and that would keep you occupied, at any rate."

EDITH. "Are you sure you are taking the best method, in your noble efforts? It seems to me that if the strength that is spent in trying to make people teetotalers were expended in trying to Christianize them, a double good would be effected."

Mrs. B. "My dear child, how would you attempt to 'Christianize' a drunken man? Do you not know that strong drink blights the intellect, sears the heart, and destroys the better qualities, the spiritual aspirations of men? Until you can get a man sober, it is seldom of any use to talk to him about his soul. And then the power of this drink is so strong! Even when men are apparently changed by grace, and won from its toils, they are assailed by temptation, and again yield. And many who give promise in early life of growing up to serve God are lured by

the tempter to drink, and so seal their ruin. For the sake of these, surely we ought to strive to banish entirely the use of the drink. And besides, the habit is hereditary, so that until the thing itself is demolished, we have little chance of a sober country."

GERTRUDE. "Our co-operation will not remove it."

Mrs. B. "It will lessen the adherents to the greatest stumbling block in our path, and as we said before, you will be rid of responsibility in this matter."

EDITH. "Well, our discussion has been long and rambling, and my assurance has been shaken as you expected. I promise you that I will carefully consider the subject, and if I ever see it in the light that you do, I will hesitate no longer."

Mrs. B. "Your decision gratifies me extremely, Edie, and I have no doubt as to the result of your consideration. But we have nearly reached our tea-time, I see; you will stay with us, will you not?"

GERTRUDE. "Yes, do, and stay to work with us after."

EDITH. "You forget I have not decided the knotty question yet, neither could I remain if I wished. I cannot even stay to take tea, thank you."

CLARA. "Before I go away to-night, Mrs. Bolton, I shall want you to get your pledge-book, that I may enrol my name."

Mrs. B. "That is not a hasty resolution, I hope, dear."

CLARA. "It is partly the outcome of your argument. I can see plainly the right course for me to take, and would like to do it at once."

GERTRUDE. "And I should be ashamed not to follow so good an example, so I think I'll go in for your pleasures, Aggie."

AGNES. "Hurrah! isn't that nice, mother? If we could have such results at all our sewing meetings, shouldn't we accomplish a good work?"

Mrs. B. "I think I have done more with my tongue than my hands, Aggie, but I rejoice that it has not been used in vain. I think we may not complain if we get no more such results through our meetings, nor can we expect it. But it is no slight thing to have two or three renounce the drink, for it is by 'little and little' that everything is accomplished, and by a few pledges at a time we are undermining the stronghold of our country's foe; some day I trust that the last pledge will be taken, and the old enemy be thrown to the ground never to rise again."

GERTRUDE. "I wish I may live to see the day."

AGNES. "If we cannot do that, Gertie, we can at least make sure that we are doing all in our power to bring it to pass."

CLARA. "So we will."

BIRDIE E. S.

INDIRECT RESULTS OF DRINKING.

TEMPERANCE advocates are often charged with exaggerating the evils resulting from the use of intoxicants, and they have frequently been told that the number of deaths from drink is not so large as they are in the habit of stating. These assertions, however, can only be made by those who are not personally engaged in fighting this gigantic foe, as they could not long be on the battle field without being convinced of the fearful havoc wrought by the fell destroyer alcohol. For in addition to the deaths resulting directly from drink, a great number fall every year from causes created by the appetite for drink in others. How many wives and children have gone down to early graves from cold, hunger, privation, and diseases induced thereby, who might have lived to be a blessing to society, but for the all-devouring desire for drink in husband or father who was such only in name and not in character. Yet in many of these cases drink fails to be debited with the deaths caused thus by it.

Again, how many families are placed in circumstances favourable to the development of immorality and crime from similar reasons. Just now we have before our mental vision eleven small houses (and these by no means the worst we know of), where live 87 people. Each house contains

two families, with one exception. Need we wonder, if, in the utter absence of the sacred privacy of home, and all the safeguards to virtue of a well regulated household, immorality should result. Both the physical and moral atmosphere are vitiated by overcrowding, and the only reason for this state of things is found in the self-imposed poverty and deadened sensibility of the slaves of drink—for it is noteworthy that whenever the heads of such families become abstainers, if they are faithful to the pledge, one of the first resolves made, is to "go into a house for themselves," and thus shake themselves free from the power of drinking associates. Under the power of drink families have a tendency, like the sluggish waters of low-lying marshes, to become stagnant, and only potent to emit pestilential vapours pregnant with disease and death. Social reformers have sometimes said, Why not build better houses for the working classes? To this we reply, We are wishful for this to be done, but we believe our work to be rather to fit the men for the houses than the houses for the men, and this can only be done by inducing them to sign the pledge of total abstinence, and abandon entirely the use of that which is the instrument of their degradation and misery. For while men are under the bondage of appetite for alcohol even *good* becomes *evil* in their *hands*, and money, which might be the lever to elevate them, becomes the millstone that sinks them deeper in woe. If charity seeks to mitigate misfortune, its gifts are turned from their purpose, and used to feed the devouring thirst for drink.

Passing by a number of deaths indirectly caused by drink, we will mention one that was to us a sad illustration of the far-reaching results of drinking.

Before our mind's eye rises the patient, cheerful face of a Christian woman. She had reached the age of seventy, and was suffering from cancer, and often when we visited her we found her in great pain, but always cheerful and full of faith in God. She was an abstainer, and had long been travelling on the way to Zion, and many a pilgrim who called to see her has gone away refreshed in spirit by her cheerful piety. In the last year of her life she went to live with a married daughter, and had a room allotted to her use, for which Christian friends paid. This daughter and her husband were both addicted to drink, and the love of drink, like Moses' serpent, soon devours every other. Well do we remember the occasion of the old lady's last birthday on earth, how at her request a few Christian friends spent an hour with her in prayer and praise, and in the language of the poet we could say:

"Heaven came down our souls to meet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

A few months sped by and Christmas approached, and on the day on which we commemorate the birth of the world's Redeemer, our friend wished to be raised in bed. Her daughter was her only attendant, and she was in a state of drunkenness, and in attempting to raise her allowed her to fall on the stone floor and fracture her skull, death resulting very shortly after. An inquest was held, and a verdict of accidental death returned, but the newspaper report had no reference to the drink, though it had been the indirect cause of the death of one who for a long time had been an abstainer. When will the world see that drink *is evil only*, and that continually? J. F.

It May Not Be.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoever is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense:
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

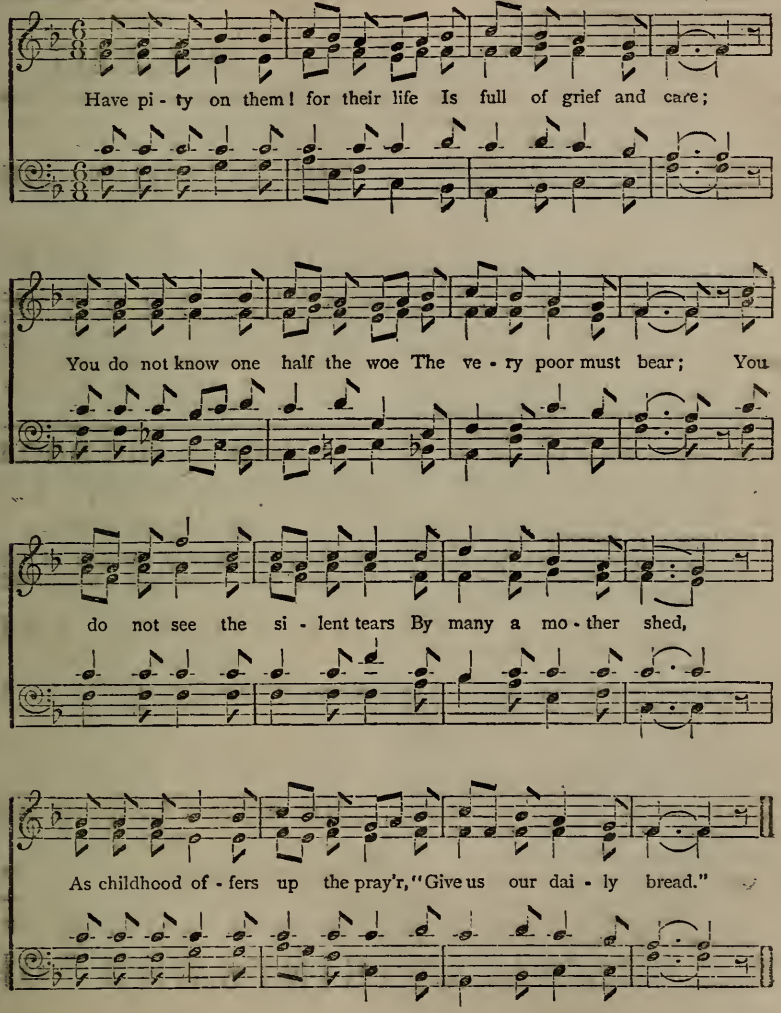
And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man.
Better the toils of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and swings again!
And early called, how blessed are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest day.

John G. Whittier.

The Poor.

MRS. WORTHINGTON. Old English Melody.



2 Their lot is made of misery,
More hopeless day by day,
And through the long cold winter nights
Nor light nor fire have they;
But little children, shivering, crouch
Around the cheerless hearth,
Their young hearts weary with the want
That drags the soul to earth.

3 Deal gently with these wretched ones,
Whatever wrought their woe;
The poor have much to tempt and test
That you can never know;
Then judge them not, for hard indeed
Is their dark lot of care;
Let Heaven condemn, but human hearts
With human faults should bear.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

VARIETIES.

THE heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight:
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
—*Longfellow.*

BARNUM AND HIS MEN.—Of the 716 persons who travel with Barnum's show, every one is pledged to total abstinence from all intoxicants during the existence of his engagement.

THE NATIONAL DRINK BILL.—The friends of the Temperance Movement will read with moderate satisfaction the letter we print, from our old correspondent, Mr. William Hoyle, on the Drink Bill of 1882. The Bill it will be seen, is a little less than it was for 1881; it is a great deal less than it was for 1876, when it reached its maximum amount. During the intervening years it has fluctuated. In 1877 there was a reduction of more than five millions sterling in the sum spent by the nation on intoxicating drinks. In 1878 there was a slight rise. In 1879 and in 1880 the decrease was very marked. The £147,288,759, which is the amount shown for 1876, sank in 1879 to £128,143,863, and in 1880 to £122,279,275. In 1881 it rose again to £127,074,466. By the last returns there is a falling off to £126,251,359, which is the amount at which it stands for 1882. Looking at the figures in another way, we find that in 1876 the expenditure on drink per head of population was £4 9s.; in 1882 it was £3 11s. 7d. This seems on the face of it a very marked change for the better, fully as great as we could reasonably look for within so short a period of time.—*Times, March* 26.

TEETOTAL MAYORS AT THE GUILDHALL.—The Lord Mayor of London presided on the 14th March, at a Meeting of the National Temperance League in the Guildhall of the City of London, which was addressed by eleven of the twenty-seven English and Welsh Mayors, who are Total Abstainers, and also by Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., Mr. Arthur Pease, M.P., Mr. George Palmer, M.P., and Lord Claud Hamilton. The Boroughs which have Teetotal Mayors during the current year are:—Birmingham (W. White, Esq.); Leeds (E. Woodhouse, Esq.); Bradford (F. Priestman, Esq.); Swansea (E. R. Daniel, Esq.); Bath (H. Cossham, Esq.); Gloucester (J. Sessions, Esq.); Rotherham (E. Kelsey, Esq.); Crewe (J. Ainsworth, Esq.); Barnsley (C. Brady, Esq.); Grimsby (W. Jackson, Esq.); Southport (Dr. Wood); Salisbury (C. Moody, Esq.); Kendal (J. Somervell, Esq.); Grantham (G. S. Hannett, Esq.); Chesterfield (J. Higginbottom, Esq.); Pontefract (J. Rhodes, Esq.); Chichester (R. M. Church, Esq.); Bridport (A. Reynolds, Esq.); Ripon (J. B. Lee, Esq.); Newbury (J. Hopson, Esq.); Saffron Walden (J. S. Robson, Esq.); Tewkesbury (M. C. Smart, Esq.); Over, (J. Slater, Esq.); St. Ives, Cornwall (J. M. Kernick, Esq.); Banbury (W. Johnson, Esq.); St. Ives, Hunts (H. Goodman, Esq.); Llanidloes (G. Thomas, Esq.

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

AUNT GRACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS MARGARET'S STORIES."

WHEN the great trouble fell on the Rector's family (or, rather, on the Curate's, for Mr. Arden only held the humbler position when he lost his wife), a great deal of pity and sympathy were expended on the three motherless little girls, and a vast amount of curiosity was excited as to the future management of the Rectory household. People in the country think much and long of any local event

Summer flowers had lived through all their brilliant beauty, and bloomed and died away. Harvest had come and gone, the elms round the churchyard were fast losing their leafy vestments; and still the main topic among the feminine population of Newton Magna was how "poor Mr. Arden" would have his much enlarged home "seen to," how ever he would contrive to "do for himself."

Some were for settling the matter off-hand, and determining that for his children's sake he must marry again. Those were the people who knew him little, and understood him less. Others guessed more rightly, that the vacant place at his side, and in his life, would never again be filled, and these busied their brains, friendly fashion, over thoughts of housekeeper or governess capable of taking the reins of domestic conduct into her hands, and leaving the Rector free to attend to his parish.

By Michaelmas discussion was set at rest on the good authority of Mrs. Holt, the Squire's wife; it became known that a new-comer was expected at the Rectory, a Mrs. Reginald Arden, widow of the clergyman's elder brother, and in her keeping would be placed the guidance of the household.

Of the lady no one at Newton had any knowledge, until she made her appearance; but once seen, a running commentary of approbation pronounced her exactly suited to her position.

"A thorough gentlewoman," Mr. Holt assured his wife, after their first meeting. "The children are lucky to have such a relative ready to come to them"; and all the neighbourhood repeated this opinion with admiring sincerity, taking to the new-comer the more readily because it had got abroad that the great wish of poor Mrs. Arden's heart had been to have her sister-in-law share her home, if the living of Newton were given to her husband.

So the wish came to pass, but differently enough to how she had planned it; and yet this poor fraction of her happy scheme gave her husband some comfort, since he fancied that in carrying it out he was doing what would have pleased her.

And Mrs. Reginald Arden came gladly; more gladly than her brother-in-law had expected, seeing her residence with him involved parting with her own three boys, two of whom were sent by her relatives to public schools, while the youngest was adopted entirely by a Scotch cousin, and transported over the border.

"But," as she explained the first evening of her arrival, "my life has been so unsettled, so miserable, this will seem like a very haven of rest to me, Henry! I should have been foolish to have refused it, when by no possibility could I have kept up a fitting home of my own for my poor boys. My people meant only kindness when they took them from my charge, and you are very good to have me here. I hope I may somehow be able to repay you."

This Mr. Arden hastened to assure her would be easy enough; and then he told her with broken voice and averted eyes, how his children wanted care such as she could give them, how her presence among them would be but the fulfilment of a wish he held sacred, and how he prayed that her coming might be a blessing to them all.

Such Grace Arden, in that first hour, and for long afterwards, hoped and intended, too, that it should be.

The stormy twelve months she had passed through, made her present peaceful country life all the more grateful to her tired-out nerves. The Rectory household was easy to manage, the children loving and docile; their father, if grave and quiet, yet ready to decide and rule, if the need for it arose. She was mistress without over-much anxiety or responsibility, and the chief fault of her character, that weakness and irresolution which made her relatives judge it wisest to take her high-spirited boys from her immediate control, was brought but little into play, and scarcely suspected till long after she took up her abode at Newton.

"You understand our habits, Grace?" Mr. Arden said to her, when one day shortly

after her arrival he transferred to her hands sundry housekeeping powers, together with housekeeping funds, the charge of which had sadly worried him, "everything that is needful for our simple style of living you will order. I need not tell you we are all abstainers here. You would be the last person in the world to quarrel with such an arrangement, I know," and he sighed as he thought of what a flood of wretchedness her own home might have escaped, had the same rule of life prevailed therein, but generously passed on to other topics, lest the same thought should weigh heavy on the widow's mind, not noticing in his own delicate forbearance, that Mrs. Reginald made neither response nor comment on that particular point.

Indeed it would have been difficult for her to do so. She would have felt ashamed to confess to this kind house master who gave her so much, how greatly she missed what, through long years of trial, she had grown to long for and lean upon as a very spring of strength and courage. To herself, even, she would not admit how great a disappointment this enforced abstinence proved. It hurt her vanity to allow that any habit had such dominion over her. It wounded her better nature to think she could even desire to rebel against the wish of one who was to her a benefactor.

So worthy and unworthy motives held her silent, and the power for good which the Ardens' rule of life gradually obtained over her so strengthened as her days among them passed by, that she felt thankful continually at having uttered no protest against her brother-in-law's regulation, greatly relieved that she had not committed herself by claiming exemption on the score of delicate health, as she had been tempted to do in her first moment of half-angry confusion.

But the difficulties she had foreseen and dreaded, vanished when she faced them. Surrounded by (so far as drink was concerned) untainted associations, free from the presence of that most grievously misnamed "good creature of God," her physical nature seemed to shake off its old trammels, reason gladly reinstated itself in the room of habit, and she held by right of conscience and free will the position she had lately dreaded, and often long ago ridiculed, that of a *bonâ-fide* abstainer.

In society Mrs. Reginald Arden had little to resist. While the children were so young and Mr. Arden's distaste for visiting so pronounced, the courtesies between their own and neighbouring Rectories or country houses were confined to calls or friendly afternoon teas, so every circumstance forwarded the wholesome change of custom, and a lapse to the old system grew unlikelier day by day.

And so "Aunt Grace" grew in favour with the people about her, as she grew happier and easier in her own mind.

She was artistic, a musician of no mean order, and little Mab profited rarely by this talent. To Dorothea, her eldest niece, she was ungrudgingly kind, taking voluntarily upon herself the office of governess to the little girl. Nurse's heart she won by the dainty toilettes she delighted in putting together for all three of the children, and by her pride in the pretty, attractive trio.

Mrs. Reginald Arden was quoted far and near as "elegant," "attractive," "refined," "a delightful woman," a "perfect lady," and certainly she had an ample claim to every one of these flattering titles, a claim that established itself more firmly as four peaceful years glided by.

Her elder boys came to Newton more than once for their summer holidays. Handsome noisy, turbulent school-boys, kept out of mischief, and within limits of legitimate frolic, more by awe of their grave uncle, than by obedience to their mother's innumerable but vague injunctions to "be good."

Between the awe, and the pleasant companionship of young Cyril Holt, the Squire's nephew, holiday time used to be tided over without any unbearable amount of disturbance; nevertheless, before her boys had been gone an hour, before indeed her tears at parting from them were dry, Mrs. Reginald would unaffectedly congratulate herself on their visit being safely over, or their all being

"comfortable and quiet" again, an exposition of character which would set her brother-in-law musing on the difference in womankind, and call back to his memory one mother, whose every minute seemed weary when parted from her little ones, whose tender love had stamped an impress of herself upon the heart of her first-born, such as Mrs. Reginald's lads were little likely ever to cherish.

It was a positive pleasure to Mr. Arden to hear, one summer morning, that "little Dick," her youngest born, was coming down from Glasgow, and that a letter to his mother, from her cousin, the child's self-elected guardian, begged her to meet them and stay a week at least at the house of a mutual friend in London.

Mrs. Reginald was moved to more maternal delight than she had ever shown.

"Her little Dick," her darling, her baby! "Would it be inconvenient for her to go? Could they manage without her?" she asked, with rising colour and bright, eager eyes moistening with joy at thought of the happy meeting; and the ready answer, that of course she must go, and stay as long as the little man was in town, or bring him back with her if she could, sent her away almost as excited and delighted as a school girl, with a heart full of joy and thankfulness, and glad anticipation.

"Well there, Ma'am," said Nurse heartily, when Mrs. Reginald was anxiously planning every day's arrangement for her absence, and repeating that she would be sure and not remain very long, "don't you go and stint yourself of a day, nor yet an hour with your very own, that you must be longin' so to see; we'll keep things comfortable here, I'll answer for it the children'll be good, and their papa will be busy, so we shall go on all right. We shall all be glad enough to see you back, though, and if anything's gone amiss you'll soon put us right enough, I'll be bound!" of which homely farewell, uttered in all good faith, the first part was verified, surely enough, but not the last.

Things *did* go on comfortably at home: the children *were* good: the master *was* busy: but when after nearly a month's, instead of a week's absence, Mrs. Reginald returned to Newton, she appeared changed in some unexplainable manner. She was not the same Aunt Grace who had gone away; her home-coming failed to make them all glad; her governing hand had lost its skill; domestic jars seemed engendered, not quelled, by her presence among them again.

"Perhaps she is fretting after her boy," thought Mr. Arden, and once more urged upon her to let Dick make one of the Rectory family, but she answered almost petulantly, that the child cared for his Scotch friends almost as much as for her, and it would be a pity to remove him." So Mr. Arden, and Nurse, and Dorothea were driven to the conclusion that so much visiting and going about, after her long country seclusion, had over-tired Aunt Grace, and that rest and regular hours would soon make her her old self. But, alas! that old self, the self which had won their liking and respect, was gone, never to return.

Little by little that curious change grew and grew, incomprehensible for many a day to most of them.

Oftener and oftener came those terrible headaches, began, so she averred, in the heat and noise of London, so frequent now that scarcely a day passed without Mrs. Reginald being forced to lie down the greater part of every afternoon to sleep herself better in a darkened room, behind a bolted door.

Less and less able she became to carry on the simple morning lessons begun with Dorothea, and lately, with the two little ones. Even Mab's music, once such a pleasure to them both, was neglected now; "discords such as children make, seem to wring every nerve in my head," she assured Mr. Arden, with such a harrassed air of mental irritation, that he at once decided the task of teaching was too great a strain, reproached himself for having allowed it so long, and forthwith secured the services of a lady just come into the parish, for the daily education of his

daughters. But even this easement failed in its desired effect.

"You have shut yourself up too much, Grace," Mr. Arden had said, when telling her of the arrangement made with Miss Furnival; "now lessons are oft your hands, you must go out more, then your head will suffer less. Try and get out every morning. Any of the people about the parish will be delighted to see you. Mrs. Holt was only saying yesterday she wished you would go there oftener."

But the Hall was precisely the last place in Newton, that Mrs. Reginald cared to visit just then. The great change in regard to drink effected there so suddenly while she had been away was certain to be discussed, not once but often. From Mr. Arden she had heard of it, and her unaffected expressions of surprise had covered any lack of enthusiasm to his masculine ears; but with Mrs. Holt it would be different.

She was proud of the Squire's bold step; on the alert for condemnation or congratulation; keen to hear praise of her husband's just unselfishness and manly candour.

Good warm hearted Mrs. Holt, waiting with womanly sensitiveness to be cheered along the new road, was looking confidently forward to Mrs. Reginald's return, expecting at least her hearty sympathy and word of welcome to the new ranks, but she was disappointed.

The subject was mentioned as a matter of course, but passed quickly with a few polite generalities. The call Mrs. Arden was making had been some days delayed, she seemed more anxious to explain this than to dilate or be dilated to upon the Squire's domestic revolution. The subject reintroduced was adroitly waived by an appeal for homœopathic remedies for headaches, and Mrs. Holt, started on *her* particular hobby, was diverted from the topic which appeared to have no charm for her guest.

The intimacy between the ladies waned somewhat from that day, much to Mr. Arden's regret, for he valued the friendship of the Squire's wife for his own growing children, and, moreover, thought rightly that a woman of her age and position must be a more fitting companion for Mrs. Reginald Arden, than the people among whom she now seemed disposed to spend much of her time.

"Are you sure you care to fetch the eggs yourself, Grace?" he asked one spring morning, when, in answer to an enquiry at the breakfast table, Mrs. Reginald announced she was going to a farmhouse a mile distant for the second time that week. "Surely one of the servants might go, Nurse and the children, perhaps, or Woods can fetch them in the evening; don't you trudge about after them unless you wish it."

"But I do wish it, thank you!" replied his sister-in-law rather irritably.

"And may I go with you, Aunty, put in Trottie, "if I have done my lessons? I like having milk out of Mr. Burnby's dairy, and so do you, don't you? And Mrs. Burnby is very kind, isn't she? I heard her say last time I went with you, when I was picking primroses outside the window, 'Do have another glass, Mrs. Arden, it'll do you good after your walk,' so she 's not stingy with her milk, as Nurse says some people are."

"But, Auntie," Trottie broke off, struck with sudden recollection, her bread and jam arrested midway to her lips.

"Well?" said Aunt Grace rather sharply. ("She never *used* to speak like that, why does she now?" was Trottie's frequent lament.)

"What *did* Mrs. Burnby mean by laughing so when I went in and said, Please would she give me some milk the same as you had been having? Oh, how she laughed, and she said it was too rich for me, and she'd fetch me some other sort. Don't you remember, Aunty? You laughed too, and then you turned red. I always wanted to ask you what it meant, and always forgot."

By the look of her face it appeared as if Mrs. Reginald wished Miss Trottie had always forgotten, but she answered carelessly that perhaps Mrs. Burnby was amused at a child's asking for things instead of waiting to be asked; she quite remembered being annoyed at Trottie doing so herself, though she turned it off by laughing. Upon which Mr. Arden warned his little girl

against another such breach of manners, and promised for her that the offence should not be repeated.

In spite of which Trottie's company was carefully dispensed with on all of Mrs. Reginald's after expeditions for eggs. Other houses there were, too, besides Mrs. Burnby's, which seemed to have a special attraction for Mrs. Reginald about this time. Houses where a visit from her was likely to be looked upon as a favour or an honour, even after the secret of her frequent calls was understood, and where her breach of the Rectory discipline was looked on as a harmless joke, by the people who lightly protested "it wasn't likely all folks could be of the same mind. The parson couldn't expect every one to follow his lead!"

Such, also, seemed to be the opinion of two very different people to her Newton friends. Two kind hearted, worthy women, the elder of them Dorothea's god-mother, whose home was at Halesbury, and who now received as many visits from Mrs. Reginald in four months, as they had heretofore done in four years.

"I wonder," said the younger of these ladies to her sister one day, when from their Hall door they watched Mrs. Reginald Arden depart, her usually pale cheeks brilliant with a colour for which two glasses of their excellent old port might be answerable—"I wonder if Mr. Arden would not be vexed at his sister-in-law's taking wine so readily. Sometimes, do you know, Jane, I don't feel altogether comfortable about it, though of course she has a right to do as she chooses!"

"Of course she has," responded the elder lady, tartly. "She is not a child to be kept under control against her judgment. What she feels her health to require, that she ought to take—as I do myself. Mr. Arden would be most unreasonable if he wished her to do otherwise!"

To which opinion the younger sister obediently acquiesced: the "as I do myself," of her senior, was an unanswerable argument, and she further agreed, unquestioningly, that it would be unnecessary and unwise to mention this trifling change of diet to Mr. Arden. It could do no good—indeed none required to be done, and might make mischief. The time was not far off when they reversed this decision.

Two summers had gone by since Mrs. Reginald Arden's visit to London, and everything had gone on, as Dorothea often said to herself, "disimproving."

The household was in continual discomfort through change of servants. None held their places long, save Nurse, who kept more than ever to herself, devoting every waking hour to the children's care and interest; and Maria, the parlour-maid, who apparently made herself indispensable to Mrs. Reginald Arden, attending her assiduously during her frequent ailments, and often taking upon herself to direct domestic proceedings without reference either to the master, or the mistress that should have been.

Mr. Arden was slow at comprehending all these alterations. Having provided to the best of his power for the well-being of his family, his chief energies were given to parish work. His home life, spite of Dorothea's loving companionship, was introspective, scholarly, almost secluded: things must go very wrong indeed before he would be likely to notice them. But at last they even reached that pass.

"I am afraid Aunt Grace must be really falling into ill health," he said to his young daughter one Sunday morning in the autumn, as they started off side by side to their school, where Dorothea had had her own especial class since she was nine years old. "This makes the third Sunday morning she has been unable to come downstairs in time for Service. Have you been to speak to her, Dolly?"

Dolly answered that she had tried, but Maria had stopped her by the door, saying her aunt was too unwell to be disturbed.

"I must have Dr. Marriott sent for to-morrow, then," said her father, decidedly, "a little medical advice may set her right."

"She had some medicine yesterday, papa," explained Dolly, "Maria went into Halesbury

after dinner, and just looked into the nursery before she started, to say she was going to fetch some 'draught,' I think it was for Aunt Grace."

Mr. Arden looked vexed.

"I thought it was well understood I disliked the servants going into Halesbury on market days! I am sure I have named it to your Aunt and Nurse as well."

Dolly was silent.

"Nurse ought not to allow it. I would rather have fetched the medicine myself. Nurse should have prevented Maria's going, Dollie. Why did she not?"

Dollie coloured. "I don't think she could, papa."

"But why not? The younger servants know that she is to be looked on as our housekeeper. She is bound to see my wishes carried out."

At this tone of blame for her old friend, Dollie spoke out, and Mr. Arden learnt to his surprise that neither Nurse nor anyone else had much control over Maria. She did, on the whole, exactly as she pleased, and Auntie never found fault with her.

"Then I must see into this to-morrow," said Mr. Arden, with a sadly disturbed air. "I wish I had not named it though to-day, let us try to think of something better, Dollie, for the next few hours."

But a consciousness of something amiss made Dorothea silent and rather sad. Somehow the task of teaching, which Aunt Grace had declined for many Sundays on the plea of its fatiguing her too much, seemed to-day almost more than the child could well manage, and not till the routine lessons were over and a fresh young member asked leave to enrol her name in Dorothea's Band of Hope, did she feel so bright or happy in her work as usual.

But this new admission gladdened her, and the sight of her mother's name on the first leaf of her little pledge book gave her new courage. She remembered how earnestly that mother had furthered this same cause, and her spirit rose as in girlish fashion she put her young shoulders to the same weighty wheel.

"You must always remember, Nettie, she said ever so earnestly to the little lass whose name was just inscribed, "that if you are a real Band of Hope child, you'll do everything, every single thing you can, to stop people drinking. You must try and be kind, of course, but every chance you have to stop *other* people drinking, as well as stop it yourself,—all of you," looking at her little troop, "all of you recollect that, and remind each other of it; so that your being real Temperance children may be of some good to other persons beside yourselves. Don't forget!"

The children clustering about their young teacher sent up a consenting chorus, and the newly pledged one whispered to her neighbour that she'd tell her brother Jim what Miss Dora said, he always asked her of a Sunday evening what she'd heard at school that morning.

That Nettie faithfully bore away her lesson, was proved awhile later on the same day.

Evening service was over. The little girls had gone to bed. Mrs. Reginald Arden having risen for dinner, and a couple of hours on the sofa, had again gone to lie down and had not reappeared. In the study Dorothea sat on a low stool by her father reading, with one arm laid across his knee.

Suddenly a tap at the door disturbed them, and Maria, whose aspect had been anything but amiable throughout the day, appeared with a very black face, to announce that "James," the page from the Hall, wished particularly to speak to Miss Dorothea.

Dorothea opened her eyes wide at this, her father looked surprised, and Maria quickly interposed with, "Shall I tell him to send up his message, sir?"

"Certainly not," said her master, "tell the lad to come here. Something very likely," he added to Dorothea, as Maria went off, "that his mistress has sent for you tomorrow," ("to-morrow" was her fifteenth birthday) "and he is punctilious to deliver it into your own hands. They often tell me, Dollie, that our old pupil is very trusty and very literal. This looks like it. Here he comes!" and ushered in with a curiously suspicious look by Maria,

came James, wearing a desperately sheepish air, and bearing on his arm a basket big enough to contain dozens of presents.

"Oh, I see I'm right," said Mr. Arden, smiling. "Well, James, you may put your basket down and leave it. I'll see Miss Dorothea has its contents to-morrow. You can tell your mistress they are safe in my keeping."

But Jim shuffled uneasily, first on one foot, then on the other, not at all after the manner of a well-trained page who had been three years in service.

"Please, sir, leastways, miss—" he began, with a helpless look of bewildered confusion, then he gave a side glance at Maria, and stopped point-blank.

"Well?"

"If Miss Dora," stammered the boy, "if I might speak to Miss Dora. Not—" he added in a fright, as a frown rose to Mr. Arden's brow—"not that I mind you in the leastest, sir, only—"

And again an expressive look was turned towards Maria, who stood stolidly with the door handle held ready to show this untimely visitor out.

Mr. Arden was puzzled. Anyway there was no particular need for his servant to hear the message, be it what it might. "You need not wait, Maria. James knows his way out."

Maria slowly retired, and Jim, with alacrity showed his professional capacity by closing after her, first the ordinary door, then the inner one, covered with thick green baize, having done which he lapsed into confusion once more, and stared appealingly at Dorothea, as if she could help him out of it.

"Well, my lad, now what have you to say?" asked Mr. Arden reassuringly. But Jim fixed his eyes on Dorothea when he found voice to begin his tale.

"Please, Miss Dorothea," he said, "you know what you told my little sister Nettie this mornin'."

"What I told Nettie?" repeated Dorothea, blankly, wondering whatever she could have said that had brought the child's brother here.

"Yes, Miss, when she went and joined teetotal. She told me faithful, word by word, she did. And it made me feel so queer, I was right down forced to come up and make a clear breast of it, I was!"

"Broken the pledge!" thought Dollie sorrowfully, but was vexed that he had chosen that time to come and tell of it. Aloud she said, "Well, James, if you have got into some trouble with—with any drink, it must be quite lately. Tell papa and me about it."

"Why, Miss," said Jim, polishing his hot forehead with his coat sleeve, "'twasn't no later than last night. And blowed—beg your pardon, sir—*bothered* if I could tell what I ought to do—tell or not tell: then home comes Nettie from school, and it was my afternoon at home, and she took and said over to me what Miss Dora spoke this morning, and thinks I to myself, I haven't got no choice in the matter. If I'm a real Temperance chap, tell I *must*. Miss Dora says it's my straight-off duty to stop other people from drinkin' if I can, so if you please, sir, I'm come to do it, though it make me wery oncomfortable!" with which extraordinarily long speech Jim mopped his face again, and looked what he declared himself to be.

"Then it is not yourself who has been drinking?" questioned Mr. Arden, in almost as much mental confusion as the lad.

"No, sir, please!" with some warmth.

"Then who is it? What do you mean?"

"Please, sir, I don't know."

Mr. Arden eyed him closely, rather inclined to doubt his denial of individual tippling.

"If you don't know what you mean, you have come on a curious errand," he said, determined to be patient, "but if you want us to help you in stopping other people's drinking, we'll do it with all our hearts, my boy, if we can. So now, what is your story?"

Thus urged, Jim floundered on.

"If you please, sir, last night I was at the Red Lion Yard, at Halesbury. Master sent me in with the light cart to fetch some parcels that came up by rail, and jest as I was startin'

off home, the ostler, he run up to me, an' asks if I'd carry a parcel that had come for one of the Rectory servants. The young woman was there in the afternoon, he said, and went home by the carrier, and was mortal cross because something she'd expected hadn't come, so she'd be sure to be pleased if I took it for her. An' I said, I'd take it an' welcome, an' I asked him if he knowed what it was. An' he says, 'Boots,' he says, 'that's what the young woman said it was to be.' 'But,' he says, an' he give me a sort of a wink, sir, 'that parcel didn't come from no boot-shop,' says he. Well, sir, it made no difference to me what it was—so I thought then—and I took the parcel and brought it home, meanin' to send it up first thing this mornin', and then—"

Jim paused.

"You found you had lost it, perhaps," said Dorothea, though then at a loss to link the parts of his story together.

"No, miss, wuss!" said Jim, solemnly, "I found I'd smashed it. I took an' set it on a shelf, in the shay house last night, and somethin' knocked against it, harness, I suppose; anyways, this mornin' when I went to fetch it, there it was all smashed on the floor!"

"But, my boy, how could you smash boots?" exclaimed Mr. Arden, almost impatiently.

"That's the misfortune, sir," said Jim, really piteously, "the boots wasn't boots at all, sir. They was bottles!"

Dorothea and her father looked up at each other, startled. On the mind of one, at least, a terrible suspicion was dawning.

"Bottles, sir! and the whole parcel was soaked with what come out of 'em. It's spirits of some sort, sir, you can see for yourself?" And Jim opened his basket, producing a sodden bundle of straw and paper, with bits of broken glass showing through, and a powerful scent of brandy over all.

"Oh I've seen—" cried Dorothea, and then caught herself up.

"What?" said her father, gravely.

She answered slowly, "Parcels just like that, papa, more than once, often, when—when Maria has been to Halesbury!"

"That will do," said Mr. Arden; then turning to Jim, "thank you for coming, my boy," he said, "you've tried your best to do what you believed to be right, anyhow *I* thank you for doing so. Let us—let us hope," he added, more to himself than to his listeners, "others may be thankful too!" and then with lowered voice he murmured something, "Had he, had they all—been blind!"

Dorothea saw her father's strange distress, and signed to Jim to go.

"You said we ought to stop it wherever we could, you did, didn't you, Miss?" the boy whispered, anxiously, rather scared at the effect of his communication.

"Yes, yes," answered she, hurriedly, "but please don't talk about it, Jim, to anyone. Good night, Jim. I'm so glad *you* haven't broke the pledge."

Jim took himself off, glad to get away.

Dorothea turned anxiously to her father.

"Wait darling," he said in answer to her look, "I must speak to Aunt Grace, first of all; stay here till I come back."

Upstairs she heard him go; heard him knock gently, then louder and often at her Aunt's door. Waiting for some minutes and having no response, Mr. Arden rang the lobby bell, fetching up Maria, who opined Mrs. Reginald must have dropped asleep, and volunteered to wake her if her master chose, instead of which he summoned Dorothea, and bade her enter the room, and ask if her Aunt could not rouse up sufficiently to come down and speak to him.

Strange ordering of events, that intrusion, where ordinarily there would have been none for hours.

Dorothea's cry when she stepped in brought her father and the servant quickly forward. Mrs. Arden lay sleeping heavily across the bed. A guttering candle was on a chair close by; the coverlet and blanket slowly burning closer and closer towards her flushed swollen face, her hand grasping a glass, a bottle three parts emptied of some clear spirit, its fumes mingling with the smoke around. There lay the "perfect lady," refined, attractive, clever,

"the thorough gentlewoman," a revealed drunkard!

The day following that sad night's disclosure, there was no happy gift making, no birthday frolic, as Mab and Trottie had been planning. It was a most dreary and mysteriously wretched day.

Till close upon its dawn Mr. Arden sat alone in his study, pondering and praying how to make his way best out of this calamity. Self-reproach, more than his very natural short sightedness merited, mingled with his pain; profound pity for the culprit, more than most people would have said she merited, prevailed over every other feeling, and projects and hopes for her reclamation wore away the small hours of that anxious night.

The birds were waking and chirping under the eaves, the grey light stealing over the eastern sky, when the Rector went upstairs to snatch a brief rest before seeking an interview that could not fail to be a most grievous trial.

But it was ordained that such an interview he was to be spared.

When morning broke, and not till then, the unhappy sleeper roused, and learnt from Maria, who stole softly to her room, all that had happened on the evening before.

Shame stricken, smarting with humiliation, she hurriedly took counsel of her wounded pride, determined at least to escape the mortification of open rebuke, and secretly, silently, fled from the house that had so long sheltered her. Hastening to Halesbury on foot, and thence, for many days, the friends she had deserted knew not whither.

Not even Maria could tell them, though under severe cross questioning she enlightened them on the miserable chapter of petty deceits growing into grave dishonesty that had preceded this terrible catastrophe.

From the few shillings' worth of spirits first purchased, and stealthily taken at intervals to quiet the revived craving, to the lately lamentable large supply only obtained through the misuse of housekeeping money, and the lowering of certain servants' wages, all was disclosed, and Maria, with floods of tears and endless protestations of penitence, protested "she'd no notion of its ever ending like this, else she'd never have had a hand in it, not for ten times the pay Mrs. Reginald had given her; that she wouldn't!" But Maria, by the end of that Monday, was gone too, and as the children found, the very mention of her was thenceforth avoided in the home where her cupidity had done such ill work.

Of the fugitive nothing was heard for one full week. Letters and telegrams to other relatives only brought word that she was not with them.

Then came a note to Mr. Arden, dated from a southern seaport, full of contrition, full of promises to amend, of excuses for what had happened. Her belongings at the Rectory she begged might be sent to her, as she had providentially (?) found a situation, and undertaken to go abroad for some months: on her return she ventured to hope she might meet her friends again. A hope never to be fulfilled.

With the spring, possibly before, she must have come back, for the next news of her was from Scotland, where, so wrote her angry cousin, she had "appeared before himself and her child in a condition that made her very presence a disgrace!"

To Glasgow Mr. Arden went with all speed, to seek, and if it might be, yet to save her, but she was gone.

Thenceforth for nigh three years his only news of the wanderer was from letters that from time to time asked money to help her into different posts, more or less humble.

The meeting Mr. Arden earnestly entreated her to afford him, or some other relative, was invariably refused or evaded. The last remnants of this poor lady's self-respect set all her wits to work to hide her ever deepening degradation from those who knew her in a state so different.

And yet a true understanding of the charity that prevailed at Newton Rectory outweighed even shame at last. Some yearning for the sound of a kind voice, for words that would pity even before they condemned, must have come over her.

For this was the end.

An August evening, and Dorothea at the study window was parting from the Holts and their nephew, Cyril Forbes. Her father had started that morning on the first real holiday he had had for years. On the morrow her godmother was coming to keep her company, but to-night the young housekeeper was alone with her sisters and servants.

"Ring the big bell lustily, if anyone comes to frighten you, Dora," laughed Mr. Holt, "Cyril and I will come to your help in no time," and Dorothea smilingly assured them she was not afraid; most likely no one would come to the house before the postman the next morning.

In contradiction to which, almost before her friends were off the Rectory grounds, up drove a man whose face was not quite un-

familiar, "Mr. Benson," and Dorothea recollected him at once as master of the Halesbury workhouse.

Disappointed of seeing the Rector, the newcomer claimed audience of Dorothea, and told her kindly, but with some awkwardness, that at the desire of a Guardian, and the Infirmary surgeon, he had come to say an inmate of the "House" wanted badly to see Mr. Arden, a—a—sort of relation—he was afraid—a lady she *had* been—Mrs. Reginald Arden!

Within a few minutes, Dorothea, with Nurse by her side, was following Mr. Benson through honeysuckle scented lanes, and along the cross-roads that led to the "Union," in the outskirts of Halesbury, the delicious evening calm, and starlit stillness, sadly at variance with her own sorely disturbed feelings, and mind full of anxious dread.

Within half an hour, so quickly her willing pony took its second journey that day, they were at the door of the great red brick, many gabled building, through its all but interminable whitewashed corridors, and within a lofty room, where, on the farthest of a row of beds lay a restless, moaning, muttering figure, grey-haired, blear-eyed, ghastly in all the horrors of fast-coming dissolution, the wreck of a fair woman, the mockery of "Aunt Grace."

Dorothea fell shuddering on her knees, clasping her hands before her face.

"Auntie, auntie," she wept, "it can't be you! There must be some mistake!"

But there was none. The harsh, high-pitched voice, and it used to be soft and low—crying, "Dollie, Dollie, what, have you come to see me!"—claimed her unwilling recognition, and forced the whole miserable truth on her young aching heart.

The minutes of that lost, feeble life were numbered, so whispered a doctor standing by. All that the kneeling girl could do, was to hold the poor, feverish, wasted hand within her own, and choking down her sobs, try with gentle touch and tone to soothe the anguish of that awful hour.

But the blessed quiet that hallows many a bed of death, had no place there.

Tossing from side to side, gasping for breath, yet never loosing her hold on Dorothea's hand, this poor wreck of fashionable humanity gathered her last breath together, summoned her failing senses to plead her final excuse: how potent before God who shall dare judge? how feeble before men, alas and alas! we only know too well.

"They tempted me," she cried hoarsely, "they laughed at me—then—you know when—when I went to see Dick! and Dick, little Dick"—with a wild burst of laughter horrible to hear—"Dick mustn't look at his mother now! She's not fit for such as him! But they filled his glass when they filled mine! And they joked at me, Dolly. Do you hear? Joked at me, and led me back to drink! I never meant it. Tell your father I never meant it. Nobody meant it, but they all helped me down. They were kind people, very kind. So sober and good. But they helped me down. They weren't—" rising up upon one arm and glaring defiantly at the silent knot of listeners, "they weren't drunkards like me! Not one of them! But they led me wrong, and made light of it. They were respectable—moderate—devils—and I curse them!"

With a shriek the wretched woman's words broke off into inarticulate sounds, more of brute agony than human pain. Flinging Dorothea's hand from her, a space of wild delirium set in, that only ended when a fierce convulsive struggle warped every limb and feature for half a minute, and then relaxing swiftly, left her—dead.

* * * *

A mere shifting of blame! the poor attempt of a weak mind at palliation of its own indefensible folly! A vain effort at shifting that responsibility with which every soul that breathes is freighted.

So may, so *will*, say many who read the story of Grace Arden's life. So said, at first without exception, every one of those good folks who with friendly hands had helped this lady down into a moral hell.

Whether they were right or wrong, good reader, wait awhile, and let your reason fairly argue out the point, before you turn carelessly aside and forget a history which, as likely as not, you could match ten times over in your own experience.

Wait awhile, and just review the thousand and one possibilities of mischief that radiate from the centre of evil in myriads of homes.

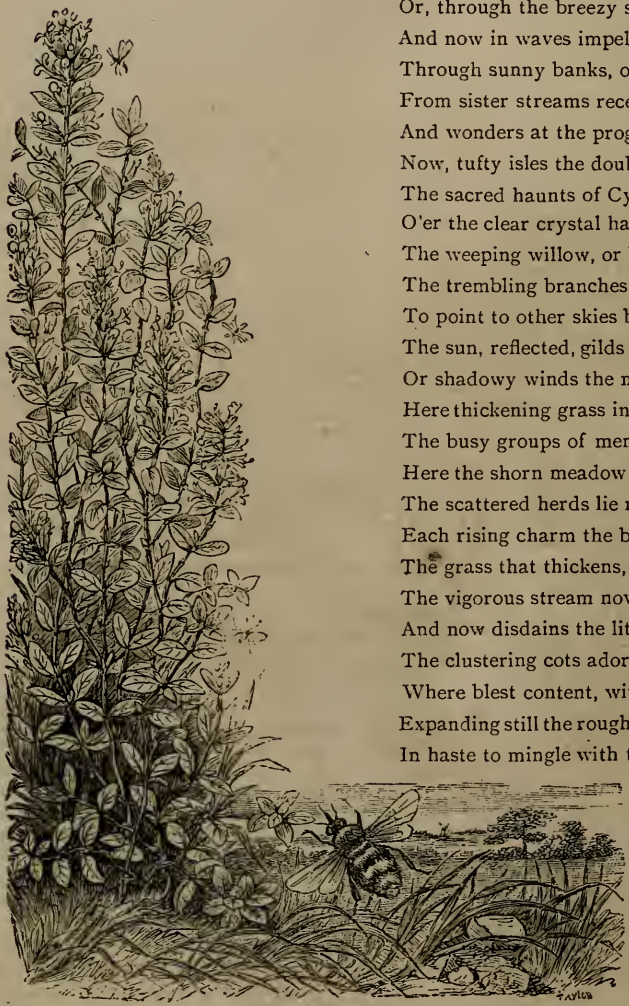
Think—think—not till you are satisfied, but till you tremble—of the tremendous influence for good or ill that you—not your neighbours, or your elders, or your youngers, but you, your very self, possess; and then God grant that you may shrink away in fear from a weapon that as yet you have looked on only as a toy: that you may join fellowship with those who are fighting fashion and prejudice for the sake of others besides themselves; that you may by *one* decrease the solid phalanx that withstands us so stolidly, the mighty and most mischievous army of Moderate Drinkers!

A. P.

The River.

BEHOLD the rivulet, from its parent source,
Steal through the thicket with unheeded course;
Of future greatness yet unconscious stray,
Like infant princes, in their infant play;
O'er its rough bed in lulling murmurs flow,
Or, through the breezy sedge meandering slow.
And now in waves impelling soft, it roves
Through sunny banks, or deep involving groves;
From sister streams receives enriching aid,
And wonders at the progress it has made.
Now, tufty isles the doubtful stream divide,
The sacred haunts of Cygnus' plumy pride;
O'er the clear crystal hangs the woody scene,
The weeping willow, or bright evergreen,
The trembling branches, all inverted, seem
To point to other skies below the stream;
The sun, reflected, gilds the illusive deep,
Or shadowy winds the mantling surface sweep.
Here thickening grass invites the mower's scythe,
The busy groups of men and maidens blithe;
Here the shorn meadow brightens to the eye,
The scattered herds lie ruminating nigh;
Each rising charm the bounteous stream bestows,
The grass that thickens, and the flower that blows.
The vigorous stream now drives the busy mill,
And now disdains the little name of rill.
The clustering cots adorn its flowery sides,
Where blest content, with rosy health, abides;
Expanding still the roughening waters glide,
In haste to mingle with the briny tide;
Till sea-like grown, they now disdain all bound,
And, rushing to the deep, resistless pour around.

LOBB.



THE MILL ON THE RIVER.

A Temperance Thanksgiving Song.

RAISE songs of gladness—the fight has been long,
The struggle unceasing, the enemy strong.
We were jeered by the mocker, o'erlooked by the great,
Our cause called delusion, and failure our fate.

"Gin for the poor man, and wine for the lord,
The whisky that Paddy so long has adored:
Crusty port for the merchant, champagne for the fair,
The carter his porter, the ploughman his beer."

"What voice of charmer, what magical spell,
Would power have to win them from that they love well?
Life's habits have bound them, and custom confirmed,
Your teetotal meddling is sure to be spurned."

"Talk to the drunkard and preach to the sot,
The sober don't need the stale truths you throw out.
We pray you to cease your well-meaning alarm,
A little has never done us any harm."

The cry of the past—the reasons refuted,
The dull echo of all our own times have confuted.
Now mechanic and Bishop, the lady and peer,
Are giving their help to the cause we hold dear.

Tea for the soldier instead of hot rum—
Thus Lord Wolseley declares his battles were won;
And the seaman who enters the fleet of Cunard,
Drinks cocoa, and adds to his wage earned so hard.

Public opinion has veered to our side,
Its weight in Great Britain is never denied;
And the latest conversion for which we give thanks
Is that doctors are coming to fill up our ranks.

Work, brothers, work,—now success has begun,
No impetus equals the force that is won;
Clear head and strong hand, and swift foot for the race,
The goal is in sight now—who slackens his pace?

Shall the snake that has risen its head in our home,
Delude or affright when we could overcome?
Shall those who have conquered by land and by sea,
Not trust in their God, and then vow to be free?

The national purse grows lighter, they state,
For the duty on alcohol lessens in weight.
Hurrah, then, for taxes diminished in force—
The police rate and poor rate will come down of course.

Hurrah for the clothes, the meat and the bread,
The boots for the feet, and the hats for the head,
For the fire on the hearthstone that gladdens the life,
And the power to give comfort to children and wife.

For the heart to feel, and the brain to think,
For the conscience kept clear from the sin of strong drink,
For the power of withdrawing our friends from the snare,
Let our voices be lifted in praise and in prayer.

S. E. Gregg.

PRESERVE THE CHILDREN.

By the Rev. Charles Garrett.

At the Annual Meeting of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union the Rev. Charles Garrett, President of the Wesleyan Conference, delivered a powerful speech, which the Committee of the National Temperance League, having secured a verbatim report, are preparing as a special tract to circulate broadcast over the country. He said, we had never fully appreciated the value and importance of children. What we made the children the future would be. A Band of Hope worker was remonstrated with by a friend for "talking to a lot of children," but his reply was, "I am talking to the ladies and gentlemen of the next generation." The children of this country were in danger, and in danger through strong drink. Where were the children that were boys and girls with us? Go to the cemetery, and we would see that multitudes of them had not lived out half their days. Where were the children? Go and seek, and alas! find them in the hustling crowd at the workhouse door, leading the shameless life of the streets, in the gaol, in the lunatic asylum, and in the far-off penal isle. Ask them what brought them to this position, and—oh! the horrible monotony—each and all would say, "It's the drink; it's the drink." Then, (said Mr. Garrett,) what is to be done? "Oh!" you say, "is it possible to save the children?" It is possible; yes, brother, *it is possible*. It is possible to save everyone of them. You say, "Give me the remedy, and I will pay any price for it." You have nothing to pay. It is like the Gospel, without money and without price. You want to know what it is. It is a remedy as certain as it is cheap. What is it? There is but one. You may search all through the world you will not find another. But there is one. I guarantee you, in the sight of God to-night, that if you will only apply the one remedy not a child shall perish from intemperance. What is it? Total Abstinence. Keep the child from the drink and drunkenness is impossible. Here is a house and the drainage is bad. A poisonous gas exudes. It sails all through the house. You have your friends talking about it. The drainage is bad. One child sickens. Another dies. The father says, "This is a serious thing. I am losing my children. What is the matter?" Somebody says, "Why, the drainage wants looking after. There is a poisonous gas in the house." "Nonsense," says the old man. "Poison, indeed! Slow poison. I have lived in the house fifty years, and my grandfather was an hundred when he died, and he lived here, and you say it is poison, indeed. No poison, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I will have the house papered." "But are you not going to shut out the gas?" "Oh! no. The house will be all right when it is newly papered." Yet they sicken. He says, "I will get them new clothes." He gets them new clothes, and yet the children sicken and die. "We will get them a new governess to see better after them," and yet the children sicken and die. Understand me when I say he declares, "We will have a prayer-meeting in the house. Oh! now we have got the remedy. We will have the prayer-meeting"; and they had it, and yet they sicken and die. He says, "I cannot tell how the children are falling one after another." Somebody says, "Is there not an agent—a material agent—at work? Is there not a poisonous gas in the house?" "Oh!" he says, "I have done everything." "No, you have not." "What have I not done?" "You have not removed the cause. Remove the cause and the effect will cease. I do not object to your new paper, your new clothes, your new governess (I hope you treated the old one well). I do not object to a prayer-meeting, but I say so long as you keep the destructive agent in the house, you will have the destruction. Remove the destructive agent and your children are saved." Need I make the application? John Bull has the house, and the destructive agent is alcohol, and he says, "We will have better houses." It does not do. He has got the alcohol there. He says, "We will have better teachers." But the alcohol is there. "We will have prayer-meetings," but the alcohol is there; and so long as the alcohol is drunk so long the alcohol will do its deadly work. I say, "John Bull, remove the cause and the effect will cease." How is it to be done? There are two things we can do, Mr. Chairman; first, to persuade John Bull to banish the drink from his house. Then there is another thing, and that is to go to the children and ask them not to touch the drink. That is what we are doing, and if the children

never touch the drink they will never die drunkards. Who is to do this? I think the parents ought. There is too great a tendency —and, mind, I am not grumbling—but there is a danger of parents devolving their responsibility on somebody else. "Let the teacher look after the education, and let the parson look after the religion, and let the dressmaker look after the dress, and let the parents go on their way." That is not God's way. Children are a heritage from the Lord, and God holds every parent responsible for doing all in their power to make the child what God would have it be. I say to you parents—for your children's sake do not put strong drink on your tables. You may have prayer after it, but prayer does not affect the nature of alcohol. If I reach that gas-light there it would burn my finger as surely as it would the finger of the greatest thief in England. Material agents are no respecters of persons, and I say, "If you put the drink into your children's mouths you will have tears in your eyes by-and-bye, and sorrow in your heart." Then help to save the children. But especially the teachers. I look to the teachers. They say, "Why do you look to us?" On the same principle that if somebody to-night were to attempt to pick my pocket, I should look for a policeman, and when I went to him and said, "Officer, I have had my pocket picked," he would not say, "What is that to me?" He is a policeman. He has taken a name, has taken a uniform and wages, and he can't have the honour without the responsibility. And so you teachers, you are not made teachers that you may flirt on Sunday. The parents and the Church put the children into your hands, and they hold you responsible for their training. Help to save the children. What are you to do? The hymn says:—

"Point them to Heaven, and lead the way."

What are you to do to save the children? Set them a good example. Remember that *it is as much your duty to lead the children, the lambs in the right path, as it is to feed them.* Are you leading them in the right path? There are only two ways for you to choose which you will lead your children in. One is the broad, winding, indistinct, slippery path of moderation, and you may take your lambs there if you will; but, mark! look down the road—is it not red with blood? Look down the road—have not a host of lambs perished already there? Look down at the road, and what do you learn? That if you take your class of ten along that road one of them will perish. Oh! my fellow-teachers, I will take you by the hand, and I will lead you to your class. There they are—the ten children: *which will you lose?* Which one shall it be? The bright, bonny, blue-eyed girl there, or the one dark and solemn at the other end? On your bended knees ask which it shall be, and then determine that whoever goes that road, a step in that direction you you will never take. Then there is the other—the plain, straight, safe path of total abstinence. There is no lion there, nor any ravenous beast that goeth up thereon. It goeth close by Calvary. Lead your children in that direction, and remember you are responsible for the path in which you lead them. At the struggle at Tel-el-Kebir there was, as you remember, a midnight assault. The British had no sufficient plans of the ground, and yet the Highland Brigade had to be led by the light of the stars round a dangerous circle, in order to be at their post. Lord Wolseley selected a young naval officer. He knew he was somewhat of an astronomer, that he had studied the stars, and that he had taken the bearings of the enemy, and he said to young Rawson, "I leave you to guide the Highland Brigade by the light of the stars, to the very post where they will be wanted at such an hour." The brave young fellow put himself at the front of these hardy men, and there in silence led them round the enemy till he got them to the position where Lord Wolseley wanted them to be; and then the enemy's fire opened, and men fell all around, and Commodore Rawson was the first to fall. When the cry of victory went up, Lord Wolseley in the midst of all the responsibility and excitement of his position, was told that Rawson lay dying. He left his men, left his honours, left the place, and galloped across the field to the spot where the dying man was laid, that he might have one word with him before he passed away. Entering into the little tent that they had drawn over him, the dying man knew him, and a smile came over his pale face as he held up his trembling hand to the general, and looking him in the face said, "General, didn't I lead them straight?" By-and-bye, Sunday-school teachers, you will meet the great Captain of our salvation, and I pray that when that day comes you may look Him in the face as you think of your class and say, "Captain, didn't I lead my class straight?"

"ONLY HIS OWN ENEMY."

By Mrs. Harriet A. Noel-Thatcher.

IT was a balmy autumn morning, such weather as we sometimes have after a chilly summer. The many-tinted foliage made the quiet village of Silverton look more picturesque than it did at any other season of the year. There was an air of bustle and holiday-making about the place that morning. Little knots of women were talking and joking, others wishing "her" a long and happy life, for "she" deserved all the good things that might be in store for her. The grand old elms in Squire B——'s grounds seemed almost to participate in the general stir of the village. The rooks were in full conclave, and more than one elderly denizen of the rookery cawed out eloquently his sentiments, while the chirping, singing birds seemed to rejoice in what appeared almost like a bit of summer sent to compensate in a measure the unkindliness of the season just passed. With a will rang out the merry peal. The village of Silverton was renowned for its soft sweet bells, and skilled ringers. The national school-mistress was a lady of leisure, for the children had a holiday. Preparations for the grand event to come off that morning had been progressing for some weeks at Lunley Hall, for the accomplished, amiable, pet daughter of the wealthy owner of the mansion was to pass that day into Mrs. Henry Cleveland.

Henry Cleveland was in fortune and social position the equal of his affianced wife. The son of a wealthy landed proprietor in the neighbourhood, he had asked Louisa to become his wife, and she, young and inexperienced, and not troubling her head with thoughts of matrimony, had, as the proper thing, referred her suitor to her papa, whose consent was immediately given. Life had hitherto been to the girl a pleasant dream, and such as she had always known it Louisa fancied her pathway would continue to be. Why should it not? Fourteen thousand pounds became Henry's on the day of the wedding.

The future residence of the young people was in the vicinity of London, for Henry was engaged upon the Stock Exchange. His father had been before him, and had realised a handsome fortune there, and Mr. Cleveland, senior, believed occupation to be good for young men; and Henry concurred in the parental dictum.

The young wife was neither exacting nor difficult to please, but she could not fail to discover shortly after marriage that her fond and attentive lover was transformed to an indifferent husband. Indifference speedily passed into dogmatism, and soon the doctrine was propounded that a man is absolute sovereign in his own house.

Henry's father had died suddenly during the few first months of Louisa's wedded life. Any change that might have been made in the son's prospects by this event was not communicated to the wife. The birth of a son was a circumstance that affected the father slightly. He professed not to care for babies; yet inly he was not sorry that the child should divert his wife from noticing too narrowly his frequent absence from home in the evening. When little Henry was a year and a half old, Albert, a second son, was added to the family.

And now there were ugly rumours afloat in the circle respecting Henry's extravagance. Louisa's fourteen thousand had been dissipated—*how*, her husband alone could tell. About the period when she found that her dowry had melted away, her father died, four thousand pounds more accruing to the husband by this circumstance. A second little daughter was added to the family.

Mr. Cleveland had left home for a day or two. A letter arrived from Ireland whither the husband had gone. His wife so soon as she should be able to travel, was to join him in Dublin. A widowed mother, and a loved family circle, had to be parted with; but what of that? Henry was her husband, and wifely obedience had been duly inculcated. The wife, on arriving, was in ignorance as to the locality in which her future home was situated, but a long-railway journey, supplemented by a lengthened drive, brought the weary travellers to a dismal out-of-the-way region. The future abode of the Clevelands was a large, low building, dilapidated and damp. Shortly after the arrival of the family at their new residence, Mr. Cleveland found an absence

of some weeks from home necessary or convenient. Upon his rejoining his wife, Mrs. Cleveland painfully realised the marked alteration in her husband. Cold and haughty he had been since the honeymoon had passed; but there was now a strangeness in his manner and appearance which Louisa had hitherto failed to observe; by turns he was abstracted and irritable. He had, as we know, neglected his wife when she was young and beautiful. He now accused her in no measured terms of having contracted an attachment for someone in England, for only on this theory could he account for—so he averred—her "discontent" at her new home.

In the midst of this infatuation Henry declared his intention to go to London upon "business matters." Louisa did not ask what the business might be. She was reluctant to be left in a large, lonely house, with only domestics and children. Soon the errand upon which Mr. Cleveland had visited the metropolis was perforce divulged. Louisa's reversionary interest in some property to which she was heiress, was to be disposed of to keep together the Irish estate, or as Mrs. Cleveland expressed it, sunk in an Irish bog. Remonstrances were in vain, for the husband insisted that it should be done, or the wife and "her children" would be summarily ejected from their home. Matters grew worse and worse every week, and Henry became by turns more violent or despairing.

And now the husband is prostrated with an illness not understood by his wife. The medical attendant informed Mrs. Cleveland that the patient was suffering from a terrible attack of delirium tremens. Louisa, whose family had ever made it their boast that they were extremely temperate, had yet heard—and who has not?—of that frightful scourge of indulgence in alcoholics. This, then, was the solution of so much that Mrs. Cleveland had found it so hard to unravel, and in the loneliness of her dull sleeping-room Louisa that night sadly wailed—"*a drunkard's wife!*"

The husband recovered—not to reform, but to plunge more persistently into the vortex of strong drink. Hitherto the wife had never once seen him drink what could be called immoderately; but since his illness Henry no longer concealed from her his fatal habit.

Drink, as we know, acts differently upon different temperaments. Some men are maudlin in their cups, some heroic, some imaginative, others, again, are prone to talk of religion, or of their brilliant expectations. Henry was simply ferocious. It was no unusual thing for him to flourish a razor in his wife's face. Those upon his estate were likewise subjected to his bursts of ill-temper and violence, which the hot spirit of the Celts failed not to resent, and if Henry went for many months without a broken skin, it was attributable to the popularity of his wife with the chivalrous Irish.

There came a day, however, when Mr. Cleveland narrowly escaped being murdered. Under cover of night a shot was fired into the vehicle in which he was riding with his wife. Henry, in common with men of his type, was a coward. Precipitately, therefore, he left Ireland, insisting that his wife should accompany him, and the unhappy mother was compelled to leave her children in the distasteful home she was quitting. The Metropolis reached, Mrs. Cleveland's family insisted upon a separation. The husband was rendered furious by this step. While secure of her, he never valued Louisa, but now there was a prospect of losing her, he woke up to the discomfort that would accrue to him from such a procedure.

Unapprised of his wife's place of concealment, Henry paid a visit to each of her relations under whose protection he thought she might possibly be, and on each occasion manifested so much violence as to justify his wife's course. For many years Mrs. Cleveland had been deprived by her husband of money: it was one of the things he professed to believe quite superfluous for a woman to be in possession of. With strong maternal instinct, Louisa desired to have her children with her. She was, however, a prisoner in the house of a married sister in the neighbourhood of Highbury. The infuriate husband caused the premises to be constantly watched. The sorrowing wife succeeded, however, in making her escape, attired in her sister's clothes The husband by some means ascertained that the bird had flown, and, judging her destination, pursued his victim.

Mrs. Cleveland did not venture to take the direct route to Ireland, but travelled circuitously, resting here and there with friends on her journey. The alcoholic maniac seemed instinctively to get upon his wife's trail. Place after place was visited by him, to learn that

Louisa had been there, but had just left. Energised by the thought that her husband dare not appear in Ireland, the suffering wife became more composed as the distance lessened between herself and her children. Upon arriving at her residence of the past seven years, her home was found to be in the possession of bailiffs. All was sacrificed, even to the heirlooms of her family and her personal jewellery. High-spirited, and disliking to allow her friends to know the extent of her straightened circumstances, she had not sought from them pecuniary aid.

Here, then, was a woman, nurtured in the lap of luxury, and an heiress but a few years since, fleeing from her husband, finding herself homeless and poverty-stricken, in a comparatively strange land, without even the means of conveying herself and her worse than fatherless children to England, and this with all the mortification and mental suffering consequent upon such a position,—brought about by the indulgence of a man, of whom it had been said when he began to tread the downward road, "He's only his own enemy."

A confidential servant supplied from the hoarded wages of years, money to transfer the family to London. The wife did not return to her husband. The children were distributed among their relations, and Henry Cleveland was informed that so soon as a home should be provided for his wife, she would return to his roof. This information, although it greatly angered the man, wrought no reformation. Poor Louisa did not experience a great accession of happiness or even comfort from the step she had taken. Her conduct was freely canvassed and condemned by some members of her family, and after a separation of four or five years, during which period the husband and wife had regularly corresponded, it was agreed on all hands that Henry appeared somewhat changed, and the wife was very decidedly informed by some of her relatives that it was her duty to be re-united to him.

Poor Louisa soon found that any alteration in Henry was in the wrong direction. Indifference and hauteur she had been inured to for years. To this was now added a rudeness repellant to a refined woman, and ferocity alarming to a timid one. The old threat of suicide or homicide, or both, was so often levelled at her, that Mrs. Cleveland felt that at any moment some terrible catastrophe might occur. The absence now of a domestic left her, with her youngest child, constantly in the power of a man who was fast losing all self-control. Friends were becoming weary of this state of things, and one by one ceased to manifest the interest they had formerly taken in her. Matters at length became so serious that in self-defence a medical man was called in. The doctor assured the wife that her husband was not only seriously ill, but his mind was so unhinged from excessive drinking that he must either be sent to some place of confinement, or have an attendant at home. The latter course was decided upon.

The end was drawing near. Poverty, sickness, and aberration of intellect, were the guerdon that the talented, high-spirited, wealthy Henry Cleveland reaped. Raving, and uttering blasphemies, he passed away, leaving a wife and seven children dependent upon relatives, whose sympathies were, as we have said, well-nigh exhausted by the series of untoward events which had marked the course of the Clevelands for so many years. Who would have the temerity to assert that Henry was—"Only his own enemy"?

A Scriptural Cog-wheel.

CLOSE beside the great cog-wheel that turned the calender rolls sat old Frazer. Short, slight, bowed with years, twisted out of all shape, swaying over the crank that he turned, he seemed part and parcel of the grotesque shadow that ever brooded in his corner.

Rumour said that the old man had once been "one of the boys," that he had loved liquor and had taken his share in his day. He was known to be thoroughly temperate now, and that was about all that was known of him. The young bloods poked fun at the old man in many ways—invited him out to drink, inquired the price of gin, and did many other eminently wise and witty

things of a like nature. He bore it all patiently until one day a young Hercules called "Swivel" said that he would "make the old duffer take a sup," and forthwith he took a pocket-flask of brandy from his coat, and stealing softly behind Frazer, held it close under his nose.

Nobody knew exactly how it happened, but in a flash the bottle had crashed through a window at the further end of the room, the young man lay sprawling on the floor, and Frazer, white and trembling, was turning away at the crank as usual.

The joker did not care to carry his fun any further, so he withdrew; but the affair caused considerable talk among his set.

"I tell you fellers," said Red Reddington, "Frazer's got the hankerin' yet, an' don't you forget it, else he wouldn't have got so white and trembling like. I bet he daren't look a glass of rum square in the face."

"Do you really think so?" said a tall, fair-haired young man with a strange eagerness in his question.

"Yes, sir, I do! He ain't no fool, an' he knew that if he didn't get that stuff out of the way quicker than lightnin' he'd be gone. But I bet he has to fight sometimes!"

"How do you suppose he does it?" inquired the young man.

"Oh! I don't know; will-power, I suppose. A man can do what he will, you know."

The other made no answer, but walked slowly away.

Noon-time came. The young man sat down to his cold dinner and ate slowly. He had hardly finished when a boy slipped quietly in through the "grinding-room" with a workman's pail in one hand. Without a word he poured some liquor out of it into the young man's tin cup and departed.

He was the son of a man who kept a low groggery near by, and he supplied the men with spirits each noon.

"Can will power do it?" thought he as he sat and toyed with the cup. "After I drink this I think I will try it," he said to himself.

"Try it now, try it now," said an inward voice; but the thirst was on him. It seemed to him that if it could be gratified only that once he would never feel the temptation again, but would find it easy to say, I won't, and stick to it. So he drank it. The afternoon wore slowly away. He seemed the same to his fellow-workmen, but not to himself. His self-respect had received a severe blow. With firm-set lips he resolved not to touch a drop the next noon. With this resolve in his mind, he toyed with the liquor longer than usual, smelt of it, and with a great effort put it down, took it up again, simply to rinse his mouth with it, and gulped it all down.

Day after day he struggled, loth to own that he was a slave to his appetite, and yet growing more and more under its sway.

In the extremity to which he became reduced, he remembered Frazer and his temptation, and resolved to ask him about his struggles.

"Frazer," said he, "did you ever drink a glass of liquor?"

The old man turned and gave him a long, searching look.

"Why do you seek to pry into my affairs, young man?" said he.

"Because," replied the other tremulously, "the boys say that you once loved it but had broken away. I love it, and I hate it, but I can't get away from it. I've done my very best, but I can't live without it. Must I fill a drunkard's grave?"

The voice had a despairing ring in it that was genuine. The old man's eyes were full of tears.

"Have you asked help anywhere else?" said he.

"No."

"Have you not a praying mother?"

"Yes, yes; but I sinned away my hope years ago. There is nothing for me there," returned the other.

"You are wrong, foolishly, wilfully wrong," said Frazer with energy. "What does *whosoever* mean? Doesn't it mean you and me? What does *every one* mean? Doesn't it take in a drunkard? I'm an old man, and I've been a bad man and a hard drinker. I tried every way but the right, and found myself beaten. At last I tried this one true way, and I now can conquer. Take an old man's advice, boy, and get the only help that is to be found. You know where to find it. You have heard the story many times. This may be your last chance."

"Yes, I suppose you are right, but it is the day by day that I fear. How can you fight all the time?"

"Stoop down here and look," said Frazer.

The young man did so, and saw on the inner edge of the great wheel passage after passage of

Scripture moving slowly round, seen only by the old man.

"That is my Bible," said Frazer. "When I feel tempted I begin and read the verses as fast as they come around, and within a very little time the temptation is all gone. The fact is, my boy, if any man wants to keep straight and quell his appetites and sinful longings, he must keep the Bible before him in some way. I have my way, and it keeps me, and it can keep you or anybody else. Only for your life don't grow cold and neglectful of the Word of God. Honour it, love it, and read it as the voice of God, the counsel of your Father, the armour that only can keep you safe."

Selling his Boots for Gin.

THERE are two classes of drinking men; those who *could* stop, but won't, and those who *would* stop but can't. There are those who drink to make them "feel good," and then there are others who can say with the drunkard, "I drink to *drown hell!*" If those who stand at the beginning of the road would look to the end of it, they would start back with a shudder. But alas! wine is a deceiver, and "madness is in their hearts," and they trifle with the serpent until his fangs have poisoned the streams of life, and they are helpless in his horrible coils.

The following incident shows how all this ends —but how few will heed the warning!

One wintry afternoon, a man, trembling and unstrung, entered a tavern in New Hampshire, carrying a small package of clothing. Going to the bar, he said:—

"Landlord, I am burning. Give me a good glass of gin."

The landlord pointed to a line of chalk-marks, and said:—

"John, you see the old score; not another drop until that is paid."

The poor wretch glared fiercely at the man behind the bar.

"Landlord, you don't mean that. You have got my farm, you have got my horses, you have got my tools. All I have left in the world is this little bundle of clothes. Please, landlord, give me for them just one glass of gin."

"I don't want your old clothes," calmly answered the man. "Pay the old score first."

The drunkard staggered back. A gentleman then said:—

"What will you give me for enough to buy *two* glasses of gin? I see you have a good pair of boots on your feet. Will you give me your boots for the ten cents?"

The miserable wretch hesitated for a moment then said:—

"Stranger, if I give you the boots I must go out in the snow barefooted. If I give you the boots I must freeze to death; if I don't give them to you I shall *burn to death*. Stranger, it is harder to burn to death than to freeze to death. Give me the gin; you may have the boots."

He sat down, and began to draw them off. The gentleman did not, however, intend to take them, but he was testing the strength of the terrible appetite. Others were looking on, and they said the man should have his gin. They supplied him liberally, and he drank all he could, and took all the rest away. When night came, he drank the last drop, and he went to sleep in a barn. That night was his last. The wintry morning dawned on him, as it has on so many drunkards, cold and pulseless, sleeping the sleep of death, with his bottle by his side.

And still multitudes *crowd in* to fill the places made vacant by such deaths as his. They take the first glass, and the second; they drink amidst scenes of festivity and mirth; fair, jewelled hands put the wine-cup to their willing lips, or urge it upon those who hesitate to take it. And then fiends laugh and gibber in the darkness, as they see good men hang false lights along the dangerous coast; and demons wait for the wreck and ruin that is sure to come at last.

"Stay, mortal, stay, nor heedless thus,
Thy sure destruction seal;
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink must feel."

Very Well Answered.

It is said that the late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was very far from being a total abstainer from intoxicating beverages. On one occasion a Mr. Perkins, who was decided in his total abstinence principles, dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink it with him.

"Can't do it, bishop. 'Wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"Can't do it, bishop. 'Strong drink is raging.'"

By this time, the bishop, becoming somewhat excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins, "You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you."

"No, bishop, I can't do that. 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips.'"

The bishops of apostolic times were not to be "given to much wine," and Timothy was so strict an abstainer that he would not even take "a little wine" when he was ill, until he had a *special command* from the Apostle Paul requiring him to do it. If Christians now-a-days were as careful as Timothy, in this respect, there would be fewer young men led astray by their evil examples.

A Christian worker in a Massachusetts city pointed out to the writer one day a man driving a team around the street, who, he said had formerly been won back from the intoxicating cup. His appetite was strong, and he had battled with it with varying success. One time a convocation of Christian believers was held in a distant town, and this man was persuaded to attend the gathering, that he might be encouraged and obtain spiritual help to pursue his course. While there, among the Christian people, he met with one who had crossed the ocean to attend the convocation, who walked with him down into the village, where they *drank some beer together*. They came back; the smouldering appetite was rekindled, and the poor man went down. "And," said our friend, as he pointed him out, "he is a poor discouraged, wretched man to-day." Who would like to bear the responsibility of one whose example may have been the means of turning him into such a dark and dangerous path? Let Christians put themselves on record as *on the safe side* of this question, believing with the Apostle, that, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to *drink wine*, nor *anything* whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."—*Safeguard.*

Keep Sunny.

By Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton.

This world, with all its beauty, its sunshine, and its showers,
Was made for highest duty, and not for idle hours.

Each leaflet has its mission, each blade of grass its place:
Each life, spite of position, bears fruitage for the race.

Only one spring is sent us, to sow the golden grain;
Only one summer lent us, to reap in joy or pain.

The autumn dawns not slowly; white hair too soon has come:
We lay us with the lowly, and all life's work is done.

What matter if life's measure be long or short on earth,
So we fulfil His pleasure, for which the soul had birth?

So we keep sunny ever, though clouds may dim our way,
Making the darkest weather, a bright, perpetual day.

A smile has heaven within it, if hearts be warm and true,
A sweet voice is akin to it, and both are but His due.

Who spoke us into being, blest immortality!
Where hoping turns to seeing, and faith to things that be.

No life but has its sorrow; tell it to God alone;
Looking for golden morrow, keep ever near the Throne.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

J. W.
KEY G.

F. BUCKLEY.
Harmonised by J. A. BIRCH.

s, :d |m :-.m | f :l |s :m | s, :d |m :-.m | m :r.d |r :
m, :s, |d :-.d | d :d |t, :d | m, :s, |d :-.d | d :l, |t, :
Gently speak, in ac - cents ten - der, Of those friends ye love of yore,
d :m |s :-.s | l :f |r :d | d :m |s :-.s | l :fe |s :
d, :d, |d, :-.d, | f, :r, |s, :d | d, :d, |d :-.d | l, :l, |s, :

s, :d |m :-.m | f :l |s :m | d :r |m :f.m | r :s |d :—
m, :s, |d :-.d | d :d |t, :d | d :d |d :t,.d | t, :t, |d :--
Tho' perchance they may not ren - der All the joy they gave be - fore;
d :m |s :-.s | l :f |r :d | f :l |s :s | f :f |m :—
d :d |d :-.d | f, :r, |s, :d, | l, :f, |m, :r,.d, | s, :s, |d :—

D.t. f.G.

r s :d' |t :s | f :l |s :m | m :m |r.l :— | s :l.t |d's :fe.f
t,m :m |f :f | r :f |m :d | d :d |d.d :— | t, :r.f |m t, :
There are few whose lives are blameless, Who have nothing to re - gret;
r s :s |s :t | t :t |d' :s | l :l |l.f :— | r :s |s r :
s,d :d |s, :s, | s, :s, |d :d | l, :l, |f,.f, :— | s, :s, |d s, :

s, :d |m :-.m | f :l |s :m | d :l, |s, :d | r :s |m :—
m, :s, |d :-.d | d :d |t, :d | s, :f, |f, :m, | s, :t, |d :—
Then let o - ther's faults be nameless, Or for - give them and for - get.
d :m |s :-.s | l :f |r :d | d :d |t, :d | f :r |d :—
d, :d, |d, :-.d, | f, :r, |s, :d, | m, :f, |s, :l, | s, :s, |d :—

s, :d |m :-.m | f :t.l |s :m | d :l, |s, :d | r :s |d :
m, :s, |d :-.d | d :d |d :d | s, :f, |f, :m, | s, :t, |d :
Then let o - ther's faults be nameless, Or for - give them and for - get.
d :m |s :-.s | l :f |m :s | d :d |t, :d | f :r |m :
d :d |d :-.d | f, :f, |d :d | m, :f, |s, :l, | t, :s, |d :

2 'Tis no trifle that we cherish,
When we find and prove a friend,
One whose fealty will not perish,
Growing stronger to the end;
But should dark clouds overshade thee,
And old friends grow cold— oh, yet
Think how happy once they made thee,
Then forgive, but ne'er forget.
Think how happy, &c.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

VARIETIES.

FARMERS AND TEMPERANCE.—An effort is now being made to influence the great body of farmers throughout England and Wales in favour of temperance, by the circulation of Mr. John Abbey's pamphlet, entitled, "Intemperance: its bearing upon Agriculture."

DRINKING AND TOOTHACHE.—Amongst the causes of dental degeneration mentioned by a family doctor in *Cassell's Family Magazine* is "the abuse of what is called 'beer,' and of the thousand and one vile mixtures sold under the names of wines and spirits."

AN INNOCENT PICK-ME-UP.—Americans are credited in England with the discovery of a new panacea. It has the advantage of simplicity, for it consists of half a glass of very hot water, taken morning and evening, or whenever a "pick-me-up" is required. It is said to cure gout, rheumatism, indigestion, dyspepsia, and many other of the complaints to which flesh is heir. It appears that it has been tried with good effect by a considerable number of persons in England, and notably by those whose brains are heavily taxed.—*Boston Medical Journal.*

DRINKING AND MISSIONS.—Four of the missionary institutions which were celebrating their anniversaries last month in Exeter Hall raised among them an income of £650,000. Lord Cairns, speaking for the £220,000 which is the share of the Church Missionary Society, confessed that it was a large sum; but what, he asked, is that from a nation which can spend every year a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty millions of pounds in the purchase of those intoxicating drinks which no one would consider a necessary of life, and which most of us here are disposed to look upon as the pernicious bane of our country?

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS ON DRINK AND CRIME.—At the Chester Spring Assizes, on the 13th April, Mr. Justice Hawkins, in charging the grand jury, said that, although numerically the calendar was light, there were in it charges recorded against several persons of most serious offences. After referring to other cases, his lordship touched upon the attempted murder of a child by its mother by throwing it on the fire, then pouring scalding water upon it. The mother was under the influence of drink, and it was almost always the case, according to his experience, that drink was at the root of crime. Nine out of every ten crimes of violence that had come before him were in one way or another attributable to drink.

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

DRAWN FROM THE DEPTHS.

By MAGGIE FEARN,
Author of "THE PLEDGED ELEVEN," &c.

"HAVE you heard anything of Edgar Harvey lately?"

"Edgar Harvey!" Mr. Bruce turned and eyed his companion in perplexity—"Edgar Harvey! Why surely, Raynor, you must have heard the tale about Harvey?"

"What tale?" Hugh Raynor asked, surprised in his turn. "I only know that he and I were school and college chums, and that

since my return from the East, and indeed during the six years I was away from England, I had no news of or from Harvey; and I wondered a good deal about it, too, for I wrote to him more than once."

"When did you write?" queried George Bruce; "shortly after your departure?"

"I should say about six months after," the other answered. "During my first year of absence I remember sending to him three or four times, but receiving no reply I concluded he must have left the old spot and gone away. I could gain no reliable information."

"It was just at that time that the crisis came," Mr. Bruce went on. "I remember it all well enough; it caused a great stir among our set. Edgar Harvey's gone—has been gone these four or five years—and what is more, Raynor, he'll never come back!"

"How—what do you mean, Bruce?"

"It was in this way," the other gentleman continued in a low, confidential tone; "you have it that he was always a wild fellow at college, up to more pranks than any other single-handed student."

"More was the pity," his companion interrupted gravely.

"Well, it grew upon him, Raynor, this wildness, and he went too far beyond limits, and offended the old man, his father—he was always a stern one, Harvey senior. And Edgar offended his lady mother, too, but she would have forgiven him, if the father would have done the same, but he wouldn't—and so it was no good. He dared not go home—he has never been home since the night there was the row over it all—and for five years none of us have seen him. Edgar Harvey's gone, I say, and he'll never come back."

"And don't you, don't any of his friends, know of his whereabouts? It is a singular affair, and I cannot understand it, Bruce," Hugh Raynor said, earnestly.

"Ay, we hear whispers now and again," George Bruce returned grimly, answering the question; "he's down in the very worst part of London. He married a work girl, or something of the sort; and none would know him now from the lowest of the low."

"Brought to that! and by what?"

Mr. Bruce shrugged his shoulders. "He was too wild."

"Say rather it was the wine, the love of the wine, that brought him there, George," Hugh Raynor put in.

"As you will," the other returned carelessly, or seemingly so.

"But I cannot understand it even now. Did he go so far at home that they would not have him there any longer? Was he addicted to such excesses there?" Raynor queried in sore perplexity.

"Well, it wasn't only that; at least, I suppose you will say it was the result of it all. He got deeply into debt, Raynor, and he did an unpardonable thing to try and get himself clear of it," George Bruce answered, and he lowered his voice. "He used his father's name on paper without permission."

"George! Edgar Harvey can never surely be a forger."

"Hush! don't use that word, it's an ugly one," Bruce said uneasily. "Put it as I put it, Raynor; let us think of the poor fellow as leniently as we can. I was almost unmanned by the affair at the time; it was all but too much for me; you and he and I used to be such chums, Hugh."

Hugh Raynor turned suddenly and laid an arm on his companion's shoulder. "It was all through the wine? You'll allow it, George? A fearful temptation came to him because he had first yielded to the dangerous sin. It might come to any of us who have not joined the ranks of its sworn enemies: you believe this, George?"

Bruce flushed in an embarrassed way.

"Oh, as to that I can't say," he replied a little shortly.

"You will some day," Hugh Raynor said; and he turned and was walking away with bent head when Bruce went a step after him.

"Whither away, Raynor?"

The other swerved round. "Do you know where he is now? Have you had news of him lately?"

"Whom? Edgar Harvey?"

"Edgar Harvey."

"Raynor, why do you ask me in this manner?"

"Because I am going to find him," Hugh Raynor returned firmly.

"You? Never, old fellow!" George Bruce cried in astonishment.

"I am going to find my friend," the other gentleman said in the same quiet, firm tone. George Bruce lifted his eyebrows.

"You will find him somewhere in the lowest part of the East-end—I don't know any more. Only let me beg of you not to go. Raynor, *I* couldn't."

"For the reason I am going you could and would, George, if you would allow your better nature to dictate as it wishes to," Raynor answered earnestly.

Then without another word the two parted.

"The lowest part of the East-end," that was what George Bruce had said when asked for Edgar Harvey's address; and day after day Hugh Raynor haunted that portion of London with but one purpose and one unwavering hope in his heart that helped him to bear each succeeding disappointment. Day after day he searched, and searched in vain. Sometimes he would fancy that he had found a clue that might lead him to the wanderer, but one and all ended in the one result of failure. It was as the story of Evangeline and her lover: now hearing a faint whisper that he was in the valley beyond; now all but seeing the blue, curling smoke of his camp-fire and knowing not that it was his, but always arriving at his recent resting place too late—and but just too late.

"You will not find him, Raynor; what need to bother yourself so?" George Bruce said to his friend one evening, after Hugh had returned from a day of weary search. "He is not worth all this fatigue upon your part: your health, your time, is too precious to waste like this."

But Hugh Raynor, with his grave pale face, firm and resolute, answered, "I shall find him yet. Bruce, why seek to dissuade me? It is borne in upon my mind that I have a duty to perform with regard to Edgar Harvey; an irresistible impulse impels me to search for him as I am searching. And were I to neglect that warning voice I should feel as if his blood were upon my head. How could I stand before the Judgment Throne at the last great day with this neglected duty looking me reproachfully in the face? I could not, I could not," he said earnestly.

"What a strange fellow you are, Raynor. Where did you get all your peculiar notions?"

"From a true realization of the duty we each owe to our fellows," Raynor answered quietly.

His friend turned away with a little contempt upon his handsome, rather careless, features; but he made no other remark and so the subject was dropped.

* * * *

"Buy a flower, sir? only a penny! Buy a flower, sir?"

Such a pleading voice spoke the words, and there was a little tremour in it as if the owner were either hungry or very weary, it was such a pitiful voice. Hugh Raynor, as he was walking rapidly along one of the city streets, paused with something of a start and looked down upon his little questioner.

"You want me to buy a flower? Well, I don't know, my little fellow," he answered; but instinctively his hand went in the direction of his pocket, and the small, ragged, sharp-faced boy drew a step closer, and selecting one of the best blooms his basket contained, offered it to the gentleman.

"Look'ee here, sir," he said eagerly, "ain't this a beauty? It's the best I've got, but you shall have it 'cause I sort of know you like."

Mr. Raynor took the flower and looked at the boy curiously. "Know me?" he repeated, "how can you know me?"

The young flower vendor laughed in a peculiar low way. "I've see'd you many and many a time prowling about our alley. I say, mister, I wouldn't go too often, I really wouldn't, 'cause our chaps won't like it if you do. You don't mean no harm, I know,

by the very look o' you, but t'others can't all see as quick as I can, and can't go for naming a real gentleman when they see one."

The words were spoken earnestly and honestly.

"Which is your alley?" Hugh Raynor asked quietly, paying no heed to his strange companion's warning.

"Watson's Alley. It ain't such a bad place when you knows the fellows and they knows you; but it ain't always play there," the boy replied in a cool, shrewd way.

"I know it," Hugh Raynor answered in the same even grave voice in which he had before spoken. "And now tell me what your name is."

"Oh, it's Dan."

"Dan—what?"

"Dan nothing."

"Poor little waif," the gentleman said to himself in a low tone. "Dan, I shall come and see you," he added aloud. "Have you got a father or a mother?"

"Lor' no, sir; mother she died a good while ago, and father he went off on the tramp a little after, and I've never see'd him since—nor don't want to!"

"Hush," Hugh Raynor said, gravely, "don't speak so about your father, Dan."

"He wasn't never sober," the boy returned a little sullenly. "But dont'ee come, mister; the chaps down our alley they don't like strange gents prowling round; though Polly would be real glad to set eyes on you again."

"Is Polly your sister? and does she know me, too?" the gentleman queried with a smile.

Dan looked up into the pleasant, pitiful face with something of a smile upon his own wan, hungry little features.

"Polly ain't nothing to me, only I gives a look after her when her father don't bring her home nothing. You see she's such a little thing, is Polly," he added as if in apology.

"A poor little lone thing, and you look after her? Well, you'll never be sorry for doing it, Dan," he said. "But I'll certainly come and give you a call one of these days; I don't think your friends will mind me, at any rate we'll try. When are you most likely to be at home?"

"I'm out most all day time," Dan replied with a quaint little air of business that brought a lurking smile to his companion's face. "You see I've my flowers and matches to sell, and folks want a deal of running after to make 'em look twice upon a fellow."

"Where are you going now, Dan?" asked Mr. Raynor with a sudden thought. It was already late in the afternoon. Dan eyed his basket in which a few blooms still lingered.

"I'm going home as soon as I've sold these 'ere," he answered dubiously.

"How much are they worth?" questioned the gentleman with his hand in his pocket.

"Sixpence ha'penny 'll cover," Dan returned with a little eagerness in his manner. He was tired, poor little fellow, and he was hungry; what wonder that his pale thin face glowed a little, and his sharp brown eyes widened hopefully, as Mr. Raynor paused a moment and looked round, then taking his hand from his pocket and placing the money in Dan's outstretched one said—,

"Give the flowers to that poor little lad yonder, Dan, and you and I will go home together."

He beckoned to a ragged, dirty little fellow, as small, or even smaller, than Dan himself, and watched as the proposed transfer was made. Then, with his young guide joyfully carrying his empty basket on his arm, Hugh Raynor walked quickly on, content that he had made two sorrowful little hearts glad: Dan in having disposed of his flowers without the weary work of trudging street after street to endeavour to sell them to chance purchasers, the other in becoming the possessor of wares that he had honestly obtained without buying them with any of his too scanty pennies.

The two walked on rapidly for some time, plunging from one dirty narrow street into another, perchance dirtier and narrower than the last, until they arrived at the entrance to the wretched alley that Dan and little Polly called *home*. It was well for Hugh Raynor that he had, during the previous

weeks, acquainted himself pretty thoroughly with the courts and low alleys of East London, or surely he would have shuddered and hesitated ere he ventured to dare the dirt and manifold horrors of the wretched place. But he had been down "Watson's Alley" before, as Dan had implied, so quietly enough the two passed along, unmolested by the loungers round the grimy doorways of the blackened houses, or the larger and noisier number that were congregated at the open doors of the flaunting gin-palaces that hedged in the Alley, one at either end—the Alpha and Omega of its existence.

About midway Dan paused. "I'll go first," he said in a low tone, "'cause *he* might be in, and then it would be worse for Polly if you were to go. 'Taint often he comes home early, but sometimes it happens so when he's been having a spell."

Mr. Raynor gave no answer. He supposed Dan referred to Polly's father when speaking of the mysterious "he"; and his lips twitched a little and grew white at the implication in the boy's words, "It 'll be worse for Polly if you were to go then."

Dan ascended the black, broken stairs with surprising agility; Mr. Raynor following more slowly heard the boy open a battered old door, and speak cautiously to someone within the wretched room, then turn again to meet the visitor.

"Come along, mister," Dan said in an eager way, "Polly's all alone, she is, and Polly 'ud like to see you, for a truth."

Little Polly crept up to Dan's side as the gentleman entered, and slipped her tiny hand into her ragged protector's. She evidently was not quite sure what might be Mr. Raynor's motive in coming to her home, and preferred trusting to Dan's championship—faithful Dan, whom she had often proved before. A child of four or five years was little Polly, and there was the same pinched, sharpened expression upon her small features as had struck Hugh Raynor so pitifully about Dan; but there was also something more about the white childish face that made him start a little. It was not that there was any special likeness to anyone whom he knew or had known that affected Raynor so powerfully, it was rather a something that haunted him, and seemed visible in the whole *contour* of the wee face that struck him as so familiar: and yet it was a strange familiarity, if that anomaly may be allowed. Hugh Raynor sat down upon an old broken chair that stood a little way in the room, and held out one hand yearningly—gently.

"Polly," he said, "come and tell me where you have seen me before. You are not afraid of me, Polly? See, Dan isn't at all afraid; and he is not going away from us either."

Thus coaxed and assured little Polly ventured to lay her tiny fingers in the offered hand. Such wee, skeleton fingers they were, that Hugh Raynor felt a pang shoot through his heart—and very soon she was sitting upon her new friend's knee, gravely eating a bun which he had produced from his pocket. Dan was eating one, too, and so engrossed were all three, that they did not notice the sound of a heavy, unsteady step mount the broken stairway, and pause at the attic door. It was only when the door was flung open and the form of a man appeared in the doorway, that Polly gave a little cry, and Dan sprang up, saying—

"Here, Polly, you come with me; and mister,"—to Hugh Raynor—"you'd best be off, you had indeed."

Hugh Raynor turned with the little child still in his arms, and saw, under the rags and dirt, under the rough whiskers and wild bloated appearance of the man before him, the once familiar features of Edgar Harvey.

PART II.—From the Depths.

Edgar Harvey! Hugh Raynor sat quite still for a few moments without the power to move, without the will to do so. He had been led by some unaccountable impulse to follow Dan to his home at once, but for what reason he did not dream; for little, indeed, did he think that by an act of sympathetic pity to a poor ragged street waif he would bring himself face to face with the object of a search that had known many a

weary despairing hour since the day of its commencement—so true it is that "trifles make the sum of life." However, Hugh Raynor moved at length, and rising from his chair stepped forward to the side of his former friend.

"Harvey," he said, "don't you remember me? I have been far away in foreign lands during these years, or I should have found you before, Edgar."

The man flung himself angrily away.

"What should such as I have to do with a gent like you? Put the child down—she is mine—and go!" and he pointed to the door.

Raynor felt the child shiver in his arms. He hesitated a moment. Did Harvey recognise him or not? It was a difficult question to answer, for the man was maddened by the effects of the strong drink that had proved his curse, dragging him down from the height of high civilization and culture, to the enjoyment of which he had been born, and which by his early acquirements and talents he was well calculated to grace, down to depths of degradation none could contemplate without experiencing a terrible dread—a very acme of horror.

Hugh Raynor turned deliberately and walked straight up to Dan, and put Polly into the boy's arms.

"Take her away," he said in a low tone. "Dan, don't let any harm come to the wee thing."

Polly's young protector was quite equal to fulfilling the trust vested in him. With a nod of his wise little head he sped quickly out of the room and away—Raynor knew not whither.

But left alone with him Edgar Harvey would have nought to say to his sometime friend. He gesticulated and talked wildly for a while, mingling his words shudderingly with oaths and curses and even snatches of songs, all of which attracted no attention whatever in Watson's Alley; indeed, it was the ordinary style of conversation there. So, by-and-bye, as he seemed to become more and more excited because of Hugh Raynor's presence in the dismal attic, the visitor went slowly and reluctantly down the blackened, dirt-grafted stairs again, and walked sorrowfully on until Watson's Alley and all its near associations were far behind him.

How was he to reach Harvey to be of any service to him? All through the remaining hours of that evening, and the night watches, as he tossed restlessly on his couch, did Hugh Raynor puzzle over the problem. He had found a drunkard bearing the name of one who, in past days and past associations, had been wonderfully near to his own life; but how, under the hardened mask that the habits of years of terrible sin had fastened about the erring one, was he to touch the real man? He was there, yes, the same Edgar Harvey, who had been so frank and winsome in the old days; but how and in what manner could those chords be touched again, whose vibration would thrill and waken from the trance-like sleep of sin the dumbed soul that was chained in a bondage worse than death? Hugh Raynor pondered the matter well over, but when the morning light broke upon busy London yet once more, the problem was for him still unsolved. But, by-and-bye, it was made plain for him by a wiser and more powerful One than he.

Hugh Raynor's figure passing up and down Watson's Alley became a daily familiarity to the dwellers therein after that. He went on his quiet way unmolested by the coarse, sullen-browed men that lounged at the wide entrances of the gin-palaces: he did not interfere with them, and so, by the law of common consent, they left him free to come and go as he pleased. But during that time Raynor saw nothing more of Edgar Harvey. Cautiously and successfully the man avoided his former companion—the links that bound him to the pure, true, manly life he had wilfully left behind him years before, when selling himself body, ay, body and soul, to the sinful passion that held him in a fettered bondage, that Harvey seemed powerless to strive to break.

But Dan and Polly were always on the watch for their new and wonderful friend; and time after time with covert eagerness

would little Polly perch herself by the high dirty window of her miserable attic home and search the way Hugh Raynor might come; and seldom if ever was the faithful watcher disappointed. The tall grave gentleman and the ragged brown-eyed little maid were extremely good friends; and many an evening Dan, returning from his day's outing, would find the two in quiet contented conversation: Polly happy in that her friend was beside her; Hugh Raynor always waiting and hoping and listening for that heavy, uneven footstep on the stairs that he had heard only the one night—the first he had ever spent in Watson's Alley.

It was a cold autumn evening, the rain had been falling heavily all day, and as the dusk deepened, the weather cooled considerably, and a sharp stinging kind of sleet, that was half hail and half snow, was driven along by the wind. Hugh Raynor, striding rapidly on his way towards little Polly's home, drew up his coat collar and bent his head to avoid the sharpness of the blast. How comfortless every place looked! It was dreary enough, viewed from the happier platform of plenty, but down in the depths of cold poverty it was truly a most wretched night: ay, a wretched night in Watson's Alley. However, Raynor hurried along, and turning from the narrow street that communicated with the alley he observed, first, that the group at the doorway of the nearest gin-palace was a quieter group than usual. There was a subdued expression upon the grimy faces, and talk of the ordinary nature did not appear brisk. Some amount of conversation was being carried on among the motley little crowd, but it was discussed in low, suppressed tones, differing vastly from the noisy shouting and drunken clamour that usually resounded from the place. The group separated a little as Mr. Raynor drew near, and one or two of the men made a pretence at civil recognition, which the gentleman, though surprised to observe, returned in the same spirit of evident goodwill.

"Better tell him afore he goes on," said one woman warningly to her neighbour; but the other shrank back and did not seem inclined to follow the advice given.

Hugh Raynor half paused and sent a searching glance in amongst the crowd.

"Am I wanted anywhere?" he asked. "Can I do anything for any one of you?"

There was a momentary hush, and he caught the words, "Little Polly—at last—I always said it would be so."

"What is the matter? Anything wrong with little Polly?" he said, with a strange feeling of sorrow at his heart.

"Where's Dan? Dan 'll tell the gentleman," one of the women said in a relieved tone. "Where's Dan, I say?"

But Hugh Raynor tarried to hear no more, he went on quickly to the door of Polly's home, and commenced climbing the dirty familiar stairway that led to the attic in the roof, wondering the while what could have occurred to waken a feeling of sympathetic pity in the hard, sin-seared hearts of the miserable inhabitants of Watson's Alley.

The door of the attic was on the jar, and through it Mr. Raynor heard indistinct sounds—groans and sobs. He pushed his way gently into the room and stood still upon the threshhold. There were three occupants of the bare, comfortless little place, but they none of them saw the new comer. Edgar Harvey was sitting by the table with his arms resting upon the top of it and his head buried in them; Dan was on his knees by a low, straw mattress in one corner of the room, and on it, lying white and still—was little Polly. Hugh Raynor went forward noiselessly and laid one hand upon Dan's shoulder.

"What's the matter, Dan?" he questioned gently. The boy looked up startled and troubled.

"Oh, mister! it's little Polly—little Polly's dying."

Dan bowed his head by the side of the hard, low mattress again, and the child upon it stirred a trifle. Mr. Raynor looking down saw her blue eyes open. A faint smile crept to her white drawn lips as she recognized her friend.

"What is it, little Polly?" Hugh Raynor said tenderly and pityingly, "what is the matter?"

"I got hurt. Father didn't mean it, you know; indeed he didn't," the child answered in a weak little voice.

The figure by the table stirred ever so little, it was like a shudder shaking the shoulder and frame. Raynor, glancing across, noticed it.

Dan lifted his head and spoke in a low hurried tone. "You see it was this way, mister. He"—with a nod towards the motionless figure by the table—"come'd home somewhere about the middle of the day, and was half gone; he'd had enough to make him want more, and so he told little Polly to go over to the gin shop and bring him some brandy. He hadn't got no money, he never does have none," the boy went on with contempt breaking into his tones for a moment, "and they wouldn't let Polly bring none without paying for it, and when he see'd her come in with the empty bottle he knocked her clean down, that's what he did, sir; and little Polly 'll never walk again."

A sob broke Dan's voice. Polly stretched out one small hand and patted his rough, dark hair.

"I'm going to the happy land that the gentleman talks about; never mind about little Polly, Dan."

"Ay, dear little Polly," Hugh Raynor said in a hushed voice, as he bent over the child, "happy little Polly." He turned. "Dan," he questioned, suddenly, "have you had a doctor in to see her?"

"Yes, mister, but it ain't no good—poor dear little Polly," the boy answered, the tears running down his pale pinched cheeks.

The gentleman got up and walked across to the dirty battered table, and laid a hand upon the folded arms of the man who was crouching there—Polly's father.

"Edgar," he said, "is it all true—all this story?"

"Ay, it's all true, every word," Harvey answered in a hollow voice.

"All that Dan told me?"

"All that, and a thousand times more," and he raised his head, and lifted his tearless, aching, blood-shot eyes to Hugh Raynor's face. Such an expression of unutterable woe there was on the once handsome, frank features, bitter self-reproach, intense agony of grief, and the helplessness of despair.

"Do you know what has wrought it all—all this evil, the evil of my life? It is *drink!* I remember the time, Hugh Raynor, when in elegant drawing-rooms, the resort of beauty and fashion, I have raised the tempting glass to my lips, and none said to me 'There is poison in the cup.' Gifted men drank with me, beautiful women smiled, and now look at me, look at my home—is it a mansion? Look at my child—I have killed her with my own hand; and yet not I, it was strong drink." He half rose up in his excitement. "And I, myself," he said, "I am lost!"

Hugh Raynor held him down firmly but quietly. "No," he answered in his compassionate way, "there are those left who love you still. There is a future to be lived—"

"Only one of woe and misery for me. Let me go, Raynor."

"Away from little Polly? Away from the little child who loves you, Edgar?"

The man sank back in his chair with a grown. "No, I can't leave little Polly," he said in a hoarse voice. "Hugh Raynor," he went on, "why have you persisted in finding me out and clinging to me? I am not fit for the notice of such as you. Why don't you go back to your home of plenty, and forget that such a man as Edgar Harvey ever lived, or ever knew you?"

The other stood still with a hand on his companion's heaving shoulders. "Harvey, do you remember we both read at our mother's knees, when we were innocent children, of the tender compassionate Shepherd, who, leaving the ninety-and-nine of His flock safely in the fold, went forth to seek the one that was lost? Ay, and did not return home until He had found the poor weary, wandering thing, and then *He took it back with Him.*"

The sin-shamed head went down, down upon the shaking hands.

"He took it back with Him," repeated Hugh Raynor in a low, intense tone.

"Father!"

Harvey started; it was little Polly's feeble voice that called his name. He rose from his seat and half staggered across the room. It was from physical exhaustion, and the agony of excessive grief, that his step was unsteady, he was sober enough of aught else.

"Daddy, don't fret about little Polly," the childish voice said wearily. "You and Dan'll be sorry, I know, but I shall be very happy, and I was often hungry and cold here."

Harvey winced painfully. "Polly," he said, "it doesn't seem possible I could have been such a bad father to you."

"Why, you haven't," Polly answered in surprise; "ever so many little girls have had worse fathers than you have been, daddy It was only when you'd had a drop too much that you hurt me, and then, of course, you didn't know."

Hugh Raynor drew his hand across his eyes. How pitiful it was to hear that little child talk so familiarly of cold and hunger and sorrow, even of death as a kind messenger to be welcomed: it was pitiful, only he knew that Polly would be better off in the realms of light.

"Polly, darling," her father stooped over her and took one of her tiny hands in his, "Polly, suppose I were to tell you that I never mean to drink any more brandy or whisky or anything of that sort, would you be glad, Polly?"

The child's dim eyes brightened with a pleased surprised smile. "Why, that's what Dan's promised me," she cried; "Dan isn't ever going to drink any brandy or beer. Oh, daddy, promise me, too!"

"Poor baby," murmured Edgar Harvey. "Polly, it's better that you are going away from us; I'm not fit to have you, sweet little Polly."

"But promise me, daddy," she persisted, moving her head restlessly.

"Ay, I can promise it now, Polly dear. Raynor," he said, "your faithful friendship has proved to me there is yet forgiveness and pity in man's heart for the erring."

"And far greater and deeper in the heart of the Father in heaven," Hugh Raynor answered solemnly.

There was the sound of a quick light step on the stair, as if the new comer, whoever he might be, was well acquainted with the broken stairway, and there came a brisk little tap at the door and a young man entered. He went straight up to the side of the child who lay, white and gasping, upon the hard couch. Dan looked up eagerly into his face as he gazed keenly down upon little Polly. The boy would have questioned him had he dared; as it was he only waited. It was the doctor, Raynor knew quite well; and though the manner was somewhat sharp and off-handed, underneath the exterior the heart was not hard. He asked a few questions, then shook his head and turned to leave the room. Harvey looked after him with a hungry expression in his sunken eyes, but did not attempt to follow or detain him. Raynor, on the contrary, went out on the landing and spoke.

"Is there no hope at all? Can you really do nothing for the poor little thing?"

The young doctor paused. "No, nothing at all," he replied. "I tell you truly nothing can save her." Then he looked curiously at his questioner, implying by his look that he wondered what such an one as Hugh Raynor could want in such a place as Watson's Alley.

"Poor little Polly," Raynor said. "Do you know what has killed the child?"

"What?"—the young man looked a trifle puzzled. "Oh, I see what you mean," he added, "yes, it was the drink. Ay, if you were to come with me for one day you would only then just believe the immense amount of suffering this same drink causes. It is rightly named the 'curse of the nation.' But I cannot treat every case sentimentally, you know: for I could not go on with my work if I did. I alleviate when I can, where I am powerless to do any good I leave the matter as it stands."

"But surely with all these terrible details constantly before you, you cannot go on playing with the danger yourself?" Raynor asked earnestly.

"Myself? No, sir, you think me hard and unfeeling, no doubt, but even I could not do that," the young doctor returned, and then he hurried away.

Hugh Raynor went back to the room he had just quitted with a grave face. "Half awakened," he said to himself, "but half awakened. Yet, in a few years' time, he will be a noble man if I mistake not."

The hours rolled on; the dawn was beginning to stir the clouds in the east; and Harvey, Hugh Raynor, and Dan were still watchers in that lone attic. But little Polly? Why, dear little Polly was in heaven!

* * * *

A well-furnished room in a well-furnished house in a large provincial town; two gentlemen were standing by the fire, and a lad of some fifteen or sixteen years sat by the table in the centre of the room, with heavy books open before him. He sat with bent head and earnest studious face, and his sharp brown eyes, that were bright with plenty of the fire of steady purpose, were fixed upon the open volumes before him, but yet he was not reading just then.

"Raynor," one of the gentlemen said to his companion, "how often I think of that night when you came to me in that wretched attic in Watson's Alley, and with a brotherly hand, frank and helpful, extended for my assistance, showed me the pity of your heart, the night my little Polly died. I believe I should have gone away then and there, Raynor, down to still lower depths but for you. Thank God for the words you spoke to me! thank God for the warm pity of your heart! Thank God for your more than brotherly kindness! How could I have been such a madman as to wear the fetters of the drink-fiend all those years?"

"Ay, and thank God also that the terror is past," Hugh Raynor returned in a low, moved tone.

"Dan," Edgar Harvey said suddenly, and the boy by the table looked up quickly, "Dan, what are you thinking about so earnestly."

"Oh, Mr. Harvey," he answered, eagerly, and yet with a little hesitancy about his manner, "do you remember asking me the other day what I wished to be? what I wished to do?"

"Ay, I remember, Dan," the gentleman replied kindly, "and have you decided?"

"I thought just at first I'd like to be a clever man, and do something great; but now I am sure I'd would rather give my life to warning people against the drink than do anything else in the world!"

"You mean that you want to be a lecturer, is that it, Dan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then your wish shall be fulfilled," Harvey returned with determination. "You are well fitted for the sphere, I believe, Dan; and who so well able as you to warn others of the danger of drink, for you, like myself, have been 'Drawn from the Depths.' It shall be so, Dan, and may God prosper you in your chosen path of duty."

Mr. Raynor crossed over to the table and extended his hand heartily to Dan, and the boy placed his in it eagerly enough.

"Dan," Hugh Raynor said, "this is as it should be. I have hoped for this, and it would seem I am to have my hope realized."

"Thank you, Mr. Raynor," the boy answered. And then he went on with his reading.

THE LITTLE BOOK-KEEPER.

"OH, dear! every one has a better time than I do!" was the petulant exclamation of little Katie Williams, as she watched from the window the passers by in the streets below. "There go Jessie Brown and Jennie Hull to spend the evening with Grace Lee," said Kate, as she saw two handsomely dressed girls about to enter a gate opposite. "They don't have to stay at home to take care of a cross baby."

This last remark was called forth by the screams of poor little Willie, who had rolled over on the floor and could not get up without help. Kate picked him up with a jerk, tossed him some of his playthings, and then turned her attention to the window again.

"Yes, and there are Fannie and Dora out in the street," she muttered; "their mamma lets them out if it is cold. Oh dear! and there's Carrie Stone going to ride, all dressed up: and Mamie Bowen skating on the pond. Oh, dear! oh, dear! every one but me—every one but me! There, you cross little thing! here are your blocks and toys; why don't you stop crying and play with them?"

"Kate! Kate!" said a gentle, quiet voice; and Mrs. Williams entered the room looking reproachfully at her little daughter. "I do not wish to hear any more complaints. Call Sarah to get Willie to sleep, and then take a pencil and paper and sit by me."

Kate hung her head guiltily as she heard the grave tones of her mother.

"Do you know, my daughter, how papa earns the money to give us this pleasant home, our food, and clothes, and all the comforts we enjoy?"

"Yes, Mamma, he is book-keeper for Mr. Thompson."

"As you seem to be discontented this afternoon, suppose you try to be a little book-keeper?"

"That will be nice," said Kate, brightening, "if you will show me how."

"Well, your Papa has to set down on one side of a great book what his employers owe, and on the other what they receive: the difference between these two is what he calls the balance. Now I have heard all your complaints this afternoon."

Here Kate blushed.

"You can set things you have to complain about down on your paper and call it the trouble side; on the opposite page you can put your blessings—all the good and pleasant things; then we will strike a balance and see which side has it. Now begin,"

Kate got pencil and paper and wrote as her mother dictated:

TROUBLES.

Taking care of the baby.
Could not go to ride.
Could not play ball.
Could not give my doll a ride.

BLESSINGS.

A dear little brother.
Strong feet, which lame Carrie Stone has not.
A kind father, which Fannie and Dora have not.
A pleasant home.
A mother that loves me.
Nice things to eat.
Good clothes to wear.
A nice Sabbath school.
A good teacher.

"Oh, Mamma, there isn't room for any more blessings; we shall have to balance it now," cried Kate, her eyes sparkling with a new sense of richness.

"Well, in whose favour is the balance, dear?"

"Why, the blessings, of course, and we didn't put them all down, either. The next afternoon I have to stay at home I will think of my blessings and not my troubles."

"That is right, my Kitty," said her mother, kissing her. "Now you are my blessing. Whenever you feel that your troubles are too hard to bear do a little book-keeping, and you will find the balance to be on the blessing side. If that does not answer, then ask God to please help you to be patient and contented. Now run and tell Sarah to make your favourite cakes for tea."

"Thank you, Mamma; that is another blessing." And Kate ran off as gay as a lark.

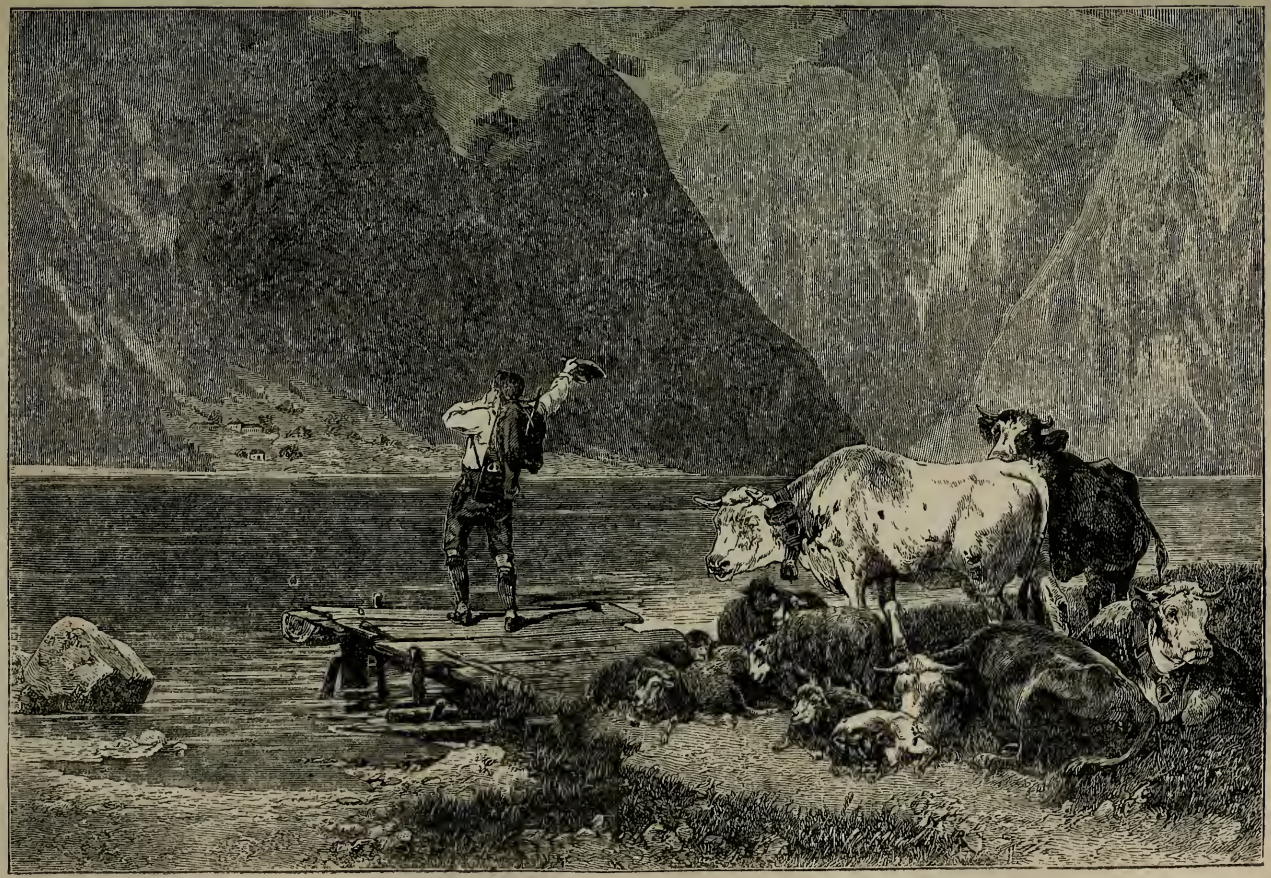
A Highland Lake.

BLUE was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirk-yard wall among the trees,
Where, grey with age, the dial stands—
That dial so well known to me!
The fairy-isles fled far away,
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day.
Tarbet, thy shore I climbed at last,
And, thy shady region passed,
Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood;
Great Ocean's self! ('tis He who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills;)
Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks. his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.

* * * * *

Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour; and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light!
Glad sign, and sure; for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be
That leads to Friendship and to thee.
Oh, blest retreat, and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer,
Tolled duly on the desert air,
And crosses decked thy summits blue.
Oft, like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her—the Lady of the Glen!

ROGERS.



A HIGHLAND LAKE.

How John Brown dissolved Partnership.

JOHN Brown was a blacksmith, both healthy and gay,
Who worked at his anvil the whole livelong day;
While his cheery voice rang o'er the roar and the ring
Of his bellows and anvil, while thus he would sing,

"I'm as happy and free as the birds in the air,
I've nought to distress me, and good homely fare,
I've a good loving wife, such a comfort to me;
And so I am happy and gay as you see."

And so John went happily on day by day,
But my story is long and I must not delay,
So I'll tell what befell him, you never would think
He took in a partner whose name was *Strong Drink*.

Now at first they worked well, but as time passed away
Things grew bad (so John thought), and the work didn't pay,
So he went to Strong Drink, and said "What shall I do?"
"Stick to me," said his partner, "and I'll stick to you."

And so he did stick: and from bad went to worse,
While his friends would oft warn him and say that his curse
Was Strong Drink, but he heeded them not, and would say,
"Just mind your own business, I'll have my own way."

* * * * * * *

Now years have rolled by: John has had his own way,
And so has Strong Drink. and who will gainsay
That his partner has stuck to him faithful and true:
Oh! Reader, pray shun him lest he clings to you.

His forge is neglected; no longer the blaze
And the sparks from the anvil delighting the gaze
Of his wife and his children, now wanting for bread,
And waiting for father, with feelings of dread.

But where is the father? He's coming, I see,
Can that be John Brown, whom they once hailed with glee?
Can that be the man who was happy and gay,
And sang at his anvil the whole livelong day?

Yes, Reader, tis he, and believe me, I pray,
John Brown is but one of a thousand to-day,
Whom you'd turn from with loathing, from whom you would shrink,
Once God's noblest work, now the slave of *Strong Drink*.

* * * * * *

Once more the scene changes, pray look once again,
See the sparks flying high, hear once more the refrain
Of his song, as he cheerfully hammers away;
John Brown is once more in a prosperous way.

But how all this change came about you would know,
How the furnace once more gives its bright, cheerful glow,
I should like to inform you, I honestly own,
But the rest of my story I leave to John Brown.

JOHN BROWN'S STORY.

I was lost and was destitute, ruined by drink,
And I'm thankful to God when I look back and think
How He snatched me from ruin, and gave me my sight,
How He led me from darkness, and showed me the light.

'Twas a Saturday night, I was heartsick and sore,
As I stood cold and wet at the Gin Palace door;
And the thought of my wife who was lonely and sad,
And my poor starving children, well nigh drove me mad.

Drink! drink! give me drink, I groaned in despair,
Strong Drink had deserted me, what did he care?
My money was gone, and until I had more
He mocked me and laughed through the half open door.

I dared not go home, so I strode down the street
With my head hanging down, lest the gaze I should meet
Of some who knew how I once held a good name,
For I still had a sense of my misery and shame.

I knew not, nor cared, where my mis'ry would end,
When a tap on the shoulder, a voice said, "My friend,
Come with me to our meeting, 'tis cold in the rain,
I'm sure you will never have cause to complain."

I went, and I listened, the message I heard,
I saw my position through God's Holy Word.
Salvation for drunkards! Oh friends, it is true,
I've felt it myself, and I tell it to you.

I drank in the words of those, once just like me,
Who cursed by the drink knew not whither to flee,
And my heart leaped with joy, when they told me that I
Might be rescued like them if I would but just try

To sever my partnership, asking God's aid,
And they told me of One who said, "Be not afraid,
I am with you in trouble, whatever befall,
If on Me in the day of temptation you call."

Two years have gone by since that thrice happy day,
When a brand from the burning God snatched me away,
When the Temperance pledge that I tremblingly signed,
Brought happiness back and gave peace to my mind.

My wife smiles with pleasure when visitors say,
"John, what is that paper, do tell me I pray;"
My answer—a strange one but true, don't you think—
"The cancelled agreement I made with Strong Drink."

G. A. B

STRONG DRINK A ROBBER OF THE CHURCHES.

By ARTHUR PEASE, ESQ., M.P.

SPEAKING at one of the recent meetings of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Mission in Exeter Hall, Mr. Arthur Pease, M.P., said:—"The subject which has been put down for our consideration this evening is the connection between Strong Drink and the Church—it is described as 'the robber of the Churches.' When I observed what the special subject was, my first thought was of those with whom I myself had been familiar, who had held the position of pastors or ministers in connection with Churches of various communions, who had fallen under the influence of strong drink; but I thought it would not be profitable to our meeting this evening that anecdotes of this character should be told. We grieve over such cases. We regret that the conduct of any Christian man should bring reproach. At the same time, while we look upon them with grief, we are not inclined to talk, or we should not be inclined to talk, much upon them, but to learn from them those lessons which these events are calculated to teach

us, and perhaps the most prominent amongst them is: '*Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*' I have seen those who have been blessed of God as instruments in His hand for the conversion of souls, who, through not abstaining from intoxicating liquor, have come under thraldom to it, and have become degraded in the sight of the community, and have lost their positions in the Church; and I have thought that when we dwell upon these cases, they are eminently calculated to warn every member of the Christian Church. But what I thought of speaking about to-night was this—that strong drink interferes with the *liberty* and the *power* of the Church. *It robs it of its liberty; it robs it of its power.* Some may wonder how it robs it of its liberty; but those who are connected with the innermost workings of a great number of congregations know that this drink traffic has its influence upon the ministry and the Church. A gentleman told me a while ago, that at some great Church gathering in Scotland it was said that there were 2,000 people assembled, and while they were in the place they drank 2,000 bottles of whiskey, and somebody said to the minister, 'Why didn't you speak strongly against it?' 'But,' he said, 'my presbyters and the leading members of my church are in the trade.' Well, we see how he was bound. He was unable to speak that which he himself felt. He was unable to speak plainly. There was not the liberty in the pulpit that he ought to have to declaim against a vice which was ruining the bodies and souls of those who were under his spiritual oversight. And again we may turn to many other cases—the country clergyman, for instance. He knows that the one place in his village where the young men are degraded is the public-house. He knows that all the evil associations of the place are gathered there; and those whose example is bad are to be found there, and he would warn his people plainly against frequenting the public-house; but how is he situated? It may be that that very public-house belongs to the patron of the living, the squire of the parish. It may be that the leading man in his congregation who is supplying him largely with the funds for his philanthropic and religious efforts, is himself the brewer who supplies that house, and therefore he feels himself in a very difficult position lest any remark he may make may seem to be personally directed, and lest whilst speaking against the influence of drink, and advising young men not to go to those places, he will be thought to be speaking *at* the gentleman who is sitting in the pew just below the pulpit. And so we find it interferes with his liberty, and dependent often as the congregations are upon the contributions of some of their wealthier members, he feels that to give offence in that quarter would be largely to limit his powers of usefulness. But there is a more direct point that comes home to the members of the congregation on which I would like to say a few words. I have no doubt many of you who are gathered here are Sabbath-school teachers. You know in London, as in the country, if you desire that the boys who are under your care should be brought up in the way that you desire, as industrious, God-fearing young men, you would desire above all things that they should be kept away from the public-house; and if you desire that they should be kept away from the public-house, what influence have you that is most potent to keep them from it? If you say to them 'Keep away from the public-house,' while you yourselves are in your own private houses taking intoxicating liquors, what influence can you have over them? Don't we find it so in everyday life, that there are frequently individuals who come to those who are abstainers and they say to them, 'Such a young man is going the wrong way; I wish you would see him or speak a word to him?' And if we were to say to them, 'Why don't you do it yourselves?' the reason that undoubtedly would be given is, 'Because I can hardly invite him to be an abstainer when I am not an abstainer myself;' and so the Sunday-school teacher, when he is endeavouring in his class not merely to put before his scholars those truths of our religion which he desires to put before them, and in pointing out what the carrying out of those principles will lead to, how they will lead them in the path of self denial to abstain from everything that leads to evil—if he puts that before them, when he comes to illustrate it from his own knowledge of the temptations which must beset the class, he will find that he is encouraging them to do those things which he is himself not doing, that he is asking them to take a step that he has not himself taken, and therefore he is dumb upon these subjects. If that be so, do we not find that strong drink is a robber of the liberty and power of the Church? If it interferes with ministers of religion, and those who

exercise spiritual gifts, speaking all that is in their hearts to declare unto the people that which they believe for their good temporally and spiritually, if we find in the Sabbath School the same influence working, although it may be of a somewhat different kind, we say that strong drink is robbing the Church—robbing the Church of its liberty and of its power. But on the other hand, we feel—those of us who are abstaining from strong drink—that we are exercising a power greater than any words, to say to those with whom we come in contact, 'This, we believe, is the safe and right way;' and we know not how far the influence of the example may extend. The more their conduct is a conduct that is estimable, the more it will be esteemed, and the greater will their influence be. And, therefore, when we find that the better the man the greater is his Christian influence, it has often appeared to me the more terrible must be the result if by any action of his life and conversation he is not strengthening the hand of the weak, encouraging those who are under his influence to go in the right way. I have sometimes thought when I have known men of eminent piety exercising large and great influence in their congregations who have had but little sympathy for us in our operations,—I have thought 'They know not what they do.' They know that their high character, the esteem that is felt for them in their position as Christian ministers, and the influence that they exert is the one power that is leading that young man who almost idolises them to say, 'Surely I may copy his example and do as he does,' although that young man has a different temperament, or in his daily surroundings has greater temptations, than the minister of whom he is speaking, and he may fall while the other one maintains his steadfastness in sobriety. And so, Christian friends, I want to ask you this evening to say that *you will take no part in limiting the liberty and power of the Christian Church*, that you will each one individually place yourselves in that position in which you have the greatest capacity to strengthen the weak and help those who otherwise might fall, believing not only that you may thereby be made a blessing to others, as all who have tried total abstinence find—they have found that in their own heart's experience, as far as the joys and pleasures of this life are concerned, they are in no way separating themselves from any things that are lawful and that are expedient, and they are by their total abstinence placing themselves in the capacity to enjoy in a greater degree those higher joys which are the special privilege of the Christian. These are the thoughts I have wished to put before you. Strong drink has not only been a robber of the Churches, taking some of the brightest ornaments both among the ministers and the laymen, but it has largely crippled the usefulness of the Church and has most materially interfered with both its liberty and its power.

The Golden Crown and the Shining Shilling.

By the Rev. John Isabell.

"OMY! what a booty; such a purty Shining Shilling I never see before," said a small, curly-headed, blue-eyed child named Polly Chips, as she pounced upon a shilling, bright as when it came from the Mint, which she had espied in the gutter of the little back street in which she lived. "What a booty, now I'll buy lots of fings. Let me see, I'll buy a new frock for me, and new shoes for mammy—I see her toes through her old ones this morning—and a new watch for daddy—he says mammy's clock is always too fast at night time." So saying Polly ran home as fast as her little legs could carry her, and bursting into the room where her mother was preparing a meagre supper for the master of the house, who had not yet returned from his work, she exhibited her newly-found treasure. "Look, mammy! look, mammy! I have found a bootiful bright shilling, *so* white and shining. I am going to buy lots of fings, some for you, and some for me, and some for daddy."

"Better give it to me to keep for you, Polly," said her mother. But Polly refused to part with her prize, and at last her mother yielded saying, "All right, deary, then, don't lose

it, and we'll see about it in the morning;" and Polly, her mind set at rest, settled herself in her own little chair by the fire, tightly clasping the Shining Shilling, while she watched her mother's cooking operations.

Mrs. Chips was a faded looking woman about thirty years of age, who showed by her dress and general bearing that the circumstances of the family were, from some cause or other, by no means prosperous. That cause, we will whisper in confidence to our readers, was Joseph Chips himself, the head of the Chips' family. Chips was a decent sort of man in his way, a good carpenter and a good-natured fellow. We have most of us some weak point, and Joe Chips was no exception to the general rule. Joe's weakness was a hankering after, or, to speak more correctly, a thirsting for the society of a certain Mr. Butts, the fortunate possessor of the "Golden Crown." Many a night the supper so carefully prepared by Mrs. Chips became cold and spoiled, and the tea soaking in the brown teapot on the hob simmered and steamed until the leaves were almost dried to the bottom. Many a night little Polly lifted the muslin blind and looked again and again into the street to see if "daddy" was coming. The clock struck seven, eight, nine, but no daddy appeared. To-night, Polly, after sitting some time in her chair said, "Mammy, where is daddy to-night, don't he want no supper?"

Mrs. Chips answered wearily, "Mr. Butts is giving him all he wants at the 'Golden Crown,' my dear."

"Is the 'Golden Crown' Mr. Butts', mammy?"

"Yes, Polly," said the mother.

Polly pondered over the "Golden Crown" and Mr. Butts until, overcome with weariness, her blue eyes closed, her fair head sank on her breast, and she fell fast asleep. But the little brain was busy in her slumber weaving visions of fairy-land, and the hero of the romance was Mr. Butts, the happy owner of the "Golden Crown." She thought that she left the narrow street in which she lived, and after passing through several adjacent streets came at last to the grand gate-way of a noble palace. She walked through and up the palace steps. They were white as the falling snow, and the door at the top shone like gold. The hall was decorated with beautiful panels representing the Royal Arms, the lion and the unicorn fighting for the golden crown, as she thought. Just as she had finished admiring the hall, a tall man clothed in yellow from head to foot who was standing near a lofty doorway, shouted, "This way for the drawing-room, this way for the drawing-room." Polly who had heard her father, who was a bit of a politician and in the habit of reading the newspapers at the "Golden Crown," speak of the "Queen's Drawing-room," followed with great eagerness the gentleman in yellow. At the end of a long passage they came to the arched doorway of a large room. This room, her conductor informed her, was the "drawing-room" itself. It was furnished with gorgeous chairs and couches such as Polly had only seen before in the shop windows of the large street near her home. But it was not the chairs and couches so much as their contents which attracted Polly's attention, for there was her father, Mr. Joseph Chips, sitting in one of the grandest of the chairs at a table covered with more delicious fruit than the neighbouring fruiterer ever tempted his customers with; near him were Bill Turner, Joe Barter, Jim Cox, and others of his fellow workmen, while at the head of the table, in a chair of gold, sate the stately and renowned Mr. Butts, having on his head that object of Polly's wondering curiosity, the Golden Crown.

Just as she was thinking that it was no wonder her father preferred that beautiful place and the society of Mr. Butts to his own poor house and her mother and herself, she was startled by feeling a heavy hand upon her shoulder, and hearing a rough voice saying, "Now then, young un, what are you a staring at, and what are you a clutching so tight in your hand? a shilling, eh! Just the thing I want; tip it here; come, no nonsense and no howling, that there shilling I want, and that there shilling I'll have." Polly, wide awake now, saw that her father had returned from the "Golden Crown," and that his temper, ordinarily a good one, had somehow been sadly ruffled.

Polly's dream of the "Golden Crown," was only a dream after all—the reality was little like the picture conjured up by the imagination. The "Golden Crown" was no palace of marble and gold, but a somewhat vulgar looking public-house. Flaring gas jets illuminated a window adorned with bottles of "Old Tom" and "Jamaica Rum." The "drawing room" was a stuffy parlour set apart for men of the artisan class, by whom the

house was chiefly patronized, to smoke their pipes, drink their beer, and talk politics. Mr. Butts himself, was a corpulent gentleman with a very red nose, and a crown, bald and shining indeed, but certainly more red than golden.

Joe Chips had not been welcomed very heartily of late by Mr. Butts, for the reason that Joe had run up a longer score for beer consumed upon the premises than his weekly earnings gave any warrant for. Mr. Butts had grumbled, and Joe had promised to pay, but the grumblings and promises had borne no fruit. To night the crisis came. Joe's payday was still two days off and Joe's money was done.

"A pint of beer, landlord," called out Joe, rather pompously.

"A pint of beer," repeated the landlord, "where's the money?"

"I'm done up," said Joe, feeling his empty pockets, "but I'll pay you on Saturday."

"Pay your back scores before you run up new ones," was the answer.

"Do you think I want to cheat you?" retorted Joe, losing his temper, "I should be able to pay for this now, but I forgot to put any money into my pocket this morning—I mean I forgot to put in more than I have spent here to-night."

"Forgot, did you?" sneered Mr. Butts, "O yes, I daresay you did forget; I doubt if you have got any more, you don't look as if you were very flush of cash, I doubt if you have a shilling to bless yourself with. Come now, I will give you a pot of beer if you have."

Joe's comrades joined in a hearty laugh at this sarcastic sally of Mr. Butts. This Joe could not endure, and starting up he shouted, "Landlord, you just begin to draw that 'ere pot of beer in four minutes' time, for in five I'll be back to drink it."

So saying he started off, half drunk as he was, toward home to procure the shilling the landlord asked for. Opening the door, and blundering in, he said, "Mary, I want a shilling, be sharp and fork it out."

"Want a shilling, do you?" said Mrs. Chip. "O yes, no doubt you do; I want shillings too, I want them for clothes, I want them for bread. Shillings, indeed! I've got no shillings for you, ask Mr. Butts for some of the shillings you've carried to him."

Just then Polly awoke as we have described, and Joe finding that she had a shilling in her hand ordered her to give it up to him. Polly's tears and entreaties were unavailing. Joe's heart had been steeped in beer and had become hardened in the process. He soon wearied of asking for the shilling, and roughly jerked it out of her hand, throwing her by his violence out of her chair and on to the corner of the fender. Joe disregarded Polly's screams, and the mother's reproaches, and hurried off with the shilling to the "Golden Crown."

Great was his disgust on reaching that celebrated house of entertainment to find the lights out and the doors closed—his altercation with his wife had taken up the precious minutes and closing time had come.

"Bother it," said Joe, "all this trouble and clatter for nothing, and to be laughed at by Butts and the rest in the bargain. I've got a shilling—good; I can't get no beer—bad; I'll go home and go to bed." This laudable resolution was at once put into practice and Joe went home and crawled supperless and sulky to bed. Polly had preceded him with swollen eyes and a bandaged head, and soon fell into a troubled sleep to dream of Shining Shillings and Golden Crowns.

Joe awoke in the morning with a drunkard's headache, and the first sound that reached his ear was a low moan coming from Polly's little cot in the corner of the room.

"Hullo, little maid, what's the matter?" said Joe.

"Hush," his wife whispered, "don't disturb her, she's been hot and feverish nearly all night I'm afraid she's going to be very bad."

"But what's the matter with her?" asked Joe.

"Oh, Joe, how can you ask?" said the mother, "you know you knocked her on the fender last night and cut her head when you took away her shilling."

"My eye," said Joe, as some recollection of last night's proceedings flashed across his mind, "what have I come to? I have almost knocked out the brains of my little dear. Why, I love the very ground the little gal walks upon, and now I have nearly killed her. But perhaps it's not so very bad after all, Mary; don't you think she'll soon be all right again?"

"I hope so," answered Mary, "but she is very bad."

Before evening the doctor had to be sent for. Polly was very ill, so ill that her life was pronounced to be in danger. Joe watched through the night by her bedside and listened with almost a broken heart to her ravings in her delirium.

"Oh! daddy dear, don't take away my Shining Shilling, please don't, daddy." This she repeated again and again, always ending with a loud scream, just as she had done when Joe snatched away her shilling and threw her down.

The father prayed that night as he had not prayed for years. He hid his face in the coverlet and repeated, with clenched hands, "Lord, have mercy upon me, and save my little maid. Don't let me be a murderer of my own flesh and blood. O Lord, save my little maid."

Morning found Joe still watching by Polly's bed, and all that day and the succeeding night he scarcely left her side. When the doctor came the third day, Joe looked haggard and ill. "Doctor, will she live?" asked he falteringly.

"I think there is some hope now," was the answer.

"Thank God," said Joe, covering his face with his hands, "thank God for that."

In a day or two Polly was sufficiently recovered to know and speak to her parents again. Joe could hardly contain himself for joy. "Kiss your daddy, Polly, kiss your daddy, my dear, it's the last time he'll push you on to the fender. Butts 'll have to do without my shillings in future. Afore I knowed Butts, there was no pushing down, no taking away shillings from babbies; afore I made myself a beer barrel, the old gal was the pink of good temper, and I had always a shilling of my own. I'm blest if I'll make myself a fool any longer to provide Butts with roast beef. Kiss your daddy, Polly, he'll sign the pledge this very day, and say good-bye to Butts and the 'Golden Crown,' and may God help me to keep my pledge." A close hug, and a warm kiss was little Polly's answer.

Joe kept his word, and gave up altogether the drink which had made his home miserable, and became in a year or two a prosperous man with a wife well-dressed, and good-tempered as of old,

The Shining Shilling was never spent. Joe made a little stand for it with a glass case, and placed it on the mantel-piece in his little parlour, and whenever any friend visited him for the first time, he was taken to see it and its story was related, Joe always ending with the words, "I wouldn't swop that there Shining Shilling, no, not for all the Golden Crowns in the Tower of London."

The Supper Ale, and its Results.

RICHARD BAKER was an honest, hard-working man. He laboured all day at his mill, and when the day's toils were over enjoyed the society of his wife and child. He was a man to be trusted; by degrees he had risen and at last became the owner of the mill referred to. He was looked up to and respected by all with whom he came in contact, but his wife's devotion to him knew no bounds. That happy individual was continually saying that her Richard was "the best husband that ever lived."

Within his little household the miller enjoyed his glass of ale at supper time. He had never been seen intoxicated, and in fact he was what is termed a strictly moderate drinker. The publican received very little of his money, and as for passing his time at "The Crown," as the village inn was called, why, our friend would have scouted the very idea. He knew that this practice was ruining many of the villagers, and he really wished to set them a good example. But what a vast amount of harm we can do unconsciously; the drinking of that one glass of ale in that happy home sowed seeds, the bitter fruits of which Richard Baker was obliged to gather.

As the little one began to talk he amused his parents by asking for some ale in his baby-like way. And as the miller heard the soft accents of the child saying, "Donnie 'o'd like some," he replied, "Bless his little heart, Johnny shall have some."

The nightly glass was now looked for by the boy as well as his parents, and it was easy to see that he enjoyed it. The little lad was sent to the village school, and proved to be a very intelligent boy. When he became older he was sent to a distant town to gain more knowledge, in a first-class school. It was hard for the mother to part with her boy, but the thought that he would

be better fitted for a good position in life, and that all his holidays would be spent at home, consoled her. Being the only child, his father resolved to give him special advantages, and as the miller's heart was bent upon seeing his son a prosperous man, he placed him in a good mercantile house in London. Being naturally quick of perception, and willing to learn he soon gave every satisfaction, and a way was opened up to him such as few if any of his fellow-clerks could boast of.

The thirst for drink which John Baker had acquired at his father's table never left him. Ale, which was the sole intoxicant used at home, was soon abandoned for stronger drinks, and before many months had passed away this young man was an habitual drinker of spirits. Those who knew him were sorry to see him in this condition, and one or two tried to keep him from the drink. But he went from bad to worse and was recognised (although scarcely out of his teens) as a drunkard. Finding remonstrance of no avail, the head partner of the firm wrote to the young man's parents and informed them of their son's habits. It was a terrible blow to the now aged couple, as they read of the misdoings of their "darling boy," and it was with many tears that the father wrote to his son, begging him for the sake of his mother to reform. This touching appeal went to the young man's heart, and for a while he led a different life. But the fire was not out; it had been damped truly, but still the smouldering embers waited but for a weak moment to again assert their power. In an hour of strong temptation John Baker yielded. He was deeply grieved on the morrow; the voice of conscience became intolerable, he had ever before his eyes the sight of his stricken parents, and to still the voice, to close the mental eye, he once more plunged into the dark torrent of a drunkard's excesses.

These things were having a powerful effect upon the inhabitants of the little house beside the mill. The step of the father was feebler than it should be. The face of the mother betrayed anxiety beyond the household cares. The light around the hearth was less bright for the husband and wife now, than it had been in former years, for the prodigal son had made that home desolate. But still, when others gave up hope for the young man, his parents did not yield to utter despair. Richard once more implored him to leave the city and his old ways, and return to make glad the hearts of his father and mother. He wrote :—"John, you are killing us. You are treading the downward path to destruction, and if you do not turn back now you may be lost. I have seen young men do as you are doing, but I little thought that my own son would turn out a drunkard. Oh! do return, for we love you dearly." In this strain the father penned a missive to the erring one, but the effects of it were comparatively slight upon the one to whom they were sent.

The son wrote back:—"My father and mother (if I may call you such), I know I am a miserable drunkard. I know that there is no hope for me. My life has become a burden to me, but I cannot forsake the drink. You do not know what I have to contend with, you do not know what it is to feel my burning thirst. 'Tis true that I have formed my drunken habits here, but I cannot help saying that I first learnt to drink within the walls of my happy home. I do not wish to reproach you, I know you did it with no wrong intentions, but it is a fact.

"Farewell, for I shall never see you again,

"Your wretched Son,

"JOHN BAKER."

Two days after this, the young man committed suicide. His life had been a hard lesson to his father, but from the time he read that short but cutting letter he never tasted the drink again. And when either of the old couple were asked why they refused to drink they would fetch that letter, and, pointing to the words,—"I first learnt to drink within the walls of my happy home," would say, "There is my pledge, if I may call it such, and I cannot break it."

That great trouble left its traces upon the faces of the two as long as life lasted, and when they were laid to rest more than one of the villagers felt that he or she had a lesson to learn from the consequences of the supper ale.

C. E. W.

Alcoholic Infanticide.

THE Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A., Chaplain of Her Majesty's Prison, Clerkenwell, has recently drawn public attention to alcoholic infanticide. Of all forms of crime, he said, murder was rightly considered the most terrible, and of all forms of murder, infanticide was the most common, and yet it was preventible. Amongst the upper classes infant mortality in the first year after birth was eight in one hundred, and amongst the "less comfortable" classes—it was thirty-two in one hundred. He had been trying out of his inquiries in the prison to get at the probable mortality of infants through intemperance, and he was shocked to say it was sixty-four in one hundred. These deaths were not the result of misadventure or natural causes, but simply those arising from infanticide of a very terrible kind. Here were a few cases:—A man of fifty had thirteen children—eleven were dead. He said, "I am one of the worst drunkards, and my wife is a drunkard also." A man of fifty-three had had eleven public-houses—his wife had died of alcohol. His usual quantity of drink was twenty glasses of beer a day. He had had nine children—eight were dead, and the living one was paralyzed. A man of thirty was in prison for assault. He had had seven children, only one of them being now alive. A woman of forty-one had a drunken husband. Of her eighteen children four were alive, and one was in an asylum. A woman of fifty-two had had nineteen children, and seven of them were alive. A woman of thirty-eight had had nine children, but all were dead. Both she and her husband drank heavily. A woman of forty-four had had twelve children, one of them being now alive. The husband died of paralysis of the brain. A woman of thirty-one had had nine children—"All dead, thank God," she said. One must echo that and say, when one remembers the forces of heredity, "Amen." A man of fifty-four, an old soldier, and an ex-prison official, was charged for murdering his wife. They had had nine children—all still-born. A woman of forty was in for neglecting her children through drink. She had had thirteen children, but only three were alive. In these and other cases he found that of 136 children born, 114 of them were dead—either still-born or dying the first year after birth. Surely this infanticide through drink was a subject on which we could appeal to the hearts of the parents.

The Baby's Shoes.

HERE comes Susan Todd, with something under her shawl.

There was a time when Susan came after dark, and even then would not venture within "my uncle's" doorway when any one was about. She has become more brazen now, and stalks in in the boldest way.

Poor Susan, was once a simple country girl, with cheeks ruddy, fat and full. A merry laughing girl, without a single anxious thought, she seemed. But soon after she married, and came to London, the roses vanished, the face fell in, and the laugh died away. Poor Susan!

"I've a pair of shoes here, mister, what'll you give me for 'em?"

Susan's voice was rough, and her manner a trifle overbearing, but there was a tear in her eye in spite of it, as she drew forth a pair of baby shoes.

Why did she so reluctantly part with them? Why did she press them to her lips before she relinquished her hold of them? Why did a spasm of agony cross her features as she dropped them into the man's hand?

Because they were her dead baby's shoes, her one dead baby, who years ago pined away and died. She had kept these little shoes back last of all, because they took the place of the dear little one.

How much it had cost her to sacrifice them no tongue could ever tell; how for hours she sat motionless with the little shoes in her hand, taking her last fill, picturing the little feet once more within them, and almost feeling their little restless movements on her hands as of old.

"Susan, how came all this about?"

"Drink. It's only the drink. It's all the drink. What could it be else? I'd have my baby here, but for the drink."

Be Kind to Ane Anither.

HELEN ACQUAROFF. Scotch Air, harmonised by JOHN CORNWALL.

Be kind to ane an - i - ther, lads! Be kind to ane an - i - ther! Re-

- mem-ber, as you wend thro' life, that ev - 'ry man's a brither! When cares o'ertake him,

din-na stan' And hum, an' ha, and swi-ther; But like a man, put forth your han', and

CHORUS.

help a fall-en bri-ther. Be kind to ane an - i-ther, lads! Be kind to ane an -

- i- ther! And like a man, put forth your han', To save a fall - en bri - ther.

2 An honest heart may whiles gae wrang,
The wisest head may blunder!
But when you tell them o' their faults
It need na be wi' thunder.
The lightning glance o' angry looks,
A gentle heart may wither;
But put him richt with wisdom's light—
Be kind to ane anither. Be kind, &c.

3 When travelling o'er life's rugged road,
A friend may sigh in sadness,
But try to help him wi' his load,
And cheer his heart wi' gladness.
And guard wi' care the souls we love,
In maiden, wife, or mither;
And like a man, put forth your han',
To save a fallen brither. Be kind, &c.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance League Depot.

VARIETIES.

"Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone,
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thine own."
Whittier.

DOUBLE WASTE.—Diogenes being presented at a feast with a large goblet of wine threw it on the ground. When blamed for wasting so much good liquor, he answered: "Had I drank it, there would have been double waste. I as well as the wine would have been lost."

PERFECT HEALTH.—Perfectly good health will, in my opinion, always be injured even by small doses of alcohol—injured in the sense of its perfection and loveliness. I call perfect health the loveliest thing in this world. Now alcohol, even in small doses, will take the bloom off, will injure the perfection of loveliness of health, both mental and moral.—*Dr. Andrew Clark.*

SOUND PHILOSOPHY.—A gentleman walking through one of the streets of Detroit, recently, came upon a man, who, owing to the unsteadiness of his nerves, had let fall his jug upon the pavement and was bemoaning the loss of its contents. A lad about eight years of age, standing near, exclaimed, "Never mind the whisky, it is better in God's earth, than in one of His creatures, any way."

THE CURSE OF A RUINED SOUL.—Far in the North of England a Christian minister fell through strong drink, and left his home and happy work in shame and disgrace. He fled to Liverpool, seeking to drown in its whirlpool life himself and his sin. Months passed on, and his family mourned him as dead. One member of his congregation, a lady who had been also his intimate personal friend, wept in secret over his sad fall. Hearing some tidings of his whereabouts she determined to seek him out and bring him back, and for that purpose she arose and went. Down dark and dingy streets, close to the harbour, she wandered, at last entering a dwelling and creeping up the dirty stairs. She shuddered as she did so. He here? Impossible! Yet in there he was. She opened the door to which she was directed, and entered the garret, and as her eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, she saw him crouching on the floor like a heap of rags. He was silent as she pleaded with him for the sake of wife, family, and friends, for his own, for his dear Lord's sake, to give up the drink and follow her home. But the words froze on her lips as that tall gaunt figure arose, and stretching out its spectral fingers towards her, cried, "Begone! Begone!! Begone!!! Who used to ask me to supper at her house after evening service, Sunday by Sunday, and mix for me with her own fair hands the tumbler of brandy-and-water? Ay, and who pressed it on me, when I refused, trying, God knows, to withstand the fever craving within? I tell you, woman, you were the very devil to me, and in his name I bid you begone!" 'Twere better to lie cold and pale in your coffin to-day, than to walk through life with the curse of a ruined soul clinging to your footsteps.—*Mrs. Evered Poole.*

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

HELEN MELFIELD'S VICTORY.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY, *Author of* "FERNSIDE FORTUNE," *etc., etc.*

EVERYBODY in Brexham was aware that Helen Melfield and Austin Sidworth were engaged to be married. Public opinion was also unanimous in calling it a happy match. Both of the lovers were young, good-looking, and pleasant-mannered; both belonged to the front rank of self-constituted "society" in the district. The Melfields had been bankers in Brexham and Courtbury (the county town)

from a period far beyond the reach of any living memory. The present James Melfield, Helen's father, was reputed to be worth half a million, and it was said would have possessed much more if sundry speculations in foreign mining shares in which he had foolishly embarked, had not proved disastrous. Austin Sidworth was the only son of a miserly old landowner who would be sure to leave him his wealth.

So Helen's prospects were considered by those about her to be unusually bright. What was her own opinion ?

She had given her heart to the heir of Hightree Villa at a very early date. They had been children together. A certain degree of intimacy had always existed between the two families, and the boy and girl had often met. Austin had been her ideal from the very first. Hence, when the notion seized him one midsummer, on his return from a college term, that Helen Melfield was the nicest, loveliest girl he knew, or was likely to know—well qualified to be so clever a young man's wife—he had only to propose and to be accepted.

Yet, now again, doubts flitted across the maiden's mind, and uneasy tremors shook her soul. His years at Oxford did not seem to have improved her lover. Austin had joined an exceedingly fast set there, and had rapidly developed tastes for wild dissipation. He drank considerably, and showed this at home sometimes in bleared eyes and in trembling hands. Once Helen ventured on a gentle remonstrance.

"The habit of over-indulgence in strong drink, Austin, dear," she said, "is one which grows on people. I do so wish you were like our vicar, an abstainer. I signed the pledge at his house last night, so I've set you an example."

The young fellow burst into a mocking laugh. "Has Relman set you to preach to me, Helen ? " he asked. "You are much too good for the business, tell him. He's plain and outspoken enough on Sundays, I am sure, without going farther. It's been all hammer and tongs since he took up the crotchet. And it's all nonsense; a fellow isn't obliged to take too much because he likes a little."

"It often comes to that, Austin, and taking too much is an awful *sin*."

"Ah, well, I'll be cautious, you need not worry, love," and he tried to kiss the cloud away from Helen's brow.

"At all events, Austin, prevention is better than cure. You are quite safe if you take none."

"A woman's way ! she must have the last word," the listener said lightly, with another caress. And then he turned the conversation very determinedly into another channel. He had had quite enough of that "hare-brained, whimsical temperance," as he mentally said.

Helen had gained absolutely nothing by her tiny stratagem and her earnest pleadings. But she believed the vicar's wisdom before Sidworth's arguments, and grew graver and sadder of heart than before. What a hazardous road was Austin travelling ? and yet how heedless he was of even her loving warnings ?

It was two mornings after. "Is Miss Melfield within ? " asked the vicar of St. Paul's, of the house servant.

"Yes, sir; I think so;" and in another minute the pastor and that esteemed member of his flock were warmly shaking hands.

"I have come on a mission as usual, Miss Melfield," Mr. Relman said. "I want to send you on an errand of mercy. Will you go ? "

"That depends, of course, Sir, on circumstances. If I can be of any use I shall be very willing. I believe you know that."

"I do. It is just because you are so ready to oblige, so earnest in good works, that I muster up courage to call and requisition you so frequently. You must think me a bore sometimes."

"No, Mr. Relman, not at all. What I am able to do is very, very little. But our duty is to accomplish the best we can—"

"And leave results with God," the clergyman added reverently, at this break in Helen's sentence. It was an apt translation of her own thought, busy with Austin Sidworth's future again.

"What is the work, Sir ? " she asked.

"I want a sick visitor. A poor woman—quite a stranger—is lying very ill at the almshouse lodge. She sent for me and I went at once. I talked and prayed with her, and promised, if possible, to call again. But I have an engagement, I find, to preach a special school sermon this afternoon at Courtbury, and have no time whatever to spare. It is probable she may not last till tomorrow, the doctor says, so if you could go in my place I should be very grateful. It is nothing infectious—sheer exhaustion, the attendants think."

"I—I shall be a poor substitute."

"The best I can venture to supply, or try to supply, Miss Melfield."

"It is such a grave task."

"A very solemn one. But it is not the first time you have ministered to the dying I know well."

This was perfectly true. Young as she was Helen Melfield's name in Brexham was well-nigh a synonym for charity itself. Into many a shadowed home she had entered as a veritable messenger of mercy. The poor, the sick, the aged, found in her a true friend, and—by virtue of her position—an able helper.

"Very well, then, Mr. Relman, I will go in an hour's time," she said.

It was a terrible night. An old-young woman, pinched and ragged, and prematurely wrinkled, lay on the low, trestle-bed in the bare lodge ante-room, and fought her grim, hopeless struggle with the last, the universal enemy. She looked surprised at seeing Helen instead of the clergyman, but raised no objection. The girl drew out her Bible, sat down by the wanderer's side, and began to read the loving sayings of her Lord and Master.

At intervals the woman thanked her, or made some other almost inaudible response. But it was not till three quarters of an hour had sped, and Helen rose to go, that the sufferer seemed thoroughly to awake from her lethargy. Then, of a sudden, her voice changed, grew stronger, vibrated with the chords of some hidden feeling.

"Art 'trothed, Missie?" she said.

Helen, for a moment, scarcely comprehended the question, so entirely unlooked for was it. When she did a vivid blush overspread her face.

"Aye, yes I can see: naught need to tell me," continued the woman in her broad, uncouth dialect; "an' to a true mon, I trust. But,—is he a pledged un, lass, a 'totaller? Forgive me for asking ye."

Helen hesitated. She was puzzled to find any reason for such a query, and under different circumstances might even have felt some slight resentment at so much inquisitiveness. But the presence of the Dread Angel changed everything, made sacred every foible.

"No, not at present," she answered.

"Are you, Miss?"

"Yes."

"Then, then make him sign too, or never marry him, dearie. I'm no speakin' wi'out experience—trouble enow' it is to speak at all—" a hacking fit of coughing proved this, and necessitated a pause. "I know what drink in the home is. It wrecked mine. Oh! 'tis an awful story to tell, lass! My mon was a workin' mason—steady as steady could be when I wedded: but not a 'totaller, not he! more's the pity. He got nigh clammed one winter, out 'o work,—times was bad,—and took to the drink—curse it! It ruined Tom. We had one little girl—my Sue—How I loved her! One night her father came home drunk, beat her and killed her. Seein' what he'd done he ran away straight and drowned himsel'. Two years ago, two years ago, that was! How I've lived to now only God knows. It's over at last, an' I shall meet Sue—my darlin'—up yonder. But never marry a mon as drinks, Missie, never!—Sue!—yonder!"

There was a sudden gasp—gurgle, an outstretched, wasted arm, a fixed illumined look, and the poor unknown one fell heavily back. She had indeed gone to meet "Sue."

Helen was greatly shocked. She went sadly home, with a resolution slowly evolving itself from the chaos of her mind. That evening, as it happened, Austin Sidworth was away. The girl spent it in prayer.

The next afternoon, the young man drove up to her father's door in a hired dog-cart.

"It's a splendid spring day, come and have a ride as far as Courtbury, Helen," he said; "I'm going there on business for the governor."

With glistening eyes and tightly drawn mouth—signs which her lover might have interpreted, if he had known all, as premonitory of a coming ordeal—Helen consented.

"Nellie, dear," he said, (it was not often he used the diminutive), "I wanted an opportunity to say a special word or two. That is why I came to-day. There's a capital little house to let at the North end of Brexham—Captain Marston's you know. Don't you think we might marry this spring? Surely we have been engaged long enough. Won't you fix the day, dearest?"

The dead pauper's advice was still echoing in Helen Melfield's ears. It had led to a very firm resolve. One which, nevertheless, it tried her equanimity to put into the necessary words.

"Austin," she began, then stopped.

"Well?" The accents in which she had pronounced his name had sounded slightly ominous. Though of what he could not guess.

"Austin, I want you to give up intoxicating liquors, to sign the temperance pledge."

"That folly again! Confound that Relman!" he muttered. Then aloud, "Must we talk about that point now, Helen?" he asked; "answer *my* question, please. We can easily discuss the alcohol problem afterwards. It is not of one half the importance."

"Oh yes it is, Austin."

"Not to me."

"I think so, for I cannot answer you about the—the other matter till you have settled it."

"What do you mean? What nonsense is this?"

He was fairly astonished, and the least bit angry in addition now.

"I have determined to marry no one but an abstainer."

"Relman's advice, perhaps!" drily, with a scowl.

"No, the vicar knows nothing whatever concerning it, Austin. I had a vague idea of saying so when we were talking before. And since then—no longer ago than yesterday—I've had a sad warning, one which seemed almost sent on purpose."

And then Helen painted to him the touching scene in the almshouse lodge. Austin listened very impatiently.

"You're easily impressed, and very whimsical, I must say, Helen. Is this an ultimatum, then?"

"I mean it, certainly I do," answered the girl, in a low, quivering tone.

"This, then, is the measure of your regard for me, after all these years. You cannot trust me. I would not have believed it." His sentences were growing short and resentful; evidently Austin was in a white heat of passion. Then he relapsed into silence, into thought.

Helen waited for the issue in an agony of suspense, but with no idea of recantation harboured for a moment.

"It is downright absurd to seek to tie a fellow's liberty up in that fashion," broke out the young man again; "making a milksop of him at once. What would Harry Bytleigh and others think? It's no use, Helen! I can't consent."

"I am very sorry, then;" the tones wonderfully firm and even; Helen marvelled at her own temerity.

"Are we to part on such a pretext? Is that to be the upshot of it all?"

"It is for your own decision."

"You refuse to marry unless I sign the pledge?—refuse to marry me I should say, perhaps—"

"Don't go further, you know better,—Austin. But you are right in the first statement."

The mask was off now. The young man swore an oath, one that blanched Helen's cheeks, and rendered still wider the breach. A couple of hours later the girl was by her own bedside, pouring her griefs and her

perplexities into the ever open ear of the Everlasting Burden-bearer.

CHAPTER II.

Five changeful years had flown by. In Brexham, as in the world at large, they had worked great alterations. Much had happened to the characters of our story. Austin Sidworth had lost his father, inherited his father's wealth, and removed. Rumours came to his old acquaintances sometimes concerning his conduct which were not very complimentary. He was living at a fashionable town on the South-coast, and was reported to be almost, if not quite, a confirmed drunkard. Helen Melfield—Helen Melfield still—had suffered a bereavement too, and a peculiarly melancholy one. The old banker had gone on in the way of his speculations from bad to worse. He had ruined his fortune and his business. One dull winter's day the town was excited by the news that "Melfield's bank shutters" were up, and six months later the old man died, literally of a broken heart. The estate realized, when all claims were honourably paid, barely enough for the widow and two children, Helen and her younger sister, to subsist upon. They took a tiny cottage on the outskirts of the town, and, in the manner of decayed gentility everywhere, opened a school.

"You'll have to go, Helen; Miss Courcy's mother expresses a particular wish—a command in fact—that one of us will see the child all the distance home. I cannot go, and Elsie is too thoughtless."

"All right, mamma, I don't mind, Lontbury is only fifty miles away, though it's all across country and will necessitate a six hour's railway ride to reach it and return."

So on the morrow—a fair autumn morrow—our heroine set out to take one of her pupils home.

Helen had discovered the house at Lontbury, resigned her charge, taken luncheon, and was on her way back to the station, when her attention was attracted by a crowd at a street corner. Curiosity was aroused, and she stepped over to see what was the matter. It was an accident she found.

"Young man knocked down and run over, Miss," said a portly butcher, in reply to Helen's enquiries,—"He's the worse for liquor, I fancy. Pity folk will have too much!" Pity, friend, they will have any!

"Quite a stranger to me," continued the man. But the latter sentence Helen did not hear. She had edged her way nearer to the centre of the group: she was magnetised by what she saw.

Surely she knew that flushed, handsome face, lying so still on yonder kerbstone, with a ghastly gash on the forehead! Aye, she would have recognized it anywhere! It was Austin Sidworth.

"Is he dead?" she wailed, scarcely thinking what she was saying.

The doctor, who had been quickly fetched, looked round in surprise. There was surely a touch of romance here! "Do you know him then, Miss?" he asked; "no one else seems too."

"He is an old friend of mine, of my father's," said the girl, colouring a little at the scrutiny she had evoked. His name is Sidworth. He used to live at Brexham; that is where I come from; I am a stranger in Lontbury too."

At this point the wounded man gave a deep groan, and Helen's terror rushed back. "Oh, tell me! will he die?" she said, clasping her pretty hands.

"I cannot say yet," replied the surgeon, gravely. He is severely injured—some harm to the brain, I fear. The worst of it is, he has no friends here, and we do not quite know what to do. We shall move him to the police-station; that is close—they have gone for a stretcher now. But he will require a nurse."

Helen stood a moment silent. All her unquenched love and tenderness was going out to the prodigal. And surely the speaker was appealing to her.

"Can I stay—there, too?" she said, "I could nurse him."

It sounded a singularly bold proposal; but

the elderly surgeon had a knack of reading faces, and guessed pretty accurately the relations which subsisted, or had once subsisted, between the pair.

"If you choose," he said.

So Helen hurried away to send an explanatory telegram home, and was soon installed by Austin's bedside. A strange coincidence of travel had brought about a strange, pathetic meeting.

What a fight for life it was which followed! as near to the mystic boundary of two worlds as it was possible to journey, and still live, Austin Sidworth drifted. For several weeks he was unconscious, and day by day the surgeon's look grew more ominous.

But after all he recovered.

"Who, who is this?" said a weak voice one morning. "Helen! am I dreaming? If so, it is a pleasant dream."

Glad tears were in the maiden's eye as she answered "It is no dream, Austin—Mr. Sidworth. You have been very ill, but are better now. I can go back to Brexham."

Helen did as she said; but as soon as he was able Austin, knowing all, followed her.

They were in the small parlour—sometimes used as a class-room—alone together.

"I think I have learnt my lesson at last, Miss Melfield—Helen," Austin said, brokenly. "You were quite right that day we parted. I feel it was best for both of us. I can see now drink really is, as the Vicar says, the greatest evil under the sun. I will have no more of it—never! Can you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive,"—demurely, with an April smile—"it was just a difference of opinion."

"Will you take me now, Helen? I'll sign fifty pledges if you wish; aye, and keep them too. Help me to live a new life. Will you?"

He had small need of verbal answer. Helen's hand was not withdrawn from his. Her victory, by firmness, prayer, and waiting God's good time had been grandly, finally won.

MADGE:

A STORY OF THE COAST.

A QUIET, sleepy place it was, that little seaside village, quiet and sleepy, but, withal, pleasant and peaceful. Five miles of long and dusty road lay between it and the nearest town on either hand. Twice a week a lumbering old-fashioned vehicle—known as "the omnibus"—rolled along that road with the few passengers whom business or other necessity compelled to take a journey from their homes, a journey not undertaken, for the most part, without considerable preparation and forethought. At other times, the villagers were almost entirely devoid of means of communication with the outer world. True, at the "Peal of Bells," the village inn, a fly or cab might be hired, but such luxuries were seldom in requisition, save for some chance tourist who had missed the returning omnibus, and had no inclination for the five-mile walk. Such a tourist, one hot summer afternoon, lingered in the shady porch of the "Peal of Bells." Up and down the long white chalky road he looked thoughtfully. "Too far, and too hot," he said to himself in an undertone, "and to pay six or seven shillings for the pleasure of being conveyed at a snail's pace up and down those hills on such a day as this is by no means advisable. I'll stop here to-night, and go back to-morrow"; so saying, he turned to the landlord, who, standing at the bar, was only too ready to accommodate a guest, and after a few words with him, strolling lazily along in the shadow cast by

the houses, like a man whose whole time was at his own disposal, and who cared very little which direction he took. Slowly along the street he went, stared at by children —open eyed and open mouthed—to whom the sight of a stranger was a novelty; and old men, sitting at their doors in the bright hot sunlight, wished him good day, as he passed with a word of greeting.

Not far from the high road, on the right hand, stood a building, which at first sight, and by an entire stranger, might have well been mistaken for a large barn, save that at one end was a little turret, and that the building itself was overgrown and covered with ivy. But a few steps further, and the character of the edifice became evident. The trimly-kept paths, the long luxuriant grass, broken by a mound here and there, with headstone or white cross, told at once that it was the village church.

The traveller leant against the wall for a moment. "A quaint old place," he muttered, self communing—a sure sign of a man who lives much alone—"Who would have taken it for a church? Well, I'll have a look at it. I'm not a very faithful son of the Establishment, but yet if I come across one of her temples I can't pass by without one long lingering look," and so saying he turned from the road, and, opening the gate, ascended the path leading upwards to the building, which was situated upon a slight eminence. At the top he paused and, seating himself upon a rude bench, looked around. To the right and left the view was bounded by fair green hills, over which, here and there, the long dusty road was plainly seen, a winding thread of white. In front and below, calm, motionless, silent, lay the silver sea, unrippled and serene, while close at hand the village roofs and chimneys, half seen, half hidden by a clump of trees, filled up the intervening space.

"Very beautiful, and very English," said the traveller, and leaned back upon the seat in quiet enjoyment.

"And none the less beautiful for being English," said a voice behind him. And, turning, he saw near him a tall, gentlemanly man, by his dress and mien evidently a clergyman. "You will pardon me addressing you," said the new comer. "Our country ways have, you know, less reserve about them than—"

"A Londoner's," continued the traveller, as the other paused a moment. "And," he went on, "it is as well it should be so. It gives a greater charm to the escape from the monotony of daily life, the routine of daily existence."

The other assented, and they were silent for a few moments; then the traveller turning to his companion, said, in a questioning tone,

"You have some memorials here, that recall the past, as only graves can do?" He pointed as he spoke to where a shaft of purest marble gleamed white and clear against the deep green foliage.

"Yes," said the other, absently; then as his glance followed the direction of his companion's finger, he went on, with more interest, not unmixed with melancholy in his tone, "That grave to which you are pointing is linked with one of the saddest stories which I have ever become acquainted with."

"I trust no personal sorrow—" began the other.

"No," was the reply, "save so far that the actors in the little drama were my parishioners, and therefore my friends."

"If, then, such be the case, would it be too much to ask for its repetition? I must confess that I am one of those who, as the poet says in his 'Hiawatha,' like to 'pause by some neglected graveyard,' and read the inscription,

> "'Full of hope and yet of heartbreak,
> Full of all the tender pathos,
> Of the Hero and the Hereafter.'"

The clergyman smiled. "Your quotation is apt and true," he said. "Such as the story is you are welcome to it." As he spoke he rose from the seat, on which he had been resting, and they walked slowly towards the grave.

"It is some ten years ago now that there was not a happier home in this village than that of Henry Goldney. He was a widower

and his daughter Margaret, or Madge, as we all called her, kept house for him. His occupation was that of a fisherman, and he naturally was absent at all times and hours. But whenever he returned, weary, wet, and sometimes gloomy, for a fisher's life is not always a success, he found Madge bright and cheerful, and the cottage the picture of neatness and order. She was one of those girls who have an innate sense of refinement which lifts them above their surroundings. You could see that in the clear, pale features, the bright eyes. Had you met her, not knowing her social position, you would never have thought her the daughter of a common fisherman. And this superiority was so plain that it would have made her an object of dislike to some among us, for villagers are not above petty jealousies and scandals, but her natural sweetness of disposition disarmed malice, and made of everyone a friend.

"Such being the case, it was not to be supposed that she would be without suitors for her hand, for at the time I am now speaking of she was about nineteen, as fair a specimen of an English maiden as could be seen. But she would not leave her father. She had promised her mother, when the latter a few years before lay on her death bed, that she would look to him, and make his home a comfort so long as she could, and she was not of a nature to break her word. So, the suitors went as they came, save one, who, coming more than once, though more than once rejected, yet hoped on. I think Madge liked him all the better for it, though she would (and naturally) never admit as much. So, as I said there were few, if any, happier homes in the village than Henry Goldney's, but as the sorrow of his wife's death grew less and less by lapse of time, and by the activity and effort which his occupation demanded, I could not fail to notice a slight and gradual change in his habits. Always fond of society, he began to absent himself from home. At the 'Peal of Bells' our village inn, he became a regular customer. A number of men occupied in the same manner as himself were in the habit of meeting there. They formed a sort of club, and of this club Goldney became a member, welcome enough, as the man always is who can sing a song and tell a good story. But all this, though he did not himself see it, drew him away from his home, and weakened the tie of affection subsisting between himself and his daughter—weakened it on his side; on hers it never suffered diminution. Time went by, and that result, so common to occur, so hard to avoid, naturally followed. The money which successful employment brought him found its way to the village inn, instead of to the home. But Madge kept up a brave heart, and wore always a smiling face whenever her father returned. Suffer she undoubtedly did, but she learnt, as the poet says whom you quoted just now, 'to suffer and be strong.' Still it was a hard struggle, for she was keen-sighted enough to know that in most cases downward progress in the path on which her father had entered is slow and sure. But there was nothing for her to do than to endure patiently, hopefully if possible but yet patiently.

"Her lover—for his courage and constancy made him worthy of the name, though she would look on him only as a friend—her lover did all in his power, and with a certain delicacy which his affection for her taught him, to brighten her life and help her it possible. She was grateful to him, and still more grateful that he made no use of his opportunities to press his suit. For my own part, though I took occasion, now and then, to hint to Goldney himself that the course he had commenced would, I fear, be injurious, if not fatal, to his welfare, yet I refrained from all appearance of lecturing or advising, for my experience has shown me that many men will not listen to the one, or follow the other. A word in season is well enough, and to this I confined myself. Thus months went on, and Goldney, at first slowly, then more rapidly, sank from bad to worse. His home was almost entirely neglected, his earnings were squandered at the inn, and it became evident that he worked only that he might earn sufficient to gratify his passion

for stimulants. Madge was glad to eke out their scanty means by needle-work, or any other light employment that came in her way. And we were all pitying, and in various ways trying to help her, when the crisis came, suddenly and unexpectedly.

"Goldney had been drinking heavily for some days, and had altogether neglected his occupation. On this particular evening of which I am speaking, however, he expressed his intention of going out in his boat. The sky was lowering, and the wind blew in fitful gusts across the water. With his wits about him, Goldney was well qualified to manage his boat in almost any weather, but under the influence of drink it was a madman's trick to attempt to go. But a drunken man is a madman, for a time, at least. His daughter's entreaties were of no avail, his friends' were equally fruitless. Nothing would do but that he must go, and go he did. But not alone. By dint of coaxing and persuading Madge induced him to allow her to accompany him. Those who knew her best did all they could to dissuade her from exposing herself to needless danger. Her lover pleaded and entreated, but her mind was made up. So they went on their strange cruise together, the drunken father and the devoted child. We, who feared the worst, yet clung to the hope that Goldney who, as we knew, always kept on board of his boat a small keg of spirits, might stupefy himself, and thus allow Madge, who well knew how to manage the boat—she was a fisherman's daughter, and was at home on the sea—to turn its head to land.

"So they parted. Young Henderson, her lover, so soon as they were some distance from the shore, got ready his own boat, and followed as closely as he dared. To have approached too near would simply have induced Goldney in all probability to go further out to sea, and thus have defeated the end which Henderson had in view, the safety of Madge.

"The night wore on, and the first grey streaks of dawn showed dimly in the east. Sudden and fierce gusts of wind, carrying with them icy sleet and hail, dashed ever and anon against a little group of watchers on the beach. At last a boat became visible, making for the shore. Some thought it Goldney's, but the sharper sighted declared that it was Henderson's. And so it proved to be. As the boat's keel grated against the pebbly beach we crowded round him for news. His face was pale and wan, with upon it an expression of sorrow such as it has been rarely my lot to see upon a human countenance. He made no answer to our questions, but gazed at us with a vacant stare that was terrible to witness.

"Then, as our eager questionings died into silence, he pointed to where, at one end of his boat, lay a long tarpaulin. At once the truth flashed into our minds. Rude and rough were the men around, but no high-born lady could more tenderly, more gently have raised the inanimate form that lay stretched beneath that rough covering. As it was borne past him towards the village, the brave young fisherman gave way to a passion of grief that did no shame to his manhood, and then, as he grew calmer, we learnt what had happened.

"He had kept Goldney's boat in view, and, as the sky grew darker, and a storm threatened, he had resolved, at any cost, to range alongside. But the squall came more swiftly than he had calculated upon, and compelled him to look to his own safety if he wished to be of any use to those whom he was following. His last glance at Goldney's boat told, to his practised eye, that it was in a critical condition. When, a minute later, he looked again, the sea was clear, it had disappeared. In the very teeth of the gale, he made his way to the place where the other boat was last visible—and there, clinging with a death-grip to a broken oar, was the girl whom he had loved so well. Of Goldney himself, nothing was to be seen, and his body was never recovered. Thus he and his daughter—the one a willing, the other an innocent victim—both perished through the agency of that terrible scourge of intemperance that has laid waste so many homes and lives.

Here, where we stand, we buried her, loved and mourned by all."

"And young Henderson, what became of him?" asked the other, as the vicar ceased speaking.

"He left the village shortly after, and entered the army. His regiment was ordered abroad, and he fell in a skirmish in one of our Eastern campaigns. There is a tablet to his memory in another part of the churchyard."

They were both silent for awhile, one thoughtful, the other sad.

From the beach far below, came, in regular recurrence, the flash and ripple of the melancholy sea, and all around, o'er hill and dale, glowed the rich hues of coming sunset, tinging the pure white marble of the tomb, till the golden letters glittered as with fire. Short and simple was the inscription, short and simple, yet pathetic. Name and date were there, and the words, few, but full of meaning. "My light has gone while it is yet day."

For a little longer they stood quietly, then the vicar, with a courteous leave-taking, went away to his parochial duties, but his companion lingered by the old church till the sunset faded, and the long grey shadows crept over land and sea. R. S. W.

Both Sides of the Bar.

ONE cold wet night in December, I had promised to meet a friend at the railway station. It required an effort to leave my warm fireside and turn out into the inclement night, but my friend was a stranger to the neighbourhood, and I had written to say I would meet him, so I put on my thickest coat and started off. When I arrived at the station, I was told that owing to the recent heavy rains, some part of the line had been considerably damaged, and the train I was expecting would be an hour late. I turned from the platform, wondering whether it would be better to go home or remain where I was. The station was a large one, in an important town in the north of England. The waiting rooms were crowded, so I walked out in the streets, which, in spite of the chilling rain and biting wind, were thronged with people. The Railway Hotel, close at hand, sent forth a stream of warm light, and I pushed open the heavy swing door and entered, deciding I would spend my spare hour there. For the good of the house I ordered a glass of brandy and water, and sat down in a quiet corner of the bar, having declined the landlady's invitation to walk into the parlour. Now I wish to state here, that I was at this time very much interested in temperance work. I think it would have been impossible for a man situated as I was—the parish doctor of such a town—to have been otherwise. I saw every day the evils resulting from the effects of immoderate drinking, but I was not prepared to become a total abstainer myself. I believed that alcohol did you no harm at times. Being a doctor I could not honestly say that I believed it did anyone any good, except in some extreme cases of illness. My brandy and water warmed me now, I felt it all over me, which, by the way, did not at all prove that it did me good. I was out of sight of those who came in, and the talking and laughing came to me in a confused hum. Suddenly I heard a wheezing but distinct voice say,

"Yes, I know; I'm nearly off the shelf, and I mean to try till I'm quite off."

I looked round, thinking the speaker

was addressing me, but there was no one near.

A clear and rather shrill voice answered,

"But what will be the use if you do get off, they will only put you up again?"

"Oh, I hope I should be broken!" answered the wheezy voice. "And if I couldn't hold Gin I should be of no use to them."

I now discovered, to my amazement, that the voice proceeded from the interior of a white barrel with golden hoops, and was addressing itself to a looking-glass behind it.

"My dear Madam," it went on,—and I ceased to wonder at the thickness of its voice when I looked at its shape—"my dear Madam, this life is hateful to me, when I know that I am holding gallons of the stuff that is murdering thousands of my fellow—a—he—um—of human beings. I feel I could burst with indignation, and yet there are human beings that must see the evil and the curse of drink, that still will take their little drop. There's that idiot, Dr. Dennis, just come in."

I felt inclined to remonstrate with the very out-spoken and choleric old barrel, but thinking it might be useless, I held my tongue.

"He must see men and women every day of his life that drink has made diseased beggars, and yet he takes his glass of brandy and water, &c."

"But," interrupted the looking-glass, "I don't see what we have to do with it"—neither did I.

"*You* ought to see everything, Madam," snapped the barrel. "Now, will you just listen to me for a few minutes—I like to look at things in a fair all-round manner. Now let us take our side of the bar first. Here we have bright glasses"—and the barrel tried to bow, but he was too stout. "Attractive bar—yes, false modesty shall not prevent me speaking the truth, attractive barrels"—I was disappointed, I thought he was going to say bar-maids—"to hold the deadly poison, pretty girls to tempt men and women to drink that poison, and to hand it to those poor deluded wretches who are caught with their subtle temptations. There are grand rooms upstairs, they say, beautifully furnished—bah! —I'd sooner have rooms furnished with skulls and cross bones—then there is a grand piano, and our landlady's daughters are learning to play it, and their teacher is a young girl whose father spent all her and his own money, and at last killed himself with drink; and there are bed-rooms with downy beds and soft quilts, and big wardrobes full of handsome clothes, and the landlord wears a big gold chain, and his wife a rich silk gown, and their children are warmly clothed, and richly fed, and have fine toys, and we hear their merry laugh as they go in and out from school. This is one side of the bar. Now look at the other, as we see it every night of our existence here. It wants more eloquence than I have got to describe the other side. Watch those who come to this side of the bar—respectable tradesmen, fast youths, mothers of families, young girls, doctors,"—that was spiteful—"lawyers, clergymen, manufacturers, bankers, and all these ruined, lost, and sinking into the mad-house, the workhouse, the prison, and the grave. Tradesmen who have left their shops to incompetent hands while they waste their time here, and then moan feebly and weakly over their ill-luck, and are comforted here by poison which they are told will do them good. Fast youths, who have perhaps seen their own fathers the worse for drink, and think nothing is so manly as to joke inanely with bar-maids, and to smoke big cigars at the risk of being very ill, youths that, with their training, grow into dissolute men, and wreck happy homes, and break fond mother's hearts, and often bring down grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. And then, alas! alas! mothers come here, mothers with white hair disordered and wild, with very little clothing to cover their withered trembling limbs, young mothers with infants in their unmotherly arms, with all trace of pure womanhood gone from their bold, hardened faces. Mothers who will sell their children's clothes for drink, and see them starve while they gratify their sinful appetite. Pretty, innocent young girls come, at first perhaps to

get father's supper beer, and some one offers to treat them to a little drop of something, and then soon their innocence is a thing of the past, and they have entered on their fatal downward career,—but time would fail me to tell of the blighted homes, broken hearts, ruined lives, lost fortunes, and damned souls, which have been caused by this and other houses like this. Doctors who have murdered their patients, lawyers who have pleaded the cause of known guilt, clergymen who have dared to speak in Christ's Name, bankers who have defrauded the public, all while under the influence of drink; sin, want, and misery follow the steps of drink, and, surely, 'Woe shall be to him who giveth his neighbour drink.' "

I started suddenly and rubbed my eyes, I looked up and saw the landlord on a ladder pushing back a white barrel, encircled with golden hoops.

"It was as nearly down as possible," said the landlord, "what a lucky thing I happened to look up."

It was no doubt very foolish, but after my dream I was sorry the barrel had not fallen. One practical result followed my half hour's nap in the bar of the Railway Hotel, I became a total abstainer from that night.

L. L. P.

If we Knew.

If we knew, when walking thoughtless
Through the noisy, crowded way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway laid,
We would pause, where now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel to the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should fling.
If we knew what lips were parching
For the water we could bring;
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shady palms.

If we knew when friends around us,
Closely pressed to say good-bye,
Which among the lips that kissed us,
First would 'neath the daisies lie,
We would clasp our arms around them,
Looking on them through our tears,
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives are darkened
By some thoughtless word of ours,
Which has ever lain among them,
Like the frost among the flowers;
Oh, with what sincere repentings,
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes were overflowing,
We would cry, Forgive! Forget!

If we knew? Alas! and do we
Ever care or seek to know
Whether bitter herbs or roses
In our neighbours' gardens grow?
God forgive us! lest hereafter
Our hearts break to hear Him say,
"Careless child, I never knew you,
From My presence flee away."

THE WINDMILL ON THE CLIFF.

The Rescue.

THE evening sun, sinking low in the west,
Was dimmed by the lowering clouds;
The sea-birds, with listless flapping wings,
Followed the ship in crowds.
The darkening sky, and the moaning winds,
Betoken a storm was near,
But the ship was safely approaching the land,
And her brave men knew no fear.

"We can easily reach the harbour to-night,"
The captain cheerily said,
"But for long I have gazed on that distant speck,
Out there in our course ahead.
A craft of some sort it most surely is,
But it does not move at all,
And the heavy mist from the foaming sea
Is covering her like a pall.

"Here, you take the glasses, my trusty mate,
And see what you think she's about;
If her crew's in distress, or in want of our aid,
We must order the life boat out."
But though long they gazed on the stranded ship,
And passed her as close as could be,
No signal of danger, no flag of distress,
Not a sign of life could they see.

"It is useless to waste our precious time
When the storm fast upon us gains;
We have plenty to do without launching our boat,
And then get but our toil for our pains."
"But, Captain, the mist is heavy and thick,
And their flag may be hid in its shade;
Or, perchance, they're unable to signal at all,
Though sadly in want of our aid.

"And I'm sure that the God who has kept us from harm,
And brought us through dangers so grave,
Will not fail us in this, though we linger awhile,
And send out our lifeboat to save.
And when we in safety shall reach our own homes,
And rest from each sorrow and care,
Our hearts will be lighter to know beyond doubt
That no one lies perishing there."

And the cause of humanity, pleaded so well,
Soon won on the captain's kind heart;
And the lifeboat is launched and manned by the crew,
Each ready and eager to start.
The billows break heavily over her sides,
But she rises again and again;
And the strong, stout arms and willing hearts
Do not find their toil in vain.

For a helpless, silent form is stretched
Upon the vessel's deck,
Unconscious that friends and help have come
To save him from the wreck.
With pitying hearts, to their gallant ship
They safely bear him away,
Scarce daring to hope that his eyes will see
The light of another day.

Then they silently group themselves around,
To wait for some sign or token
That will tell if "the silver cord is loosed,"
Or the "golden bowl is broken."
But the tiny spark that had almost fled
Is fanned again to a flame,
For that man has yet a work to do
That no one can do in his name.

For none but he knows that the dismal wreck,
Out in the storm and strife,
Has a freight on board more precious than gold—
Bears another human life.
Slowly his heavy eyes unclose,
And ere memory regains her power
He wonders if all he sees is a dream,
Come to cheer the last dread hour.

But, no! those kindly faces around
Belong to no phantom or dream;
And his heart swells with hope, and he knows he is saved—
That things really are as they seem.
But suddenly into his face there comes
A look of sorrow and fear,
And his pale lips murmur a few short words,
Low, but distinct and clear.

"There's another man upon the wreck,"
Are all the words he speaks;
But ere the sound has died away
Each sailor the lifeboat seeks,

And again they launch her, and pull for the wreck,
Amid the gathering gloom;
And another precious life is saved
From that dreary, living tomb.

And, oh, my friends! does this tale not teach
A lesson that all may learn?
As we safely sail on the sea of life,
Should our hearts not within us burn,
To view around us the human wrecks
That the great drink fiend has made,
The broken hearts, the endless griefs,
That to his charge may be laid?

For the thousands that fall around our path
Show us his strength and power;
And their wretched lives, and perishing souls,
Call for our help each hour.
And though upon the stranded ship,
One life alone would be lost,
Yet no one thought that life too mean
To be rescued at any cost.

And shall we calmly sail along,
Contented ourselves to save,
And know that not *one* but thousands drift
On towards a drunkard's grave!
"There are others dying upon the wreck!"
Let this our watchword be—
The battle-cry that shall lead us on
Till we gain the victory.

JESSICA.

HOW DORA GAINED HER POINT.

IT was nearing the glorious harvest-tide. Already the waving grain was taking on its golden hue, and the pretty flowers growing here and there amongst it were at the height of their beauty.

"Queer we can't get rid of those things, Dora," remarked old Farmer Leeson as he pointed to a spot where the red weed was flourishing in luxurious abundance.

"Get rid of them! surely, Grandpa, you wouldn't wish to!" answered little Theodora May, in a tone of wondering surprise, as she tripped lightly along by her Grandfather's side.

"Well, I don't know, dearie," responded the old man slowly; "you see they don't seem to be of much use."

"But see how pretty they are, Grandpa," and with these words the child bounded away to view them more closely, and to add some to the collection in her hand.

"Pretty—yes—but, like many other bright things, that is their only recommendation!" mused the farmer. "But there, perhaps I ought not to say that, remembering Who created all things, and it may be that even the lowly red weed has a mission to perform,—if only its beautiful colour to praise its Maker's skill."

A type of the real old fashioned English farmer was Mr. Leeson; a man who hated ostentation and show, and who valued things more for their worth than for any beauty they possessed. But of late a change had come over him, owing no doubt in a great measure to this little grand-child, who having been left an orphan some months before had since then shared his home. The sights and sounds of the country were a great novelty to little Theodora, who had lived all her life in London, and her outspoken admiration of the loveliness around her unconsciously aroused in her Grandfather a love for the beautiful,—for she was his constant companion in his daily walks about the farm.

And he was pleased to have it so; for the merry prattle of the bright engaging child, carried his thoughts back to the far away past, until he almost fancied that his own little ones were about him again. There had been four of them,—three bright eyed boys, and a little girl—and the father's heart had been bound up in them, and he had looked forward to their being the comfort and stay of their parents' declining years.

But these hopes had been disappointed. A fever had carried off the two eldest just in the dawn of early manhood. This was a terrible blow, but it was as nothing to one that fell some years later, when the remaining son—after a long course of dissipation—absconded with a considerable sum of money belonging to his father.

This had plunged them for a season in pecuniary difficulties, but their greatest sorrow was that they could obtain no tidings of the truant, who, in spite of ill-conduct, was still dearly beloved.

Then the daughter married, and left the picturesque old farm, for a home amid the busy tumult of London life. Thus the parents were left to the quiet uneventful routine of rural life until sorrow again crossed their path in the death of Dora's parents, and the child entered their sombre home to become the one source in which their hopes were centred.

Dora quickly made friends with everybody and everything about the farm. The horses, cows, dogs, cats, and even the pigs, eagerly welcomed her approach in their own fashion, while she was on terms of intimacy with all the work-people, from the head carter down to little Joe Leader, who "minded the cows," and who made Dora the confidante of all his troubles.

Now it so happened that on this particular day Joe had been pouring into her ear a sadder story even than usual, of angry words and hard blows showered upon him by his father. This came back to her mind as she espied Joe in the distance, following the cows as they leisurely wended their way homewards, and she quickly ran back to her grandfather, and slipping her hand into his, prepared to broach a subject which she and Joe had many times discussed, and which lay heavy upon her mind.

"Grandfather," she began, so suddenly that the farmer started, and roused himself from his reverie.

"Well, my pet, what is it?"

"Why do you give the men beer, Grandpa?"

"To drink I suppose, little one. What made you think of that?"

"Because it makes them do such bad things, and say such bad words. I wish you wouldn't give them any more, Grandpa!"

"Pooh, pooh, child! What do you know about it? You haven't seen any of them the worse for it."

"No, Grandpa; but I know it does, because Joe says his father is as good as can be when he hasn't had any beer; but when he does have any he is always cross, and sometimes beats him and his mother dreadfully."

"I think I must forbid your talking to Joe, Dora, if he tells you such things as this."

"No, Grandpa, please don't. But oh! if only you wouldn't give them beer again, I should be so pleased."

"Nonsense, child! What good do you think that would do? They would get it somewhere else; and I am sure I don't allow them enough to do them any harm. I only give them a little in haytime and harvest, and they need something to strengthen them then, I can assure you, my dear."

"But, Grandpa, Joe says his father would go without beer—join the Teetotalers, I think he said—if you never gave them any. He did try in the spring, only when you sent some beer out in the field, he couldn't help having some, and then at night he got quite drunk. And I heard Mrs. Meeking say she wished the beer was all at the bottom of the river, because her son drinks so much. Couldn't you give them money instead of beer this harvest, Grandpa? Joe thinks it would be so much better, else he's afraid his father will be worse than ever this year."

"Bother Joe!" ejaculated Mr. Leeson, somewhat irritably. "I tell you again, child, you can't understand these things. There, run away now and play with the little Smithsons, they are out on their lawn I see. I must give Jones some orders for to-morrow."

The little girl turned sadly away, grieved that she had only succeeded in vexing her grandfather instead of eliciting the promise she wished. But instead of turning into the grounds of the pretty little villa where the Smithsons resided, and where she was always a welcome visitor, she bent her steps to a stile near by, her favourite seat when she had any weighty problem to work out. But to her surprise she found it already occupied by a man who looked dusty and travel-worn, as though he had tramped a long distance. His head was bowed on his hand, and he seemed lost in thought, but started up at Dora's approach. If Dora had been shy or nervous, she might have felt somewhat disconcerted at the long, earnest gaze which the stranger fixed upon her. But she was neither one nor the other, and she felt no surprise when he entered into conversation by remarking:—

"Good evening, missie; you live at Hilton Farm, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dora, "I live there with Grandpa and Grandma."

"Ah! that was your Grandpa with you just now, wasn't it? And your Grandma, is she well?"

"Not very well just now. You see, sir, Grandma has had a lot of trouble, and it has made her old before her time, she says."

"Indeed! what particular troubles has she had?" asked the stranger in an interested tone.

"Why, years ago she lost two sons at once: they died, you know, and went to Heaven; but I know poor Grandma must have missed them sadly, because, you see, when my Mamma and Papa died I felt so sorry, I thought—"

"Is *your* Mother dead, child? Poor, poor little Alice!" and the man seemed almost overcome with emotion.

"Did you know my Mamma, sir?" asked Dora, wondering.

"Yes, years ago," he answered briefly, when he had controlled his feelings sufficiently to speak. "But what other troubles has your Grandma had?"

"Why, Uncle Ronald ran away from home, and never came back any more. Grandma often cries about it now, and Grandpa is sorry too, I know, only men don't cry about things much. But I tell you what, I believe Uncle will come back again some time, because I always ask God every day to let him—Mamma taught me to—and you know God always answers prayer."

"Always stick to that. Good-night, child," and turning in the direction of a wood the stranger was soon lost to sight.

* * * *

"Couldn't you give them money instead of beer, Grandpa?" The question rung in Mr. Leeson's ears, and forced itself upon his attention in spite of his most strenuous efforts to resist it.

"Why should I?" he mused. "It has always been my custom, and that of my father's before me, to allow beer in the busy seasons, and where has been the harm in it? To be sure some of the men get drunk, they always have, and I suppose they always will,—that Leader is a regular toper, I know—but then the drink I allow doesn't make them so, and if I stopped the allowance this year I don't suppose it would make much difference. What possesses them, I can't think, that they won't take it in moderation as I do. But there, I suppose there is no accounting for it!" and with this sage reflection the worthy farmer turned his steps homewards. But still he felt troubled, and things upon which he had never bestowed more than a passing thought before rose to his mind. He saw himself again sitting at the table with his comely wife and his three promising boys, and his fair girl. There were glasses filled with sparkling ale—or occasionally ruby wine—which these innocent young creatures were urged to take to make them strong and healthy.

And how had it answered? Well, in the case of three conscience reproached him not. But how about Ronald—the handsome, impulsive Ronald? Ah! upon this point he was not quite so clear, for he had become too fond, much too fond of the wine cup, and it was at his father's table he had first partaken of it.

Then from his erring son Mr. Leeson's thoughts involuntarily turned to those who had been, and were, in his employ, and he could not but remember many a promising, industrious young man—ay, and woman too—whose life had been ruined and blighted by intoxicating drinks. But could he be in any measure to blame for this—he, the Christian farmer, whose moral conduct had been irreproachable, who had been invariably spoken of as a generous master and a just man,—had his example conduced to such a result? At last he resolved to talk the matter over with his wife, and to leave the decision with her. But the opportunity of doing so did not present itself that evening, and the next morning something occurred which put it for the time quite out of his mind.

Joe Leader having taken the cows into their pasture next day, left them to their own devices, while by way of whiling away an hour or two, and providing himself, and possibly Miss Dora, with something to eat, he started into the wood near on a nutting expedition, of course going frequently back to the meadow, lest Mr. Leeson should come that way and take note of his delinquincy.

But this morning, having penetrated the recesses of the wood rather farther than usual, his attention was arrested by the sound of groans. Being, as the other boys said, "a plucky little fellow," he proceeded to the spot whence they came, and there saw a man lying upon the damp moss. After speaking to him, and gaining no reply save a few incoherent remarks, Joe concluded that the man must be very ill; and not knowing what else to do, he ran as speedily as possible to the farm, which was about half a mile distant.

"Some poor tramp, I expect," remarked the

farmer, when Joe had told them his story and given a description of the man.

"I don't think he is a tramp, Grandpa," broke in Dora eagerly; "I expect it is the man I was talking to yesterday, and he didn't look a bit like a beggar, although his clothes were old. But he looked so ill,—and what do you think, Grandma? he knew my Mamma years ago, and when I told him she was dead he looked so sorry I almost thought he was going to cry."

"Did he ask you any questions, Dora?" asked her Grandfather quickly, while Mrs. Leeson's face grew pale as death.

"Yes, he asked me if I lived here, and how Grandpa was," answered Dora.

"Don't agitate yourself, Lizzie," said Mr. Leeson, answering his wife's look, "I will start at once with a trap and one of the men, and if it should be he, we will bring him home at once; and if it shouldn't we can't leave him there to die. Joe, run and tell Jones to put the horse in at once."

"I must go with you," faltered Mrs. Leeson.

"Better not, my dear," advised her husband. "You see a bed will have to be prepared, for there is no doubt he is very ill, whoever he may be."

To this arrangement Mrs. Leeson consented, and for the short time they were gone, was busy superintending arrangements for the reception of the sick man, her heart full of a tremulous hope that it might be her long-lost son.

Nor was she disappointed, for it was indeed he; and once again was enacted that old scene, the return of the prodigal, although in this case he was utterly unconscious of all around, and knew not that he was again in his childhood's home, waited upon and tended by his forgiving parents, for they would permit no hireling to perform this task. Fever was strong upon him, and their hearts were often wrung with anguish as they listened to his delirious cries. Evidently he was living again in the past, and many a dark secret of sin and sorrow, followed by bitter remorse, fell upon their ears, and they could guess how utterly wild and reckless had been his life in the "far country." But through all his delirious wanderings one undertone seemed running, and it was ever the drink he cursed as the cause of all his misery. "Oh! that I had never tasted it," he repeated time after time, and the words pierced the parents' hearts as an arrow, for they knew they had implanted the fatal taste. They both resolved, however, to have no more to do with this source of evil, in any shape or form; and nothing could exceed Dora's delight when she carried Joe the glad tidings that "Grandpa was going to give money instead of beer," except, indeed, Joe's rejoicing, which perhaps was even deeper still. And the men themselves were upon the whole well pleased with the arrangement, for they could spend their money as they pleased, whether upon beer or anything else; while to those who, like little Joe Leader's father, were struggling to break their fetters it was the best boon which could be conferred.

Ronald Leeson slowly struggled back to life; and although his constitution had been shattered too much for him ever to be very robust again, he regained sufficient strength to take the management of the farm, and thus spare his father much work and anxiety in his old age. He and Dora became fast friends, for she was the living image of his dead sister, of whom he had been very fond; and he could not but think that the little girl's prayers on his behalf had been indeed answered, and that owing to them he had been brought home not only to his earthly parents, but to his long suffering Heavenly Father. Like his parents and niece he allied himself to the Temperance Society in that place, and although he never came out as a Temperance lecturer, his steady adherence to its principles exerted perhaps an even greater influence, and many were led by his example to renounce the drink. Among these was Joe Leader's father, who at last succeeded in keeping his pledge, and was repaid for the effort by a happy home.

"You can't think how different 'tis now, Miss Dora," Joe remarked one day. "Dad's never cross now, and mother goes singing about the house; and we have ever so many new things. But dad says he should never have stuck to it if Master had kept sending beer into the field."

"Ah, my boy," remarked the farmer who happened to overhear, "you must thank Dora for that. Dora and Ronald," he added in a dreamy tone as he turned away, "for the two together made me think I had had about enough to do with beer and every other intoxicating drink."

ARTHURESTINE.

THE TRESSILLIAN ARMS.

LONG and earnestly I look at my face in the glass; the dark waving hair is sprinkled with silver threads, the blooming freshness of youth is gone, and what my irrepressible cousin Bob coarsely terms "the middle aged spread," has only not begun because I am one of the lean kine and incline to scragginess rather than to Rubenesque fleshiness. Honestly acknowledging this, I find myself sadly wondering how the truth will strike him. Not my cousin Bob—but my lover. The change has crept on almost imperceptibly, and I find it difficult to recall the blooming face of four years since—I am accustomed to the care-worn, pale face of to-day. He parted with a woman of twenty-six, looking a girl of seventeen, he returns to find a grave middle aged woman of thirty—"*bien sonneês*"—and looking her age, if not more.

Will the change be greater or less than he expects? I ask myself the question to be answered in a few days, for am I not even now on my way to London to meet Wilfred?

How unromantic I should have thought it in my young days, for a woman of thirty to be looking forward to a lover's meeting. How impossible to invest the actors in such a meeting with the smallest degree of sentiment. "Hard and prosaic old parties," as Bob would say. I often find myself quoting that very flippant and observant youth. Wilfred is thirty-six, young for a man, while thirty is ten years too old for a woman. I will not blind myself to the truth, and I sigh as I turn away from the unflattering glass. I cannot silence the lurking doubt that will arise in answer to my question, but I resolutely stifle it, and, kissing his last dear letter, I read once more the welcome loving words announcing his arrival in London on the 25th.

"To-morrow," I exclaim joyfully, and quickly proceed with the pleasant task of packing. My prettiest and most becoming costumes are already carefully laid away in the trunk, that weight is off my mind; the key is in the lock, I turn it, and after packing my dressing bag, I hurriedly don my travelling dress — an old one, economy whispers—that the freshest may be kept for him. Fastening a veil over the hat that has seen its best days, and is therefore in harmony with the face, I ring for the maids. The trunk is on the cab, and after some two miles' drive, I arrive at the station.

An uneventful journey of two blissful hours brings me to Victoria Station, — my Lady Tressillian's carriage awaits me. As in a dream I find myself driving through the crowded streets of London, arriving only too soon at my destination. I am not a favourite with my Uncle, Sir Richard Tressillian; he is a Conservative, one of the good old school, full of prejudice, and objecting to change, and which he calls "new fangled ideas," and as I pass the door of his den, I am not sorry to see that it is empty, and I am speedily ushered into my Aunt's gorgeously fitted boudoir.

Warmly greeted by her, I find myself ungratefully wondering if a time will come when I shall look as faded and made up as she does.

Lady Tressillian is fifty, but stays at "Thirty nine," and dresses up, or rather down, to that age.

"Poor dear, you do look fagged and worn out with your journey, and cold, frozen. Come, dear, I ordered luncheon late, for I knew you would be starved, leaving after a ghost of a breakfast. Let Ellise take your hat and cloak, and after lunch you shall put your toes up and rest. I must leave you for an hour or two; I could not put off the engagement, so you must quietly recruit and dream of 'that sweet 'morrow' when Mr. Stanhope arrives.

Chatting gaily, Aunt led the way into the dining room. She must have found me but a dull companion, silent and pre-occupied; my heart was too full of a happiness I could not realize after the long lonely years I had passed since Wilfred's absence.

I was overtired and worn out with the excitement of the last few days.

"You must try and eat, Marion, dear," Aunt said, "and have some wine—"

"No sherry, no? Thomas, give Miss Miller some champagne."

I waved the bottle majestically aside.

"I never touch wine *now*, Auntie?"

"*Never* touch wine," Aunt almost shrieked.

"NEVER!" I repeated, "at least hardly ever."

"Good gracious, child! I hope you don't go

in for Teetotalism and that Blue Ribbon nonsense. Why should you set yourself up on high, as if you were better than your neighbours; such bad form to be peculiar, especially in a young woman, it's really too absurd."

"Why? Why?" I ask.

"You don't drink too much, and why should you not enjoy the fruits of the earth, in *moderation*, of course—as I do?"

Aunt's glass had been filled again and again by the attentive Thomas, and it seemed to me that her eyes were sparkling and her voice more raised than was strictly desirable, as she continued:

"*You* won't lessen drunkenness, no, not an iota. How far better to set an example of moderation. What your motive can be, I'm at a loss to think."

"Motives of economy," I demurely observed. "Think, Aunt, how much I save by giving up one, or, may be, two glasses of wine a day—say, a glass at sixpence—one shilling a day, and that makes, let me see, how much a week?"

Then I began to count on my fingers, when Aunt, putting hers to her ears, bade Thomas in an authoritative voice, "fill the glass."

I am weak-minded, I am tenacious of ridicule, I am prone to knock under to those I am with. I am not of the paste that martyrs are made of, and I gave in. Thomas filled my glass—I emptied it, Thomas filled it again, he even did it a third time—but this, I think, must have been with a view to his own post-prandial enjoyment.

After taking and relishing the wine, I was overcome with remorse at my weak backsliding. Bitterly I regretted not having taken the pledge as a safeguard, and donned the blue ribbon as a shield—then, perhaps, I should have stood by my colours, and not have succumbed to my Aunt's well-meant but mischievous advice. As it was I felt dissatisfied with her and myself—above all, a drowsy stupor took possession of me, I could not shake it off,—my eyes would close, and with my face burning, and my head aching, I gladly followed Aunt, and crept no further upstairs than to the drawing-room, where I laid down upon the couch in the back room, Aunt drawing the blinds down and assuring me I should be undisturbed.

She patted my flushed cheeks, and left me to "sweet repose and happy dreams." Happiness and fatigue merged into a dreamy state of forgetfulness, wherein I was dimly conscious of a voice saying,—"I will tell Miss Miller."

The door closed with a sharp click, effectually rousing me to a sense of my position. I was trapped—no escape. I could not but pass through the room and confront the visitor. I put my hands up to my cheeks—they were burning—my nose must be a brilliant fiery hue, my complexion flushed and spotty, my hair dishevelled—how could I face a stranger in this state. If only I could slip away unobserved, or should I feign sleep—

At that moment, the visitor crossed the room, and I saw Wilfred, *my* Wilfred.

Without a thought of self, I sprang to my feet, and with eager outstretched hand advanced to welcome him.

Was he startled? What was it I read in his eyes—a strange look came into them and slowly vanished.

In that one instant the truth flashed upon me. In the next, he was holding my hands in his, explaining in his ringing tones, that thrilled me as of old, how he had managed to leave Southampton earlier than he anticipated, and had hurried to Lady Tressillian's on his chance of finding *his* Marion.

His, even as he spoke, I divined the effort in his voice.

Utterly unnerved by the heart-breaking feeling slowly pervading my being, and freezing me into an iceberg, I was shy and embarrassed, and my Aunt's speedy appearance was a relief to us both.

A thorough woman of the world, she greeted Wilfred cordially, and with ready tact contrived to put him at his ease. All her efforts to include me in her gay, if not brilliant talk were in vain. I could not recover my self-possession, nor hide from myself that his love had received its death-blow. With a pardonable vanity I had wished him to feel if not proud, at least not ashamed, of his choice—and now, adverse fate—or more truthfully my own weakness—had placed me at a fatal disadvantage; his sensitive and artistic temperament would never throw off the unfortunate first impression of our meeting, and the disillusion my unexpected appearance had caused him. Aunt's gaiety jarred upon my nerves, and I could not but notice how persistently Wilfred's eyes avoided meeting mine, even when affectionately pressing my hand in his he bid us farewell, after

promising, in response to my Aunt's invitation, to dine with us that evening.

No sooner, however, had the door closed upon him, than Aunt indignantly exclaimed: "I hate surprises—people should not say one thing and mean another. Why on earth should Mr. Stanhope pop on us in this free and easy manner, when he was not expected until to-morrow? Really, my dear Marion, you should not have received him—I gave orders that you were *not* at home—Thomas should know better. You are not looking your best—travel-stained, and—however, dear, make yourself beautiful for to-night, and redeem this miserable '*fiasco*.'"

Lady Tressillian had lived abroad in her youth, and was given to introducing foreign words, and I left the room with the word *Fiasco*—failure—ringing in my ears. In truth it was failure; and I was bankrupt in all that makes life beautiful.

Blindly I stumbled up the stairs, and in the solitude of my room I gave way to violent grief, when a knock at the door roused me from my despair.

Bidding the maid return in a few minutes, I bathed my face to remove the tell-tale tears, and, hastily dressing, was able to sit patiently before the long glass, while the girl deftly arranged the lovely white starry blossoms in my hair, and put the finishing touches to my toilette.

My Aunt gave a quick scrutinizing glance at my tearstained face, and admired my dress, while Uncle kindly observed that I was not looking the better for country air, and turning aside proceeded to snarl at his wife's light and airy attire; further amiable remarks were prevented by Wilfred's entrance. He was received by Sir Richard with apparent warmth and *bonhomie*, and we went to dinner.

Again I was exposed to the ordeal of refusing the wine Uncle pressed upon me. In apathetic silence I bore the sneering epithets of "strong minded woman and peculiar people," but I fancied Wilfred looked on with calm disapproval, and I remembered now, long since, he had objected to women making themselves remarkable in any way. The little rift within the lute was widening.

* * * *

Our engagement lingered on for a few painful days and then I broke it off. Wilfred would fain have fulfilled his pledge and have hidden from me the change in his feelings, but I loved him too entirely to be satisfied with what he gave. I wanted all or nothing, and I read his secret by the light of that startled look when first we met.

It was enough—my heart might break, but my resolution was taken. The blame, if any, in breaking off our engagement of many years' standing, I took upon myself.

I had a trying time with Aunt, who washed her hands of her fickle niece, nor did we part on good terms; indeed, it was not until after some years that she condescended to accept the olive branch I tendered yearly for her acceptance.

When Lady Tressillian did come to visit me in my country home, she was still lost in wonder at the mysterious and unaccountable caprice which caused me to refuse so eligible a "*parti*" as Wilfred Stanhope. Had he not confided to her that he should console himself by taking a yacht out to India, instead of a woman who was too strong minded to own herself in the wrong. Albeit my lonely heart ached sadly for the love I had lost for ever, I was able to assure her with some truth that it was more dignified and better for both to break off an engagement neither cared to carry out.

"Aunt, dear, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; only see how useful my life is now,—instead of selfishly devoting it to making myself and *one* man happy, look at the numbers who have reason to bless my name."

"If you allude to your success in that low Temperance cause, I think it most deplorable; and I can almost understand a man's dislike to anything so pronounced. You are absolutely throwing your money and yourself away. Don't talk to me of coffee-shops and the noble army of martyrs. *You* always were a goose, and now in your old age you're worse than ever; but I suppose single women must have an object in life, and your fad is Temperance, although why you should give up wine, when you always took so very little, I can't imagine."

Laughingly I replied, "I took too much once upon a time, and it cost me a great deal—but I mustn't think of that now: out of evil good has come, and I am succeeding, albeit but slowly, in my new work—my Crusade against drink. Only think, Auntie, I've had 254 pledges taken this year, and so many of the villagers are decorated with the Blue Ribbon, and now I want you to come with me to see my Coffee shop—its a very humble protest

against drunkenness, hardly fitted to cope with the gorgeous palaces that tempt the poor to perdition, but its all I can do at present—and some day—some day, I hope to see my booth expand its wings into a well-built stone structure, with smoking rooms and a library, and Coffee Palace, and workmen's hall, managed by a committee of working men, and Auntie, you shall lay the first stone, and we will have you put into the *Illustrated News*, in your best bib and tucker, and majestically waving a silver trowel, and—"

"Which I shall keep as a memento, and use as a fish slice hereafter," my Aunt remarked.

"Yes, dear, and when it is built, we will have a grand Teetotalling tea, and you shall gracefully throw open the door and declare that from henceforth it is open, and then we will all wish success to the 'Tressillian Arms.'" R. A. L.

The Wife's New Story.

THE Story, ma'am? Why, really now, I haven't much to say;
If you had come a year ago, and then again to-day,
No need of any word to tell, for your own eyes could see
Just what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

A year ago I hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,
And many a night these little ones went hungry to their bed;
Just peep into the pantry, ma'am; there's sugar, flour, and tea;—
That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

The pail that holds the butter he used to fill with beer;
He hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months and a year;
He pays his debts, he's well and strong, and kind as man can be;—
That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets feeling so mean and low,
And always felt ashamed to meet the folks he used to know:
He looks the world now in the face, he steps off bold and free;—
That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Why, at the shop, the other day, when a job of work was done,
The boss declared, of all his men the steadiest one was John:
"I used to be the worst, my wife," John told me, and says he—
"That's what the friends of Temperance have done for you and me."

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped their play;
Now every night, when supper's done, and the table cleared away,
The boys will frolic round his chair, the baby climb his knee;—
That's what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

Oh, yes! the sad, sad times are gone, the sorrow and the pain;
The children have their father back, and I my John again.
Don't mind my crying, ma'am, indeed it's just for joy, to see
All that the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

And mornings when he's gone to work, I kneel right down and say,
"Father in Heaven, oh, help dear John to keep his pledge to-day!"
And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee
For what the friends of Temperance have done for John and me.

THE KIND WORD

HENRY GUY.

KEY E♭. *Andante.* *cres* - - *cen* - - - *do.* *f*

:m | r :m | f :fe | s :-.m | d :r | m :f | s :ta | ta :l | — :l
:d | d :d | d :ma | m :t, | l, :s, | d :d | d :r | m :— | r :r
Oh! nev-er dim thy list-'ner's eye, By words un-kind-ly spo - ken, Or
:s | f :s | l :la | s :f | m :s | s :s | s :s | s :— | f :fe
:d | d :d | d :d | d :s, | l, :t, | d :r | m :r | de :— | r :d

decres - - *cen* - - *do.* *p*

r' :-.d' | t :l | s :d' | t :t | l :s | fe :m | r :s | — :-.s
r :-.m | r :d | t, :r | r :f | m :r | d :d | d :t, | — :-.r
raise the sad and bit-ter sigh Of spi-rits weak and bro-ken— The
s :-.s | s :fe | s :l | s :r' | d' :t | l :s | fe :s | — :-.f
t, :-.d | r :re | m :fe | s :se | l :r | r :s | r :s, | — :-.t,

slower. *pp* *f*

l :s : .m | s :r : .s | se :l :t .d' | r' :— :s
d :d : .d | t, :t, : .d | r :d .m :f | f :— :s
kind word, the soft word, the good word and true, Oh!
m :m : .s | f :f : .m | m :m .d' :r' .d' | t :— :s
d :d : .d | d :d : .d | t, :l, :la, | s, :— :s

pp *f* *rall.*

m' .,r' :d'. :m | d' .t :l :l .t | d' .,d :d :m .,r | d :— :—
m .,m :m. :m | r .r :d :l .t | d' .,d :d :t, | d :— :—
let them flow, ye lit-tle know What mighty good they do.
t .,t :l. :m | se.se:l :l .t | d' .,d :d :f | m :— :—
se.,se:l. :m | m .m :f :l .t | d' .,d :d :s, | d :— :—

2 As sunshine on a gloomy day
Will cheer each drooping flower,
So gentle words will shed a ray,
E'en through the darkest hour.
The kind word, the soft word, the good word & true,
Oh! use them well,
For who can tell
The mighty good they do.

3 Speak to thy erring fellow man,
But not in anger—blindly;
For he will learn the better plan
If you but tell him kindly.
The soft word, the kind word, the
good word and true,
Are streams of love,
Sent from above,
A mighty good to do.

4 So if with gentleness ye speak
Thou'lt raise a crown above thee;
No richer blessing ye could seek,
For every one will love thee.
The kind word, the soft word, the
good word and true,
Let them increase,
And never cease,
Till mighty good they do.

m "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

VARIETIES.

WOULD you purchase joy and health,
Look not upon the wine.

A CHEERFUL temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured.—*Addison.*

GOD'S BEST GIFTS MADE A CURSE.—The grain which God has abundantly sent for "daily bread" is intercepted by the brewers and distillers and turned into a maddening drink. God's two best gifts—the vine and corn—can be so perverted by the hand of man as to become our heaviest curse.

MILK INSTEAD OF BEER.—The last quarterly report of the visiting justices of the Joint Counties Lunatic Asylum, Abergavenny, states that "the use of milk in the asylum instead of beer, although adopted solely for medical reasons, has been found to result in a considerable pecuniary saving, amounting to £223 17s. 11d. a year on 650 patients, the present number being 659, or £275 3s. 4d. a year on 800 patients."

A CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS.—A Sunday School teacher, at the close of the lesson on a recent Sunday, handed to her scholars little slips of paper on which was printed the question, "What have I to be thankful for?" asking that each should take time to consider and answer on the following Sunday. Among the replies that were then given was the following pathetic sentence, written by a little girl who had doubtless learned by bitter processes the painful truths it told, "I am thankful there are no public-houses in heaven."

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.—At the recent annual meeting of the Medical Missionary Association, Surgeon-General Francis, of the Indian Medical Service, said:—"I think those who go to labour amongst a heathen population should be water-drinkers. Very much of the marvellous success of American missionaries is due to their being teetotalers. The heathen do not understand how we, who preach so much against sin, should indulge in that which they see the lower orders of Europeans taking to such frightful excesses. If a European is represented on the native stage, it is with a bottle in his hand. Christianity will make its way more among the natives of India by personal example, and the pure and blameless life of its professors, than by preaching."

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

MR. HOLLAND'S LAST GLASS.

By the Author of "MISS MARGARET'S STORIES," *etc.*

WE have told elsewhere how Society in the little village of Newton was troubled with one very turbulent member, a Mr. Holland, as the Rectory children called him; "that gathless chap Dick Holland," among his own class; "Dare-devil Dick," among his tap-room friends.

All the names suited him. On Sunday morning, after a long night's rest, fresh shaven,

well-dressed, pleasant-faced, he looked something more than the stalwart yeoman even, a man who might with a few extra polishes step up into first farming rank, or not disgrace a modest Squirearchy.

But with week days came hard work, and harder drinking. Noisy rowdyism along the high roads; loud, boisterous talk, as often foul as fair, proclaimed him "gathless" enough, half his waking hours; while his audacious tongue, and fool-hardy courage, exhibited at every public-house in the neighbourhood, saddled him rightly with his most disreputable title.

And yet every one liked the man! From the Rector—who argued, and talked, and entreated with him time after time, year after year, without making any more impression than if he had been a stone wall, and still couldn't help liking him, and hoping for improvement in him some day—to his lowest associates, who as often as not felt the weight of his fists in some beer begotten fray, and swore mighty oaths of vengeance, only to forget them and be "hail-fellow, well met," a few hours later; every one had a good word, a 'sneaking kindness" for the ne'er-do-well, who might have been a gentleman if he had followed his better instincts, who threatened to become a pauper through yielding to his lower appetites.

All who had the interests of social order, *viâ* Temperance, at heart(and thanks, humanly speaking, to the growing influence of one family, these were not a few in Newton Magna) tried a turn with Dick Holland. The Squire himself, having unblinded his own eyes and cleansed his own household, was greatly exercised over "that foolish fellow at the 'Friar's Farm,'" and did his utmost to bring him round to his own new way of thinking. But not one bit of use was it. "Bless you, Sir,"said Holland,good humoured as ever, rather amused, in fact, with his lecturer from a new quarter, "it isn't any manner of use trying to convert me. As I've been bred and born, so I shall live and die! Tisn't that I don't see things. I'm no fool, and now and then I put the figures together and think what a big man I might have been if I'd chosen to put by all I've spent in liquor. But then I don't know if I should have been so much better off! I mightn't have kept my money together; lots of folks don't. I might have worritted, and had heaps of bother over it; plenty of people do. Now, you see, I get my frolic, and have my fling, and don't hurt any mortal except myself. So I can't see that there's any call for you or anybody else to put yourselves out about me, thank you just the same, though. I'm not the man to take offence at it!"

And from this point there was no moving him. He was not even come-at-able through softer agencies, for his wife, the one creature to whom in drink or out, he never said a harsh word, defended him through thick and thin, trusted him implicitly when he said there would always be a roof over their heads, and the bit of land that had been his forefathers for four generations to keep them; and trained up her five strapping lads to see no fault in "father," whose ruling vice they ran small risk of imitating in their youth, since "father" required the lion's share of everything drinkable in their house for his own personal enjoyment.

Vainly did Dorothea Arden, first as a child, then later in young womanhood, make her kindliest efforts to get the thin edge of the wedge under the family incubus, by winning over the younger boys into her little abstaining band.

"No such thing," said Dick Holland, "his chaps shouldn't be made milksops of! They should have the same liberty their father had. It was waste of breath for Miss Dora to come after them, though he knew she meant it kindly!"

So the boys shot up from children into youths under this happy-go-lucky system; and under the same system two considerable legacies, that should have placed them fairly out in trade, dwindled rapidly away, the fifty acres, farmed only by fits and starts, grew finer crops of "twitch" than of corn. Mr. Holland was rarely seen out of doors, the lads went shabby and ill clothed, there were whis-

pers of money borrowed on the "Friar's," and of a not distant day when the old place might pass into new hands, and still Dick Holland retained popularity by sheer force of his naturally good temper and pleasant disposition, and still he drank as though neither constitution nor pocket ran risk of ruin!

This was the point matters had reached some two years back, when attention was for a time diverted from the Hollands and their impending misfortunes and directed to a fresh and pleasanter topic.

Great changes were coming at the Rectory. Miss Dorothea was going to be married, and there was scarcely a cottage in Newton where lively personal interest was not taken in this wonderful event.

From a child she had grown up under the village matrons' approving eyes, had taken upon herself small womanly duties at an age when other young ones are frolicing about in the nursery, had even for nearly the last six years been sole and trusty housekeeper to her father in place of one whose worthiness and life had been swept away in sad disaster, whose very name was a sorrow to the friends who had failed to save her.

The gaieties that most girls delight in had few charms for Dorothea, she was happier, her father would often say, to be his Curate; and her talents were not more brilliant than her social aspirations.

But though it was Miss Mabel who made such wonderful music on the church organ, that the country folks would loiter in the porch to catch the last notes, it was Miss Dora's voice they all loved best to hear leading chant or hymn, though it was Miss Amy ("Trottie" no longer, now baby days were done,) who was rightly pronounced to be the beauty of the family, yet her pretty face was never half so welcome to old or young, well folks or ailing, as Miss Dora's sweet, friendly features. The Newton people took a pride in all the parson's daughters, but Miss Dora was first favourite from one end of the parish to the other.

So it was considered a very clever and sensible thing of Mr. Cyril Forbes, the Squire's nephew, to bide his time, and then choose such a worthy wife. His love, a nestling that had taken lodging in his heart so long ago he hardly knew when to date its entrance, would have found utterance long before, had not the shamed remembrance of a certain boyish episode in his life held him back. But when eight years of thorough, intelligent abstinence had worked out some atonement for his youthful folly—when his well pleased Derbyshire uncle let fall upon his (now) junior partner the principal conduct of a thriving manufactory, together with a handsome share of its profits, then Cyril Forbes took courage and spoke, and to his infinite delight found that his child playmate, his little wise girl-friend, had long cherished a shy nameless feeling for him that in truth matched his for her!

But given this mutual affection, there was still much to be got over before the desired marriage could take place.

Leaving a home where she had the mingled pleasure and pain of knowing herself so needed was no light matter. Parting from a father who, till now, had been a centre object of her life, round whom all her earliest interests and affections had clung, was a terrible wrench, the idea of which made poor Dora so miserable that prospective happiness failed utterly to console her.

Happily the difficult decision was taken out of her hands by circumstances unexpected when the engagement of the lovers began.

Mr. Holt's son, the same who had cast a longing eye on the living of Newton some sixteen years before, was more than ever anxious to come there now, so as to settle for the last years of their lives near his quickly aging parents; just at the same time a living close by Dorothea's future home fell vacant, and at the elder Mr. Forbes' instigation, was offered to Mr. Arden.

A lessened income, and by no means easy sphere, among a factory population, were weighty considerations, but counter-balancing ones were weightier. To Dorothea's great joy, her father accepted the Rectory of ——.

At the earnest entreaty of all her old friend (to say nothing of Cyril Forbes' own pleading), the wedding was hastened on so as to take place before the family removal. All the parish was active with preparation. All tongues were busy with talk of the coming bridal, which to please the Holts was to be far gayer than the young couple would have wished or planned for themselves. Gifts and good wishes poured in from all sides, till, as Dora often said, "before she was leaving them she never guessed how many people thought so kindly of her!" Nurse stitched, and ordered, and packed, from morning till night, distracted between pride and pain at the departure of the first of the little brood she had tended so long and with such jealous care. Individuals and things seemed working into a white heat of excitement as the day approached, and Dorothea, in her sweet maidenly calm, appeared the only person able to think of others rather than herself.

Thursday was to be the much-talked-of wedding day, and this was Monday.

With Saturday night Cyril Forbes had come down to the Hall, hoping to leave Newton no more till he went thence with Dorothea by his side; but on the morning of this very day had come an urgent telegram from his uncle at——. An important business decision was forced unexpectedly upon them. Could Cyril possibly run over for a few hours, returning on Wednesday morning at latest?

Impatient at such prosaic interruption of their long-looked-for day, Cyril would fain have decided against going, but much against her wish Dorothea felt bound to urge the less selfish course, and they made ready for a brief parting, which just at this time, to those two foolish young people, seemed a positive affliction.

The evening train would pass through Halesbury at eight, and Dorothea had promised to drive her bridegroom elect to the station.

Now at four the two were going from the Rectory towards the Hall, to fetch the necessary travelling-bag and dust coat, when just by the bridge, where years ago a little girl had wandered picking forget-me-nots, a sudden thought separated them for a few minutes.

"I promised," said Dorothea, waking out of a happy silence, with a start, "I promised to go down to the 'Friars' to-day to thank those poor Hollands for their present to us." (For poor, free-handed Dick Holland, not to be behind his neighbours, had insisted on the bridegroom accepting a quaintly carved oak table, that must, by its age and blackness, have belonged to his great grandmother at least!) "How glad I am I didn't forget it. Stay just a few minutes with Auntie, Cyril," (so Mrs. Holt liked already to be called) "while I just run over to the Farm. I will be back here very soon waiting for you."

Away she ran, over the road thick with July dust, and down the lane that led to the "Friars," where midway to the old neglected homestead she encountered Mr. Holland himself, seated in a light waggon, on the top of a loose load of fresh made hay.

"Carting, are you not?" asked Dorothea as the farmer stopped his horses, and came down from his perch to give the young lady a farewell shake of the hand. "You are lucky to have got your crop in so beautifully."

But the answer hardly sounded so lucky. "Yes, carting, Miss Arden, and selling! I'm off to Halesbury to a customer, with this to-night."

("They just live from hand to mouth," had often been said of them lately, and this seemed like it.)

"To-night," echoed Dorothea, and then she added involuntarily, "oh dear!" as she remembered the many and irresistible temptations in the shape of town public-houses that would beset poor Dick Holland before he could get home again.

"Ah, it's a pity, isn't it, to sell it instead of stacking it?" said the owner rather wistfully, "but beg—— h'm! people can't always be choosers. Good job for me the grass was so heavy this year. I'm thankful for it."

He spoke so heartily, looking (for a wonder at that hour) so decent and sober, his whole manner somehow softened, either by his own thickening troubles, or, perhaps, by saying good-bye to this gentle young woman, who, often enough, had tried to do him and his a good turn. Dorothea felt all her old pity and vexation rise up within her, and by some rapid impulse determined to risk offence once again, to blend her farewell with just one effort more. "I can't thank you enough," she said, in her kindest voice, "for that beautiful little table you sent me this morning. I mean to have it always in my own sitting-room," (blushing over her new dignity in owning such an apartment). "You could have given me nothing *in* your house that I should have liked half so well."

"Then I'm glad and proud I sent it to you, Miss Dora," interrupted he, well pleased.

"And only one other thing at all that I should have liked better," she went on, her heart beating fast. Was it unwise, was it too bold of her, only a girl, to attack this toper of long standing on his weak point? What chance of doing good had she? None, she doubted, and yet something made her go on, "one other thing that would make me more pleased than I can tell you if you would give it to me."

The farmer caught up his hat, and pushed his fingers with a puzzled look through his thick brow hair growing grey all too soon.

"If you covet anything of mine, indoors or out, I don't suppose me nor my missus would be likely to say 'no' to you, Miss Dora, 'specially now. What may your wish be?"

His pleasant, unsuspicious manner made Dorothea's task harder. She took her usual course and faced right about upon her difficulty.

"If you could give me your word, or promise, or pledge, whatever you like to call it, to try only for a little time to do without drink, I should go away, Mr. Holland, ever so much happier. Indeed I should; I'd rather have your promise than any wedding gift anyone could offer me. You won't be cross with me, will you, for saying so?"

The colour coursed up over Dick Holland's sunburnt face. Argument or reasoning he treated as chaff before the wind. This little bit of womanly pleading was harder to resist, though yielding to the request was a thing not to be thought of.

"Why, Miss Dora," he said, with an uneasy laugh, "what *would* be the use of my promising against my will? I know I shouldn't keep my word, not for a week, nor for anything like a week. I suppose some folks *can* be persuaded like out of old ways into new ones, but *I* can't. It'd take something a deal rougher than words to alter me now. When a man's lived the sort of life I have all these years,—and mind you, Miss, I hold I've had a right to live it, and go on living it as long as I choose—why, then it must be a mighty sudden pull of the reins that 'll stop him. Such a pull as no words that I've ever heard spoken are likely to give me! Any other way I'd have done my most to please you. I wish you hadn't set your heart on what I can't give you, Miss Dora, that I do."

There: she had tried, and failed! Only what she was certain of beforehand, and yet the disappointment seemed somehow keen. Perhaps these were trying days, and Dorothea's nerves not so well under control as usual. Anyhow, her voice shook, and her beautiful earnest eyes were full of tears when she spoke again.

"Perhaps I was wrong to ask you. I beg your pardon if I have vexed you, Mr. Holland. Please don't be angry, if you ever think of what I said. And now—if you really won't"—(with a lingering hope of contradiction) "good-bye."

Just one vagrant tear fell on the sleeve of her white dress as she held out her hand—a special pleader that Mr. Holland was not prepared for. One that, to use his mental comment, "took the wind out his sails" completely for the time being.

"Why, look here now, Miss Dora," said he as gently as if arguing with an infant, "you mustn't make me feel so downright brutal as to fret you at such a time as this. I'd

sooner hurt myself fifty times over than give you a minute's pain, I'm sure. Suppose I said I'd *think* about it; wouldn't that do— ?"

Dorothea shook her head sadly, and two more tears shook down. "Well, look here, then," begged poor Dick Holland, pushed up into a very corner of desperation, "suppose we say I'll have a try at your plan—no regular promise, you know, I can't stand that—but just a try at it to please you. I don't mind doing that, and——" as Dorothea looked up, anxious, questioning, almost smiling—he added heroically, "I'll do it directly! I'll see if I can't get on four and twenty hours without my glass, that 'd be a beginning, wouldn't it? And then I'll come round to the Rectory to-morrow, somewhere at this time, and let you know if I feel up to trying another day."

"And perhaps another after that," cried Dorothea, gladly, looking up again with an April face, "oh, thank you, Mr. Holland. I know you'll try now you have said it. I am sure you will bring me good news to-morrow. How I shall look for your coming. And now its only good day, and not good-bye!"

She gave him a glance so bright and trustful, so full of generous confidence, as she hurried back to rejoin her waiting lover, that Mr. Holland, standing and staring after her, felt a very unusual mist before his own eyes "Bless the girl's heart," he muttered, as he pulled himself up to his seat again, and cracked his whip for his pair of lean horses to start afresh, "she means well enough, I know, but old trees like me aren't to be bent like young twigs! But I'll see if I can't put myself off just a day or so to please her."

And off he went towards Halesbury.

* * * *

It was between seven and eight o'clock the same evening when a couple of elderly ladies were holding animated and anxious conference in the bow-window of their drawing-room, which overlooked the main country road leading out of this same small market town.

A big square box, marked conspicuously. "Glass, with Care!" stood on the floor between them, an object of immense importance, containing, in fact, a costly wedding present to their favourite, Dorothea Arden.

Over its choice they had spent such hours of cogitation that they had driven the actual purchase very late, and now how to get it conveyed to its destination was more than they were able to devise.

"The carrier," feebly suggested Miss Helen, for the twentieth time.

"The carrier!" impatiently retorted Miss Heath, "why you know, Helen, he doesn't go till Wednesday! If we put it off till then, we might as well put it on our fly on Thursday morning and sit upon it, and unpack it ourselves when we get there! Do, please, try and think of something more reasonable!"

But this was not easy. Poor Miss Helen racked her brains vainly for a happy thought. The package was too big for the mail cart, too heavy for the walking postman; it would cost ten shillings to charter a fly especially to send it; it would take all the *éclat* off the gift to carry it themselves to Newton on the wedding morn. It was a dreadful dilemma, and put the two old ladies into quite a tremor of nervous excitement. Apparently they might sit there, pondering and sighing one against the other, till midnight, without solving the difficulty. The situation was exasperating. No way out of it seemed likely; when all in a moment up jumped Miss Helen, flung open the window, and began making extraordinary signs to someone—a man!!—passing with a waggon, and calling to him at the top of her shrillest treble to "Stop! Come in! They wanted him there!"

"Are you crazy?" exclaimed her much scandalized sister. "Who are you shouting to in that horribly unladylike manner? *Pray*, leave off!" as Miss Helen persisted in her beckonings and invitations. "Whoever is it? I declare he's coming up the path! Oh—h—!" As, having found her spectacles and adjusted them, the truth flashed on her. "I see! It's Mr. Holland. And you thought he'd take the clock! Not at all a bad idea,

Nell, but I really did think you'd gone out of your senses!"

Mr. Holland, coming to the front door, was soon introduced by a smart little maid-servant, and readily undertook charge of the bulky parcel.

"It shall be at the Rectory to-night, ladies, no fear," said he, preparing to shoulder it as he spoke. "I'll carry it in myself, so as it shouldn't get jolted. I'm pleased to oblige you or Miss Arden either, I'm sure."

The ladies, greatly relieved, were profuse in their thanks. Under less pressing circumstances they might have hesitated at asking this particular individual's aid, for they knew he bore but an indifferent character in certain respects. But perhaps more was said of him than he deserved; their good friends at Newton were apt to make mountains out of mole-hills, so Miss Heath often averred. At any rate he was unquestionably sober now, and looked, in his Sunday coat and hat, as respectable a custodian of their gift as they could possibly wish for.

In fact his respectability made it a little awkward. Miss Heath didn't exactly like to offer him a shilling, equally didn't like to let him go unpaid for his timely assistance.

Dilemma number two! but one for which custom made the lady much more ready.

"Helen, ring the bell, please. Wait a moment, Mr. Holland, you'll take a glass of wine before you start. We are so much obliged to you, I'm sure. Lizzie, bring the port out of the side-board, and a glass if you please."

For once in his life Dick Holland heard such an order with dismay.

With some difficulty he had kept his resolution. For the first time in twenty years he had finished a bargain without a drop of anything to "wet it" with. Hardening his heart against nods from ostlers and noisy greetings from the open windows of half a dozen public houses, he had got triumphantly all but out of Halesbury, and was beginning to feel rather a fine fellow in his own estimation when here he was tempted again just as he was conscious of turning wonderfully thirsty.

But he didn't intend to give in. Certainly not. Only it was awkward for him to frame a refusal. The right words didn't come handy; they'd not been used for such an unconscionably long time. While he was summoning up an unwilling "No, thank you," Miss Helen poured out the wine, and Miss Jane handed it to him.

It looked harmless enough, a mere thimbleful to the tumbler he drained off daily; but somehow, Dorothea's face seemed to come between him and the stuff that smelt so pleasant.

"I'd rather not, thank you, ladies," he stammered out at last, awkwardly, and not very heartily. Miss Jane thought he was afflicted with shyness, and pressed it on him, but he repeated his refusal, strengthening it by saying he was not used to wine.

"Oh, but this isn't wine such as will hurt you," assured Miss Heath. "Its not like the port people buy nowadays. Its very old wine; a little that was left us by a brother. I shall be quite sorry if you won't taste it!"

Dick Holland felt his resolution melting. It looked so unmannerly to refuse ladies. And it would sound so childish to explain his reason; he couldn't do that, but he'd say "no" once more. So he did, but rather faintly, and Miss Jane, with a slight air of offence, told her sister to set the wine down, "she was sorry they could not offer Mr. Holland anything he liked!"

And then the poor fellow, weak in his new custom, was, for the second time that day, over-ruled against his inclination by feminine persuasion. Rather than seem ungracious, he gulped down his better impulse, and drank off the offered wine, with a preliminary "good health" to both the ladies.

Pleased at getting her way (as what woman is not?) Miss Heath promptly filled the glass a second time, begging Mr. Holland to drink "Miss Dorothea's health and prosperity," a toast which, after his first lapse, it would have been ridiculous to decline. So the second glass was swallowed with less difficulty than the first. Then Miss Helen was dispatched to the next room to write a few

additional lines to the note which was to accompany their presents, and in her absence the bridegroom's good luck had to be similarly honoured.

"I don't grudge my best wine, Mr. Holland," said Miss Heath, quite beamingly, "when it's coupled with good wishes to these dear young people." And Mr. Holland answered that he "quite agreed with her. They were the right sort, both of them."

But he felt very guilty as he thought of one, and yet, as he argued when he had taken leave at Holly Lodge, and started towards home, he didn't see but what Miss Dorothea would be just as pleased if he did as she asked the next day instead of this one. A few hours couldn't make any difference in the thing itself. He thought it would be better on the whole to begin the next morning when he got up. Yes, that would be all to nothing the best plan, he should have slept off the taste of this wine then, and was sure he could manage comfortably through the whole day without drink, and he'd go to the Rectory and explain it all to her on the Wednesday morning. So, having settled that, there was no need to stint himself to-night. That port was very fine, and very old, no doubt, but it had a very queer effect on his mouth and throat. It seemed to dry them up somehow. He wanted a drink of ale to make it feel comfortable and natural like; and there was the "Rising Sun" just nice and convenient at the cross roads close by. And to the "Rising Sun" (misnomer enough, in all conscience!) Dick Holland went.

* * * *

It was nearer nine than eight o'clock, when Dorothea was driving homeward in the soft summer twilight. The train which took Cyril Forbes northward was late in starting, and she had made a little detour to avoid passing through the town; but the road was unfrequented, and Dorothea fearless. Though alone, or with no other companion than Tip, who by reason of his advancing years, was indulged with a cushion and a rug by her side, no thought of harm in any shape flitted through her mind, but rather her heart was full of vague, happy dreams of the new future now so close at hand, mingled with just a touch of sadness at this two days' parting from her betrothed.

The stillness, the few minutes' freedom from all the bustle of preparation going on at home, were so grateful and refreshing, that Dorothea gladly let her lazy pony have his way, and take as many minutes as he liked to go creeping down the hill, while with one hand on the reins and the other on Tip's smooth head, she gave herself up to a "crowd of unspeakable emotions." From these she would, as likely as not, only have roused when "Jack" turned in at the Rectory gate, but suddenly Tip the watchful shook himself free of her hand, and with ears very much on the alert, stared knowingly up the road down which they had just come.

Dorothea looked back, catching at the same moment sound of other wheels besides her own. The descending road was very narrow, but she pulled close to her proper side, where a low hedge crowned bank skirted a rough piece of heath land, broken up by numerous sand or gravel pits.

It was an awkward place for vehicles to pass each other, but, carefully done, there was no danger in it.

Again she looked behind. The advancing vehicle was coming downhill at a tremendous rate. Apparently the horses were uncontrolled. No driver was visible, but a whip dangling over the front board of the waggon seemed to give the shaft horse an impression he was being urged on by someone.

On they came, well in the middle of the road. Dorothea sprang up, and with a loud cry of "Stop! Stop!" pulled her own pony almost on the bank. Whether to jump out, or which way would be safest, just flashed on her for one instant, the next the heavy waggon wheel caught her light basket carriage, jerked it violently forward,—there was a grinding crash, a moment's intense pain, and then oblivion.

* * * *

No wedding bells rang out on that long looked for Thursday. All the gay doings

were forgotten, all expectation quenched. The stupor of a great shock hung over the whole parish, the strain of acute suspense was felt throughout its length, for, there in the Rectory, lay the poor promised bride, unconscious still, while life and death fought a hard battle over her senseless form.

Dick Holland's share—ay, and Miss Heath's too, in the sad work were well enough known by this time. Many and keen were the reproachful words uttered of both, but words couldn't heal, pity couldn't undo what was done. The grief stricken old friend who had opened the floodgate of such mischief and misery might come and hang about the darkened room, weeping rain tears hour after hour. The man who, in drunken sleep, had wrought out the fell disaster might haunt the Rectory grounds, hiding from some, waylaying others for every scrap of news, it was all useless. No solicitude, no self rebuke could avail aught. They could only pray hard, and wait for God's will.

It was the fourth morning from the terrible accident. So early that the dew was not off the grass; the labourers were not yet astir about the fields. Long shadows lay across the lawn, the golden sunshine glorifying every leaf and flower. Except for the song of birds, there was no sign that the world was yet waking to another day, when silently the long study window opened, and Cyril Forbes came out into the fresh, sweet-scented air.

Treading lightly till well past the house, he hurried towards the shrubbery, threw himself upon a bench beneath an Ilex (his favourite seat with Dorothea), and burying his haggard face within his hands, gave vent for a minute to an outburst of passionate grief, such as is wrung from men only in the extremity of wild despair.

"My love, my love, my love!" was all he could cry out, his very tone sharpened with this anguish, terrible to bear! And then, as if that hushed house he had just stolen from had some fascination not to be withstood, he raised himself wearily, and, leaning by the tree, gazed back towards one window, opened since he came out, and where figures could now be seen flitting to and fro.

Other eyes besides his saw this.

A hand touched his arm timidly. A man's voice spoke close to him.

"Is she alive?" and Dick Holland positively shook as he waited for the answer.

"She is," said Cyril Forbes briefly, sparing from his own misery a throb of pity for the evident wretchedness of this man, the witless destroyer of his own fair hopes.

"And will they save her? Can't those London men, the doctors, do something? Sir," burst out "gathless Dick," "I'd give my right hand to save her, I'd give my life if I could. If she dies there'll be no more peace in this world for me."

"Nor joy for me," rose the quick thought in Cyril Forbes' sad heart; but he could only shake his head, not trusting himself to speak.

"I made jest to myself of her persuading. I boasted that it would take something stronger than them to pull me up. I never looked for this," pursued Dick, huskily, heaping rebuke on his own head, "but now as sure as there's a God above, Mr. Forbes, I've taken my last glass! oh—" with a pang that stabbed him like a knife, "if I was only sure she'd live to know it."

Their mutual grief bridged the great gulf between them. The younger man grasped Dick Holland's shaking hand and wrung it hard.

"Hold fast to that," he said, "and join your prayers to ours. Then come what may,"—but he couldn't restrain a shudder at the implied chance—"come what may, God helping us, all shall be well."

Before the words were off his lips, there came a stir, a sound from the house, rapid footsteps were running down the shrubbery, and Amy Arden was calling, "Cyril, Cyril, where are you? Dollie has spoken! oh come, she is asking for you."

* * * *

The struggle was long and keen, but up and out of it Dorothea was raised, and given back to those who loved her dearly. Winter roses instead of summer ones were blooming at her wedding, and it was late spring before

their loitering honeymoon sent them back from sunny Italian shores, with the bright hue of health once more upon the bride's pale cheeks.

The cost was heavy of the change she had fervently desired, but the change was so made, and there has been no going back from it. And will be none. So she has good hope and trust, for the new Rector of Newton writes often to his Derbyshire cousins, and tells them that Mr. Holland is holding up his head again, the "Friars" is prospering as it has never done in this holder's time; and it is even said the elder sons are looking about for a fresh farm for themselves, while all the lads and their mother, with the father at the head, make such a goodly bench of worshippers on every Sabbath as any parish may be proud of, any parson thankful over. And elsewhere, too, that July evening left its mark.

The "fine old port" lies among its sawdust and cobwebs, in Miss Heath's tiny cellar, never to be disturbed by her. The glasses stand dusty on their shelves, and neither doctor's counsel nor the hankering of an old habit will bring them down. Through those long days and nights of cruel uncertainty, a change, such as she had often enough scouted the notion of before, was stealing over Miss Jane. "I'm old to give a thing up," she remarked with some dignity, "but when I am convinced I can do it. I am convinced now that drink is dangerous. I shall have no more to say to it. *You* can please yourself, Helen!" But as it, of course, pleased Miss Helen to follow her sister's lead, especially as she had long inclined that way, their dietetic revolution was very peacefully made, and, in spite of their years, the good ladies show no little activity in the ranks they have so lately joined, much to the delight of their distant god-daughter.

And she, Dorothea Forbes, gentle, loving, wife, and mother now herself, she lives on in an ever-widening sphere of active usefulness.

It may be that her own mother's strong influence directed the current of her life; it may be that the lesson of one grievous hour by a pauper's death-bed never is forgotten, but certain is it that among the long ranks of her husband's "hands" in their homes, their schools, where and whenever her kindly sway is felt and welcomed, there young and old alike are guarded and weaned from the vice that degrades thousands of their and every other class. No praises she spares, no trouble is too great in this her self-imposed labour. Thus holding her riches as something lent her for awhile, to turn to good account, the comforts as incentives to making others happy, their days glide by through paths of promise, that when they shall be done, "her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

A. P.

The Safe Path.

THERE are various reasons why we should all become Total Abstainers; indeed, there is no reason why we should *not*, except that all prevailing argument, "*I like the drink*." Some abstain for the benefit of their health, to influence their friends, or for the sake of economy; but the idea that always strikes me most forcibly is this, *the path of Total Abstinence is the path of safety*. Nothing can be more simple than this. If a man drinks, he is in danger—if he abstains he cannot become a drunkard. Is it not wonderful that it should require the mighty eloquence and sparkling anecdotes of great orators, to persuade people of such a simple fact?

Here are two roads—one, the path of moderation (so-called), and the other the

path of Abstinence. Which will you tread? Men have been known to drink moderately all their lives, but others in trying to follow their example have been degraded and ruined. Drink is no respecter of persons. Its terrible results are not seen alone among the poor, but it will curse and ruin the man of high rank and faultless life, or the woman of spotless character. Oh, the sad wrecks along this road of moderation! Noble minded men, with bright prospects, loving hearts, generous instincts, extensive learning, and, as they thought, strong wills—have fallen into utter degradation and complete ruin through walking in this path, the path of moderation, and therefore the path of danger.

Those who would be safe, healthy, and happy, should come into the path of Total Abstinence. There can be no danger of falling through drink if you never touch it. Let us, then, for ever renounce the use of strong drink, and having signed the pledge, wear the blue, the badge of liberty and honour. We may meet with opposition, but surely we shall not fear to tread in the footprints of the noble men, who, fifty years ago, first entered this "Path of Safety," and braved the scornful contempt and abusive slanders with which they were insulted and reproached. "The Gospel Bells are ringing," list to their sweet music as they tell of Him who "pleased not Himself"—whose blameless life, tender love and noble self-sacrifice should be our daily example. For your own safety, then, join our ranks, as we go forth in this noble warfare to emancipate mankind from the thraldom of drink, and to trample under foot this "enemy of our race."

F. A. A.

The Children's Hour.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together,
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair,
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am,
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

LONGFELLOW

THE PATH THROUGH THE CORN.

WAVY and bright in the summer air,
Like a quiet sea when the wind blows fair,
And its roughest breath has scarcely curled,
The green highway to an unknown world;
Soft whispers passing from shore to shore
Like a heart content—yet desiring more,
Who feels forlorn,
Wandering thus on the path through the corn.

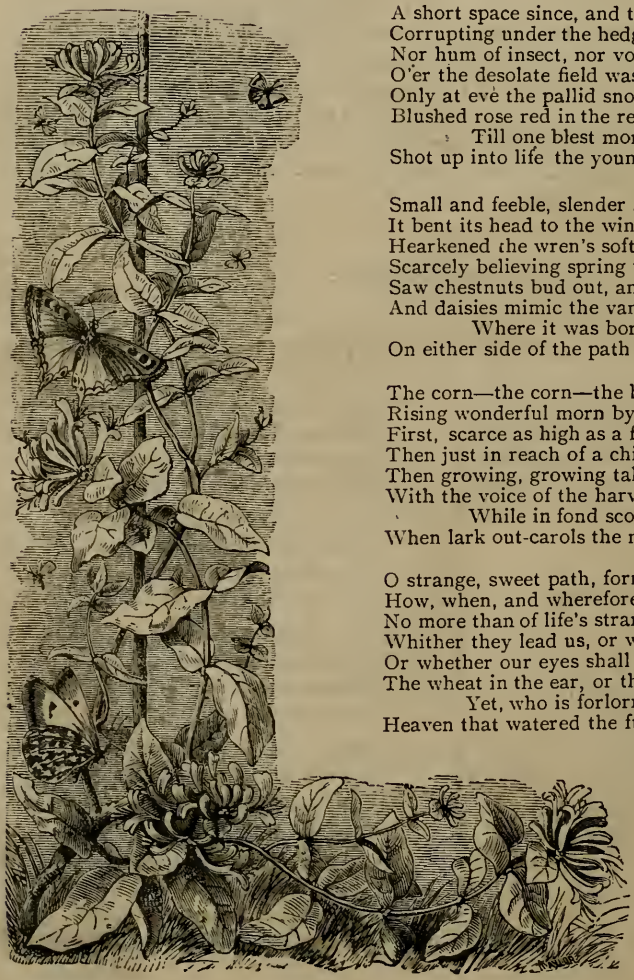
A short space since, and the dead leaves lay
Corrupting under the hedgerow gray;
Nor hum of insect, nor voice of bird
O'er the desolate field was ever heard,
Only at eve the pallid snow
Blushed rose red in the red sun glow,
Till one blest morn,
Shot up into life the young green corn.

Small and feeble, slender and pale,
It bent its head to the winter gale,
Hearkened the wren's soft note of cheer,
Scarcely believing spring was near,
Saw chestnuts bud out, and campions blow,
And daisies mimic the vanished snow,
Where it was born,
On either side of the path through the corn.

The corn—the corn—the beautiful corn,
Rising wonderful morn by morn,
First, scarce as high as a fairy's wand,
Then just in reach of a child's wee hand,
Then growing, growing tall, green, and strong,
With the voice of the harvest in its song,
While in fond scorn,
When lark out-carols the murmuring corn.

O strange, sweet path, formed day by day,
How, when, and wherefore—tongue cannot say,
No more than of life's strange paths we know,
Whither they lead us, or why we go,
Or whether our eyes shall ever see
The wheat in the ear, or the fruit on the tree,
Yet, who is forlorn?
Heaven that watered the furrows will ripen the corn.

Chambers's Journal.



A CONTINENTAL CORNFIELD.

The Conquest of Drink.

SIR Alcohol Drink was a braggart knight,
Who never had fought a single fight,
For the coward, as I am bound to tell,
Was one of the demons let loose from hell
To kill and delude the human race,
Till of health and happiness not a trace
Should in man be found, but sin and disgrace
Usurping Peace and Purity's place.
So fiendishly, too, did he act his part,
That men declared he'd a kind, warm heart;
And even the hand of friendship gave
While he dragged them down to a drunkard's grave.

Now Alcohol Drink sat all alone
In his dark, cold cell of granite stone,
And heard with pleasure the long drawn moan—
('Twas music to him that heavy groan)—
Of a creature reduced to skin and bone.
And Drink looked round with a smile so bland,
As he held the cup within his hand—
The cup that was filled with the poisoned draught
Which burned like fire as the victims quaffed,
Quaffed and drank the terrible stuff,
And they never could tell when they'd had enough;
And so, without power to think or stop,
They drained the cup to the very last drop.

The first that came to Drink's dread place,
With never a thought of vile disgrace,
Was a poor young girl, so sweet, so fair,
With an angel's face, and a sea-nymph's hair.
She came to ask if Drink could find
An elixir of life to cheer her mind
And a heavy weight from her heart to roll,
But, alas, she thought nothing about her Soul!
Then out from his bottle upon the shelf
Drink poured the poison he made himself,
And gave the stuff for the girl to take.
Oh! how her head would throb and ache,
Oh! how her thin, cold hands would shake,
As she drank it down, the sad mistake.
And her end was miserably, terribly sad,
For she died alone, drunk, drunk and mad.

'Twas a City man full of business cares
Came rushing next down the creaking stairs,
And he wished for a something that might tend
To promote good feeling, as well as to lend
An impulse to trade and dull business life,
And console a man for the loss of a wife.
His want was supplied, and he carried away
The insidious draught; so from day to day
He swallowed the poison, and daily, too,
The taste of the liquid upon him grew,
Till life became as bitter as gall,
And gloomy and black as a funeral pall.
And men read one day how he met his end,
Stabbed to the heart by a drunken friend.

Next a working man knocked at the door,
And though badly clad, and though he was poor,
He bought the poison at Alcohol's store,
Unmoved by the fate of those gone before.
"I shan't drink," said he, "till my body reels,
I'll not touch the stuff between my meals."
But work got slack, and bread grew dear,
And then all he bought was his daily beer.
The first step taken, soon, soon was trod
The downward road, and the fiendish god
Ruled over his mind, and devoured his all
Till he hadn't a thing his own he could call.
So Despair at his back, and Drink at his side,
A suicide's horrible death he died.

But at length a brave knight to the rescue came,
"Sir Total Abstinence," such was his name,
And he waved aloft a banner of blue
The badge of the pure, and the good and true.
And then with a sword called "The Pledge" in his hand,
In combat with that foul fiend did he stand,
Till he hurled Drink senseless upon the floor,
Where he writhed with pain, and rose no more.
Then a shout was raised, and the trumpet blew,
For no harm henceforth could the demon do.
And the ribbon of blue was worn by all
Who rejoiced in Drink's conquest and crushing fall.

F. A.

Richard Selden's Christening.

By Mrs. Harriett Noel-Thatcher.

A CHEERFUL party had assembled at the respectable family hotel situated on the Royal Parade at a fashionable watering place. The occasion was the christening of the proprietor's eldest son. The godfather and godmother had promised and vowed that the infant should eschew evil and walk in wisdom's ways to life's end. The religious ceremony duly got through, the parents and friends were exchanging all kinds of good wishes as the wine freely circulated. One who was present, in speaking of the occasion, remarked to the writer that wine flowed like water that evening. The glasses flowed over until the floor was saturated with the costly luxury.

The child, who in all probability inherited a taste for alcoholics, was apprenticed when quite a lad to a shop-keeper in a distant village, for the family hotel had changed hands, and the pair who so uproariously rejoiced at the christening of their boy, did not live to see him placed out in the world. He was a sharp lad, and applied himself diligently to business, the proprietor of which left it very much to the management of his wife, while he managed to spend her earnings at the White Lion, the village public-house,

Mrs. Capper was in the habit of visiting the neighbouring villages to receive orders and deliver goods, and one of the apprentice's duties was to accompany his mistress, he driving the pony cart. She was a kind, motherly woman, and appreciated the steadiness and general good conduct of her apprentice. Upon these short business trips the mid-day meal was postponed or dispensed with, but Mrs. Capper, devoutly believing in the merits of "home-brewed," never forgot the stone bottle, the contents of which was to fortify herself and Richard in sustaining the duties of a long business day.

It has been said that Richard probably inherited an appetite for strong drinks, which might doubtless have lain dormant under more favourable circumstances; as it was, what so natural as that the boy should become a hard drinker?

Richard's early developed taste did not become inordinate for years. With credit he passed through his apprenticeship, and whilst yet a young man, became a commercial traveller. The habits of commercial life, though vastly improved in consequence of total abstinence principles, are yet rife with danger to such young men as Richard Selden. A few years on "the road" were sufficient to land him in excessive drinking.

With blighted prospects and enfeebled health, he was unable to procure a position such as he had lost more than once through his intemperate habits. Driven to his wit's ends, he had been drinking for a whole week in a low public-house in Liverpool. Pressed to pay the amount incurred, he had left this resort, promising to return with the money in half an hour's time. Proceeding to the water-side, the wretched man plunged in, fully resolved to end an unendurable existence. The police were near at hand. The would-be suicide was rescued, conveyed to the cells, and locked up, to be charged with his crime on the following morning.

A Christian abstainer who had witnessed part of the transaction, and whose compassion was excited for the victim of strong drink, with three other gentlemen like minded, sought and gained admission to the cell in which the now sobered and despairing man was immured. These four friends, men of influence and of recognised Christian worth, wrestled with and for that forlorn being during the livelong night, and ere the time for hearing the case came on, Richard Selden was registered in the pledge book of the Good Samaritan as a total abstainer.

The four gentlemen appeared with the accused at the Police-court, and undertook to "take care" of him. And well they fulfilled their office. In a short time Richard was himself again—a better self—a total abstainer and a professing Christian. His valued friends suggested a different occupation, but Richard longed to be again a commercial traveller—to endeavour to undo, as he expressed it, some of the evil he had done. And so in the very hotels where he had stopped in the days of his folly, he was now occasionally seen—not the swearing, godless, hard drinker, but a consistent, sober, apparently godly man. Business was assiduously pursued, and every spare

moment was devoted to some good work. His was an intensely busy life.

The physical nature, which had been abused by the use of alcoholics, broke down. Medical aid was evoked. A drug which was supposed to meet the case was administered. Its depressing effects were after some weeks felt and notified to the doctor, and he recommended "just a glass of sherry occasionally." Richard's friends trembled. They warned him—entreated—expostulated. But one answer was returned—"Surely the grace of God will keep me from falling." Richard failed to recognize that the grace of God experienced in the soul does not alter the harmful effects of things injurious, and that there is no guarantee in God's Word, nor in the nature of alcoholics, nor in our own nature, that he who begins to drink moderately shall not fill a drunkard's grave.

The one glass of sherry was to Richard what human gore is to the bloodhound. Health, friends, position—all were again sacrificed; and dishonoured, and broken-hearted, far away from the scenes of usefulness and witness-bearing, in which he had spent seven or eight happy years, he passed away—Who shall say whither? To his own Master he standeth or falleth. But oh! he was fearfully his own enemy.

Winning Others.

CHARACTERS.

Fred	*Brothers and Sister.*
Willie	
Fannie	
Their Father	
Minnie..	*Their Cousin.*

Willie. "Has the postman been this morning, Fan?"

Fannie. "Yes, he brought me a letter from Cousin Minnie. Would you like to hear it?"

Willie. "No, thanks. Girl's letters are always so full of rubbish."

Fred. "I can't understand, Fan, whatever you and Minnie can find to write about so much, when she only lives six miles from here, and you see each other so often."

Fannie. "Oh, we find plenty to say, you may be sure. This letter I had from her this morning is so nice, and it's clever, too, for it is in rhyme. I would read it to you, only Willie spoke so horridly about it."

Willie. "Oh let us hear it, by all means, if its in rhyme. Fancy Cousin Min setting up as a poet!"

(*Fannie takes a letter from her pocket, which she unfolds and reads*).

"My dear Cousin Fan, I mean if I can
To write you a letter in rhyme.
So if I should make any glaring mistake,
I hope you'll excuse it this time.
I am so sorry, dear, that you cannot be here
At our Tea-meeting next Thursday week.
I had hoped you would, I'm sure 'twill be good,
For Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Wood
Are coming on purpose to speak.
They do it so well, as you've heard papa tell,
On many occasions I know,
They make us all laugh, for, as Fred says, they chaff,
And I always am eager to go.
It would seem so queer, and so awfully drear
If we had no Band of Hope now;
And where should we go? I'm sure I don't know,
I s'pose we should bear it—but *how?*
I think Fred and Willie are dreadfully silly
Our teetotal pledge not to sign;
They can't like the drink so much, I should think,
As not to give up their wine.
If they *do* like it so, the liking will grow,
And perhaps when they've got to be men
They will like it so well (they really can't tell),
That they will not be able to then.
You have heard me say that my friend Tottie May
Is so ill that she can't leave her bed,

I've just seen her nurse, who tells me she's worse—
She has such a pain in her head.
And yet, would you think ? That horrible drink
Makes her father so very unkind.
He comes home so late, and in such a state,
Not a single bit does he mind
How much noise he makes, nor if Tottie wakes;
And this keeps her from getting on better.
I wish she were well, and I hope I shall tell
You brighter news in my next letter.
We are going to sing such a sweet pretty th ng
At our meeting, I wish you could hear it;
I have to recite a piece too, that night.
And somehow I seem rather to fear it,
For I've never done so, dear Fannie, you know,
Except in our own little meeting.
And then how I shake, and seem quite to quake,
And my heart, O you should hear it beating!
But now, cousin dear, I certainly fear
You are laughing at all this queer stuff;
And so I suppose I must write some in prose,
For I haven't told you enough.
If the boys should hear this, and should laugh and 'quiz,'
Will you kindly tell them from me
To try to do better and send me a letter
In rhyme, and then they will see
If 'tis easy to write as I'm doing to-night—
I fancy they won't find it so.
Now, good-bye, dear Fan, write as soon as you can
To

Your affectionate coz.,
MINNIE LOWE.'

FANNIE. "Isn't it nice ?"

FRED. "Pretty good for a *girl*, isn't it, Will ?"

WILLIE. "I don't think much of it. I hate to have my cousins preaching at me. What does it matter to *her* whether you and I sign the temperance pledge or not ? Besides the rhyme isn't good, it sounds really silly, I cal it."

FANNIE. "Suppose you do as she says, write to her in rhyme, then perhaps she will improve in her next attempt."

FRED. "Yes, have a try, Will; I should like to hear one of your making."

WILLIE. "Oh, well, I daresay I could manage it; any way, it wouldn't require anybody very clever to write such a letter as *that*. But you don't suppose I should condescend to write to Minnie, I hope."

FRED. "I don't know that it would be condescending. She's two months older than you, remember, and I should say she's quite as quick and clever."

WILLIE. "I didn't say she wasn't. But I wonder you, or Fan either, likes such a Temperance lecture in a letter. Shouldn't you like to go to this meeting, and hear our *clever* cousin recite ?"

FRED. "I shouldn't mind it at all. I am rather fond of those meetings, only if I joined, it would mean giving up wine and all those things; and the boys at school would plague one so."

WILLIE. "I should think so! Don't be a milksop, Fred, and go signing the pledge, just through that girl's stupid letter."

FRED. "Oh, it wouldn't be because of her letter. But I say, just look! Here's cousin Minnie herself coming, actually!"

(*Enter Minnie*).

MINNIE. "How surprised you look! I suppose I am here nearly as soon as my letter, Fannie ?"

FANNIE. "Yes, that you are; I've only just read it to Fred and Willie. Whatever brings you, Minnie ?"

MINNIE. "Oh, papa and mamma have driven over. They're indoors. Auntie told me I should find you here. You see, when I posted my letter, I had no idea papa meant to come to-day; but he has some business with uncle, I think."

FRED. "You should have come a few minutes sooner, Minnie, we were discussing your rhyming epistle. I think it's very passable."

FANNIE. "Put in the other clause, Fred, 'for a girl;' you know that is what you said. Will won't give it even that praise, I believe he's half offended with you, Min., for lecturing him in it."

MINNIE. "Are you, Willie ?"

WILLIE. "Well, I do think you needn't have written such a lot about teetotalism. And besides such things are often too far drawn, as papa says."

MINNIE. "Too far drawn, Willie: I don't understand you ?"

WILLIE. "Why, you take the most extreme cases when you want anyone to sign the

pledge—that's how he would put it,—you know what I mean."

MINNIE. "But I kept to the *truth* in my letter, so I don't see how it could be 'too far drawn.'"

WILLIE. "Well, that little bit put in for Fred's and my benefit—if we don't leave off taking drink now, we mayn't be able to do so when we're grown up. Why, there are plenty of people about who have taken it all their lives and yet don't get drunk. Our papa and mamma, for instance?"

MINNIE. "But there are a lot of people who *do*. That Mr. May I told Fan about does the most horrid things. Tottie and Mark are so frightened of him. I am very much obliged to you, cousin Fred, for your flattering opinion of my attempt at writing. It is really ever so much harder than I thought. I wish you would try it."

FANNIE. "Willie thinks he should manage it beautifully, and I wish, like you, he would attempt it. I think your letter delightful. I mean to write one some day if I can, but I'm afraid I shouldn't get on at all well."

WILLIE. "Well, Minnie, you know your letter is dreadfully sing-song in style, as our master at school would say."

MINNIE. "I know you are right, and it sounds silly. I was obliged to put in things sometimes on purpose to make it rhyme. But before you find any further fault with it, Master Willie, just try to write one yourself."

FANNIE and FRED. "Yes, do."

WILLIE. "Very likely I will some day; but unless I get on very well, I shan't show it to you."

FANNIE. "Oh, that won't be fair!"

FRED. "Never mind about letters and rhymes now. I want to ask a favour of cousin Minnie."

MINNIE. "Which I suppose I must grant in return for your compliment. Please let me hear what it is."

FRED. "Why, we shan't be able to go to your Temperance meeting; but we are anxious to hear your recitation. Will you say it to us now?"

FANNIE. "Oh do, Minnie!"

MINNIE. "I'm afraid of Willie. Don't be too hard on me, please."

(*Minnie recites*):

YOUNG ABSTAINERS.

Yes, here we meet a happy band,
Heart linked to heart, hand clasped in hand;
Children of Temperance, staunch and true,
Glad for our cause to dare and do.

We must not linger in the way
Which leads so many souls astray,
Nor heed the syren charmer's voice,
That bids us in our youth rejoice.

For though the path of sin looks fair,
Around is lurking many a snare,
Though pleasant seem its tempting bowers,
Serpents are twined around the flowers,

And while on every hand we see
So many thousands bow the knee,
And worship at the drink's vile shrine,
And sell their priceless souls for wine—

Shall we forbear? nor try to win
These wanderers from their life of sin,
Nor lead from that which works but wrath,
Into our peaceful Temperance path.

Yea, very willingly would we
Unclasp their bonds and let them free,
And snatch them from destruction's brink,
Nor let them sell their souls for drink.

And if with song, or word, or prayer,
One heart be rescued from the snare,
And if one wanderer we may bring
By our weak aid to serve our King,

Our efforts will be well repaid,
To see the rescued one arrayed,
Sitting at Christ the Saviour's feet,
In his right mind, with joy complete.

This be our motto, this our aim,
To do all things in His dear name;
Following His footsteps as we should,
Who here was always "doing good."

Though drinkers may our creed deride,
Though foes may throng on every side,
We must not and we will not yield—
Jesus will be our Strength and shield.

And soon within that happy home,
Where drunkenness and sin ne'er come,
Shall we from every snare be free,
And share a glorious victory.

WILLIE. "Capital, Minnie."

MINNIE. "Well, won't you take our pledge?"

WILLIE. "Not to-day, I think."

FANNIE. "Oh you might sign, Willie, you have so little wine."

WILLIE. "But I shall have more when I grow older—I mean to, anyhow."

MINNIE. "Oh, Willie, you'll very likely be a drunkard then!"

WILLIE. "Stuff and nonsense! Two or three glasses of wine a day don't make a drunkard."

MINNIE. "But they lead on to it. This is very often talked of at our Band of Hope Meetings."

FANNIE. "Nobody ever gets a drunkard all at once."

WILLIE. "O you girls! Haven't I heard all this lots of times before? But I never mean to sign the pledge till papa does, and you know *he* never will."

FANNIE. "No, I'm afraid he won't. I've asked him ever so many times. He says we must please ourselves about it."

(*Enter their Father.*)

"Well, children, you did not know you had a listener to your conversation, did you? I am come to call you into lunch; I was just in time to hear Minnie's recitation. That was a nice little piece of yours, my dear. And now, Willie, if you are going to do as papa does, you will have to take the pledge, for that is what I am going to do, although I've put off my little girl with excuses hitherto. And now, who will follow my example?"

FRED. "I, papa."

WILLIE. (*more slowly.*) "And—I."

MINNIE. "O, Fan, aren't you glad?"

FANNIE. "That I am."

(*Exit all but the Father.*)

Mr. —— (*addressing the audience*) "Is there a parent here to-night who is taking his daily glass, and thinking there is no harm in the practice? Shall your children ever look back to that glass, and from it date their ruin? Perhaps they are saying now, like my little boy, 'I shan't sign till father does.' I am about to take this step for my child's sake;—will you not do the same for yours? We may be strong enough to observe the strictest moderation, but who can say that they will be? And if not, at whose door will the fault lie? I ask you this question seriously, and may the faithful answer to it lead to the same result in your case as in mine."

LOUIE S.

A VINDICATION OF THE PLEDGE.

By the Rev. STOPFORD BROOKE, M.A.

PRESIDING on Monday Evening, 23rd July, at the inauguration of a Temperance Society in connection with Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, the Rev. Stopford Brooke said:—

This Society will be founded upon a pledge, and upon a very simple pledge—the simpler the better: "*I promise to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages.*" I asked myself whether I should put something in at the end, especially that clause inserted in so many pledges, to discountenance the sale or discountenance amongst those whom we meet the drinking of intoxicating liquors; but I thought to myself there was no use in that. If men make that one promise all the rest will follow. They are sure if they make it to urge others to make it also. The pledge is the thing that makes men proselytizers, and no cause succeeds which is not loved enough to produce ardent missionaries. For that reason I make it the necessary entrance into this Society. And now I want to say a few words to those who object to the pledge. When I preached a sermon some time ago upon this subject, I received afterwards a great many letters, and many of them contained objections to the pledge. It was more noble, they said, to abstain without taking a vow. It was more worthy Christian liberty to abstain without it! I do not argue that matter, for that is not the point here in this Society. I do not suppose that those who attend this Chapel are liable to become drunkards, but you take the pledge here, and that is why I wish you to take it, for the sake of example, for the sake of the

influence it gives you, for the sake of gaining power in yourself to carry on the work, and for the sake of being able to join yourself to an immense band of workers, the whole impulse of which will come upon you when you have once pledged yourself to maintain their cause. The pledge here is not to secure the moderate drinker against himself; it is to enrol him as a warrior in our army. It is taking the King's shilling in order that he may carry on this war. This objection then does not apply in the least to the congregation here. Another was that a great many people have a nervous dislike to taking any vows. They said that vows were snares, and they begged me—I had three or four letters like this—to be merciful to weak human nature. They were willing, they said, to wear the Blue Ribbon, but they were not willing to take a pledge. To all those persons, with whom I have great sympathy, I would say that Temperance Societies do take them into consideration, and if certain events should occur which should make them desirous to go back from what they have promised to do, all that is required of them is to send back their cards and so free themselves from the pledge. But while Temperance Societies say this, they expect folk not to give up except upon grave considerations. I do not think persons of this temperament who are so anxious about the pledge are likely, if they take it, to give it up except upon such grave considerations. Another class resembling these, but not the same, declared that vows were solemn things not to be lightly taken, and therefore they would take no vows. Those are just the persons I want to come into this Society. They are shocked, as they express themselves to me, at the rush of people after an exciting meeting who take the pledge and take it only to break it. It is not the case that all break their vow who take it under excitement, but if only ten out of 100 who sign the pledge keep it, what have you done? You have saved ten men and women from misery or ruin, and you have made each the means whereby you may bring in ten others; and that is the way the Temperance Societies in this country grow and increase. But you must remember that those persons who take pledges readily and break them as readily have not your education in the code of honour and of truth, and that their temptations are incessant—such temptations as do not come before the class of persons who are here to-night—such temptations as you have no idea of yourselves. Be merciful to them, and be glad that they have begun to understand, perhaps, the value of a promise. The pledge will not make them feel really careless of vows; it has exactly the opposite effect upon this class of persons. It makes many of them think for the first time in their lives of keeping to a promise. But you—you the class to whom I speak to-night—you who have the sense of honour, you who reverence a promise, you, the educated classes whose conscience loves truth—you are the people we want to sign the pledge. You will keep your word once for all, and your adhesion is worth a mine of gold. If I could only convince you how happy I should be. I am ready to wait and work for that class of persons. Men and women who think thus will come slowly, because they will think slowly before pledging themselves, but when they come they will cling, and just because it is so important that they should cling, and that their whole character should go with their promise, I will not bate one jot of the pledge, but will demand it from everyone who comes into this Society. Then others say that more will be done by coffee houses and places where noble amusement may be given to the poor than by pledges. These are useful, but they are not the question for this Society. The people who meet here do not want coffee houses, do not want places of amusement; but I want them to give an example and to live for the cause, and if they take the pledge, they will be sure to promote all this other kind of work. It is told of St. John that when he was in his old age he was carried to the church, when he was scarcely able to speak. He stretched out his hands, and all he said was, "Little children, love one another." When asked why he said no more, he replied, "If that was secured it was enough." It is the same with this matter of the pledge. If you get men to take it they are eager for their work, and they do it, and they carry forward all measures of this kind with joy and with perseverance. Another class objected to the children being pledged. Why, it is one of the main reasons I appeal to you. This thing which you are taking is poison, and God only knows what ruin it may work upon your children if you accustom them to take it. What household is not without one case at least where children brought up with moderate indulgence in these things have slipped away into excess, and

sons and even daughters have been ruined, to the unspeakable misery of their parents? If you do not join yourself get your children to join. They at least will become workers, they at least may leaven the upper classes to whom I speak, and about whom I am so anxious; and they may make you, in the end, abstainers. It is a happy thing to bind the whole household together against this evil in itself, and against this evil outside itself. It will do no good, you say, to bring children into this effort. Why, it is the young who do most good! I know one family alone whose children have brought more than one hundred persons out of ruin and disgrace by their work in this cause. So I think all the objections brought before me are less than the good done by the taking of a pledge. I tell you this sort of work against a tremendous evil is not achieved except by means of a vow. I am sure there is no guarantee like that it gives for winning soldiers to the cause and for rescuing the lost. My first object then in holding this meeting is to engage the upper classes in this work, to get those who enter into this society to-night to promote a crusade among themselves so that they, still most careless of the subject, may join in the great work which is being done among the poor. There is a mass of work done among the poor, and a wonderful work of rescue it is; and that will form hereafter part of the work which will be done by this Society; but the thing I have at heart is to induce those who are in no danger, who have never exceeded in their lives, who are "moderate," to give up alcohol for the sake of the cause itself; and can there be a greater and a nobler cause than this? It is the cause of God our Father. There are thousands of His children perishing, and few lay it to heart among the class to whom I speak. It is the cause of our Master Jesus Christ. If He were in London now, and stood at the head of some court in the East End or here, with a public-house at either entrance, and understood all that went on in the court—the cursing, the abominable sins, the stabbing, the beating of wives, the ruin of children—what do you think He would do? Why, I think, His heart would break asunder with pity for the miseries that He saw—almost all lost without redemption, to God and to humanity—sheep scattered upon the mountains and no one to help them, and all the evil close at hand, brought to their very doors by the greed of men. Lost beyond *your* conception—comfortable men and women, whose homes are at peace, whose children are all shielded from ruin, whose wives and daughters are all reverenced—think of it—and you will see that it is just because you are righteous, just because you are at ease and at peace, just because you are wealthy and well-to-do, you ought to give up this thing for the sake of those who are perishing. This is the cause of the perishing people of the world. It is the cause of the insane; it is the cause of the diseased; it is the cause of the starving, the homeless, the poverty-stricken; it is the cause of ruined women and of the children whom you see crying outside the doors of the public-house; and it is the cause of unborn children, to whom these drunkards are transmitting seeds of disease that they will hand down from generation to generation for the ruin and misery of this country. It is for the rescue and salvation of these children of God that I ask you to join this Society. It is a sacrifice if you like—great to some of you, small to others—but it is the cause of God Himself, it is the cause of man; and at least it has this value, that its results are so certain that you cannot join in it without in the course of a week producing some good. I do not appeal to you then for your own sake, but I do appeal to you to sacrifice yourself for the sake of this cause. There is no sacrifice which is so valuable in the world as sacrifice for a great truth. All the highest and all the noblest sacrifices the world has seen have been for ideas, for truths that have embodied social causes. We sacrifice ourselves for one another at home. We sacrifice ourselves for love, but if we want to enlarge the sphere of sacrifice beyond our home, let us give ourselves away for a great cause like this. That is a sacrifice for mankind, because one of these great ideas which influence and move forward the world, if once rooted like a tree, will spread abroad its branches till they shelter thousands beneath them, and its leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. Christ our Saviour knew that: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, to bear witness to the truth." It is your class, then, intelligent, conscientious men and women, able to take a large view of humanity—who should be the foremost to make this kind of sacrifice, this sacrifice which is both intellectual and moral; and yet on the whole you know you are apathetic.

How can you be apathetic? Look into the thing for yourselves. Read a few statistics. Look into a few books. See what has been doing all round about you. The misery is incalculable. You are credited with being lovers of your country. Fifty per cent. of its best blood is being poured out in vain. War, pestilence, and famine, never worked such ruin as this accursed thing. If you love your country be patriots, try and rescue the homes of England from misery and for God.

We don't Make it Bad enough.

"OH, Aunt Kittie, what do you think!—I saw Jenny May, and she told me that Mrs. Horn slipped on the ice outside of her gate last night and broke her arm. Ain't it dreadful? any way it is for her; but I'm real glad about Mr. Horn, because now he will have to stop going to the public-house all the time, and do some work;" and Lilla stopped in her excited chatter to take off her cloak and hood, and put them on the rack.

"I'm sure I hope he will," said Aunt Kitty, slowly, "but I don't see that he will have to."

"Why, auntie, of course he will, or else Jack will have to stay home from school; and even then they will be hungry and cold a great deal."

"But even that might not make any difference," insisted Aunt Kate.

"But he don't love drink better than he does his children, Auntie," said Lilla gravely. "That is the way a good many people talk, but Mr. May says it is never as bad as that."

"But it is as bad as that," said Aunt Kittie, looking very pale. "Bring your chair up to me, Lilla, while I tell you something. I cannot bear to have you allow the monster drink even one glance of forbearance."

Wondering that what she said could have so moved her aunt, Lilla hastily drew an ottoman across the room to her side.

Aunt Kittie was not her real Aunt, but only her mother's adopted sister; but she was just as nice as an Auntie, and so Lilla never remembered that the relationship was only pretended.

"Now this is a true story, Lilla," began Aunt Kittie in a low voice, "and happened in that large city that you visited with your papa last winter. Perhaps the little house is standing, but I think it has been torn down. More than twenty years ago it stood rickety and rotten, with broken windows, and leaky roof, and in two small rooms upstairs lived a little family—a father, mother, and child. They were very poor, and it was only by using her frail strength to the uttermost that the mother was able to get food and shelter for herself and child, for the father was a drunkard. A long time they struggled on this way, but at last the mother grew very weak, till she could no longer work. The doctor said that nothing but good strengthening food would do her any good, and guessing from the bare little room how things really stood, left money with which to buy milk and medicine. It was growing dark when he left the sick woman—just the hour that you, Lilla, look forward to with joy, as it brings papa; but that thought filled that little girl's heart with dread, as she took the shilling her mother drew from the precious little hoard under the pillow—precious, because it meant food, light and warmth, until the doctor should come again. Taking the little crack-nosed pitcher from the shelf in the corner, she went out into the hall, and down the dark stairs. She met no one, and breathed freer when she got out into the street. But suddenly a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a rough voice exclaimed, 'What are you hurrying so fast for?'

"'Some milk for mother,' gasped the frightened child.

"'Milk! Where do you get money for that, when I haven't had anything to-day. Give me the money.'

"'But father, mother's so sick,' begged the child, holding to the money with all her strength.

"But all to no purpose. It was jerked from her with such force as to throw her to the ground. Frightened and sobbing, she got up slowly, and went back to the house for more money. As she was going up the stairs, she heard heavy footsteps in the entry above, and crouching against the wall, she felt someone brush past.

"'Did you bring it dear?' asked her mother faintly, as she went into the room.

"'No, mamma,' she answered simply. 'I met papa—'

"There was no need of any more: the mother understood as well what that meant, as the little girl did the meaning of her mother's reply, 'He has been here too.'

"He had taken the last penny from his sick wife and hungry child to gratify his thirst for liquor. Yet he was not naturally a cruel man, and before the love of drink had taken possession of him, it would have been hard to find a more loving husband and father.

"The Temperance folks do not say too much, Lilla. They cannot find words to express the real horrors of intemperance."

Aunt Kittie stopped speaking, and Lilla put her arms around her neck, for the tears were flowing fast down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, dear Auntie," she said, softly. "I never will speak so again; and we all hate it."

"I know, dear," said Auntie, "that is not why I cry; but I could not help it just now, for I was that little girl."—*Giant Killer.*

Ring the Bell, Watchman.

H. C. WORK.

Soprano Solo.

High in the bel-fry the old sexton stands, Grasping the rope with his thin bo - ny hands;

Humming accompt.

Fix'd is his gaze, as by some magic spell, Till he hears the distant murmur, Ring, ring the bell.

CHORUS.

Ring the bell, watchman! ring, ring, ring; Yes, yes, the good news is now on the wing;

Yes, yes, they come, and with tidings to tell, Glo-ri-ous and blessed tidings, Ring, ring the bell!

2 Baring his long silver locks to the breeze,
First for a moment he drops on his knees;
Then, with a vigour that few could excel,
Answers he the welcome bidding,—Ring, ring the bell.

3 Hear! from the hill-top the first signal gun
Thunders the word that some great deed is done;
Hear! through the valley the long echoes swell,
Ever and anon repeating,—Ring, ring the bell.

4 Bonfires are blazing, and rockets ascend—
No meagre triumphs such tokens portend;
Shout, shout, my brothers, for "all, all is well,"
'Tis the universal chorus,—Ring, ring the bell.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

VARIETIES.

DIET FOR TRICYCLISTS.—There appears to be general agreement among tricyclists, as among athletes generally, that alcoholic drinks are injurious, and that water and weak tea are the best of beverages for health and good spirits.—*Mrs. Fenwick Miller, in "Belgravia."*

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS ON DRINKING.—In charging the grand jury at the opening of the Durham Summer Assizes, Mr. Justice Hawkins said he had had considerable experience in courts of law, and every day he lived the more firmly did he come to the conclusion that the root of all crime was drink. It affected people of all ages and both sexes, the middle-aged, the young, the father, the son, the husband and the wife. It was drink which was the incentive to crimes of dishonesty; a man stole in order that he might provide himself with the means of getting drink. It was drink which caused homes to be impoverished, and they could trace to its source the cause of misery which was to be found in many a cottage home which had been denuded of all the common necessities of life which it contained. He believed that nine-tenths of the crime of this country, and certainly of the county of Durham, was engendered within public-houses.

A STRANGE REFRESHMENT.—A gentleman had once to travel in Ireland, and hired a car to take him from place to place. When the journey was ended the driver presented his bill, and amongst other items, there was the following: "Refreshment for the horse at Ballingar, twopence." Now the gentleman knew the horse had not been fed there, so he asked the driver what "refreshment for the horse" meant. "Och! shure, yer honor, and I bought a new lash for me whip." Alcohol is just such a refreshment to the heart as the whip was to the horse. When it is tired by excessive exertion, and the man feels faint and weary, a glass of beer or wine will force it to beat quicker and harder, and therefore the man feels for the moment a little brighter. But it has been proved that to take only a pint of ale in a day forces the heart to do extra and unnecessary work equivalent to carrying half a ton of coals up an ordinary flight of stairs! No wonder then that, though the first feeling after taking the beer or wine should be one of increased brightness, before long a greater and more prolonged exhaustion should set in.

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

ON THE REEFS.

IT was a calm, fair night on the broad ocean when the good ship Melrose, homeward bound from Australia, stopped on its rapid way to receive a small boat which had pulled off from shore to communicate with the passing vessel. A cheery hail, a brief colloquy, a packet of papers and letters transferred from the smaller craft to the larger, and they separated.

The welcome packet was speedily opened

by the captain, and the fortunate owners of the names called stepped forward with beaming faces from amidst their envious companions to take possession of the precious missives from the old country, receiving many a nudge and sly joke from the unlucky non-recipients, who sought to hide or allay their disappointment by indulging in pleasantries, more or less good-natured as the case might be, at the expense of those who were more favoured.

"Is the old cat alive yet, Tim?" with a malicious grimace. "Her'll claw yer, see if her don't, when you're ashore again." This to one who was well known to possess a better half of no very amiable temper.

"How's the lass, Ned?" of another. "You don't mean to say she's gone off with that pretty young nimicoop, what I saw her a' walkin' wi' the night afore us was startin'; your face is as long as that there yard-arm."

"James Marston," was the last name called, but no James Marston appeared.

"He's below, sir," answered one of the older men.

"Then take it for him, Saunders," was the reply, and so it happened that it was not till his duties were over, and turning in time had produced a comparative lull on the busy, bustling shipboard, that James Marston received his letter.

A shade crossed his face as he glanced at the direction, as if the handwriting was not the one he would have wished for, but as he scanned the contents surprise, anger, and then deep, dark sorrow could have been read on his changing countenance.

"Oh God, how shall I bear it!" he groaned forth, as he sank upon his berth, covering his face with his rough hands, and burying it in the pillow. The others were already asleep, and for some time he lay motionless and crushed. Perhaps nowhere in the wide world —full as it is of sorrow and pain—was there a heart more utterly wrung with anguish than this one on board the ship Melrose.

As in a moving picture there rose before him his early home in the quiet inland village, where he had spent a happy boyhood, helping his father in the care of garden and cattle; but the very peacefulness had made him restless, and he had at length won a hard earned consent from his parents that he should go to sea. How vividly he recalled, as in a dream far away but distinct, his return, weather beaten and tattooed in proper sailor fashion, exultant and full of joy. After his first voyage, in his buoyant contentment, all the old familiar things seemed doubly dear and beautiful. His seafaring life had been fully to his taste, nor would he now have been a landsman again; the fresh, crisp saltness of mid-ocean, the dancing rides over the foaming billows, the free wide expanse of sea and sky had for him an irresistible fascination, but still home was home, and the villagers made much of their bronzed sailor-lad, who in the fulness of his heart rejoiced with innocent pride in the rustic homage accorded to him.

Then came the time when at a village fair he had met bonnie Alice Jackson, lately come from a neighbouring hamlet to live with her married brother. Her bright face caught his fancy, and soon his heart was caught too; before he had sailed again he had won the promise of as fair a bride as any man might desire. His marriage day was fixed; and when the golden corn was gathered in, and the woods were all aglow with autumn tints, and the berries waited the first touch of Master Frost, the bells rang out merrily in honour of Alice Marston.

The inland village was far from the seaport, and travelling expensive, so James took his young wife to the sea-coast—his father and mother were dead, so nothing now bound him to his early home—and left her after a brief time of happiness for his other mistress —the wide ocean. Much as he loved this latter, he joined her this time with an aching heart, for he left his treasure behind him.

Nevertheless, his voyage was prosperous, and three times since then, he had gone and returned. Not now returned to Alice alone, for another little face smiled and beamed at his presence; consoling his wife in his absence, yet making him doubly dear, and his arrival

even more longed for—was there not another pearly tooth to be displayed, another lisping word to be repeated to the proud "dada," whom baby had been taught to know by the mother's tender croonings over her infant. Never would he forget those home-comings, when wife and child filled up his heart until the gladness there was almost above that of earth—nay, rather, was indeed a foretaste of the heavenly joy—when love shall be all in all.

And now! The vision vanished, and he awoke to find himself cold and numb in the dim lighted forecastle, in his hand that fatal letter which robbed him of happiness, thrust him from his earthly paradise into a pit of utter desolation and darkness, and bereft him of all that life holds most dear. And yet the story there told was not an unfamiliar one; it made a young, bright nature prematurely old, it changed the blithe, joyous manhood into a forlorn and stricken spirit, it caused that man, full of aspirations after goodness and the highest love, in the madness of those first dark moments bitterly to curse the day he was born, and yet, after all, it was *only* an incident such as we may read almost any day in our papers—a home destroyed—a wife branded as a suspected murderess, in prison awaiting her trial for child murder. And the cause! What cause? We listen with hushed breath, with dilating expectancy for the answer. Surely it is something we know not of—something we Christian men and women detest and shun—something on which we shut our doors—from which we draw our children away as from a venomous reptile! Speak! what is it, that we may know and breathe this horrible something? No need to wait or listen as for a hidden thing, do we not see it, hear of it, touch and handle it every day of our lives? It is drink—drink—drink.

A sober man James Marston had been all his life, what need had such as he for abstinence? Why should he not enjoy his glass of ale, and offer in friendly hospitality the social cup? He can afford to laugh at those who are compelled to shelter themselves behind their pledged word against this enemy; he can offer a bold front to the foe—thank God, no drunkard's blood is in his veins. And so he drinks in moderation, strictest moderation, with no temptation to exceed; he stands, nor does he take heed lest he fall. And yet, and yet what means this agony at his heart, these cold drops of sweat on his brow, this maddening, horrible night-mare in every limb, is it not truly on him that the curse *has* fallen? "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." Certainly was this the case with one of the ship's crew during the remainder of that voyage. It was not possible to speak to any one of that dark secret over which he brooded day and night—till he seemed possessed by some demon—tormented, stricken, storm-tossed. Many a time with clenched hands and burning heart, he leaned over the dark deep waters below, and wished that he could lie there, and find rest.

Discharged from his ship, he turned his steps to the house of the friend who had communicated to him the dreadful tidings. If one gleam of hope that it was all a dire mistake, and no stern reality, this which had befallen him, it was at once dispelled as he listened to the details which, at his request, Joe Sugden gave.

"It's too true, Jem, and it's sorry I am for you, my lad, but it's over true. I thought as how things were a-going wrong soon after you went last voyage, times when I'd step in to see how the young'un got along"—he stumbled as he saw the face opposite convulsed with pain, James bent his on the table before him and did not raise it again till the tale was told—"seemed to me it wasn't all as it used to be. Her wasn't so warm and hearty, and the house looked somehow out of ship-shape, as you may say. Once or twice appeared to me her'd been asleep, or some'ut like it, and the baby 'twas often as not crying and yelling. One night I went in unsuspected like, and there 'twas alone in the basket thing, and 'twas pitiful to hear the screeching. Then one and another told me as how her was taking to the drink, and in course I twigged it all then; the last time I saw aught of her

she comed in with another whose name I won't mention of just now—and they were both that tight, they couldn't scarce walk upright. I was off for a few days after that, and when I comed back, first thing I heard was what I sent word to you, and vexed I was to write it, but it 'peared to me too bad to let you come back all merry and hearty expecting—" he stopped, and waited silently any remark from his companion.

Roughly as the story was told, James felt the real kindness of his old comrade, in not leaving him to hear the awful tale from the lips of strangers. He grasped his hand, and went out, turning his steps to the desolate house which must be his shelter, though no longer his home.

It was a fearful task to enter that door, and dwell in those rooms once so bright, and still full of memories of his days of happiness, but rather that than be compelled to bear the company of others. Wife and child both lost, far worse than lost, for that tender blossom had been broken by the hand that should have cherished it, and for wife must now stand another word.

So suddenly had James taken his departure, that Joe Sugden had left much untold, which he would fain have let him know. Early the next morning he sought him in his home, but he was gone, and all Joe's efforts to find him were fruitless. He had departed leaving no trace of his whereabouts.

Only two days after and the trial came off. Joe attended the court seeking in every nook and corner to see if the face he wanted was anywhere visible, but he looked in vain.

Obeying an irresistible impulse James had set out that first wretched night, determined to hide himself where there were none to know him; he was ignorant of the exact day on which the trial would take place, but knew that the assizes were about to be held. He could do nothing for Alice—he would not think of her as wife—and to see her was more than mind or body could bear, and so he waited. Shunning the daily papers, in dread of what he might read on the pages, yet morbidly listening to, and watching for, the chance words that fell from the lips of those frequenting the humble restaurant in which he had taken up his abode he lived from day to day; fever burned in his veins, terrible dreams disturbed his restless slumbers, but still he did not lie down to die as he would so gladly have done. No one observed him much, he was only a stranger, morose and queer, but inoffensive; drinking nothing for the good of the house, but then he paid freely for other things—once only he excited attention.

"Take a glass with me, mate?" asked a sailorly looking man one evening, inclined to fraternise with one who bore marks of the same calling. "Ten thousand curses on it, no," he shouted wildly, "I'd die myself and mur—" then, suddenly becoming aware of the exitement he was causing, "I've reason to hate the stuff," he said quietly, and turned away without another word.

Later in the evening, moved by a wild desire to know the worst, he sought for the newspapers which he had before so carefully avoided, and read through paragraph after paragraph of the criminal news—items which in former times he had glanced over with calm indifference, now burned themselves into his brain, a cold perspiration covered him, he realised with a fearful distinctness the desolation, the anguish, the despair which each one of those insignificant looking announcements conveyed to some homes and hearts. At last, in four short lines he read that which he was seeking.

"Alice Marston, a married woman, was acquitted of the charge of child-murder, evidence being insufficient to support the charge."

It was over at last; the agonising suspense was over, the unendurable fear, from which he had striven to avert his eyes, but which had loomed over him like a haunting phantom, had vanished. He wept like a little child in the first moments of relief. And she was free again, the woman who had been his wife—had been—for he did not wish to see her, and would never call her wife again! "Not guilty" in the sight of the law she might be, but for her husband the brand of shame and guilt re-

mained. Still he would do what he could, she should not be driven to extremities by lack of such help as he could even yet give her; she bore his name, and once she had been his love; pure and innocent then, as she was stained and fallen now. So he wrote to Joe Sugden giving his address, and asking him to come at once to see him. He did not doubt that his friend would yield to his request, but there might be unavoidable delays, so he set himself to wait patiently for his appearance.

On the fourth morning after sending his letter, he went out in the direction which led from the station nearest to Cromwell—that old world-place boasted no such innovation—and was passing through the fields, a short cut to the high road, when he caught sight of someone advancing towards him. For a moment he thought of Joe, and quickened his steps, but only to perceive that it was a female figure, leading by the hand a little child. As they drew nearer, James felt his heart give a great throb, then it almost ceased to beat, so strongly was he agitated. He leant against the hedge and waited.

It was Alice, who with weary steps and drooping head came slowly onwards, not yet aware of her husband's presence. The child with innocent glee, at the unwonted sight of green meadows and untold wealth of flowers, pulled the mother's arm repeatedly to call attention to her delight, but receiving scant notice, she presently darted off in pursuit of some of the treasures around. Raising her head to observe where she went, Alice saw her husband standing with pale, stern countenance looking fixedly at her. She gave a faint cry, and stopped within a few yards of him, saying no word, her eyes sunk on the ground, her hands clasped tight in speechless entreaty. Was it indeed the same woman who a few short years before had stood beside him in the village church, a fair, bright, loving girl, on that morning which to both seemed full of happiest promise, and richest fulness of joy!

"Why have you come?" he demanded hoarsely, as she made no sign; then with sudden haste, "Whose child is that?" pointing to the little girl who, overflowing with her simple pleasure, but shy of the stranger, sprang to her mother's side, and, half hidden behind her, gave timid, searching glances at the gloomy face of the unknown individual, who spoke so harshly.

"It is little Annie, don't you know your own child, Jem?" The tone was a wail of despair. The sudden flash of joy which greeted her words was quickly followed by one of bewilderment.

"What do you mean? What child have you murdered then?" He hissed out the cruel words from his pallid lips with bitter emphasis. The woman threw up her arms in horror:

"It wasn't Annie! oh Jem! you've never thought 'twas our own little maid I'd have harmed. But it might ha' been," with a chastened voice, "God knows I'd none of my senses left that night—and yet I a'most think I'd have known our bairn's face even then. It was a little babe—at least they say so, I've known nought of it at all—what some woman swore she put in my arms that evening, and then, says she, I went and throwed it in the water. It's true it was found there, but I never will believe I did do it, Jem, only I was in drink, and couldn't prove anything; she'd have sworn my life away, but there wasn't evidence enough. Joe Sugden, he telled me to come here when 'twas finished, and gave me the address of some friend of his what would help me, I've got it here—could it have been *you* what he meant?" she exclaimed abruptly, as a light broke upon her.

But Jem seemed hardly to hear the end. The little child had crept slowly from its mother's side, attracted by the sight of a bright ring which Jem wore, sailor fashion, on his hand. What wave of sympathy passed into its infant mind who can tell? but looking up confidingly, and touching the glittering circle with its tiny fingers, "Dada," lisped the sweet childish voice, and in an agony of tremulous joy, Jem caught his child to his breast with a deep sob of thankfulness.

How should we tell of the words which passed between those two who met after such

a separation? A life-time of absence had been short for such a rending asunder of all ties as these few short weeks had witnessed. How measure the depths of Alice's penitence, or find words to relate the humble, heart-broken confession of her guilt?—not guilt of blood, *that* she never would believe—herself a mother, she could not think that a child had suffered harm at her hands; still, the shadow remained over her, and, oh, how much she had to repent—apart from this—her grievous fall, and dark shame would ever be present with her.

"But, oh Jem," she sobbed, "you'll not believe worse of me than it was. I never forgot I was your wife, and though I went to them low houses for the drink, I hated the folks I saw there!"

And her husband believed her, and forgave, as much as he could then, more and more fully as time went by, and he saw by her life how mercifully God had turned her from her sin by the sight of the awful gulf over whose brink she had almost fallen.

Long, long it was before the sunshine returned to their home, and a chastened sadness ever lingered on the faces of those two who once more clung together; she, humbly looking for pardon of the past, and he striving to bear submissively the heavy burden on his life.

Both looked with horror upon the drink which had well-nigh overwhelmed them in total ruin, and were devoutly thankful for their Father's tender love, a love which had not forsaken them in the troubled waters of sin and sorrow, and was yet theirs in the quiet haven of hope and comfort into which His hand had guided them.

Practise what you Preach.

MUCH is spoken and written concerning the force of example, and the lives of good or clever men and women are set before us in many an elegantly bound volume for our admiration and imitation; but we read some of them, perhaps, not without a secret misgiving that the letters and journals were written with a view to future publication; that the thoughts, actions, and feelings described are the record of an ideal rather than of an actual life, and represent the perfection at which we should aim, rather than to which a brother or a sister has already attained. If the events of every humble life were chronicled we should hear of many a brave struggle for the right, many an act of unostentatious self-denial, suffered or done without a thought of winning man's approval, or the consciousness of deserving a higher reward.

The brilliance of the gas-jet, or of the electric light, dazzles us, but the little candle shining in a dark place is often only visible to the eye of the Master.

One such little candle was lighted in a London suburb several years ago, before the Temperance movement had made much advance in our land; when the few who had pledged themselves to total abstinence were blamed as fanatics or ridiculed as fools. Men of temperate habits, ladies and children, persons scarcely to be supposed liable to the temptation to exceed, had not banded themselves in an army as an example to those weaker or less happily situated than themselves. The reproach, "you yourself indulge in these things," was frequently laid at the door even of those whose duty it especially was to remonstrate with the drunkard, and endeavour to reclaim him from his evil way. In those days there were no coffee-taverns; the sign of the blue ribbon or silver medal were unknown; but every new street had its "public" at the corner, into which thirsty and toil-worn

labourers and artizans could conveniently turn, and to which the slatternly servant girl could be sent for the dinner drink, or the mistress's six-pennyworth of brandy.

The heroine of my story lived in a terrace in St. John's Wood, and her name—well, I will call her Mrs. Rebecca Burne. She was a widow of some three score years, and earned her living by letting the upper part of her house, reserving to herself only the two rooms on the basement. The payment she received did little more than satisfy the landlord and tax-collector's half-yearly claims, and provide her with a moderate subsistence. The history of her life would have contained probably few incidents worth recording, for it had been a life of hard work, few pleasures, and the daily endeavour to make two ends meet.

You shall be introduced to Mrs. Burne as she stood, duster in hand, in a tolerably spacious room at the top of her house, furnished in no ordinary manner. A bedstead, and some other articles of necessary furniture were crowded into one corner of the room, while the remaining uncarpeted space was entirely devoted to the work of an artist. An easel stood in the centre, on which lay an unfinished picture, apparently a historical scene; the figures nearly life-size, the outlines bold and striking. Canvases of all sizes stood against the wall, or were scattered on the floor; paintings in various stages, more or less advanced towards completion, rough sketches, pictures apparently finished and then ruthlessly spoiled. A broken deal table and the window-sill were littered with colours and brushes, bottles of oil and spirits, empty bottles, palettes and painting-rags, broken meerschaum and clay pipes, and rusty tools; over all a thick coating of dust cast a shadow, and here and there a sluggish black-beetle might be seen crawling into some sheltered nook to escape the daylight. Mrs. Burne took a hasty survey, and sighed. It was an audible sigh, and came from the depths of her heart. Then, though alone, she gave utterance to her feelings aloud.

"It's a sin and a shame, to be sure," said she, "and him so clever, and might be making a mint of money; and being talked about all over the world like them as is being hung every year—so he says, in the 'Cademy. He's more like to be hung somewhere else, poor gentleman, I'm thinking, if he goes on much longer in this way. Two nights running, and he hasn't been in before daylight, and scarce a bit of food entered his mouth, to my knowledge, since the chop I cooked for him Sunday when he lay abed. He'll come home, I'll be bound, too, without a penny in his pocket, though he did get a couple of pounds for them angel's heads the other day. And this here, which he calls the days of Queen Bess, it's mighty well done to my thinking—not that I sets up for a judge. The man in the queer kind of cloak do seem to be speaking to one, and the lady in the midst stands out that natural as if her dress was real satin, and them flowers in her hand just fresh from Covent Garden, to be sure."

Rebecca Burne approached the easel and removed with her duster a web which an active spider had recently constructed there.

"But he'll no more finish it," she continued, "than I shall. He'll give it a touch now and then when his hand's a bit steadier than usual, maybe, and if it isn't quite to his mind he'll some day daub it right over and throw it aside to begin something fresh—that is the way of him. Drat them beetles; they be all over the place," and with the sole of her boot she made a futile attempt to stamp out the existence of one of the offending insects which had emerged from beneath the scattered papers at her feet.

At that moment the clock began to strike twelve, and with another sigh the woman descended, and jug in hand set out, as was her daily custom at noon, to fetch her pint of stout from the nearest public-house. She was what she would have termed "sinking" for her dinner, and especially for the stimulating draught on which she depended to renew her exhausted strength.

Rebecca was not what would be generally called a religious woman. She had wrong ideas, no doubt, on many subjects, was guilty

of numerous errors and failings, but was in the habit of performing kind neighbourly acts, like many of her class, without taking any merit to herself or expecting gratitude.

As she was closing her door an awkward attempt was made by trembling fingers to raise the latch of the small iron gate of the front garden—a sorry garden it was: only a patch of ground strewed with broken tiles, empty flower pans, and some scattered stones and shells the remnants of a rockery, among which many weeds and a few hardy flowers had contrived to spring up, while a couple of stunted shrubs, almost bare of leaves, continued to resist the attacks of cats, children, and other enemies.

"My goodness, Mr. Chamberlain, if it aint you at last! A pretty state of things you are come to, you gets worse and worse, that you do. I'm in fear of my life every night lest you should set the house afire. Talk about coming in with the milk, it's more like coming in with the beer, I should say—for you comes when reasonable folks is sitting down to their dinners."

The man who staggered in when the gate was opened was tall, haggard, and of sallow complexion. He had handsome aquiline features, and dark hair of an unusual length, which gave him something of a foreign appearance.

His drooping collar was soiled and limp, his olive-brown suit well made and of good material, though much worn, and the coat hung loosely on his figure as if he had greatly decreased in bulk since he first put it on. His neck-tie was disarranged, and the holes in his boots discovered the fact that he wore a red sock on one foot and a white one on the other. In spite of his shabby appearance and dissipated air, Herbert Chamberlain had some indescribable signs of a gentleman about him, or of one who ought to have been such; and the tone of his voice was refined and his manner respectful as he replied to the sharp angry address of his landlady.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Burne, but I really cannot help it, as you know."

"Not help it, sir? For shame! Can't help drinking away your money, and your health, and your talents! Why you ain't half the man you was when you come to me first, three years ago. You'd more than one coat to your back then, and a gold watch and chain, and could afford a meat dinner every day. You'd work steady then, sir, sometimes for hours in the day, though you did take a glass too much oftener than was good for you, and make pictures as would fetch a good price—that you did."

"Don't be afraid, Mrs. Burne, when I set to work in earnest I can accomplish something yet. You shall not be a loser by me."

"It isn't about the pay, sir, though it do put one in a fix when parties doesn't make it convenient to pay their bills regular, because landlords is particular to the day, and will come down on one's little bit of furniture as soon as not if they doesn't get their due. But it isn't that, sir. I aint come to the pass of fearing to have the bed as I sleeps on took from under me yet—it's to see you ruinating of yourself in pocket and health that makes my heart bleed. For I've a real respect and liking for you, sir, in spite of your bad ways, and glad I should be to see you mend 'em."

"I'm never likely to mend, Mrs. Burne, so don't vex yourself about me, there's a kind soul. Drink, as you call it, is a necessity to me now. I can no more give it up than sober people like you can give up their drop of dinner ale, or their glass of grog at night."

As he spoke he glanced at the jug Mrs. Burne held in her hand, and some sudden instinct of shame, for which she could not have accounted, led her to conceal it under her apron.

"Let me open the door for you, sir," she said, taking the latch-key from his unsteady hand; and having let him in she passed through the gate, and walked in the direction of the Courtenay Arms. Slowly she walked, pondering certain matters in her mind. It was an uneducated mind, ill-trained, unused to reason about the right and the wrong, religion, or political economy. But nature had given her plenty of shrewdness and common sense, and living in a

Christian land she was not without her notions of Christian principle. She had rather confused ideas on religious subjects, went alternately, as it might happen, to Church or to Chapel, when she could find time on a Sunday, with the vague notion that some benefit was to be obtained by attending a place of worship ; scarcely comprehended the prayers, and went to sleep during the sermon. She was of opinion that washing and ironing should not be done on a Sunday, that spelling through a chapter in the Bible was a meritorious act, and that it was a good thing to give a half-penny to an organ-grinder. Theft, and all sins for which the law inflicts a penalty, were wicked, of course, yet when she saw a man, a woman, or a boy led through the streets to the Police-station, she pitied the offenders, perhaps, more than she blamed them, and would gladly have aided their escape.

Experience, rather than precept or reading, had taught her the evil of sin. She had not lived through her sixty years without discovering that drunkenness is the prolific parent of all crime, the chief cause of misery, destitution, and discord in the homes of the poor, the means whereby the seeds of disease are sown, the cause of premature death, of suicide, madness and murder. The police reports told her all this, and they were confirmed by many a sad instance which had come to her own knowledge.

Arrived at the corner of the Ordnance Road she paused, then, turning suddenly, retraced her steps, and having reached her home, hung up her jug over the dresser and sat down by the table.

"If I was to give it up I wonder would that have any effect on him," she thought. "I've a good mind to try, that I have. I shan't relish my meals without my beer, I knows that, but in time one might get used to do without, maybe, and I could speak to him more free like. I felt dumb-foundered, that I did, when he looked at my jug just now in that sad, distressful sort of a way, as much as to say 'You takes a drop yourself, Mrs. Burne,' and I couldn't deny but I did. Some folks does well enough without, why shouldn't I? I'll try for a bit, anyhow. I'll toast a morsel of bread, and that will give a kind of a relish to the water, and I'll take a ha'porth of milk extra this evening."

So Rebecca sat down to her meal. It was but a saveloy and a potato, but somehow she ate it with a greater appetite than usual, for a hope had sprung up in her heart—a hope that she might yet succeed in getting poor Herbert Chamberlain to give up the habit which was his curse. Might he not, after all, rise to wealth and fame, or, at least, earn enough to keep him respectably?

* * * * *

"Why, gracious goodness, Mrs. Burne, you've been took with another of them fits of the shivers! I'll run this minute and fetch you a drop of gin and peppermint, if I shall; that did you a power of good last time."

It was Christmas Eve, and the next-door neighbour—a glazier's wife—had looked in to ask the loan of a large sauce-pan to boil her pudding in.

"No—and thanks to you all the same, Mrs. James. I never touches gin nor nothing of the sort now."

"Well, to be sure. But as I was saying to James just now, things is that dear the money do seem to melt in one's pocket. Never you mind; it's no odds about a few pence, more or less, when one has the Christmas dinner to lay in, and the children has set their hearts on pudden. You shall have the drop of spirit, Mrs. Burne, and pay me when convenient."

The heedless, good-natured young woman was about to go.

"Stop, Mrs. James—pray do. I wouldn't touch it if it was to save my life. I've give it up now more than six months, as you know. I'll have a cup of something hot when the kettle do boil, and if the pain don't go off I'll get into bed."

"The more fool you to give it up, and all for the sake of a wretched drunken beast who is no more likely to be led by you than my brute of a brother-in-law down in the Mews, who come home last Saturday as tipsy as

could be without a shilling of his wages; and what poor Lizzie has to put up with no one knows. I wonder at you, a sensible woman, and one as goes to Sunday meetings sometimes—you ought to give the fellow notice to quit; he's a disgrace to the neighbourhood, and he'll be dying on your hands at last in the tremours."

"Oh, I couldn't turn him out, he's a born gentleman, and so pleasant and polite in his ways when he's in his sober senses."

"That's seldom enough, I fear; and you must find it hard to have to wait week after week for your money."

"I do find it hard, I assure you, particular since they Robson's went away sudden and left nothing to pay the rent but a bedstead and a few old chairs, for which Driver in Henry Street only give me fifteen and six."

"I warrant, now, you nor Mr. Chamberlain neither hasn't a scrap of meat in the house for to-morrow's dinner?"

"He doesn't dine home except once in a way, and then I does him a sausage or a bloater, or such like, perhaps, but oftener he touches nothing but a cup of strong coffee. As for me, I shan't care for much if I'm no better to-morrow than I am to-day."

"Well, it's time my pudden was on the fire, and if you won't have the gin it's no business of mine; you're only injuring of yourself for the sake of one who will never be nothing but a sot to the end of his days."

"Oh, don't say so! I haven't give up all hopes of him."

"Well, and if there *was* hopes, I don't see how it concerns you. You're a temperate woman, as never takes more than is good for you, no more than me or James. Why should you punish yourself and injure your health because a poor fool of a man—no way related to you even—goes and makes a brute beast of himself? You're but adding another fool to the lot, to my mind."

"Well, I can't argufy the matter, but it come upon me all at once when he cast eyes on my jug, as he'd never leave it off if I didn't."

As her neighbour was departing, a struggle was going on in Rebecca's heart. She put her hand into her pocket to feel what pence were there, and was more than half inclined to call Susan James back and ask her to run for the gin after all. What a comfort it would be! How it would soothe that pain which was piercing her like a knife; stop the creeping chills in her legs; and make her whole body warm and comfortable. An eager longing seized her for the stimulating drink, from which she had been accustomed to derive pleasurable sensation and temporary ease, if not, as she supposed, lasting benefit. But the door had closed on her friend, and she knew not whether she was glad or sorry that the temptation was over. When she had swallowed a basonful of hot broth, the desire for anything stronger ceased, and easier in body and mind, she lay down and slept so soundly as not to be aware of the turning of the latch key and the sound of Mr. Chamberlain's uncertain tread as he stumbled upstairs at his usual hour holding his candle sideways, to the detriment of the stair-carpet and danger to everything combustible which came in his way.

* * * * *

Ten years later. The scene, a very different place from the shabby house in St. John's Wood Terrace. A large lofty room with whitened walls, whose bareness was unrelieved by any colouring of wall paper pattern, framed picture, or print-curtain, or book-shelf, neat white-covered beds placed in even rows, with a shelf above each and a chair at the side, formed the only furniture; and in every one of those beds lay a woman or a child, some asleep, some with eager eyes wandering restlessly from side to side, others moaning with agony, as they underwent some painful process of washing or bandaging at the hands of one of the women dressed in a neat uniform, who moved noiselessly from bed to bed, ministering to the sufferers.

It was the accident ward of a large London Hospital, and in one of the beds lay poor Rebecca Burne, looking haggard and wan, but with a calm peaceful expression on her face seldom to be seen on the face of one

suffering from the effects of a recent and terrible accident. A nurse approached the bed, followed by a tall gentleman. It could not be one of the doctors, for they had been their rounds for the last time that day, and would not be likely to come again unless they were sent for.

"Number 57," whispered the nurse. "Please not to remain more than ten minutes."

Rebecca had been lying with closed eyes, though pain had prevented her sleeping. She looked up, and met the earnest kindly gaze of a pair of handsome grey eyes, which she immediately recognized.

"Mr. Chamberlain," she said. "Oh, sir, it is good of you to come and see me."

"I read an account of your accident last week in the papers," said the gentleman, taking her wrinkled, emaciated hand in his. "I was down at the Land's End with a friend of mine who is great at sea pieces, and hurried back to town on purpose to see you. It was a sad accident, indeed."

"Yes, sir—it was a wonder I wasn't killed on the spot. I don't know rightly how it happened—I was crossing High Street, Camden Town, and stepped backwards to avoid a hansom, and the tram was running down hill so as the driver couldn't stop. I slipped and fell, I suppose—anyhow the life was most crushed out of my body and I fainted off—it do make me sick now to think of it."

"There—we will not talk of it any more. You are getting better, I trust?"

"The doctors think I shall do, and I'm took good care of. The sight of you, sir, has done me a deal of good. You do look nice and handsome, to be sure."

"I am well, thank God, and prosperous—but I owe it all to you, Mrs. Burne, I do indeed."

"To me? Law, sir! I did for you as well as I could in my small way, but my rooms were but poor, after all, and I couldn't do much to make a gentleman like you comfortable. It was them bad ways as brought you down, sir, and it was giving of 'em up as raised you up again. It was just that, sir, not me."

"But what was it that brought me to my senses, and made me ashamed of myself at last, though I had fallen so low? It was *your example.* I watched your daily self-denial, practised on my account—for your neighbour Mrs. James told me so—and I sat down and cried like a child more than once, cursing myself for my own folly and sin, and thinking how unselfish and noble your conduct was; and one day, when I was more than usually impressed, I went off at once and took the total abstinence pledge—see, here is my medal—you saved me, Mrs. Burne,—you were the good angel who came to my rescue when all my other friends had given me up. I owe you an eternal debt of gratitude."

"Well, to be sure, sir! I never thought I was an angel, or doing anything out of the way. It seemed a shame and a pity for you to ruin yourself down right, and I couldn't but speak my mind to you."

"It was not what you *said*, but what you *did*, Mrs. Burne. You might have talked to me for years, and your words would have been wasted as much as if they had been spoken to a stone wall. Your giving up your moderate drinking for my sake—I knew it was an act of genuine self-denial—that alone wrought the change in me."

"Well, I thought maybe you'd be more likely to heed me if you could not bring it up to me that I was fond of a drop myself sometimes. It was rather hard at first to go without, but I soon got accustomed to it, and I've been better in health and pocket ever since."

"No doubt. Your self-denial has brought its own reward."

"Well, sir, it has, I think; for the doctors here do say that if I hadn't been a temperate woman it would have been worse for me a good deal, and probably they mightn't have been able to bring me through. A poor creature who was hurted something like me died in one of the beds yonder last night; she was a drinking woman, so they say, and inflammation set in, or something—the Lord only knows."

"Yes, the Lord knows—He will repay you," said Mr. Chamberlain reverently.

"Law, sir! I don't look to be repaid, why should I? But sure it's reward enough to know what a great rich gentleman you've become, as I always said you would, when they told me about your first 'Cademy picture, and how the grand folks was all mad about it, and how Lord—I can't mind his name—had offered you a great sum of money for it, I could most have cried with joy. The picture that was begun in my top room, and many's the time I've wiped the dust and the cobwebs from off it."

"Ah, my good friend—but for you, that picture which has won me a name would never have been completed. I have to thank you for renewed health, and happiness, and prosperity—much more than these—God's pardon and blessing."

The patient did not catch the last words, for they were spoken in a low tone, and the nurse had summoned her visitor away, the allotted ten minutes having expired.

She returned his hasty but affectionate hand-pressure, and weary with the long talk turned her head upon her pillow, and sank into a calm sleep. The answer of a peaceful conscience was hers, and the Saviour, of whom she knew little more than the name, had surely accepted her deed of love as done for His sake; and would reward it by bestowing upon her a more abundant measure of His grace. S. E. R.

The Royal Gorge—Arkansas River.

THE Arkansas, a son of the "Father of rivers," viz., the Mississippi, takes its origin amid the snow and rains of a region, the equal of which, for terrible grandeur, may perhaps in vain be sought throughout the whole Rocky Mountains.

Wild, picturesque and gigantic as are all the earlier paths of its course, the stream rushes forth on to the elevated plateau or table land, through an opening in the rocks 3,000 feet deep, which bears the name, "Royal Gorge." Below, at the foot of the tremendous chasm, close beside the waters, roaring as they tumble over great masses of rock, from which they rebound in a thousand waves, sending forth masses of spray and foam, the enterprising engineer has constructed a railway, which, passing close against the rugged rocks, winds along, accommodating itself to every curve of the vast wall; from the railway cars the traveller looks up with awe to the steep, craggy, weather stained walls by which he is completely hemmed in.

But still more terrible and imposing is the impression which the pedestrian receives who approaches the Gorge from above. It is by no means advisable that any one should venture into those regions without a skilful guide, for a single false step would precipitate him, dashed to pieces, into the deep abyss. After the traveller has penetrated through a dense pine forest, he reaches the summit of the barren rocks between which the Arkansas, swelled by innumerable minor streams, springing up, as a lion raging against its fetters, pursues its course.

In the distance the snow covered peaks of the Rocky Mountains rise in sharp outlines out of the deep blue sky. Probably, the traveller may be satisfied with the view of the steep but still somewhat slanting precipice which he would obtain without a too near approach; but if he be indeed bold enough and tries to come a little nearer to the full view of the ravine, he walks round a mountain, (the top of which has been precipitated into the depths), until shuddering, his eye penetrates into the bed of the river. Although the Arkansas is in this place from 40 to 60 feet deep, yet from this great height it is so dwarfed as to look like a small streak of molten silver, as it tears along in its noisy career, but, in spite of the deafening roar which it makes below, one hears nothing at all above—there reigns the most solemn stillness, as of death. Really terrifying is the glance into the "Royal Gorge" itself. Here, fear creeps over the boldest, and awe-struck he steps involuntarily back from the brink of the yawning precipice. It looks as if a mountain had been cleft asunder only for the sake of letting through the water. He who, possessing sufficient courage, steps far enough forward, beholds the water at a depth of 3,000 feet, immediately beneath him, there, apparently, passing so smoothly and with such tranquility, that it requires a strong effort of the mind to realize the enormous force and volume of water rushing down to the embrace of its great parent, ere it finds its way to be absorbed in the still more mighty ocean.

THE ROYAL GORGE—ARKANSAS RIVER.

Autumn Memories.

IT is the time of Autumn; the flowers have gone to bed,
And the winds are singing requiems over the lonely dead,
The leaves are flushing brightly, but with a sure decay,
And many birds have taken wing to brighter lands away.

'Twas just the same that long ago, but 'twas a lovely walk,
When we wandered forth together, and had that last long talk;
For the rose-tree and the hawthorn were hung with berries bright,
And rooks cawed loud and pewits' breasts flashed silver in the light.

Ah! and well do I remember, when I see these things to-day,
How you stood and watched them with me in that time so far away:
Each little thing that caught your eye, and had such power to please,
The madder's clinging greenery, and the ash tree's curious keys.

And I well remember too, love—(ah! can I e'er forget?)—
The look of pain that crossed your face, when amid that scene we met
A youth, wine-flushed, with staggering gait, inebriate, though so young,
Or the earnest words the mournful sight from your ardent bosom wrung.

I called you then a fanatic, said 'twas a common sight,
And that each must do as pleased him best, whether for wrong or right;
I trifled with the scruples that, because a few went wrong,
Should have given the glass entirely up—and called your language strong.

You spoke of force of habit, and of example bright,
You tried to win me over to what you called the right,
You told of deeds done by the aid of the wine-cup's rosy spell,
How hopes were wrecked, and lives were lost, and triumphs won in hell;

You wanted to arouse me to take the self-same side,
And a strange, sad wish stole o'er your face as you found your wish denied:
But though you told how some were taught the truth by lessons stern,
No bitter word you spoke, but, oh! had I seen how I should learn,

Had I known how soon the accursed thing my life's bright joy would pall,
And the innocent for the guilty's fault before it's rage would fall;
How far more terrible than tales that fancy conjured up,
Are the horrors lurking in the depths of the specious poison cup;

How different would my words have been! How soon my smiles have flown,
And I should not then have said that each must bear his blame alone;
Nor would Autumn's graceful, blended tints, henceforth have brought to mind
The memory of our latest walk, made sad by words unkind.

But when the dreadful news was brought, when you not long had gone:
How in a burning fire you saved one life, and lost your own—
A fire 'twas proved, a drunken man had careless kindled there—
How over me it all rushed then; how wild was my despair.

Men called you noble-hearted, and gave your memory fame,
And said you left behind you a hero's glorious name;
But, oh! it seemed too fearful that you should yield your span
Of fresh young life, because of deeds done by a drunken man.

Ah! I used to start and shudder, and rebelled full long and sore,
And much I grudged your going to the never fading shore;
And I sat me down disconsolate and said that hope was vain,
And that for me no hours of rest nor peace would be again.

I fretted at the cause, love, that took you from my life,
That touched me in the sorest place and filled my days with strife;
But 'twas long before one lesson of hope or work I learned,
Or wrapped in my own selfish grief o'er other's sufferings yearned.

But when the Autumn's beauty again had touched our shore,
And berries shone and leaves grew brown, I wandered out once more;
Once more pursued the self-same way, and thought of you again,
And how a year had passed away but had not eased my pain.

And I wept, ay, oh how bitterly, as I saw before me loom
Long years, perchance, of loneliness; long years of bitter gloom;
And felt o'er life for ever now would hang the veil of night,
When—was it some dropped word you left that day of silver light?

Sudden there came into my mind, like inspiration sweet,
The thought of how you'd have me live, and try to guide my feet;
Your tones, your look, your blameless life, your death of spotless fame,
All seemed to steal upon me and my wayward grief to tame.

I seemed to hear once more your voice, saying how trouble should
Be turned to blest account and bring ourselves and others good;
Telling of patience and of zeal, and how no heart's so sad,
But in assisting other's woes itself may be made glad.

I saw how different was the part you took when here below,
And how you'd o'er my grief lament could you but see and know;
I bowed my heart; I bent the knee, and vowed henceforth to take
Up thy unfinished work, my love, and do it for thy sake.

And I have tried, yes, faithfully, and, spite of cares and fears,
I think my work has not been vain in all these changeful years;
And though thy memory still is dear, and thoughts of thee remain,
Yet gone are the bitter, hopeless thoughts, and gone is the deadly pain.

And if through any word or prayer, or help my hand has given,
One wretched home be made more bright, one drunkard's chain be riven,
Or any little feet be kept from wandering astray,
I'll not regret, though learned so hard, the lessons of that day.

FAITH CHILTERN.

A WORD WITH SERIOUS PEOPLE.

By The Right Hon. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

CHRISTIANITY proves its superiority over all the other systems of religion and morals in many ways, but in none more clearly than in the means it employs for the conversion of men. The followers of Mahomet employed force—the followers of Christ work by love. The believers of false systems feel little or no anxiety for the conversion of mankind generally; a belief in the true religion is always accompanied by a strong desire that the whole human family should become partakers of its blessings. Hence the great efforts which are made to convert the heathen by missionary enterprises, for the support of which very large sums are annually and voluntarily subscribed by the various religious bodies in Great Britain. Hence the rapid increase of schools in every corner of the land, also supported by voluntary contributions; hence the establishment and successful working of the Bible Society, by whose means almost every cottage in the kingdom is provided with a Bible. Every pious man is interested in one or more of these or similar institutions, and the prayers of thousands are often ascending that the blessing of Omnipotence may prosper the good work. Whilst we pray for their success, are we doing our part to remove the obstacles which obstruct the progress of the Gospel? What is the chief obstacle to the evangelization of the heathen? hear the report of the Missionaries:—Through the drunkenness of British and American seamen, and the extensive introduction by them of ardent spirits amongst the natives, many of the little churches gathered upon the heathen strand—the pledges, as we have accustomed ourselves fondly to regard them, of the world's conversion—have been broken up; the labours of the missionaries thwarted, and their lives endangered; the beautiful islands which gem the bosom of the Pacific, in peril of being flung back into the scathed and blighted desolation of spiritual death.

What is the greatest obstacle to the diffusion of education amongst the masses of the people of this country? Their love of strong drink! How many thousands of innocent children are deprived of instruction, and reared in contact with vice and every debasing influence, through the drunkenness of their parents? What chiefly prevents the good which a general distribution of the Holy Scriptures is calculated to produce? The drunken habits of the people! Look into the pawn-shops and you may see loads of Bibles! and ask who brought them there!—the answer will probably be, "a wretched woman reduced by extreme want through a husband's intemperance!" The missionary societies, the school societies, the Bible Societies, and every benevolent institution, utter the same complaint. "Our path is before us, but a monster obstacle is in the way; strong drink, ale, wine, or brandy, by whatsoever name the demon is styled, in whatsoever way it presents itself, whether in the beer-house or the dram-shop, in the dining-room of the man of the world, or on the table of the serious professor—this, this prevents our success. Remove this one obstacle, and our course will be onward; and our labours will be blessed ten thousand fold!" Reader! do you support any of these societies by your labours, your money, or your prayers? Are you sincere in your wishes for this prosperity? If sincere, you can surely give up something for their advancement? You may be rich—to give a subscription is an easy thing; you may have leisure—to give a little time or labour is no great sacrifice; but can you give up a practice which, though sanctioned by almost universal custom, clearly contributes to defeat your own exertions to benefit your fellow-men? Are you afraid of being thought less hospitable by those who only value you for your mistaken hospitality? Can you bear to be singular? Can you resign a little paltry gratification of the senses that you may not stand in the way of a great reformation? If you are religious, if you value your privileges, if you feel any emotion of gratitude for the blessing bestowed upon you, reflect without bias, if you can, upon this question. Ask yourself, Are you doing all you can for the glory of the Creator, and the happiness of His creatures? Examine how far you are causing "your brother to stumble;" compare your conduct with that of the Apostle, who says, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend" (1 Cor. viii. 13); and again he says, "It is good neither to eat flesh, *nor to drink wine*, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended, or is made weak" (Romans xiv. 21.) Consider these passages—they are of solemn moment; and recollect, that as you will have to render an account of your actions at a bar where trifling excuses will not avail, and where every heart will be laid open, so will you be held responsible for the employment of your influence, and for the proper use of your example.

To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin? The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink, is its proper and natural state: drunkenness is the state farthest removed from it. The state of drunkenness is a state of sin; at what state does it become sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober, who has not tasted anything which can intoxicate; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more: a third fires his eye, heats his blood, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or an eighth makes him stupid, a senseless degraded mass—his reason is quenched, his faculties are for the time destroyed. Every noble, and generous, and holy principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled! This is sin, awful sin! for "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." But where does the sin begin? At the first glass—at the first step towards complete intoxication, or at the sixth, or seventh, or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system towards the state of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul? Reader, think of the millions who lie bound in chains of this "*foul spirit*," and ask yourself, are you doing all your duty in discountenancing the cause of such sin and misery? If you cannot say "Yes!" with a clear conscience, rise superior to foolish and wicked customs, and join your influence and your example to the efforts of those who have declared war against the causes of the sin of drunkenness, which will only terminate with their extermination from the surface of the earth.

[The preceding appeal was written nearly forty years ago.]

Mrs. Cameron's Story.

"WELL, dear Muriel, how are you to-day?" said Mrs. Cameron, on entering the room where Muriel Fraser was lying down upon the sofa.

"Oh, better thank you, dear Mrs. Cameron. My cold is almost gone, and I hope to go out soon. I have been longing for one of your real nice visits. You cannot think how much good they do me."

"You know it is always a pleasure to me, when I can come in for a chat with you; but I am not at all sure, my child, if you will like my visit to day; there is something on my mind I must speak to you about. Will you forgive an old friend, dear Muriel, if what she is going to say is not pleasant?"

"Dear Mrs. Cameron," said Muriel, gently stroking her kind visitor's hand, "please say anything you like. I love you too much ever to be vexed with you."

"Muriel," began Mrs. Cameron, in a hesitating manner, "it is about THIS;" and she pointed to a decanter of wine, which, with a glass half filled and a plate full of biscuits, stood on a little table by the side of the young girl's sofa. Muriel coloured.

"Oh, the wine has only just been brought in. It does not always remain here."

"No, Muriel," answered Mrs. Cameron; "I do not suppose it does, but I feel *so* strongly that it ought not to be here at all."

"I am so weak, Mrs. Cameron, I am obliged to drink some wine—it does me good, and I take but very little—just now and then. You are a Total Abstainer, I know, but it would never do for *me* to give up my wine—I could not get on without it; besides, there's no reason why I should make such a sacrifice. Total Abstinence is all very well for drunkards—of course, it is very necessary for *them*—but as for me—— Why, it would be an absurdity. I daresay *you* find it help you amongst your poor people, but I have no wish to follow your example."

"There are very many reasons for becoming a Total Abstainer," replied Mrs. Cameron. "I do not for a moment suppose that there is any danger of your exceeding *now;* but I think it would be safer and better for your health if you were to sign the pledge. Besides, in your position in life your example would influence and help others. Oh, Muriel, you cannot tell how it grieves and hurts me to see healthy young girls beginning this dreadful habit of taking stimulants at odd hours. You think it is safe for you now, and so, perhaps, it is, but you cannot tell—no one can tell—how long it may remain so. No one ever became a drunkard all at once. I know I have no right to speak to you like this, but I do so in the fondest love. I speak, too, because I *know*—ah! and from what a terrible experience—what this taking of stimulants leads to."

The tears came into Mrs. Cameron's eyes—there was such a look of pain in her face that Muriel was quite startled.

"You do not mean," she said, "that *you*—you who are so good; you who spend your life in trying to win souls back from sin; you *cannot* mean that this experience you speak of was ever yours."

"I have often thought, Muriel, that a time would come when I might help another by telling them the story of my younger days. I have written down an account of it, and you shall read it. It may be, by God's blessing, that the hearing of the fall of one unhappy soul may rouse you to see that it will be right and safer for you to give up that which many of us know is bad for you."

"I thank you, dear Mrs. Cameron. I *do* want to try and do what is right. I cannot see why I should make such a sacrifice as to give up taking wine, but perhaps your story may enable me to look at the question in a different way."

"God grant it, my dear," and with a farewell kiss, Mrs. Cameron left the room.

That evening Muriel received a parcel containing the promised story. She opened it, and read as follows:—

"There is no need for me to say much about my childhood; my early days were spent very happily, I had many joys, very little trouble. In those days there was not much talk about what, thank God, is now one of the burning questions of the day, I mean Total Abstinence, There were no Temperance Guilds at all, in the part of England where I lived. My good, kind, parents thought, as most people did then, that

stimulant of some kind was an absolute necessity for their children. We were never thoroughly strong and healthy: we were constantly under the doctor's care. He was a dear old man, very fond of us young ones, but he never dreamt of the harm he was doing when he used to order us beer and wine. I can almost fancy I hear him now saying to my dear mother, 'Want of tone, madam, want of tone, give her a tonic, and some port wine.'

"When I was seventeen, a terrible sorrow fell upon us, my mother died. I was then placed at the head of my father's house; it was a misfortune for one who needed guidance as much as I did, to be put into such a responsible position. On looking back, I see plainly what a mistake it was, and yet at the time I was delighted at having the management of everything. We lived in a very good neighbourhood, we had many kind friends, and as soon as our year of mourning was over, we began a regular round of gaiety. We used to go to afternoon parties, picnics, dances, and such like. There was always an abundance of champagne and wine of all kinds, and I was in the habit of taking quite as much, if not more than the others did. Not that I ever exceeded *then*, but slowly and surely a real love for stimulants was growing upon me. My father never noticed it, but had my sweet mother still been with us, she would surely have warned me of my danger.

"One day, at an afternoon party, I was sitting under the trees resting after an unusually long game of croquet, drinking some champagne, when a nice looking old gentleman came up, and sat down beside me.

"'My dear young lady,' he began in the kindest tone, 'forgive an old man for addressing you, it does pain me so much to see you all drinking champagne and sherry at this time of the day.'

"I stared at him.

"'Yes, you may be astonished at my speaking thus, I have been a teetotaler for some years, and the drinking customs of the day are increasing so fearfully, that I dare not keep silence when I see young folks beginning habits which may possibly bring untold misery upon them and theirs. I am much better in health since I have become an abstainer, and this is an additional reason why I urge all my friends to follow my example, and give Total Abstinence a fair trial.'

"My *first* impulse was one of anger, at what I considered his impertinence in speaking thus, my *second* a contemptuous kind of pity at his fanatic folly. I tossed my head as I answered hastily, rising from my seat, 'I, for one, have not the slightest intention of following your example, and making a laughing-stock of myself.' 'Forgive me, my dear,' said he so humbly that I felt quite ashamed of myself, 'forgive me, perhaps God may move you to think differently by-and-bye Bear with an old man thus far, take this little book, and read it.' I took the book and rejoined my companions. We finished up the evening with a dance; I tried to enjoy myself, laughed and talked with the rest, behaved as usual at supper; but all the time I felt ill at ease, my conscience was crying out, 'Be warned, be warned.' The old man's words kept coming back to me, and I was thoroughly uncomfortable. On returning home, late as it was, I could not go to rest without reading the book he had given me. It was on the dangers of taking stimulants at odd times during the day, it spoke how the craving for it increases little by little, until at length the habit of drinking is formed, the crave can no longer be resisted, the poor soul becomes enslaved with the love of drink, and ends in being degraded, debased, a confirmed drunkard.

"That night I searched into my heart, I examined my thoughts, my actions, and to my horror I found that the very greatest sacrifice I could make would be to become an abstainer. I resolved to make the sacrifice. Long and earnestly did I pray for strength to keep my vow; it was a hard struggle, but I persevered, and after a few weeks I no longer felt the craving for stimulants. The years passed on. I became engaged to my dear husband; our marriage soon followed. A few days afterwards my husband asked me to have some wine. I refused at first, but then I yielded, feeling I did not like to say no to his first request. I had never told him why I had given up wine in my girlhood, oh, if I only had, how much misery might have been saved. That one little glass of wine re-awakened the longing for drink, it came upon me with redoubled vigour. I began to take it regularly, circumstances helped me, for the doctor told my husband that I was weak and ailing, so 'wine, and plenty of it,' was his prescription. My husband considered himself bound to follow the doctor's directions, and besides what he gave me I used constantly to help myself.

standeth, lest I make my brother to offend [illegible] years ago

The wine was kept where I could always get at it, *thus no one knew.* After a few months my husband was appointed to a ship on a foreign station, and he was forced to leave me for at least three years. After his departure I was free to follow my evil habit, with less chance of detection than ever. But, oh! how miserable I was at times. I was ruining my health, and in danger of losing my soul. I tried in vain to overcome my temptation. I wrestled long in prayer; often have I stood with the bottle in my hand, ready to pour out some drink, then the longing to be better came over me, and I put down the bottle, fell on my knees, and prayed for strength. It seemed almost as if I heard the rustling of wings—the good angels and the evil spirits fighting for my soul. Sometimes I overcame, sometimes I just got up from my knees and *drank.* In the early part of the day I used to occupy myself in various ways, but all the time I was looking forward to the evening, for then it was that I could indulge in my sin without much chance of being disturbed. O, I pray that no one may ever go through the misery, the agony of soul, that I suffered during that long time, when I was enthralled by the love of drink, under the influence of the very devil himself. Illness came on, the doctor was sent for, he looked at me strangely, as if he would read into my heart. 'It is a case of too much stimulant,' he at last said very gravely, 'you have been drinking. O, Mrs, Cameron, why will you not leave it off!' I cannot describe the shame I felt at hearing him speak thus. It showed me plainly that my terrible secret was known. I felt crushed to the earth. What would my darling husband say when he was told that his wife was on the verge of becoming a confirmed drunkard. I was very ill, but bodily suffering was nothing compared to what I went through mentally. That night I had a most wonderful dream, sent, I am sure, by the loving mercy of God, to warn and to save me. I dreamt I was in a brilliantly lighted ball-room; we were a wildly excited company, dancing, laughing, talking; we went into supper, and the jesting grew more immoderate as the wine went round. Suddenly with a crash the music stopped, and in the silence that ensued a voice, loud and piercing as a trumpet, sounded in my ears, 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.' I fell to the ground in fear; in the midst of the darkness around me there appeared in letters of fire the words, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' My guilty conscience told me it was my own doom that I was reading. It grew darker, the atmosphere became heavy, a sense of suffocation came over me,—and then, in the intense silence, I felt myself falling,—falling into space—falling, I thought, into *hell.* All hope was gone, nothing but endless, indescribable misery was before me. I imagined my soul was lost; lost and banished for ever from realms of light, separated from all those I fondly loved; far away from all that was holy, and good, and true. I was in the very depths of despair; in the midst of my agony, the words, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow,' came to my remembrance, and from my sin-stained lips arose a passionate cry for pardon and for mercy. 'Lord, save me; Lord, have mercy upon me. I repent, and would forsake my sin. O, my God, for Jesu's sake, pity and forgive.' Immediately came a change. A mighty burden seemed to be lifted off me; a tiny speck of light glimmered in the darkness; a *hope* dawned upon my soul; the light gradually grew brighter and brighter until it became as dazzling as the noonday sun. I felt as I had never done before—the intensest rapture and the deepest awe. Lo! a wondrously beautiful Voice was addressing me in tones of the deepest love: 'My child; my loved one, for whose sake I died; come unto Me, for all is forgiven; be at peace and sin no more.' A figure stood before me, clothed in glistening raiment, with pierced hands and feet. The *Face* I could not see; the radiancy of the glory concealed it from my mortal eyes. In lowliest adoration I cast myself down before Him. Was this the loving Saviour whom I had so grieved? Had He, indeed, vouchsafed to come to such as *I*, speaking so tenderly, giving such free forgiveness? In the midst of my ecstacy and joy, it seemed as if my heart would break with the pain of having pained Him so—Him, my Lord, my King, my God.

"Here I awoke, but the remembrance of that dream has never passed away. I soon recovered my health. Over my whole being a change had come. A new light seemed to shine upon my path; I felt I belonged to Christ. Sinful, desperately wicked as I had been, He had fully forgiven me, and henceforth I was consecrated, body, soul, and spirit, to Him; all my powers would be evermore devoted to His service.

"When my husband returned I told him all,

He, too, became an Abstainer, and for many happy years we have laboured together in our Master's service. I am very, very happy, but no one can tell how I long for that time when, all shadows passed away, I shall stand in the Presence of my King for ever, and behold Him face to face in all His Beauty.

"When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace;
Jesu in His Beauty,
Joys that never cease."

* * * * *

The next day Mrs. Cameron paid Muriel Fraser another visit.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Cameron, gently.

"Oh, Mrs. Cameron," answered Muriel, throwing her arms round her friend's neck and kissing her; "thank you, thank you. Your story has made me see things more clearly. Teach me to do as you have done; help me to do what is right. I, too, will become a Total Abstainer. Pray for me, that I may be helped to keep my resolution."

G. F. E.

Dr. Kerr on Cholera and Alcohol.

DR. NORMAN KERR, F.L.S., lectured on Saturday evening, August 4, on "Cholera and its Prevention, with Special Reference to Alcohol," under the auspices of the Emmanuel Church (Maida Hill) Temperance Society. Dr. Danford Thomas, Coroner for Central Middlesex, presided.

After giving an interesting sketch of the history and symptoms of the disease, Dr. Kerr dealt with its causes, and said favourable soils for cholera were provided by impure water, improper diet, overcrowding, and weakness of body. Intemperate eating was also favourable to the growth of cholera, and so was the moderate eating of improper things, such as slightly stale fish, or other food, or unripe fruit. Far beyond all this there was one cause which the late lamented and distinguished physician, Sir Thomas Watson, clearly showed. What did he say? After enumerating a great many of the causes he said:—"But to intemperance, more than to any other single cause, may the proclivity to become affected by this species of cholera be ascribed, and especially to the intemperate and habitual use of distilled spirits. This fact was peculiarly manifested in the selection by the disease of its victims in this country, and it has been remarked almost everywhere else." M. Quetelet, in his "Treatise on Man," stated that intemperance greatly increased the number of deaths from cholera. There was in India a very remarkable proof of the influence of drinking in producing the disease. Two bodies of soldiers numbered 300 and 100 respectively. They were close together, and similarly circumstanced. Of the 100 all lived temperately, some, in fact, without strong drink at all, and they all avoided damp. The 300 drank as usual, and many drank freely. What was the result? Of the 100 strictly temperate there was only one man attacked, whether fatally or not was not recorded. Out of the 300 thirty died from cholera. At Warsaw a physician recorded that in one epidemic 90 per cent. of the patients who were attacked, and who died, had indulged either freely or in a tolerable degree in drinking. One great proof of the influence, on the one hand, of drinking predisposing to cholera, and of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, on the other, warring against cholera, had been found in Warsaw. He was sorry to say that the Russian and Austrian women were far more temperate than the women here. Well, during the Warsaw epidemic there was hardly a single woman attacked, when the men were dying like sheep. Why was this? The physicians in one voice said it was because the men were in the habit of drinking, and the women were not.

In Edinburgh Professor Macintosh, who was physician to a cholera hospital, and had an immense number of cases, testified that five-sixths of the deaths he saw occurred amongst the ranks of the intemperate, and those in the ordinary habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. In the Canadian epidemic, in 1832, the newspapers said not a single drunkard had escaped who was attacked by cholera. M. Hubert said of the epidemic in Paris, in 1832, that the persons given to drink were swept away like flies. Dr. Adams, of Glasgow,

said "Those who debilitate themselves by alcohol become easy victims to the cholera."

He (Dr. Kerr) remembered being in Glasgow at Christmas time (an unlikely time for cholera, was it not?) when people were dying at the rate of 200 a day, and the newspapers associated this heavy mortality with the drinking celebrations attendant on the new year. Again, on the days succeeding the jubilee consequent on the passing of the Reform Bill, in Glasgow, the mortality from cholera rose suddenly and alarmingly. The press and the medical profession united in the belief that this increase was due to the alcoholic celebration of the event. Dr. Adams, speaking of 225 fatal cases, said that 19·2 per cent. who died were those of temperate habits, whereas 91·2 per cent. were those of intemperate habits. His words were very remarkable:—"I have found the use of alcoholic drinks to be the most powerfully predisposing cause of malignant cholera. Were I one of the authorities, and had the power, I would placard every spirit shop in the town with large bills, with these words—*cholera sold here*. The constitutions of my patients are enfeebled in the majority of instances by the use of alcoholic stimulants."

A native physician in India declared "the people who did not take spirits or opium do not catch the disorder, even when they are with those who have it." Of 18,000 British soldiers in India during one attack more than half died during the first twelve days—free indulgence in drink being the chief cause assigned. Though the cholera was always in Bengal, yet there was a different army in India now from what we used to have. We now had something like 12,000 men of the Indian army who were teetotalers, and thus the surgeons (*vide* their own testimony) did not fear cholera as they used to. Similar testimony came also from China, from Vienna, and from Paris. In one epidemic in Paris 30,000 were slain, a large proportion being either intemperate or profligate. Prof. C. A. Lee, of New York, was physician to a cholera hospital in 1832, and he said "there can be no doubt that four-fifths of all the adults admitted had been intemperate." Out of more than 500 cases there were but two members of temperance societies. Of the intemperate who were attacked one-half died; of the temperate about one in ten. But there was no necessity to multiply cases.

Every medical man and every visitor among the poor knew that he could very often trace, or almost foretell, where the cholera would act in certain districts, and it was acknowledged everywhere that intemperance was the most predisposing cause to this disease in western countries. Why was this? The reasons were simple. In cholera the blood was impure. It was impeded, hindered from circulating through the heart and body. In cholera the heart acted feebly. There was a block, the blood becoming thicker, blacker, and less pure. The end often was that the circulation stopped and death was the result.

Now what was the action of alcohol in this respect? Alcohol retarded and impeded the purification of the blood. It shortened the life of the red blood corpuscles so that they could not fulfil their beneficent mission, the result being deposits of fatty globules. The blood was thus corrupted by alcohol and rendered more near the condition of cholera, and less able to throw off and wash away the cholera germs. In short, by taking alcohol a person puts his blood in that position which made it most favourable to the development of the action of the disease. Alcohol was doing a work in the blood similar to the action of the cholera germ when once developed in the body in its blackening, thickening, vitiating action on the circulation; and opium had the same effect. What should be done if the cholera germ fastened itself upon us? There were natural fluids which enabled us to wash it away. We might have millions of germs, but we could flush them away, as in the case of drains. To take alcohol was simply to weaken the system, and to render it less able to withstand attacks from unfavourable conditions without. If any doubt remained as to total abstinence aiding a person to ward off the cholera germ (other conditions being equal), the proofs were overwhelming.

In Edinburgh, during the epidemic of 1848-9, very few teetotalers were attacked. In Paisley, with a large population, some one noted down the figures, and found that whilst there was one case of cholera in every 181 of the inhabitants, there was only one in every 2,000 of the teetotalers. At Plymouth, though hundreds died, only one abstainer succumbed out of 3,000 or 4,000 pledged teetotalers. This was not the place to talk about the treatment of cholera, but one or two hints might not be unacceptable. The question might properly be asked, Even if alcohol render the body more liable to an attack from cholera, is it not a good thing in the actual treatment of that malady, because the two things are quite distinct? Of all the remedies that could be applied in the case of cholera, alcohol (with the exception of opium) was the most unsafe. First, because it rendered the blood poisonous by its own action.

In relation to cholera, remember that there was cholera poison in the blood. The first thing was to get rid of the poison. How? By assisting it out; but alcohol kept it in by blocking the doors, just as the doors were blocked in the terrible calamity at Sunderland the other day. The alcohol made the heart and circulation labour more. Alcohol not only retained the cholera poison, but retarded the action of the heart. Brandy and opium used to be employed, but the records showed that if the object had been to make cholera as fatal as possible, that object was achieved by the indiscriminate administration of brandy and opium. Better leave the victim alone, and his chances of recovery would be greater than if he had had a thousand doctors administering to him brandy and opium, Alcohol was especially dangerous in the third stage, that of re-active fever, because it added to the fever.

Then alcohol was not only unsafe in the three stages of genuine cholera, but especially unsafe in the premonitory diarrhœa stage, which gave

nearly everyone warning before they were attacked by genuine cholera. Brandy was taken simply because it put away the pain. If there was only the pain and slight diarrhœa, speaking medically, it was all right; but if there was anything behind the pain it was all wrong. After the alcohol, the mischief was going on, only the patient did not know it, and valuable time was lost. All the alcohol did was to deaden sensation, and that was the worst part of the whole question of drinking. Another action of alcohol was direct, not by deadening the feelings, but by irritation Alcohol was so irritant that it frequently caused diarrhœa, and the brandy taken to ease pain very often developed cholera more quickly.

The Bible was true when it called alcohol a "mocker," and it mocked the good man as well the bad. It often disguised the true progress of the malady from the patient, from his friends, and from the doctor. If there was any suspicion of cholera, let no one touch alcohol. In addition to all this, drinking lowered the vital powers, and thus diminished the healing power of nature and lessened the chances of recovery.

Having discussed what was not safe, let him consider what was safe. Here he could thoroughly recommend ice and iced water. He had always treated cholera patients with these. Let them drink iced water to their heart's content; they could never drink too much; and this opinion was fortified by that of Professor Maclean, of Netley. There was no need of a substitute for brandy in cholera, because in ordinary circumstances in that disease the action of a stimulant was bad. Flushing of the blood was required, and water would do it. Milk would not do it, because it was too thick—nothing but pure cold water, all the better if iced.

A single word about precautions. He endorsed all that the chairman had said on this point. Let no one allow diarrhœa to go on without having medical advice, even if some common diarrhœa mixture had been taken. Cleanliness of the person, of the clothes, and of the home were essential, and so also were baths. All organic matter should be burned. Dustbins were a prolific source of disease, which would in a more enlightened day be banished. Pure water was a necessity, but this rested with the authorities, who should give a constant, as distinguished from an intermittent, supply. There was nothing in the London water at present to cause cholera. If suspicious about the water, boil and filter it.

Then there was the practice of total abstinence. We might be cleanly in person, clothes, and habitation, have the purest water, boil and filter it, and eat in moderation, but if we indulged either moderately or largely in intoxicating liquors we had a factor operating within our bodies that in many cases would tend to predispose them to receive an attack if they were liable to an invasion of the cholera germ. Being teetotalers no one could be sure he would not be attacked, but the chances of being attacked would be diminished, and the chances of recovery if attacked would be increased. In this he believed the great mass of medical opinion would bear him out.

Last of all, have no fear. Many people had died of cholera who, humanly speaking, had no business to have it, but simply because they were afraid of taking it. There was nothing that would cast out fear so much as the love of God shed abroad in the heart. Let us do our duty to ourselves, be moderate in the use of things good, and totally abstain from things dangerous, let us be trustful in God, and be of good courage, for He would cast about us the protection of His Almighty Arm.

ABSTAINERS, AWAKE.

(*See Music, p.* 239.)

II.

ABSTAINERS, awake, it is fatal to sleep,
While drink's tyrants and vassals such vigilance keep.
As you hear their defiance above and below,
Let it strengthen your heart to encounter the foe:
Like the heroes of old, singled-minded and bold,
To the battle and triumph of Temperance we go.

III.

Abstainers, awake, not one moment delay,
Or the fight may be lost by the loss of a day:
While defeat and disaster bring death to the slow,
When they're marching in arms to encounter the foe.
Like the heroes of old, single-minded and bold,
To the battle and triumph of Temperance we go.

IV.

Abstainers, awake, 'tis humanity calls
From her homestead deserted, and desolate halls,
See her gardens are trampled, her bulwarks laid low;
And she asks you in tears to encounter the foe.
Like the heroes of old, single-minded and bold,
To the battle and triumph of Temperance we go.

V.

Abstainers, awake, in the interests of Heaven,
By th' manes of the dead and the weal of the living,
Press forward undaunted with blow upon blow,
As you march in God's name to encounter the foe.
Like the heroes of old, single-minded and bold,
To the battle and triumph of Temperance we go.

ABSTAINERS, AWAKE.

JOHN ANDERSON. JOHN CORNWALL.

KEY C.

:d	d	:-.m	:s	d'	:—	:t.t	l	:s	:f	m	:—	:m'.r'
:d	d	:-.m	:s	s	:—	:s.s	f	:m	:r	d	:—	:s.s
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:d	d	:-.m	:s	m'	:—	:r'.r'	d'	:d'	:t	d'	:—	:d'.t
:d	d	:-.m	:s	d'	:—	:m.m	f	:s	:s,	d	:—	:d.r

			G.t.									f.C.
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s'	:-.f'	:m'	r'	:d'	:t	d'	:m'	:fe'	s'	:—	:s.s
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d'	:d'	:d'	l	:—	:l.l	r'	:r'	:r'	t	:—	:l.s
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bat -	tle	and	tri -	umph	of	Temperance		we	go.	
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From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

VARIETIES.

WORKMEN'S WAGES.—It is now illegal to pay workmen's wages in public-houses.

AMERICAN SCHOOL TEACHERS.—The Michigan Legislature has just passed, by a nearly unanimous vote, a Bill requiring school teachers to pass an examination in physiology and hygiene, with particular references to the effects of stimulants and narcotics on the human system.

A GREAT LAWYER'S BEVERAGE.—Lord Westbury was industrious amongst an industrious class of men. His chambers in Stone Buildings were open from nine till nine; between nine in the morning and the sitting of the court at ten he would sometimes have ten conferences and ten consultations. At five o'clock came the leading meal of the day, consisting of a mutton chop from the Southampton Hotel, one slice of stale bread and a glass of water from Lincoln's Inn pump.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

BEER AND VITALITY.—The president of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, one of the oldest in America, has for years been investigating the relation of beer-drinking to longevity. His object was that he might solve the problem whether beer promotes vitality or otherwise; in other words, to know whether beer-drinkers are desirable risks to a life insurance company. We give his conclusions. He declared, as the result of a series of observations carried on among a selected group of persons who were habitual drinkers of beer, that, although for two or three years there was nothing remarkable, yet presently death began to strike, and then the mortality became astounding and uniform in its manifestations. There was no mistaking it; the history was almost invariable; robust, apparent health, full muscles, a fair out-side, increasing weight, florid faces; then a touch of cold, or a sniff of malaria, and instantly some acute disease, with almost invariable typhoid symptoms, was in violent action, and ten days or less ended it. It was as if the system had been kept fair on the outside, while within it was eaten to a shell; and at the first touch of disease there was utter collapse; every fibre was poisoned and weak. And this, in its main features, varying in degree, has been his observations in beer-drinking everywhere. It is peculiarly deceptive at first; it is thoroughly destructive at the last.—*Good Health.*

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THE
TEMPERANCE MIRROR.

LOCKED OUT.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

"YOU'LL be home early to-night, won't you, Mark?'

"I don't know as I shall. Why should I?"

"Mother 'll be in such a way if you're not."

"Mother's always in a way about one thing or another."

"Oh, but, Mark, she's got good reason. The landlord—"

"Bother the landlord. What's he got to do

with it? We pay our rent reg'lar, and that's enough for him. If that's all you've got to say, Molly, you may as well shut up."

The speakers were brother and sister. Mark was a tall thin lad of eighteen or nineteen, with a suspiciously bright colour and hollow blue eyes. Molly was a girl of eleven, who, although pale and thin, had a far stronger appearance than Mark. Molly's intelligent dark eyes were rather mournful in expression, but Mark's face was singularly cheerful and even merry; it was full of spirit and vivacity which made it attractive, and explained why Mark Hopewell was so great a favourite amongst his friends. His mother was a widow, a respectable woman, who earned her living somewhat precariously by lace-mending, and lodged in two rooms on the second floor of a gloomy house in a narrow London street. Mrs. Hopewell and her daughter Molly slept in one of these rooms; the other one was sitting-room, kitchen, and also sleeping apartment for Mark, whose bed was there made up for him every night.

Mrs. Hopewell's husband had been a schoolmaster, and she had an ideal of respectability which had caused her at various times to make great sacrifices for the sake of outward appearance. If she had not always bread enough to eat, at any rate she sent her children to school, clothed them decently, and lodged in respectable apartments. There was an air of faded gentility about her, into which she had tried in vain to mould Molly's exterior. Molly was a plain, downright honest little soul, who would have liked most thoroughly to go into service as kitchen-maid or housemaid, but Mrs. Hopewell was resolved that she must be a dressmaker, or a mender of lace like her mother, and as soon as she had left school, kept her at work so many hours a day that poor Molly soon lost all the little bloom she ever possessed, and seemed to be contracting her mother's melancholy and anxious expression of countenance.

Mark was very different from these two. He was like his father, as Mrs. Hopewell used at times to say, with a touch of mingled pride and fear, for Edward Hopewell, clever, handsome man as he had been, possessed mental and physical tendencies which became the ruin of his life. Genial, gay, sweet-tempered, and gifted with a great talent for music, he had been welcomed in haunts which were mere scenes of temptation to him; habits of vice and excess, once formed, could not lightly be shaken off, and the end of it was that he died of a galloping consumption brought on by intemperance and exposure. His death apparently produced no softening effect on Mary Hopewell, his wife. She had always been hard upon him, people said; and now she seemed harder than ever. In truth her coldness masked a broken heart. Even her children, at first, gave her no comfort; it was only as years rolled on that she began to realize that Molly was the most unselfish, painstaking, devoted daughter that ever a mother had, and that Mark, with his talents and his lovable nature, was a son of whom any woman might be proud. Even when this discovery dawned upon her, it did not give her unmixed satisfaction. Molly was undoubtedly slow in learning needlework; her only delight lay in reading, while Mark's pleasant manners and taste for violin-playing was apt to lead him into very mixed company, while he showed signs of a delicate constitution. He was working at present as a joiner and cabinet maker, and was receiving very fair wages; it seemed as if days of prosperity and peace were not far off.

But of late both Mrs. Hopewell and her daughter had been fearfully aware that a cloud was rising above the horizon of their life. Mark had taken to staying out late at night; once or twice it had been perfectly evident to them on his return that he was not quite sober. Mrs. Hopewell had said little; she was not a woman who scolded or complained; but she went about her day's work with a cold stern look on her face, with an unalterable silence and gravity, which her children felt to be worse than tears or angry words. "If mother would only come out with what she's thinking and get it over," said Mark impatiently, "I'm sure it would be

better for the whole lot of us. It's awful to see her going on like that."

"I don't see how you can wonder at it," said Molly, with some indignation. "She's had sorrow enough and anxiety enough to make her silent and grave, and when she sees you getting into bad company—"

"But I'm not getting into bad company, I tell you," Mark made answer. "I'm all right. What does mother know about it? Why, she can't bear to see me drink a glass of beer! I must do as other fellows do, and there's an end of it."

Molly said no more, but she grieved in secret, both over her brother's habits and her mother's severe silence. She, too, thought it would be better for Mrs. Hopewell to essay some remonstrance with Mark; but when she ventured to hint at such a thing, it was plain that Mrs. Hopewell regarded the suggestion as impertinent. Again and again did Molly plead with her brother to come home early, to take her out in the evening, to go to lectures or classes, anything rather than waste time and money in the public-house with his wild acquaintances. But Mark only laughed at her, he was seldom angry; he called her a good little thing, and told her that she knew nothing about life, and that he was a good deal safer and happier sitting by a roaring fire and hearing a capital song, or playing a tune on his violin to half a dozen merry friends, than moping indoors while his mother looked as black as a thunder cloud. "It's all very well for a girl," he concluded laughing, "she has got to stay in and be scowled at, but mother's too much for me."

"Oh, Mark, and she loves you so much!"

"If she does," said Mark, "I wish she would show it."

"But you love *her*, Mark?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, then, why don't *you* show it?" said Molly rather sharply, after which she broke down and cried a little, and Mark seized the opportunity to escape.

Molly was particularly anxious that Mark should be home earlier, for she had heard some murmurs of late from the landlord of the house concerning "the unearthly hours" at which the lad had lately been returning. Mr. Pack was a man who prided himself on his respectability almost as much as Mrs. Hopewell did on hers moreover, his wife was an invalid and had been several times disturbed by the ringing of the bell and the knocking at the door that had ensued when Mark did not come home till eleven or twelve o'clock. Mark had asked for a latch-key, but neither his mother nor the landlord would hear of his possessing such a thing. "No, young man," Mr. Pack said severely, "either you must be home in good time, or you must go altogether. I can't have my house rung up in the middle of the night. It ain't at all respectable." But it did not seem as though these remonstrances were likely to produce much effect.

At ten o'clock on the evening after Molly's most earnest entreaties, Mark had not yet arrived. Mrs. Hopewell folded up her work and told Molly to go to bed. "Mayn't I sit up a little while?" Molly pleaded timidly. "Just until Mark comes in? He won't be long now!"

"There's no saying when he'll come," said the mother, with a bitter sigh. "Well, you may stay for a little while. We'll have prayers."

She had always kept up the habit of family prayer, and it had been a sort of bond of union between the widow and her children. But Molly could not help remembering that night how long it was since Mark had joined them in this act of worship. Not for many a long day had he been present at their evening prayer.

When they rose from their knees, Mrs Hopewell resumed her work, and Molly read aloud for a little time. When the clock struck eleven, mother and daughter looked at each other involuntarily. "He's going to be late again to-night," said Mrs. Hopewell, stolidly. "You may read a bit more, if you're not sleepy, child."

Molly read on, then paused awhile, but found that her mother made no remark. Mrs. Hopewell had put down her work, and was

stening with a troubled face to the passing footsteps in the streets. No sound of Mark's footstep came to her ears as yet.

Twelve o'clock was striking when a party of revellers came along the pavement, laughing, shouting, falling against one another, and making a hubbub such as can only too often be heard in the streets at midnight. Mrs. Hopewell rose up, tall and straight. "There is Mark," she said quietly, although neither ring nor knock had yet been heard.

"Oh no, mother, no," said Molly in a frightened voice, "he would never come home to us like that—it has never been so bad."

She was interrupted by fresh shouts, and by the sound of noisy thumps against the street door. Mrs. Hopewell opened her window and cautiously leaned out. Some half dozen young men, who had evidently been on the watch for her, greeted her appearance with shouts of laughter. "Here, missis," they cried. "Come down and let us in. Here's Mark: we'll bring him up to you. He can't get up by himself." And then they redoubled their laughter and their knocks at the street door.

"It must be Mark," said Mrs. Hopewell, rather faintly. "I'll go down. Stay there, Molly." And away she went, while Molly paused, trembling and anxious, on the upper floor.

The other lodgers, of whom there were two—both old ladies, and both very indignant at the occurrence—were by this time aroused and peering out of their respective rooms. Mr. Pack was descending from the upper regions of the house, stern and indignant, with a candle in his hand. By the time he had reached the bottom of the stairs, the front door was open and Mrs. Hopewell was nervously parleying with the young fellows outside. These young men were mischievously but not ill-naturedly disposed, and when they saw the widow's real dismay they really helped her to get Mark inside the house, although they did it with a good deal of laughter and jesting, and finally retreated pretty quickly down the street.

Mark, however, was not inclined to be quiet. He was wildly uproarious: he shouted struggled, laughed, offered to fight Mr. Pack and to embrace his mother, all in a breath. It was with great difficulty that he was at last conveyed upstairs and deposited upon his bed; and then Mr. Pack gave full vent to what he considered his just wrath.

"Never had no wild drunken vagabonds in my house before," he said, "nor do I mean to now. My house is a respectable one, and the sooner you go out of it the better. A week's notice, Mrs. Hopewell, and that's all."

"Very well," was Mrs. Hopewell's curt reply; but her heart swelled with indignation and resentment, as he spoke. What was Mr. Pack, that he should pretend to be more respectable than she had always been? Had her struggles all ended in this, that she was to be turned out of her lodgings because her landlord objected to the habits of her son? Mrs. Hopewell felt as if her life would not be worth living after such a scandal.

Mr. Pack went away at last, and the mother and daughter were left, timidly trying to cope with Mark, who was by no means easy to manage in his present state.

The following day was a very gloomy one. Mark was ill, and very much ashamed of himself; Molly had made her head ache by crying; Mrs. Hopewell was silent and morose. It was about twelve o'clock when Mr. Pack presented himself.

"I've been talking the matter over with my wife," he said, plunging into the subject without any notice, "and we both say that we don't wish to drive you hard, Mrs. Hopewell."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," muttered Mrs. Hopewell, whose thin lips looked as if they never would unclose.

"But we can't stand any more of that sort of thing," said the landlord peremptorily. "And my lodgers can't stand it, neither. There's Miss Bickley and Mrs. Netherstaffe both gave me warning this very day. What do you say to that for one piece of work, young man?" he said, turning to Mark with a magisterial air.

"I've nothing to say: I'm very sorry,"

Mark answered ruefully. He was sitting on the edge of the little pallet where he generally slept, with his elbows on his knees and his pale face between his hands. "I can't think how I came to make such a fool of myself."

"Ah! that's the way," said Mr. Pack, significantly. "Bad company always leads to disgrace, before we know where we are. Here are you, well brought up and respectable, getting my house into bad repute, and breaking your mother's heart in this way. It's terrible!"

He shook his head. Mrs. Hopewell groaned audibly, and Molly began to cry. Mark said nothing, only lowered his head a little further upon his hands.

"But I don't mind saying," Mr. Pack proceeded, "that I am willing to look this over for once, Mrs. Hopewell, provided that the young man promises to do better for the future. Mrs. Netherstaffe and Miss Bickley have both consented to give the house another trial. If your son, Mrs. Hopewell, will promise to come home pretty reg'lar, and to keep sober, I have no objection to your staying."

"As to that," said Mrs. Hopewell, with some asperity, "Mark must answer for himself. I've done all I could, I am sure. Mark!"

"I hear," said Mark sullenly. "Yes, I think I'm safe not to do it a second time. I've had enough of it."

"Well," said Mr. Pack, "if that's the case, I've nothing more to say. I hope you *will* take warning, and that things will go on smoothly. My house has always been a respectable one; and I wish to keep it so."

Therewith Mr. Pack departed, and Mark threw himself back upon his bed with his face turned to the wall. In a few moments his mother began to speak, in a low monotonous voice.

"You see what you've brought me to," she said. "After all I've done to keep you both respectable and select, too! All I can say is that if you go down yourself you shan't drag neither Molly nor me down with you."

"I'm sure I don't want to," said Mark.

"You heard what Mr. Pack said. Well, what he says, I say too. I don't want to leave these lodgings. I should never get any that suited me half so well, or so cheap. So, if you come home again like you did last night, you may stay outside, for I won't let you in."

"Mother, mother!" said Molly. "Don't say that!"

"It's truth, Molly, and that's why I say it. He knows my mind. I'm not one that will go back from my word."

"All right," said Mark, still sullenly. "If it happens again, do what you please. I shan't expect to be taken in."

He maintained the same callous manner for the next few days. Mrs. Hopewell moved about her work with a calm face, and spoke less than ever. Only Molly knew that her mother's pillow was moistened by constant tears, and that she was neither so cold nor so hard as she appeared to be.

Mark went on steadily for some little time. He worked hard, and came home in good time, all the earlier because he had caught cold and was coughing a good deal in the evenings. It was now the month of May: the weather was fine, but treacherous—warm by day and chilly by night, with occasional east winds which seemed to pierce to the very marrow of one's bones. It was not the weather to improve a cough or cold, and Mrs. Hopewell was secretly anxious about her son although she did not choose to betray her anxiety. And in the midst of it Mark began to come home later and later every night, and at last arrived at eleven o'clock, just before Mr. Pack locked the front-door, and was evidently not so sober as he might have been. He escaped all notice, however, except that of his mother, who allowed some bitter words of reproach to escape her. These she enlarged upon in the morning; and finally drove Mark to such a pitch of irritation that he dashed out of the house declaring that he would not be treated like a child any longer, and that he should return at the hour he chose, and not before.

Molly was frightened by her mother's demeanour for the rest of the day. Mrs. Hopewell went about her work with a white set face, and hands that trembled nervously. Mark did not come in for his meals: nor did he appear when his day's work must have been finished. Evening closed in: the frugal supper was eaten: the Bible was brought out. Mrs. Hopewell sat down to read: her voice was broken now and then by a half-stifled sigh, but she did not say a single word by which Molly was encouraged to offer any sympathy or attempt at comfort. After prayers the girl was told to go to bed.

"Mayn't I sit up with you?" said Molly timidly.

"No, I shall not stay long."

Molly dared not add what was in her heart to say, "But suppose Mark does not come in until late at night, shall you not sit up for him?"

She could not go to sleep; she was straining her ears every moment to hear the sound of his steps, but it did not come, and at eleven o'clock precisely her mother came into the bedroom with a lighted candle and began to undress. Molly started up. "I did not hear him come in," she said.

"He hasn't come in," said Mrs. Hopewell drily.

"Oh! mother, arn't you going to wait for him? What will he do if there is nobody to open the door? Mr. Pack won't open it."

"He must stay outside then," replied the mother. Molly burst into a passion of tears.

"Be quiet, child," said Mrs. Hopewell, but not unkindly, "it's no use taking on so. Mark's had fair warning. If he comes home to-night the worse for liquor and I let him in to make a noise on the stairs, Mr. Pack's told me plain that I should go to-morrow morning. But there's no fear, I'm not going to let him in. He will have his friends with him, and he may go to them; they'll take him in, no doubt."

Molly was silenced but not convinced.

It was after midnight this time when the well known sounds of footsteps and voices were heard in the quiet street. They were not loud, however; the laughter was stifled, and Molly, who was listening earnestly, thought that she heard someone say "Good-night, Mark." Then the voices and footsteps died away, silence succeeded, and there came one little rap at the front door.

"Mother! it's Mark. Won't you go and let him in?"

Mrs. Hopewell made no answer. Presently the knock was repeated, a little louder than before.

"Mother!" said Molly, in an entreating tone. "Mother!"

Mrs. Hopewell still said nothing, but she rose from her bed, wrapped herself in a shawl and entered the sitting-room. Molly listened and heard her open the window and speak to the person in the street.

"Go away," she said shortly. "We don't want you at this time of night." And then she pulled down the sash without waiting for a reply. It could be heard, however, that Mark made an answer, that he knocked and rang again, but the house remained as dark and silent as a tomb. He was locked out.

Mrs. Hopewell returned to her bed and lay down beside Molly. The girl would fain have pleaded and argued, but her mother silenced her harshly. It was plain that Mrs. Hopewell had quite decided on her line of action.

"Hold your tongue, Molly," she said. "Do you think I'm going to be turned out of my lodgings because of that young scamp? He'll learn a lesson now, perhaps."

"But what will he do all night? He has such a cough!" sobbed Molly.

"He'll do well enough. Go to sleep and don't say another word about it," said her mother.

Silence ensued, but neither mother nor daughter slept. After a little time they became conscious of unwonted sounds at the back of the house, where their bedroom was situated. Their window looked into a paved yard, on either side of which were one or two empty sheds, now disused except for old boxes and refuse. Mrs. Hopewell suddenly sat up and listened.

"Is—is he—trying to get into the house?" she said.

"No," said Molly, "he's only opening the door of the shed. I suppose he means to sleep there."

She spoke a little sullenly, for she thought that her mother was very hard. Mrs. Hopewell lay down again, turned her face away from the window, and pretended to go to sleep.

But before long a sound struck upon her ear which effectually prevented sleep from overtaking her. It was the sound of Mark's cough. Wherever he was, in the yard or the shed, he was so near that his hoarse and painful cough could be distinctly heard. It was rendered worse by the chill night air, and occurred with startling frequency. It did not abate as the time went on, it rather grew worse than better, and each sound penetrated the listeners' ears and hearts with the sharpness of a sword. For Mrs. Hopewell was neither so hard nor so stern as she looked. She was trying to steel herself against her own emotions, and to some extent she had succeeded; but there was a mother's love at the bottom of all her severity, and the mother's love was rising up within her in a flood which threatened to carry before it every obstacle of prudence or of pride.

She lay and listened to that cough for two mortal hours, racked by anguish and anxiety, which struggled to overcome her obstinate resolve, until she felt as if she could support no more. Suddenly she rose, wrapped a cloak round her, and went out of the room. Molly heard her open the door and go down stairs. With a bound she was immediately out of bed, and had opened the window looking into the yard. The sound of unfastening of bolts and locks was heard, and then she saw her mother issue forth, her tall form looking black in the cold moonlight, and go at once to the door of the shed whence Mark's hoarse cough now issued almost continually. She could catch only a few words, but she saw her mother put her arms round the lad's neck and draw him with her inside the house; and then Molly closed the window and drew a long breath of relief.

What Mrs. Hopewell said was something like this—

"O my lad, my lad!" she said, "I can't help myself. If they were to turn us out of house and home for it, I must come down and let you in. Never mind, Mark; forgive my hardness to you; we'll go away together, if they do turn us away, and you'll forget in time that I was so unkind. Come in, my darling, and get warm. It's your poor cough that I can't abide to hear."

These loving words were so unusual from Mrs. Hopewell that Mark followed her as if in a dream. He was chilled to the bone, depressed and miserable; but the fire was not yet out, and his mother set to work to make him a hot cup of tea and to warm his benumbed hands and feet, and when a little time had passed he suddenly burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh mother," he said, "I don't deserve it. You—you—were never so kind to me in all your life before. I never knew you loved me."

"Loved you, Mark?" said his mother, repeating his words with a sort of bewilderment. "Aren't my children all I have to live for? Don't I love you better than wealth, or home, or life itself? God forgive *me*, if you've never found that out before!"

"I'll never take another drop, mother. I was sober to-night, although I hadn't been in very good company, but I'll do better for the future."

"And you must get your cough better," said Molly, fondly. "And even if Mr. Pack does turn us out, we can find some other place to live in, and I am sure we shall be happy now."

"God helping us!" said the mother.

But Mr. Pack relented. He avowed that it had gone to his heart to hear Mark cough outside, and that he was never so glad of anything as to find that Mrs. Hopewell was going downstairs to open the back door for him. No serious effects came of the exposure beyond a bad cold; and when that was over, Mark grew better and stronger than he had ever been in his life before.

Mrs. Hopewell was a changed woman from that day forward. The barrier of reserve once broken down she showed herself in her true colours, as a kind, affectionate, rather desponding person, whose great delight it was to depend entirely upon her devoted son and daughter. Never had she known so much peace and happiness as she knew after that memorable night when she risked, as she thought, her own worldly prosperity and position—small although they might be—for the sake of the scapegrace son who had been locked out. And for that risk and for that self humiliation, she lived to be well repaid. Mark gave her no further cause for fear or anguish; henceforward he abstained entirely from strong drink and became a sober man, a loving son, and, best of all, an earnest seeker after God and a faithful servant of the Man, Christ Jesus, who came from His home in heaven to seek and save that which was lost. "And," he used to say, "it was my mother who taught me to believe in Him. I should have had hard work to believe in Christ's love, if my mother had given me up. But when she forgave me and took me in, I dared to think of Him as well. He could not be less loving than she had been."

And thus Mrs. Hopewell won back her son.

Nearly Won.

It was four o'clock, and the boys of Gainsway Grammar School trooped out, glad enough to be released after two hours of what, to many of them, was real imprisonment. Some, though not less glad than the rest, loitered about near the school or in the playground; they were in no hurry to forsake the company of their schoolfellows, although they were ready enough to forsake their lessons.

Basil Cowan was not one of these. He was a tall, slim boy, with a countenance full of intelligence, and as he walked quickly off by the side of the master of his form he wore a glad, bright smile.

That master was a universal favourite in the school, but there was no boy who looked up to him with such reverential feelings as Basil. And as the lad was studious and gave him little trouble, he was liked in return, and trusted continually by his master.

"I expect you're just as glad as the other boys that only a week remains of this term, Basil," remarked Mr. Burr, turning to him as they walked along together, "although you are a tolerably satisfactory pupil."

"No, you're mistaken, sir, I am not glad at all," replied the lad decidedly.

"Nonsense, you must be. Why! even *I* am heartily glad, and yet I never get weary of teaching."

"I shouldn't be sorry if I knew things were going on just the same after Midsummer, but as it is, I really am very sorry that we are so near the holidays."

"Ah! you mean that as a compliment to me, Cowan. Never mind! I daresay you will have a master you like a great deal better; at least, you will like him when you know him as well as you know me."

"Knowing does not always mean liking, sir."

"No, but it does very often. See—I suppose you will be some time longer at school Basil, and then—what follows?"

"I hope college and a profession. Father thinks I shall make a barrister. But I have not quite made up my mind whether I should like that or not. What do you think of it?"

But Mr. Burr did not answer. He was looking in front of him in an abstracted manner. Suddenly he turned round to the boy at his side and spoke with some eagerness.

"When you go to college, Basil, drink nothing intoxicating, Great temptations will await you there: perhaps the greatest wil

be to drink. I know something of it. I have passed through college. Thank God, I knew the way to be safe, I drank no wine nor strong drink."

Basil looked up, surprised.

"You speak very differently from my uncle, sir; he has been to college, too, and often when he comes to our house he amuses us by his funny tales of college life, and the tricks played by the under-graduates, and the gay times they used to have drinking their wine in each other's rooms at night. Of course he warns me against all such ways; but he seems to think it very innocent after all. Not that I think *I* should care to go in for that kind of thing; I'm not a dunce, and I shouldn't quite forget what I went to college for. But *you* look at it so seriously! Don't you think it's possible for young men at college to drink wine as they would at home, and keep quite sober?"

"It may be possible, but it is dangerous; and *I* don't believe in people drinking wine at home, Basil! If you take my advice you'll drink it nowhere. Here we separate, don't we?"

The master put out his hand, and shook his pupil's warmly. He did not notice the regretful, disappointed look the boy's face wore. He did not think of Basil after he had parted from him, but of his own future—of the new sphere in which he was to move as head master in an important school in the North. He did not look back, or he would have seen the boy still standing where they had parted, gazing after him with wistful eyes.

"I wish he had asked me to walk on with him," Basil was saying to himself, "I like so to hear him talk. It was a funny conversation that we were holding; I wonder if he really meant all he said. If he were to ask me bang out to become a teetotaller—and perhaps he will, he seemed quite in earnest about it—I believe I would. I'm sure I ould if he said it would give him any pleasure. There isn't a man anywhere that I have as much respect for as I have for Burr. He seems to command it."

And presently when the master was quite out of sight, Basil turned down a side street at the other end of which he lived, still musing upon the late conversation with Mr. Burr.

That last week passed, and Basil's master took leave of him; but he made no further reference to the subject of temperance. It was not to be wondered at that since none of the boy's friends favoured total abstinence principles, he soon ceased to entertain any thoughts as to the possibility of his becoming an abstainer.

For a time a slight correspondence was kept up between master and pupil, but Mr Burr's position was one of responsibility, and arduous work, and he was compelled to break off communication with many old friends; and amid so many youthful interests to be considered, he well nigh forgot the lad who had been his favourite in Gainsway Grammar School.

* * * *

The 3.7 up train had, after stopping at Gainsway Station for less than five minutes, glided out again.

Several passengers had alighted from it, among them a tall man who stooped slightly, with a grave, earnest face. He had the air of a schoolmaster; at least, so thought a much younger man who walked up the station path behind him. Presently this individual passed him, and, glancing back, halted a little, then finally turned again and faced him.

"Mr. Burr?"

"Yes, that is my name sir, and yours—?"

"Is Nottidge—Alfred Nottidge, whom you tried hard to make a scholar of, sir, but failed, when you were in Gainsway."

"Is it really? And you are a man now! I suppose I ought to be prepared to meet my Gainsway pupils as much altered as you are. I remember you were a rather short boy at fifteen, you must have sprung up quickly at last. How many years is it since I was here?"

"Nearly ten, sir; but your old pupils have not forgotten you. You will come with me to my father's. I am in partnership with him—he will be very pleased to see you."

"Thank you—I must catch the next train, I am on my way to London; but as the thought of revisiting Gainsway was inviting, I alighted that I might spend an hour in looking round to see if things were altered. *Persons* are, if things are not; if all my old pupils have changed as much as you, I am afraid they would be inclined to think that *I* had forgotten *them*."

The two were walking now along the broad high street of the town. They came to a certain turning, and the school-master looked down it, and stood still.

"A boy I thought very highly of used to live down there, Basil Cowan his name was. Does he live there still, or has he migrated to some distant quarter of the globe? There was a talk of his becoming a barrister, I think his father wished that it should be so."

"What about him, my friend?" asked Mr. Burr again, still looking down the street. "Would he be likely to be at home if I were to go and enquire for him? I should like much to see the boy—or man, for of course, he is no longer a boy."

"No, no, sir," and a hand was laid firmly upon his arm, "it would be no use going there. I can tell you all you will care to know about poor Cowan. He is dead."

There was something solemnly sad in the young man's manner, and he seemed in haste to draw the school-master on, as if it were very undesirable that he should stand gazing down that side street any longer. There was something,too,which indicated some mystery, or specially sorrowful circumstances connected with the decease of the person of whom they spoke, and Mr. Burr looked at his companion almost suspiciously.

"I am grieved," he said, as they walked on, "deeply grieved: but you mistook me when you said that was all I should care to know. I assure you I am not easily overcome, and I shall be glad if you will relate to me something more of Cowan. Is he buried here? If so, perhaps you will guide me to his grave. He was a lad of whom I had great hopes."

The young man looked earnestly into the school-master's face.

"After all, I think you should know, for your name was constantly on Basil's lips shortly before his death. He cherished a warm affection towards you, sir."

"Ah! Well, go on, I pray you."

"He stayed four years at school after you left Gainsway, Mr. Burr, then he went to college. I suppose he got into bad company there, at all events, he changed very quickly, and—to save you all the details—died in 'delirium tremens' nearly two years since. His family have left the town, but he is still spoken of with regret by many who knew and loved him. I am one of that number, and I feel it a real humiliation to have to tell you this of him. I could tell you something more, but I fear to wound you too deeply, and yet it may—"

They were entering the cemetery gates. Leading the way to a grave apart from all the others, and headed by a marble stone upon which were only written the name, age, and date of death of him who slept beneath, Mr. Nottidge paused and said:

"This is his grave."

But the schoolmaster only cast one glance at the headstone, and then turned almost sharply to his companion.

"Tell me what more there is to tell. I desire it."

It seemed almost as if they were master and pupil again, and the young man responded, though reluctantly.

"I would almost rather not have told you, Mr. Burr, because it seems like a reproach, and I am convinced that you are a good man who would never knowingly harm a living thing, far less an immortal soul. But Basil had many lucid intervals before the last came, and I, as a friend, was permitted sometimes to be with him. He told me more than once of an afternoon, shortly before you left the town, when he walked from school with you."

"I remember it well," Mr. Burr said.

"And his future prospects were spoken of, college was mentioned, and you warned him,

solemnly and earnestly, against drinking habits."

"Yes, I warned him," said Mr. Burr, again.

"Oh, sir!" cried Nottidge, speaking in a voice that was choked with emotion, "forgive me, but why did you not ask for a promise from him, why did you not urge it upon him once more before you left? He told me several times that he was *nearly won*, that he would have given in if you had only mentioned the subject to him again. He was ready waiting for it. But the word did not come, and he had no motive other than to please you in doing it: so he left it. Oh! how bitterly he repented that he did not mind your warning, and take your advice."

"Will you leave me for ten minutes?"

The young man walked away in silence. When he returned the school-master stood beside the grave with his head uncovered, shading his face with both his hands. He did not dare to accost him; he walked away, and again returned to find that tall figure still motionless, and the hands still shading the learned brow.

He did not go away this time, but stood waiting at a little distance.

At length the figure bent, the hat was raised from the earth, and the mourner turned from the grave and stepped to the side of his brother mourner.

"Alfred Nottidge, give me your hand."

It was given immediately, while he who was addressed said in a deep voice—

"I fear I have pained you sorely, sir!"

"You have pained me to purpose," was the reply. "I am grateful to you. Now I will return to the station." H. B.

"No, Never!" "Yes, Ever!"

WILL abstaining save my soul,
Purify and make me whole,
My name within God's book enrol?
"No, never!"

Will it *all* my sin subdue,
Evil thoughts and tempers too,
And envious passions, not a few?
"No, never!"

Will it *every* grace impart,
Sanctify my inmost heart,
And soothe e'en sorrow's aching smart?
"No, never!"

Drink is but *one* of *many* snares,
Entrapping sinners unawares;
You must not think that *every* foe
Will conquered be by *one* smart blow;
But drink is like a "NUMBER ONE,"
It leads a band of followers on
To deeper, darker deeds of sin,
Till deep remorse remains within.
It does *not* give you strength and health,
It does *not* give you increased wealth;
It rather brings a train of woes,
As each poor drunkard too well knows.
O bid it, then, a long farewell,
And break at once the fatal spell;
'Tis safer far to quit it quite,
Than dally with the cup in sight;
For should the *love* of it once gain
The mast'ry over mind and brain,
'Twould sad, indeed, then be for you,
'Twould blight your home and prospects too
And leave but woe and burning shame
Instead of joy and virtue's fame.

Will it help me to control,
Evil passions in my soul,
If I flee the drunkard's bowl?
"Yes, ever!"

Will it strengthen others' hands,
Help to loosen Satan's bands,
Whose grip is felt in many lands?
"Yes, ever!"

I will join your ranks to-day,
And always will devoutly pray,
That to drink I'll aye say "nay,"
"Yes, ever!"

Southampton. H. B.

THE ASH TREE.

THIS splendid and beautiful tree has so long found a genial and suitable habitation in this country, as to come to be regarded as one of the indigenous growths of our woodlands, or rich and shady hedgerows, where, when the soil is favourable to its growth, it attains to a large size, and may well rank amongst the giants of the grove. It is, however, when planted alone in a rich meadow, with no other trees near to interfere with its growth, or to partake of the nutrition yielded by the generous soil, that its greatest size is attained, and its form exhibits its full majesty and beauty. Under such favourable circumstances it may well vie with the oak in appearance as it does in the value of the timber it yields. An old writer says: "The timber has the rare advantage of being nearly as good when young as when old; is white, and so hard and tough as generally to be esteemed next in value to the oak. It is much used by coachmakers, wheelwrights, and cartwrights; and is made into ploughs, axle-trees, felloes of wheels, harrows, ladders, and other implements of husbandry. It is likewise used by ship builders for various purposes, and by coopers for the hoops of tubs and barrels. Where by frequent cutting the wood has become knotty, irregular and veined, it is in much request for cabinet work." So useful was the tree held to be three hundred years ago, that Edmund Spencer, singing of trees in general, has only that which is good to say of the ash.

"The Ash for nothing ill,"

and another poet informs his readers that

"Tough bending ash
Gives to the humble swain his useful plough,
And for the peer his prouder chariot builds."

It is not the timber of the ash which is alone of value, the leaves and tender branches are sometimes used as food for cattle, and the bark is of service in the tanning of certain skins, and was formerly used in dyeing articles black or other dark colours; we regret also to add, the leaves have not unfrequently been used to mix with tea, a dishonesty which is reprehensible, as if not injurious they contain none of the essential principles of Chinese or Indian tea, although they may help in giving that dark colour which some tea-drinkers foolishly suppose alone indicates strength.

We have spoken of the ash as thriving in the lowly meadow, but it is equally at home upon the hill-side or upon the rocks, deriving a scanty nourishment from the decaying vegetation and moisture contained in the crevices, to obtain which it will often put forth its roots, with a directness which would seem to be akin to instinct, for several feet across the barren stone until it at length finds that which it seeks. Sir Walter Scott, in describing the beautiful scenery of the Trosachs, has not overlooked this habit of the ash tree:—

"With every stain,
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quak'd at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak,
Cast anchor in the rifted rock,
And higher, yet, the pine tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanc'd,
Where glistening streamers wav'd and danc'd,
The wanderer's eyes could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue,
So wondrous wild, the world might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

THE ASH TREE *(Fraxinus Excelsior.)*

A Spirited Remedy.

ALONE, in a wretched, dreary room,
Sits a drunkard's weary wife—
Tired of the aching despair within,
Tired of her very life.

And yet for the steps that she knows so well
Does she anxiously listen and wait.
And a faint hope dawns in her loving heart
That, to-night, perhaps, he may not be late.

And a radiant smile breaks over her face
As the hour for his coming draws near,
And a quick, but firm and steady step
Falls on her listening ear.

With a pleasant smile, and cheering word,
She meets him at the door;
But, alas; the new born hope soon sinks
To a darker despair than before.

For scàrcely a moment does he wait,
But is hurrying away again,
When her hand is laid upon his arm,
And she speaks in a voice full of pain.

"Will you not stay with me, to-night?
It's so lonely waiting here;
And even the thought of your return
Makes my heart sicken with fear."

The last faint gleam of the setting sun
Falls on her upturned face—
A face deeply marked with the furrows of care,
And where tears are now leaving their trace.

But no look of pity, no kindly word,
Answers that pleading gaze,
Though the gentle touch of that trembling hand
Would have held him in bygone days.

"I can't, I tell you!" he roughly cries,
"I have promised my friends I will go:
And it is wrong to break one's plighted word,
At least you have told me so.

"But why do you cry? Tears do no good,
They won't make your sorrows take wings!
But there! it's the way of all women, I think,
They are such spiritless things."

Quickly she draws her hand from his arm,
Stung by the heartless sneer,
And ere his footsteps have died away,
Her face shows no sign of a tear.

But a sudden, determined resolve is there,
Sent like a flash from Heaven,
As though the power she had lacked before
In her hour of need was given.

And the eyes that were dimmed with tears and grief
Now gleamed with a fervent light;
And raising her hands to heaven, she cried,
"I will save him, God help me, to-night!"

Then she hastily flings on her tattered shawl,
And soon she has gained the street,
Straight to the place where she knows he has gone,
She hurries with eager feet.

The heavy door swings after him,
She pushes it gently aside—
"I *will* save him to-night," she whispers again,
"I *must* save him, whatever betide."

"A glass of whiskey, bring me, quick!"
She hears as she passes through:
A moment's pause, a fervent prayer,
And she has ordered one too.

Side by side stand the glasses two,
So vile, yet bright and clear,
And his hand is stretched to grasp his own,
When he sees her standing near.

"You here?" he cries, in wondering tone;
"This is no fit place for you;
And that glass of whiskey in your hand,
O! wife it cannot be true!"

"Why not?" she calmly turns and asks,
"Why should you hurry here,
And I be left at home to watch
In lonely grief and fear?

"You have seen me quietly sorrow and grieve
For so many weary years;
You have slighted my love and tender care,
And now you sneer at my tears.

"You have dragged me down from comfort and ease,
To poverty's bitterest brink;
I have borne as much as my heart will bear,
Through the terrible curse of Drink.

"I have stood by your side in sickness and health,
As once I promised to do;
And now the foul cup shall not drag us apart,
I will go to destruction with you!

"Now raise your glass to your lips: but pause!
Pause, and think what that action will do;
It will be the ruin and the endless shame
Of not one life only, but two."

Unflinching and true are the fearless eyes
That meet his astonished gaze;
No "spiritless thing" is she, who would guide
Him back from his evil ways.

Just for a moment does he pause,
And fierce is the conflict within
Between the wish for a better life
And the powers of misery and sin.

But not unheard at the Mercy Seat,
For so many long, sad years,
Has been the cry so often raised
Amid bitter grief and tears.

God blessed the right, He spared the wrong
And now whate'er betide,
In grief or gladness, joy or pain,
They labour side by side.

JESSICA.

NEVER AGAIN.

"YES, 'tis a nice little place enough, and all my own too. No landlord to come plaguing for rent here, and 'twill belong to the children after us, this house and one over the way, as I've just finished paying for this very day; that will be something for them to fall back upon when their turn comes to take a place amid the old folks, and think more about sitting by their own fireside than seeing the world. So you see I do natural like take more pride in making things a bit ship-shape than perhaps I might if the bricks and mortar belonged to another man, and we were just biding in it at his will to stay or go as 'twere."

It was John Carter who spoke thus in reply to my warm admiration of his pretty house and really lovely little garden, where he was busily engaged this golden afternoon in late October amongst his beautiful display of chrysanthemums. Great amber blossoms and pink, white, lilac, and deep crimson blooms waved proudly in the mellow sunshine of the autumn day, whilst rich scarlet geraniums, set amid the tender green of sweet mignonette, made the narrow sills of the white curtained windows "a thing of beauty," not often to be met with in grimy East-end London. Thrift and order were everywhere visible in the outward aspect of John Carter's dwelling, which presented so totally different an appearance to the usual sordid homes with which the locality abounded.

The profession of my husband as a doctor had brought us acquainted with many and many a household close at hand wherein children drooped and died without number for need of nourishing food and health-giving cleanliness, where women sickened with want and misery, and men laboured their hardest just to keep the landlords and landladies of the huge gin palaces with which the place was thickly studded. Not that men, women, aye, and children too, could not earn good wages at the numerous "works" and factories springing up on every side; but, alas, in this thickly-populated region the Drink Demon held undisputed sway, though we knew the man who had just spoken to be a sturdy and steadfast rebel from his ranks. My husband had but recently attended the little family of John Carter in some trifling childish ailment; and, like myself, had wondered how a working man, a stone mason by trade, earning about two pounds weekly on an average, sometimes far less, and having his ups and downs like other folks, being out of work and what not at times, though such times were few and far between, how such a man could have paid his way, gathered comforts and even elegancies about him, and laid up a competence for old age, and property to leave his little ones after him, whilst many a one earning higher wages would in time of scarcity or illness have to come to the parish for support. "Had money left him," neighbours whispered; "Fortune has her favourites;" but this we were aware was not the case, and standing there, looking at the honest-faced man in his neat suit, and at his pretty house and garden, I felt

so anxious to solve the mystery of his superior condition that I said, "Excuse me, Mr. Carter, but my husband and I cannot understand how it is that fortune appears to favour you so highly, for we know that until quite recently you have been receiving but the wages of an ordinary workman; how can it be?" The face of John Carter brightened visibly.

"How is it, ma'am, that I and mine are better off than so many round about us, that my wife is a happy woman—and where is the woman who wouldn't be happy with a good home, and though I say it, who shouldn't say it, a husband who does his best to keep things going comfortable? My boys and girls, and there's seven of 'em, are all well fed, well shod, and warmly clad; I can stand up to-day and say, I owe no man a penny, and the roof we dwell under is our own; and yet, as you know, I am but a working mason. And how is it, I'll tell you and welcome. 'Twas all through doing as the landlady of a public-house where I used to go pretty often one time of day told me to do. I've kept that landlady's counsel, and I tell you it's made a man of me. Just two words as that woman said to me one Saturday night a few years back now, and if you'd be pleased to step in ma'am, I'll just tell you all about it."

I smiled incredulously, but accepting his offer, followed Mr. Carter into a neatly carpeted parlour, where was a piano and a well-filled bookcase, besides some excellent engravings hanging on the walls. A pleasant looking woman, in a dress of neat dark serge, sat sewing at a scarlet frock for a child who lay sleeping in a cradle at her feet. A happy child, whose parents so steadily set their faces against the foe who steals home and love and happiness from so many a hapless little one. A golden-haired little girl ceased her practising as we entered. "Jenny's going to give music lessons by and by," explained the father proudly, as he handed me a chair and lifted two-year-old Charley on his knee.

"You'd think, I dare say, ma'am, to see my wife now, that she'd been accustomed all her life to wear a good gown and sit sewing in her parlour, with her mind at ease about her young'uns, knowing there's plenty of bread and butter in the cupboard, and more to come when that's gone."

"Cake, father," observed Jenny.

"And apples, loads," remarked a small boy who had crept in quietly.

"Aye, cake and apples, too," acquiesced the father with a curious smile, touched, I fancied, by regret.

"Yes," he went on, "you'd think my Jane always looked happy and comfortable as you see her now, but I can tell you very different. Well I remember when she couldn't go outside the house on an errand because she'd naught to wear but an old shawl and a petticoat, and her only gown was —not at the pawnbroker's, it wasn't good enough for him—but at the 'leaving shop' round the corner, and the woman there said it was robbing her family, but as Jane was a good customer she'd lend ninepence on it for the last time."

"Oh, John," remonstrated gentle Mrs. Carter.

"It's true, Jane, and you know it," said her husband. "I hadn't a coat nor you a gown, and Jenny and Bill, they were regular starving. We'd one room, and that was a top back, looking into a London Mews, and the furniture—well, there wasn't much to remember. A pile of rags with a bit of sack for bed clothes, half a butter tub for a chair, an empty cupboard, a rusty grate, a window full of broken panes, stuffed up with paper and rags to keep out the winter wind. A cracked teapot and broken mug by way of crockery. Picture to yourself, ma'am, and you'll see the sort of home I'd got for Jane, there; Jane, the only child of tender parents, who had been kept like a precious blossom from the least breath of wind, down among the Devonshire fern country, and she was working her fingers to the bone at sack sewing, sailors' shirt-making, and what not to keep even this poor place."

"Was I out of work? Bless you, no, I was in good work, thirty shillings a week and over, but Mrs. Tickey, over at the 'Spanish Warrior,' she knew best where it went. It wasn't such a smart blue merino gown with pink ribbons Mrs. Tickey would have worn, nor such good hot suppers of steak and onions she'd have had either, if it hadn't been for such as me and my mates. Why, when I'd paid my week's score at 'The Warrior,' and stood a drop or two with a mate, and settled a shilling or so I'd borrowed in the week for drink likewise, it wasn't much I had to give Jane, not I, and I'd get home that savage like with myself for being as I was, for I could feel I was going all wrong, that I'd visit my spite on Jane and the children, and go on at them as if they and not I had brought about the state of destitution we had fallen into, and none but those who have been through it can ever tell how angry

and brutal drink will make a man feel. You've only to look at the police reports any day in our newspapers to see whether what I say is true or not, and I think you'd soon see that almost every foul and loathsome crime has it origin in drink, and drink alone; and 'tis my belief if the drink could not be bought the prisons and workhouses would pretty soon have to shut up shop altogether, and there'd be a saving to the nation. When I married Jane it was against her parents' consent. Her father knew I was fond of my glass, and her mother knew that I spent then as much as would keep a young family, in beer and the like, and they begged and prayed of Jane to wait, wait and see if I could steer clear of the drink before we got married. My father and mother were dead, and I grew to be glad it was so, in days that had to come. However, Jane, she wouldn't hearken to her friends: she said we'd got love between us, and what more did we want, and it's my belief there's more in that than folks know of; when a man and woman downright loves one another more than aught in the world beside, it's my notion, sooner or later, good must come of it, and I always say, God help the poor things that marries for a home, or to please friends, or for anything but that same love; I reckon they won't find a place of repentance here, however bitter be the tears with which they seek it. Jane, she did entreat of me to give up the drink.

"'Whatever is there in the nasty sickly stuff to like?' she says; 'tea and coffee and cocoa are so much nicer to taste than beer tasting like Epsom salts, and spirits that burn the throat like cayenne pepper.'

"She didn't know, not she, that 'tisn't the taste but the feeling it gives that makes men and women to crave after the drink, go without home, or clothes, or food to get the stuff. Who so bold and brave for a time, who so happy and gay as he with a skin-full of whiskey, till the flame of enjoyment dies out, and leaves him a miserable, shrinking, shivering, penniless wretch if he is a poor man; a discontented, irritable, never-to-be-satisfied creature, if he should happen to be a rich one, to whom health and wealth are but empty dreams, and nothing real but the stimulant for which he would give his life. It isn't the *taste*, bless you, it's the 'getting drunk,' that makes liquor so prized and valued. Haven't I seen men buy spirits of wine, and ladies their Eau de Cologne in the hope of obtaining the sensation of intoxication. No, 'tisn't taste, 'tis sensation.

"Well, one spring Sunday morning, when the meadows were regular ablaze with buttercups, and pale primroses starred every country side, Jane put her hand in mine and vowed to share my fortunes till death did part us. I can see her to-day just as she looked that Sabbath morning in her dove-coloured merino gown, little white crape shawl, and straw bonnet with white ribbons. She'd a bunch of violets at her breast, fragrant purple and white, things that the children of the class she taught at Sunday School had gathered for her, and I never come across a girl with a basket of violets for sale but I buy a knot, and their sweet breath takes me back right away to 'the green spring tide, and the soft-eyed bride,' who clung sobbing to me that Sunday morning in early April. I took my wife to London, where I'd tidy work and took a furnished room, and the very first week I went home without a penny in my pocket, out of work, and drunk as a man could be without falling down. I'd got the sack for cheeking the foreman of the works when I was half seas over, and then I'd gone and spent all I'd got with mates in at 'The Spanish Warrior,' a parcel of fellows as kept saying I ought to treat 'em to something to drink my health in on my getting married, and I was fool enough to stand 'em treat over and over, and Mrs. Tickey giggling and simpering at us all the while. Jane didn't cry that night; she only looked as if she'd got to make the best of a bitter bad bargain, and turned as white as white. I found it pretty hard to get into regular work again. Rent got behind. They turned us out of the furnished lodgings, and I took an empty room with nothing to put into it but Jane's box. I went out down to the Docks seeking work of some sort, and feeling as if I'd give my very life for a drop of drink. I could think of nothing but the fierce craving that was on me, and kept planning how ever I should get it. When I got indoors, Jane had got a bedstead and some bedding, and two chairs, and a bit of a table. There was a fire blazing away, a kettle singing, tea made, and a bloater frizzling away on the hob. She'd bought the things secondhand, and sold her wedding finery to do it, to the landlady who'd got a daughter going to be married. I didn't feel pleased at Jane's work. I only felt savage and longing for drink. I threw over my tea, calling it 'slops,' and got that cross seeing

Jane flitting about with her pale face and knowing how different I ought to have made it to her, that I soon went out again, taking my overcoat with me and pawning it, getting as drunk on the money as ever I could. I got a day's work in the Docks next day, and when I got home Jane had got tea all ready again, and a rasher hissing before the fire. She'd got some work in her hand sewing for the landlady, and I just snatched it from her and threw it on the fire, before I rushed out to make myself drunk again. The landlady, who was a decent woman and a teetotaler, met me at the door and gave us notice to quit, adding at the same time a few quiet words of advice. We took a worse room, then a still worse, and so it went on. Children were born to misery and starvation, for the downward path is easy, but there's no turning back, and down hill I went full gallop, wheels well oiled with strong drink. I got work again, but Jane had to keep the children and herself. 'The Warrior' got my earnings. The bed went, table, chairs, Jane's clothes. She grew too weak to work, but she just kept on hoping and praying and loving through all.

"It wasn't very often she wrote home in those days, and when she did it was only about the weather and such like, for Jane knew it would have broken her old parents' hearts to see how she had suffered from marrying a man who loved strong drink, and she knew too that the old folks would have rested no more till they'd taken her from me, and despite oaths, and blows, and starvation, my wife clung to me and believed in the better nature that drink had well nigh extinguished for ever.

"One night, a Friday night it was, and I'd but sixpence in my pocket—and that I'd borrowed. Jane and the two children looked that ill and white, for she'd been too ill to sew that week, and they'd had no food but the bits of crusts neighbours had given, that I put the coin down and said to Jane, 'Get a couple of loaves.'

"'Jenny must go, John,' she answered, 'for I had to part with my boots on Saturday for bread, and to-day Mrs. Budge at the shop, that was the little leaving shop, lent me ninepence on my dress. We should have been turned into the street to-night if I hadn't been able to pay a trifle off the rent, and now I've nothing but my petticoat to wear.'

"I swore when she said that, and off I went to the 'Warrior,' taking the sixpence with me. It soon went in a couple of pints, and then I felt to want more. Mrs. Tickey, she was cross that night. I heard her telling a young woman how the dress-maker had regularly spoilt her new navy blue velveteen she'd had made to go to Brighton in. When Mrs. Tickey was crossed she took a drop or two herself, and didn't it make her spiteful?'

"'Another quart of ale, missis,' I said presently, going up to the bar. 'I'll make it square to-morrow.'

"'No you won't,' she flashed out, 'you'll get no more here, John Carter, till you pays what you owe me; cash down I'll have before you get the drink.'

"'That goes for nothing, missis,' I says with a sneer. 'Tom, have you got any tin about you?' I asked a mate. Tom Barnes whipped out a shilling in a minute.

"'Here you are, missis,' I says, 'cash down on the nail; now you're bound to serve me.' And so she was.

"Well, we soon got through that quart, and Dick, and Harry, and Bill, and a lot more came in. Some of them had just got their wages, and one and another stood treat till I got regular mad drunk. I went up to the bar, and called Mrs. Tickey 'everything but a lady,' as the saying is.

"She screamed out, 'Go out of my place this minute. Your're drunk as can be, and don't darken my doors never again. Never again, 'tis the first time I've been insulted in my own bar, and 'twill be the last, at any rate by you, John Carter. Don't show your face here, never again! no, never again! For your miserable, starving wife's sake, that I sent a plate of meat to this very day, as was too fat for our dogs, they just smelt at it and walked away, I won't lock you up sure as my name's Matilda Tickey, and when I says a thing I means it; don't you come here, never again!'

"Old Tickey woke up from a doze in the bar-parlour. 'What's that, Tilda,' he cries, 'anything stole?'

"'Stole! I should think so,' she shrieked, 'ain't it robbing our own children to let men come and get their drink for nothing, and that's what I've been insulted for. I wasn't going to let John Carter have our good liquor without the money, and he owing over fifteen shillings now, and ain't it stealing from his own children to come guzzling down every penny he gets; though 'tis for my

benefit, I'm not made of stone, I can feel for them who sits starving to death if some can't. Yes, I should say there was stealing indeed, but John Carter will come here never again, never again! no, never again he won't!'

"The barman got behind me then, for I was for smashing the glasses, and I was hustled out, out into the London street, where darkness had fallen, and rain was coming down. When I stumbled home Jane was gone.

"'Mother fainted, and fell down, and they've taken her to the hospital,' Jenny sobbed.

"My wife, I found, weak with long fasting, had, in attempting to carry water upstairs, fallen, and so injured herself, immediate removal to an hospital was necessary.

"All night I sat with the landlady's words ringing in my ears, 'Never again! never again!' Oh, if I could bring myself to touch the drink never again, but it wouldn't be much use if my conduct had killed the wife I loved dearly, in spite of all that had come and gone.

"At early morning I went out and wandered through the dreary streets, where smoke was beginning to curl from a blackened chimney here and there. Sparrows were chirping faintly, and a raw breeze blowing up gusts of cold rain. 'Never again, never again,' the waking city seemed to say to me. Most likely I should never see Jane in this world again. By and bye I came to the door of the big hospital where my wife lay. Being marked down 'Dangerous,' I was let go in and see her. There she was as white as a sheet, lying in a little bed with a screen drawn round, and by her side a baby that had been born at early dawning. When I came close to her, the very words were on her, poor pale lips that had been haunting me all night. 'Never again, John,' she said, 'never again, perhaps shall we meet here. Oh, John, for the children's sake, never again take the drink, it has ruined us. Let me hear you promise to touch it never again.'

"I promised, and then I had to go away. I met the doctor coming out, and he was very sharp with me, and said I'd killed my wife, and would come to a bad end if I didn't make up my mind to look at the drink never again. The words met me at every turn, and I vowed that I'd try for a day anyway. What a fight it was, to be sure; the drink pulling one way, and me another; I prayed to be kept from it, and all of a sudden the landlady who was a teetotaler came before me. I went straight to her, and she said she'd take me and the children in if I touched the drink 'never again.' Well, I fought through a week, and another and another. By the blessing of God my Jane was mending; I *did* struggle against my besetting sin. Many a time I had to pray to be kept from the public house, and all my mates was jeering and chaffing, calling me 'Good boy,' and 'Stingy Jack,' because no more of my earnings went to treat them. Seven weeks stepped by, and every week I'd got something towards a home, a decent suit for myself, secondhand, and good boots for the children. One Saturday I got Mrs. Brown, the landlady, to bake me a cake, and with the children went off in a cab to fetch my Jane, stopping on the road to buy a warm red shawl to wrap her in. How she did cry, to be sure, when she sat by the fire with the baby, and looked at the comforts I'd got together already; and how happy she was as I whispered, 'Never again, never again!' in her ear. That was the commencement of our happiness. We got two rooms pretty soon, and then a bit of a house, then a better one, then we said the rent should buy the house, and that's how I got this place you see. Every week we paid the rent, and every week we laid aside such a sum as even moderate drinkers would take in one week, and bought with it a piece of furniture. Then I paid for another house, letting it to a tenant, a teetotaler chap too, and they are always good tenants—which made it no extra expense, and so you see, ma'am, that 'tis all by doing as a landlady bid me, and touching the drink poison never again, that I and mine are happy and prosperous, and though but plain working folks, so differently situated from so many about us, and yet any one of them could have as happy a home if so be they could get courage to say to the drink, 'Never again.'"

After partaking of a slice of cake, of Mrs. Carter's own making, and thanking her husband for his little story, I set out on my homeward way, wishing from my heart that I could see peace and plenty in some of the wretched famine-haunted dwellings I passed by, and my heart ached the more when I thought how easily this might be brought about were every man, aye, and every woman and child to say firmly to the drink, "Never again."

G. F. W.

The Young Wife's Mistake.

By Mrs. Harriett Noel-Thatcher.

HOW often when advocating our principles, are we met with the retort, "I take so little that I might as well be an abstainer." And such will point to instances not a few in which middle-aged and aged persons are found drinking sparingly for years, never outraging propriety by excess; and the question is asked, "Cannot I, like these, keep within the bounds of moderation?" Experience teaches us that the probabilities are often vastly against such a course. Those who dabble with strong drink until they have acquired an appetite for stimulants are fearfully periling their safety. Should sickness overtake them, what more probable than that alcoholics, prescribed as medicines, are used until the individual becomes the victim of strong drink. Or should a crushing trouble, such as not seldom overtakes our race, be experienced, the man or woman will, in all probability, have recourse to the ensnaring luxury, until it has worked the utter destruction of its victim. The following case will illustrate these observations.

Young, pleasing, and accomplished, Myra Gordon was the highly valued governess of the children of wealthy and cultured parents. In that refined home alcoholics were used as the proper thing. Myra was to be married. Regrets were unavailing, and so to mark their appreciation of the talented instructress of their children, Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke insisted that the bridal breakfast should be provided by them at their well-appointed residence. The children, the parents, the guests, pledged Myra in champagne, whilst costly presents testified to the esteem in which the bride was held.

The honeymoon over, the young couple settled down in a pretty little village on the outskirts of a town in Hertfordshire. The husband departed to the northern capital for a three months' sojourn on business. The loving wife beguiled his absence by making sundry tasteful additions to their pretty cottage home. On his return, William would be so pleased to find this and that improvement.

A letter arrives for her husband. The address is in a female hand. William had no lady correspondents. In an evil hour that letter was opened and read. Its contents scorched up all the love, joy and hope of conjugal happiness so fondly cherished by the young wife. Where should she turn for comfort or advice? She was not a thorough Christian, though she had from childhood been a regular attendant at church. Her head reeled, her heart sickened, and she sank half fainting upon the couch.

Wine was in the room. Recovering herself slightly, the agonised wife poured out a brimming glass of sherry. She must gain relief or die. How natural to have recourse to the means of alleviation so close at hand. Myra believed alcoholics to be the good creatures of God. That night, oblivious of her sorrow, intoxicated to insensibility, she was borne by her domestics to her room. The craving for strong drink seized upon the despairing woman. The appetite was fed only to increase its imperious demand. "I will seek it yet again," was the one experience of that crushed young existence.

At the end of three months the husband returned—to find the cultured, gentle Myra transformed to that most terrible of all earthly sights—a drunken woman. Her accusations were met by the husband with flimsy denials. The man, who was inured to drinking freely, revolted from the fact of an inebriate wife. He stormed, and she recriminated. Various were the methods adopted by the husband to hinder Myra from obtaining spirits, for wine very shortly gave place to gin. The domestic was discharged. Lonely and despairing, Myra taxed her ingenuity to obtain the one thing for which alone she lived. Lower and lower she sank—so rapidly, that her vice became patent and a byword in the place.

The writer was visiting a cousin of Myra's. The sad tale was related, and a request made to call upon the unhappy woman. Never will the self-depreciating look be forgotten, nor the despairing expression of those eyes circled with scarlet, the combined effects of grief and drink, which the heavy dark natural curls, all disorderly, did not shade. And what did the visitor say and do? Did she bow the knee with the poor erring one and implore a loving, heavenly Father to

make her sad sister strong to keep the pledge she was about to take? Alas, no! To her visitor's lasting regret it must be written that, though a Christian, she was not then an abstainer. Let those who tax us with putting total abstinence "before the Gospel," treat such a case in the manner the writer did, and the result will probably be the same. First pure, then peaceable. First sober—then the preaching of the Gospel.

It was a lovely morning. The birds were carolling their songs of praise. The flowers seemed to smile as sweetly as though no strong drink marred human happiness. The trees seemed to clap their hands and the hills to be joyful together: but "Rose Villa" was a dull, wretched place. No gleam of hope shone into that debased one's soul, and not one kindly word issued from the husband's lips. Myra's was a blighted life. She suffered as many another woman had done, who was bravely borne up amid crushing troubles by rolling the heavy cross upon the Almighty Burden-bearer.

Sober, but dejected, the wife prepared the morning meal. An angry taunt was addressed to her. Bitterly she replied, and with withering scorn the husband retorted. The wife turned and went upstairs. The next moment, "William! William!" was shrieked in an unnatural tone, "Come up—I've done it!" The gory razor and the severed neck told their own dreadful tale. "Kiss me!" she spoke, with woman's love cherished even in death.

* * * *

That bridal morning when blooming girls sipped champagne and spoke kindly words, whilst the men quaffed deeper draughts, and loudly expressed their good wishes for the bride and bridegroom, who among that gay company could have suspected the dreadful sequel to that wedding morning! It was but the ultimatum so often reached by the thoughtless, respectable, moderate drinker.

Was she "only her own enemy"? Do we take into account relative sorrow and disgrace,—the slur cast upon a hitherto esteemed family,—the wrecking of domestic comfort,—the cutting short of a human life by the suicidal act. Surely one would regard it as but common sense to eschew the custom which could by any possibility lead to such terrible issues. The liking which the fascinating thing engenders can alone afford the solution of the question. Why use it?

SHALL HE BE SAVED?

We read, once, of a man buried in a well. The well was deep and he could not extricate himself, Through a small opening beside the pump he could be communicated with, and could secure a little fresh air, enough to prevent speedy suffocation.

How friends rallied to save him! Through all the neighbourhood ran the cry of danger to a life. They worked with a noble will—relatives, neighbours, and those to whom the victim was only a man, in need of humanity's service. They called to him encouragingly, they plied shovel and pick, they forgot all else on that quiet Sabbath afternoon, but this man's great need and their great obligation. Again and again, as his deliverance seemed at hand, did the earth cave in once more, and bury him more completely; again and again did they bend all their energies to the generous task.

They sank a pipe to him, and forced air down through it; they built a curb to prevent the earth from pressing too heavily upon his head: they toiled on, almost without thought of tiring, putting more and more of plan and system into their work, vieing with each other in doing man's duty to man.

The day waned, but still they rested not. The merchant, the minister, the professional man, laboured right on all through those weary hours, side by side with the humblest toiler from the ditch. Before the great stress of that awful time all class conditions vanished. They were simply all men, loyal to a common manhood, and zealous in a common cause. Darkness came on, the long hours of night wore away; but yet they wavered not. Morning dawned, and still was their brother in peril, discouraged, faint, perhaps dying. Only one or two could labour as the end was neared, and these at the risk of their own lives. All were exhausted with their waiting and their work

Then the fire-bell rang out its warning of danger. To property? Ah, no! to a human life. Fresh hands must toil, that any hands might save.

And they did toil as bravely as their fellows had done. They toiled, and finally they won. A few hours more and the man was brought forth, weak, bruised, half unconscious, but *saved;* and from all hearts went up a great throb of joy, while cheers of victory rent the air.

Down in the pit of intemperance a man has fallen. He is somebody's father, somebody's husband, somebody's friend. Let the cry run throughout all the community. Let it set the bells of alarm to ringing. Let humanity be aroused! Shall he be saved? Into deeper and more dangerous depths never man fell. If he get out at all it must be by the help of friendly hands, and the mercy of God. Are your hands outstretched? Are you answering the call? Will you forget self and selfish interests, and toil freely for this brother in distress?—will you save a soul?

"Unto the least of these, my little ones," said the Master. His words were very broad. They reach over and include all duty, and all doing. Wherever is human need, there must humanity go to help and to save. They must answer for their sin, who walk selfishly by on the other side.

Beer versus Water.

MR. JOHN ABBEY, who recently suffered defeat in a "pitching" match in the harvest field, by which the superiority of beer over water as a drink for the labourer was to be tested, writes: "First let me say that I did not seek this contest. When speaking at a conference at Salisbury, on June 26, on the subject of 'Intemperance, its bearing upon Agriculture,' I stated that many of the leading agriculturists in the counties of Oxon, Berks, and Bucks, had for years past left off giving their men beer in hay and harvest work, and that to the great satisfaction of both employers and men. I mentioned the various sorts of drinks that had been used, and stated that it was the united testimony of both employers and men that the work was got through better without the beer than when it was used. Mr. Terrill rose in the meeting, and said he knew the harvest could not be got in without beer. He challenged me to 'pitch' for a day, and said 'he would back he made me lie down before noon.' I said I would take him, and added that I should like the trial to go on for a week. I afterwards asked—as you suggest I ought to have done—to be allowed oatmeal drink, stating that we never do advise working men to drink water only in hard work at daytime, but Mr. Terrill would not consent to my drinking anything except cold water, and on that condition I consented to undertake the day's work. I had not done a day's work in the harvest field for twenty-two years, or any other manual labour during that time except a little haymaking about seventeen years ago. On the Friday I was up soon after three o'clock, having eleven miles to drive to get to the field. I was only able to take a very little breakfast before starting; then had to wait upwards of an hour before the wagons came. We started work at 7.4 a.m.; ten o'clock came, my appetite had clean gone, twelve o'clock the same, only able to eat very little indeed. At ten o'clock my hands blistered, several blisters had broken, and my wrists were severely sprained. At four o'clock appetite a little better, ate cold boiled egg, slice of bread and butter and a bun, and between 4.30 and 7.15 gained about half an acre of lost ground. The work was not reaping, but 'pitching' wheat. Allowing time for refreshment, we pitched 40a. or. 33p. in eleven hours—Terrill, 20a. 2r. 7p.; Abbey, 19a. 2r. 26p. I think that if a barrister had gone from his chambers, a medical man from his surgery, or a clergyman from his study, and had pitched just upon twenty acres of wheat, although he might not have done so much by about ten or twelve minutes' work as the man that was working by his side, he would at least have the satisfaction of knowing that under the circumstances he had done a day's work that he had no need to be ashamed of. I wish to say that I am not an Oxfordshire farmer; I never was one. I also wish to say that I did not make a bet in this matter. We agreed to do a day's 'pitching' together, and the one that did the least work undertook to give a donation of £5 to the Salisbury Infirmary. I am prepared to give my health and strength and life, if need be, for the cause of temperance, but nothing could induce me to make a bet in the ordinary sense of the word. You are quite right when you said that it was a rash and unwise thing for me to do under the circumstances, but my object was to call the attention of the farming world to the subject. I have written to Mr. Terrill and asked him to engage (D.V.) to do me the honour of returning the visit and meeting me in an Oxfordshire harvest-field next year on the same terms, except (as you advise) I claim my right to drink oatmeal drink and milk."—*Daily Telegraph.*

There are Kind Hearts Everywhere.

J. R. THOMAS.
Harmonised for this Work.

mf *p*

O call it not a desert bare, This beauteous world below; Nor say no flow'r of

riten. *a tempo.*

sym-pa-thy For an-guish, for anguish here doth grow; Af-flic-tion may have

cres. *p*

tried thee, Thy lot been hard to bear, Yet speak not so un-tru-ly, There are

cres.

kind hearts ev-'ry-where, Yet speak not so un-tru-ly, There are kind hearts ev-'ry-where.

2 This world might be a Paradise,
And life made bright with love,
Could each the other try to serve,
And friendship seek to prove;
Be patient, ever patient,
And joy will be thy share;
So judge not too severely,
There are kind hearts everywhere.
So judge not, &c.

3 O call it not a mockery,
This beauteous world of ours,
Though full of lovely hopes that bloom
To perish like its flow'rs;
Though dark clouds gather o'er thee,
Ne'er yield thee to despair,
This life hath still its sunshine,
There are kind hearts everywhere.
This life hath still, &c.

From "The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Dept.

VARIETIES.

ALCOHOL IN LIVER DISEASE.—'For some four or five years," says a correspondent, "I suffered from an itching every night over my chest, stomach, and back, which were covered with brown spots. The doctor termed them 'liver spots.' I noticed that if I reduced my beer (which was not very much) there was an improvement. I have become a total abstainer since then, and within a few months itching and spots have entirely disappeared, and though having to work hard my health is very much improved."

BRITISH AND NORWEGIAN SHIPBUILDERS.—At the last half-yearly meeting of the General Steam Navigation Company, the chairman, Mr. J. Herbert Tritton, said the result of the half-year had been fairly satisfactory, although not quite so good as they could have wished, compared with previous years. Of the causes which seriously interfered with their earnings in the year one of the most important was the decrease in the company's importation of cattle from the Continent. They had met with considerable difficulty in the delivery of their ships. The British workman would not work, and was surely and steadily driving the shipbuilding trade out of the country. He had by his habits driven the shipbuilding trade out of the Thames, and he was as surely driving it away from the Tyne, the Tay, and the Clyde. He (the chairman) was told that it was possible to-day to ship the iron and other materials required in the construction of a ship to Norway, and build her there, bring her home, and make a profit out of the transaction as compared with building with the sole aid of the British workman in this country.

ALCOHOLIC TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.—In a paper on the treatment of cholera, in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., says:—"I am almost afraid to treat on the administration of alcoholic drinks in cholera, for fear that I may be accused of writing under what is called prejudice respecting those drinks. But it would be cowardly on that account to suppress what I feel to be most importantly true, namely, that the use of such drinks in any form is systematically pernicious in cholera. Years before I held the views respecting alcohol which I now hold, I had learned by what I had observed, first, that no good whatever follows the use of alcohol in cholera, and, secondly, that the local stimulation it causes excites vomiting, induces a febrile excitement, and favours after-prostration. It was difficult to keep alcohol drinkers from taking it freely, and it was too easy to detect that these persons were they who died most frequently and rapidly. How any authority could recommend such a vile admixture as brandy-punch for the indiscriminate use of people falling ill with cholera I am utterly at a loss to understand, nor can I either from the practical or physiological side see, at any moment, a place for alcohol in the treatment.'

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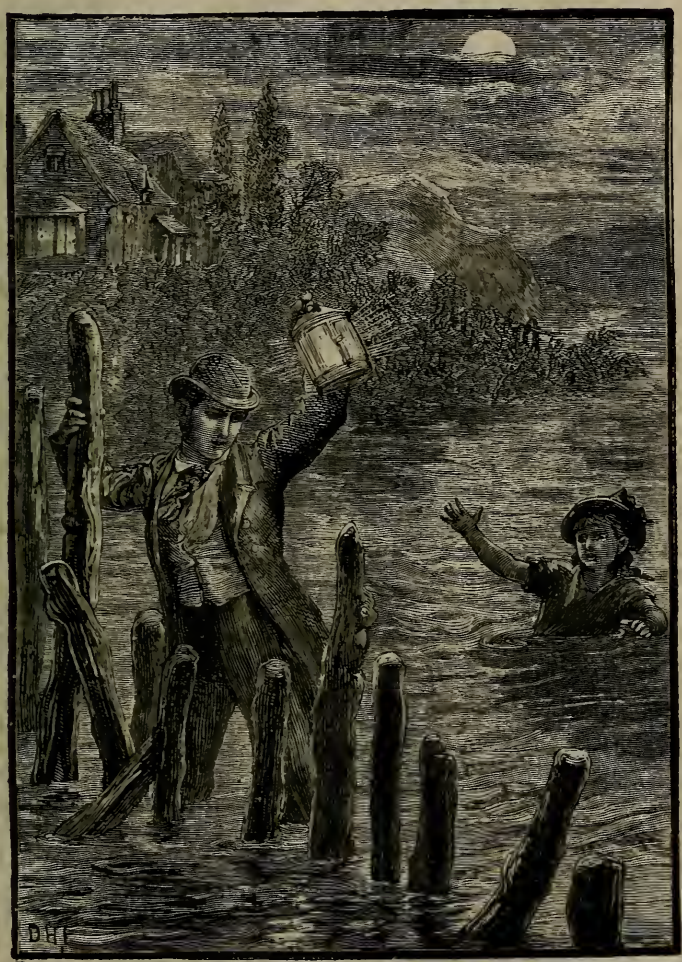

ACROSS THE STAKES.

I.

"YOU will take care of father, Rosie darling, whilst I am gone away?"

"Oh yes, mother dear! I will take care of him."

"You will be his little house-keeper, and make him a nice, tidy home to come back to at night."

"Yes, mother, I'll do all I know; and I've kept house pretty nearly three months now,

since you've been poorly, and I think I know how to do things nicely by now."

"You're a good girl, Rosie, my little comfort," said the mother looking up with tears of tender feeling in her hollow eyes. "I don't know however I shall get along without you."

"O mother," cried the child, bravely, "you will get on first-rate. It's such a nice, comfortable home, Miss Randall says, just the place for sick folks to go and get made well and strong; and by the time you have been there a few weeks you won't remember that you've ever been ill. And I shall hardly know you when you come back!"

Rosie's face was so brave and bright that her mother could not but smile back, although she still felt anxious and uncertain as to the future.

"Well, dear, I hope and trust I may get my health back again, and the doctor says he's pretty sure I shall in the Home, and Miss Randall, bless her, has taken a deal of pains to get me taken in; so I'll go and pray the Lord to watch over us all. But I'll be back here come Christmas, Rosie dear—for sure I'll be back to spend Christmas at home. And you'll take care of father while I'm away, and keep him at home as much as possible."

"Yes, mother dear, I'll do every single thing I can."

Rosie was but a slim, small child of ten, very young to be left in charge of home and father for many long weeks; but she was a bright-hearted, willing-handed little maiden, and had been her mother's friend and companion ever since she could remember, and so she was wiser than her age, and more helpful than many girls twice her age, and she did not feel overwhelmed by the burden of responsibility thus thrust upon her.

Yet, in spite of her brave answers, there came from time to time a troubled look upon her face; and her mother's face, too, had grown wistful and mournful.

After a brief pause, she looked again at her daughter, and said in an earnest and meaning voice,—

"You'll do all you can to take care of him dear—and Rosie, when he stays out late of a night and has to come across the stakes, you'll go down with the lantern and bring him safe over. You'll not forget to help him cross the stakes, 'specially at them spring tides, or when the water is coming in."

"I'll take care of him, mother dear, don't you fret; I'll never let him cross the stakes alone when he's—when he's—I mean when he has stayed out long. I'll take the lantern and bring him safe home."

Mother and child did not look at one another as they spoke, and both seemed uneasy. Almost confused, as though they were talking of something of which they were ashamed. Then they exchanged furtive glances, and at last the poor woman burst into tears.

Rose looked as though she too could have cried, but she bravely held back her tears and strove to comfort her mother.

"Don't cry, mother, don't cry. Maybe 'twill all come right soon. 'Tis only now and then as he stays out late. He never did use to do so; and p'raps now I'm alone at home, he'll come back earlier to keep me company like."

"I pray God he may," sobbed the poor mother. "I pray God he may give up his bad associates, and be as he used to be before he was led away by them. O, Rosie child, it may be want of faith, but I'm often terribly afraid of what may happen, especially when I think of him having to come home by night across the stakes."

"He shall never cross them alone, mother," said little Rose again. "I'll always go with the lantern and bring him safe over."

Rose and her mother lived in a small cottage near to the sea coast. It was divided from the nearest village by a small river, whose waters were of course tidal, and could only be crossed at certain states of the tide. At the spot where the river was most easily fordable—where in fact at low tide it could be crossed dry-shod by means of some stepping stones—a double row of posts had been placed across the wide, sandy waste which the sea covered twice a day, to mark the plac

where the raised pathway lay. Travellers might safely wade through the water at all hours save the two that preceded, and the two that followed high tide, provided that they kept to the pathway indicated by the row of posts, which were commonly called by the people of the place "the stakes."

But it was no great wonder if the poor mother, knowing how unfit was her husband sometimes to take care of himself upon his return home, should feel terribly anxious about that watery transit, which might become so perilous to anyone not in a state to observe carefully where he should tread.

Rose and her mother both understood but too well the dangers of the crossing; and it was this that made the child promise so earnestly always to be at the stakes with a lantern to take father home on those occasions when it seemed likely he would not be in a condition to find his own way aright.

"And mother," added the child, speaking softly and reverently, "we will ask God to take care of dear father too, and always bring him safe home. We will ask Him to make him a good man, and not to let him go on doing as his mates do. I think if we both pray every day, God will surely hear us."

II.

The days and weeks following her mother's departure were but gloomy ones for little Rose. She was alone nearly all day long, and sometimes, too, through the long winter evenings, and then the child's courage would sometimes quite give way.

When father came home by six or seven o'clock, at the close of his day's work, then little Rosie's face would brighten into smiles, and she would welcome him home in her loving way, and try to make everything trim and neat to please him, and to help him not to miss mother, now that she was away. And the father, who loved his little child well when he was sober, and had not taken too much to drink, praised Rose for her neat, handy ways, and told her she was growing the image of her mother, and a great comfort to him.

"O father dear," Rosie would say, colouring and glowing with pleasure to hear him say so "I am so glad. I promised mother to make things nice at home for you, and to take care of you. I am so glad that you say I have."

"You're a good child, Rosie," said the father approvingly. "You do wonderful well for your age, I'm sure. Isn't it lonesome for you, though, all alone here now that mother's gone."

"Why, yes," answered the child, with a wistful little smile; "it is rather lonesome but then when you come home early, father dear, I don't mind anything. It don't seem a bit lonesome then."

After that little speech the father was silent, and thoughtful awhile. Rose feared perhaps he was vexed; but he did not seem vexed, when, for several nights after it, he came home punctually, soon after six o'clock. Little Rosie began to think that the dark days were all over now, and that father was never going to stay out late any more.

But unfortunately these bright hopes were destined soon to be crushed.

"Rosie," said her father one morning, "I can't be in as early as usual to-night. The tide will be too high. I shall have to wait a bit for it, before I can cross the stakes."

Poor Rosie's face fell; but she could say nothing. She knew her father spoke truly when he said he would not be able to cross at the usual time, and yet a great fear filled her heart. She looked up pleadingly and timidly into his face.

"Well, Rosie, what is the matter?"

"I'm sorry you won't be home early to-night, father."

"So am I; but we can't help the tides. They will make me late for a few days every month, when its going on for high water just about my time for getting home; but cheer up, Rosie, it won't be for more than a few days, and then I will be home again at the usual time."

But the child's face was still anxious and troubled.

"Father, dear," she began timidly, yet O so earnestly. "Father, dear, you won't get—

get—talking and so on with the men at the Red Lion,' and stay later than you need, these nights, will you? I shall so want you back."

"O no, child, O no!" said the man, hastily, with a flush upon his face; and, taking his hat, he strode quickly down the hill, muttering to himself,—"No, no, I'll keep sober and steady for the child's sake. I'll not let them laugh me into taking more than will do me no harm."

And what he spoke, he spoke in earnest, and he meant to keep his word; but resolves made by a man in his own strength, upon which no blessing from God is asked, are hardly likely to prove binding upon those that take them. And thus it was with the vow made that day by Rose's father. He meant to keep it when he made it, but he did not ask strength from above, and when temptation came he fell an easy prey.

For many weary days to come poor little Rose had to suffer all the suspense and anxiety of weary waiting for the father who came not at the promised time; and many nights she cried herself to sleep in distress at the state in which he had at last returned home.

III.

"Father, dear, you will come home early to-night, won't you?" pleaded little Rose very earnestly one sunny winter's morning, and her pale face was flushed now with excitement and pleasure. "For you know dear mother will be home by nine o'clock to-night, —Miss Randall said she would send her here in her own carriage,'so that she might be sure to be at home by Christmas-day—and you will be sure to be here to welcome her home. Oh, won't it be nice to have her back, strong and well? Oh I am so pleased!"

"Ay, ay! 'twill be good to have her home again," said the man, looking up at his child. And Rose could not but notice how sad a change had passed upon his face during these past days and weeks. His eyes were dull and bleared, his face flushed and heavy, and his hands tremulous and uncertain in their movements. A sense of pain and shame entered the child's heart, and the brightness died out of her face, but she again repeated her request.

"Please, father, do be sure to be punctual. It is spring tide to-night,and if you don't cross before seven the water will be getting deep, and you will have to wait such a long while and will not be in time to meet mother. You will be sure to come, won't you? And I will come down with the lantern and meet you at the stakes."

"Yes, yes, child, I'll be early. Why do you keep harping so about it?"

"Because you know, father, dear, its Christmas-eve, and your mates may ask you in, you know, to have a glass; only please, please don't go, because it might make you late, and mother would be *so* sorry if you were not here."

The man looked half sullen, half ashamed.

"All right, child," he muttered hastily. "I'll come straight back after my work, I'll be across the stakes long before the tide's up."

So little Rose took courage, and went about her day's work with a glad and hopeful heart, trusting that her father would keep his word, and believing that all would surely go well when mother came home again. She brushed and swept, and made the little cottage as clean and bright as possible; she adorned the walls with little sprigs of holly, brightened up the stove, and saw that everything in every drawer and cupboard was in order, and as clean as hands could make it.

As soon as the short daylight began to fail, Rose laid the table with a clean cloth, and spread the evening meal as fast as she was able, in the most tempting way which she could devise. She stirred the fire into a ruddy blaze, piled it with coal, and looked round with satisfaction on the result of her handiwork.

"It does look nice," she said with a smile. "I think dear mother will be pleased. She will see I have kept a nice home for father. She will find everything in nice order. Oh, I wish she would come now!"

But this was impossible, and the child

knew it; and soon her thoughts drifted into another channel.

"I do hope father will come straight home. It is nearly six now. I think I will go down and meet him, for it is very dark, and maybe he would like to see me there with the lantern to light him across the stakes."

So little Rose trimmed the lamp and set forth upon her journey with a light heart—she could not but be joyful now that her mother's return was so near.

It was a wild, gusty night; but the child knew every inch of the downward path, and tripped fearlessly along.

When she reached the bottom of the hill, where the river ran, she was surprised to find how high the water already was.

"What a high tide it is going to be!" she said to herself, "the stepping stones are covered already. I must take off my shoes and stockings to get across. I hope father will soon come. I must run and fetch him if he is at all late. We *must* get across again or we shall be too late to meet mother, and oh, how dreadful it would be if she came and found nobody at home to welcome her."

Spurred on by this thought, Rose sprang quickly across the covered stones, and hurried as fast as her small feet would carry her across the wide sweep of sand, over which the in-coming tide was already beginning to swirl and rush with as much force as the tiny crested waves could gather.

"I must be quick," said Rose to herself, "the wind is blowing straight up the river's mouth, driving the water along. I must find father quick and get him across, or we shall not be in time."

But there was no sign of father upon the other shore, and no answer to her repeated calls.

"I must find him; I must find him!" cried the child, as she ran onwards. "Oh dear, dear! I'm so afraid he is in the Red Lion after all. Oh, I must go and call him away."

In the Red Lion he was, and in a very confused and bewildered state; but the child's voice roused him to consciousness of the situation, and he let her lead him away towards home.

"Hold my hand tight, father!" cried Rose, as they reached the stakes, and stepped together into the dark, cold water. "Please hold me very tight, for the water is so deep, I'm afraid I'll hardly keep my footing. O father! how deep it has got! Do let us make haste, or we shall never get across!"

"Give me the lantern, child," said the man thickly, stumbling through the foaming water. "Don't be afraid, I'll take care of you."

He meant what he said; but, alas! he was in no state to take care of anyone, it was all he could do to keep his own footing. The noise of wind and water seemed to bewilder him utterly. He stumbled along in a helpless, hazardous fashion, and he hardly seemed to know or notice when the little cold hand of his child slipped from his grasp, or to hear the weak, gasping cry,

"O father, father, save me! hold me!"

He had loosened his clasp of the child's hand at a moment when a more powerful wave had just broken over their feet, and poor little Rose had been swept from his side into the deeper bed of the river, now close before them, and was being carried away by the fierce resistless tide.

* * * *

Two hours later, when the mother returned to her home, what was her dismay and fear to find all dark and desolate, and to see her husband, wet almost to the skin, sitting as if bowed down by grief, beside the dying fire.

"Husband!" she cried in a strained, unnatural voice. "John! What is it? Where is Rose?"

"Drowned," answered the man hoarsely, "dead—and gone—drowned by my fault, bringing me across the stakes to-night."

IV.

It seemed to little Rose as though she had slept a long while, when at last she opened her eyes and found herself in a small cabin-like room quite strange to her.

She felt very tired, and did not at all know what had happened to her, nor did she just then remember any of the events of the

previous day; but she did not trouble herself just then to try and think of anything, only lay still and quiet in the warm bed in which she found herself.

"She will do now," said a strange voice somewhere over her head. "She is a brave, hardy little maiden, and will, I dare say, rally quickly. She cannot have been very long in the water."

Rose went to sleep again almost before the strange voice had done speaking, and when she woke again it was broad daylight; and she felt almost as usual save for a little stiffness in her limbs, and dizziness in her head.

She was lying in a small bed in a tiny room which she fancied she had seen before, though she hardly knew where or when, and she sat up to take a better survey. As she did so an old woman, who had been sitting by the fire, rose quickly and crossed over to the bedside.

Rose looked at her and then smiled gladly.

"Why, Mrs. Lamb, is it you?"

"Ay, dearie, and how do you feel now?"

"Quite well, thank you; but, please, how did I get here?"

"My good man found ye in the water last night, poor bairnie, just as he was tying up the boat as the tide came in. We was afeard ye were dead; but the doctor, he happened just to come down to the ferry to be put across, and he came in and doctored ye up, and I'm hoping ye haven't took much harm. Ye must ha' got washed off your feet, I'm thinking, coming across the stakes last night."

Rose remembered all about it then.

"Yes," she said, "that was it; but oh, Mrs. Lamb, I must get back home. Mother was to come back last night; and they will not know what has become of me."

But the child could not go before the next day; she was not strong enough, nor could the old ferryman or his wife walk the three miles to her parents to tell them the news; but they trusted that it would reach them somehow through the doctor, and comforted Rose by that idea, so that her Christmas day was passed more happily than might have been expected.

The day following a passing cart conveyed the child from the ferryman's cottage to a spot very near to her own home, and her eager feet soon carried her to the door. She opened it softly and looked in.

Her parents were sitting by the fire side by side in the attitude of those bowed down by grief; and she saw at once what it was that they believed had happened.

"Mother! Father!" she cried joyously, springing towards them, "I'm here! I'm safe! O, mother, darling, how glad I am that we are all together again!"

The child sprang into her parents' arms, and was kissed and wept over in a rapture of thankful joy so intense as to be almost pain.

The history of her wonderful rescue was quickly told.

Rose's tears fell fast as she heard of the heart-breaking news which had met her poor mother on her return from her long absence from home.

But tears were quickly dried, and glad and grateful thoughts filled all hearts; and very soon it became plain that this narrow escape of Rose's was to have lasting and happy results.

Her father never forgot the horror and despair of that dreadful night, and became from that time forward a determined abstainer, and as steady a man and as kind a husband and father as could be found.

"How happy we all are together," little Rose would often say, and he would answer tenderly,

"Ay, my little one, we are, and, please God, we always will be; for by His help I trust I shall be upheld from ever falling again, as once I did. I'll never forget that Christmas night; and I bless the Lord in my heart for His mercy towards us every day as I take my way across the stakes. H. F. E.

Little Willie's Last Shilling.

"AH, there's a history attached to this coin," said Mr. Grant as he played with a shilling which dangled from his watchguard. "I value it so highly that I would not part with it for a thousand pounds. I have worn it now for many years; and often in my uphill struggles when I felt weary and disheartened and almost inclined to resort to the fatal solace of drink, a look at 'Little Willie's last shilling' has banished the temptation and nerved me to overcome every obstacle."

The speaker was a prosperous builder, who owed his success in life to hard work and total abstinence. His friend having evinced a pardonable curiosity to hear the story of the shilling, Mr. Grant proceeded to tell the tale, which ran substantially as follows:—

"I shall have to tell you many things about my early life which I'm not particularly proud to look back upon, but which I should like everybody to know, as a warning against drink. About a score of years since I was a journeyman carpenter in the employ of the firm of Hazlehurst Brothers and Co. My age was about eight-and-twenty; I had been married for some time to one of the best wives in England, and our only surviving child, my little five-year-old daughter Minnie was a treasure and a blessing in the house. It doesn't become me to praise her; but as she's not present, I can't help saying that she was the sweetest and best child that ever brightened a workman's home. How proud her mother was of her, to be sure; but what mother could help feeling proud of such a child as our Minnie? Ah, I had a happy home; and happy it would have remained had I taken my wife's advice and become an abstainer. Teetotalers naturally escape the snares that beset the path of every young man working at a large establishment.

"While a simple journeyman I managed to dodge the cruel darts of the workman's worst enemy, strong drink—the 'demon in solution, as some speaker or writer has very justly termed it. At meal times and after working hours I kept as far apart from my drinking fellow-workmen as I possibly could. Not but what I would occasionally turn into a tavern with two or three mates and have a glass of ale or so; but then I was always impatient to leave, and after the second glass would simply say 'Good-bye, mates, the wife will be expecting me,' and so hurried away home. My mates used to chaff me a good deal, and say that I need not grieve for my dead mother as I had a wife who was more than a second mother to me, and always kept me tied close to her apron string. But I could afford to take their banter in good part, as Fanny's affectionate smile when I came home after work, and little Minnie's fond caress as she toddled to meet me at the door would have amply repaid me had I been annoyed by my comrades' pleasantry, which I wasn't. And when we three had returned from a pleasant walk and supper was over, I sat down with Minnie in my lap, I felt as I looked into her soft, innocent, blue eyes, that I was one of the happiest men alive.

"Looking back now with open eyes through a long vista of years, I often wonder how I could have been so blind and wicked as to throw away all this happiness—and for what? For the indulgence of a brutal appetite for drink, which grew upon me by degrees, and in the end nearly proved my utter ruin.

"It was all through my unfortunate promotion in the firm. My superiors took especial notice of me; said I was a sober, steady, reliable man; and so they made me a sort of under-foreman. In this capacity I felt obliged to mix more amongst the men than when I worked at the bench. My position, you see, was rather a curious one; in fact I was neither man nor master. And so in order to maintain the control which it was necessary I should exercise over them, I resolved to

become popular in the firm; and, oh dear! in what a stupid, absurd manner I set about gaining popularity. Frequenting taverns, and drinking with some of the wildest and least manageable men in 'the shop,' wasting money and my leisure time and neglecting my home. That's what it practically came to; but the worst of the matter was that I gradually acquired such a passion for drink that I at length became a confirmed drunkard.

"Well, well, I'll speak about this hereafter; but let me now come to the story of the shilling. A bricklayer in the employment of the firm—a decent goodhearted fellow enough when sober, but unhappily addicted to drink—was so tipsy one day after dinner-time, that he missed his footing, fell from the scaffold, and was killed on the spot. The poor fellow left a widow and three children without a penny in the world. As William Price had been a school-fellow of mine, I exerted myself to raise a subscription for the benefit of his widow, and succeeded in collecting about thirty pounds, just enough to set her up in a very small way of business. But just then two of Mrs. Price's children were stricken with scarlet fever and died, so the thirty pounds were nearly swallowed up in expenses; and, moreover, in nursing the patients the poor woman contracted a severe cold ending in a consumption, which speedily bore her to the grave. Her only surviving child, Willie, a strong, well-grown boy of eleven was thus left destitute. One of his mother's relatives, an elderly sempstress, undertook to take charge of him. But Mrs. Green was not strong and could not earn much by her needle. Consequently, it was necessary that the boy should earn his own livelihood; and as he was too young to go out as an errand boy, he was compelled to betake himself to selling papers in the streets. Many good people, I regret to say, despise boys who sell papers; but this is because they do not know that many of those poor little waifs are very hard-working, and perfectly well-conducted; and that in many cases their scanty earnings go to assist a sick parent, or help to provide bread for starving brothers and sisters.

"Though I took a warm interest in Willie Price, I lost sight of him about this time—a circumstance only too easily accounted for. I had already begun to pay the bitter price of drunken folly. In the first place I lost my position as under-foreman; and what was much worse, the confidence of my employers. Then I became so irregular in my attendance, and so unfitted for work when I did show myself, that in the end I was ignominiously discharged, and told plainly that I might save myself the trouble of applying for further employment from the firm.

"The story of my life for several months following may be summed up in a few words. I sought for and obtained employment from several good firms, but the result was invariably the same—dismissal for intemperance. At length starvation stared us in the face. I was worn almost to death tramping about the metropolis, seeking work everywhere, only to be repulsed with the stinging taunt,

"'Why, who'd employ you. You're well known to be one of the worst drunkards in the trade.'

"One day while I was out walking my weary round, a message was delivered at my wretched lodgings from my old foreman at Hazelhurst's, to the effect that he had prevailed upon the representatives of the firm to give me another trial provided I engaged to keep sober. My poor wife was overjoyed, and instantly despatched Minnie in search of me. In crossing a busy thoroughfare, the child, unaccustomed to the din and turmoil of street traffic, became dazed and bewildered, and would have been run over and probably killed by a fast trap, had not Willie Price, who happened to be near by, rushed to her assistance and saved her life, at the sacrifice of his own. My little girl escaped with a few slight bruises, but just as Willie swung her clear of the trap, the brave boy was knocked down through being struck by one of the shafts of the vehicle, and a wheel passing over his right leg, fractured it above the knee. He was taken to the nearest hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate the limb. The shock was too

much for his constitution, and the hero-boy expired painlessly and peacefully a few hours after the operation.

"Meanwhile, all unconscious of the occurrence of the terribly painful event just described, I had wandered homewards, and received from my wife the cheering message of my old foreman. In the midst of our mutual congratulations, Fanny gently hinted that my best chance of returning to a sober and respectable walk in life lay in my becoming an abstainer.

"'Well, I think, Fanny,' said I, 'that I shall take your advice. Only there's no such precious hurry, that I can see.'

"'No time like the present,' rejoined my wife sadly; and then the subject dropped.

"On the following day, however, an event happened which had the effect of clinching my half-formed resolution to join the ranks of teetotalism. We three—my wife, Minnie, and I—stood by poor Willie's bedside, shortly after the operation alluded to had been performed.

"The boy smiled feebly.

"'I can t live long now, Mr. Grant,' he said, 'but my last prayer will be for you. You were so good to poor mother. I'm only a boy, and I'm dying, so you will never know how I wanted to thank you. I should have died for you if that would do you any good. Will you take this shilling—it's my last—and keep it so's to remember Willie that loved you. And oh, Mr. Grant, if you would only take the pledge you'd be so much happier and better off—you would indeed!'

"What mortal could resist such pleading, coming, as it did, from the dying lips of a young hero? I earnestly assured poor Willie that I would do as he wished, and his eye brightened up for a moment.

"'Good-bye,' he said, 'and God bless you all three. Now I die happy.'

"Need I say that our eyes were not dry during this affecting scene.

"Well, I became an abstainer, and ever since my life has been a happy and fairly successful one. And now that you've heard my story, can you wonder why I so dearly prize poor Willie's Last Shilling?"

J. E. C.

Robert Holt's Christmas Gift.

THEY sat in the cozy library in New York, together, Mrs. Brayton and her widowed cousin, Mrs. Thorn. The latter had just returned from a sojourn of several years in Europe, and there was much on both sides to be said.

"And Robert, cousin Robert, is he not coming to live in New York?"

"No, Robert stays at the old place, Mary," answered Mrs. Brayton. "When the property was divided, after father's death, nobody cared for the mills. It was a bad time to sell them, and brother Robert—that's like him, you know—took what none of the rest wanted, and he has been living in Belton ever since."

"Is he married?"

"Married! Robert will never marry. The truth is he had a great disappointment. You remember Theodora Kirke? He loved her, and I think he thought she loved him, and when she married Fred Walters it was a terrible blow. Walters became intemperate and squandered his fortune, and they went down, down, and Theodora lost all her beauty, and finally we lost sight of her altogether."

"And Bob stayed single on that account?"

"Yes, that's like Robert! He never seemed to care for another woman."

"And he lives alone with the servants in the old home?"

"Yes, except when I take all the children and go go and beard him in his den, which I do regularly every summer. I have been urging him to come here for the holidays, but I hardly hope it, and to-day he has sent a box of Christmas gifts for the children, which I interpret as a sort of peace-offering for the offence of his absence."

And while they were talking, in his comfortable

home in the outskirts of the large manufacturing town of Belton, sat Robert Holt, writing to his sister, "The old home is growing more and more lonely, dear, and though I cannot well leave just at this time, I do not think I can pass another holiday season without you and the children. I must have Tom and Ted to break this horrible stillness, and I'm inclined to think that you had better give me little Ellen altogether. It's all very well to fill one's days with business, and evenings with plans for lectures and reading rooms and coffee houses, and libraries for operatives; but after all, when I come home the silence of the old house oppresses me. I need the children to brighten the evening hours."

Leaving the letter, he slowly paced the room, his head bowed and hands folded behind him. As he crossed and recrossed the hearth, the flicker of the firelight touched his grey hair, and revealed the deep lines in his stern but kindly face. Slowly his mind was going back over the lonely years. He had been loyal to duty and faithful to his fellow men. His bounty had reached the needy; his kindly, strong spirit had been a helpful power over the hearts and in the homes of the hundreds of his employés, but notwithstanding all this, he was unaccountably weary of being alone. While he still paced the floor, restlessly, pausing now and then to watch the fire, as if searching for a face in the coals, the door opened and the old servant entered. He paused and looked up. "Plaze, Misther Robert,"—she had been years in the home, and he would always be "Misther Robert" to her—"its Scraps."

"What?"

"It's 'Scraps,' plaze, sir, and she says she must see you."

"But who is 'Scraps', Margaret?"

"The little gurrul that's coming now this two wakes for the cowld bits, sir. The boys they call her 'Scraps,' sir. They doesn't mane onything bad, sir, only when they sees her after the bits they teases her loike."

"Bring her in, Margaret. But what she can want with me?"

"It's not me that knows," said Margaret, opening the door and leading in a child of not more than ten years, who held an old shawl tight about her, as if to hide the parcel Margaret had thrust into her hand. The childish face, too sad for her years, was quivering with suppressed excitement.

"What is it, my little girl?" said Robert, kindly. "Come nearer to the fire. What can I do for you?"

But, as if the kindness unnerved her, her lips quivered, and she could not speak. Had Robert known what to say, he would have tried to soothe and encourage the child, but as it was, he only moved her gently nearer the fire and waited. Soon, a little brown hand stole up to her eyes to stop the tears, and she said:

"Tom told me there were little girls in the mills; not as large as I am, and I'm most eleven, and—and I thought I should like to try."

"What! Work in the mills? Tom told you, who's Tom?"

"He's the boy that lives here and chops wood — Margaret's boy — the boy that calls me 'Scraps.'"

"And where did you know Tom?" asked Mr. Holt, curiously peering into the face now bright with the glow of the fire.

"Here; I saw him here, when I came"—she hesitated and went on—"when I came for food. I didn't want to come, indeed I didn't want to; but she made me, old Bridget did. She wouldn't let me stay in the house unless I did."

"And who is Bridget, my child?"

"She lives in the house nearest the river, down by the mills, and mother had a room there, and, and—" here the child broke down completely.

"Ah, yes: I understand? Never mind about telling me, I understand. It was your mother who took a room at old Bridget's, and wanted sewing to do, and who fell ill and died there." Robert remembered it well. Some of the men at the mill had told him at the time, and he had sent money to lay the poor widow in her grave. And this was the child she had left, and old Bridget, who kept a so-called boarding-house whenever she could find any of the factory girls willing to live in her comfortless rooms, was forcing the child to beg her bread.

"How many times have you been here, little girl?"

"Only four, and I haven't been anywhere else; but she sent me back here, because Tom's mother, she filled my basket so full. I didn't want to come, but she said"—here the sobs rose again—"that I couldn't stay unless I did whatever she bid me. But I didn't eat the things I begged, never one single thing."

"And did you want to stay, poor child?"

"No, but I have to stay," and she blushed. He watched her closely as if he expected to hear more; and she went on, but in a low voice, as if she was becoming every moment more ashamed.

"You see, mother was sick many days, and the money was gone; and when she died and was buried, Bridget says she paid for all out of her own money, and I must stay and work till I have paid it again."

Robert's eyes flashed with indignation at old Bridget's perfidy, but he only asked gently, "And were you willing to do this? How could you stay there?"

She lifted her eyes suddenly, and answered: "O, mother's dress is hanging on the wall. Bridget didn't take that. She took the other things, but I cried so that she left that for me to see. I shall have to leave it if I go away, and so I was willing to stay, for I can put my face in it and feel mother there," but Robert Holt rang the bell and turned to the window. Margaret answered it and he bade her send up the supper. There was a suspicious moisture in his eyes.

"So you will stay till you have worked out old Bridget's claim?" he asked, turning abruptly to the child.

"I would, that is, I meant to, till she sent me out to beg, and then one day, when Tom called me 'Scraps,' he said he hated to work as bad as anybody, but he b'lieved if he was a girl he would work before he would beg. Then I told him I wouldn't beg for myself or eat anything that was begged, but that a little girl like me couldn't work; and he said I could, for lots of little girls did, in the mills, and they got money for it too: and that the mills were yours; and so—and so—"

"And so you thought the next time you were sent with the basket you would ask me to give you a place in the mills?"

She raised her eyes gratefully to his face, as if she thanked him in so many words, and then seeing Margaret come in with the tray, she drew her shawl tighter, and turned as if to go away.

"No, no, Margaret," said Mr. Holt, "bring a plate and a cup for the little girl. We must have our supper, and then we will talk about the work."

The child's eyes sparkled for a moment with delight, but the next instant was overshadowed again. "I forgot," she said timidly, "it is dark, and old Bridget will not like it if I stay."

"Niver ye moind old Bridget, Dora—her name's Dora, Misther Robert—ye wouldn't let old Bridget be cross for her stayin' for a bit and a sup with dacent folks, would yez, sir?"

"No, indeed," answered Robert, placing a chair for the child. "I'll go round after tea and tell Old Bridget about it myself." And then he began to talk to Dora in a bright and cheerful way, about the little girls who worked in the mills, about the Christmas and the New Year, and he was delighted to find her giving herself up to the pleasant warmth, and light, and cheer, her fair face brightening, and once or twice a laugh, after which she looked frightened—answering his lively words, and Margaret's face was wreathed in smiles to see her master amusing himself, but Tom who peeped in behind his mother, as she went to and fro, felt defrauded and told her:

"It's mane in the master to kape the pinny I found mesilf. It's noice in him to give her the supper and the job in the mill, but he might have lift her to take supper wid me, or at laste to have invited me in."

"Whist, now," said his mother, "take a bit of a peep once more and when you see her face, ye'll be proud, for she's that happy the night. Sorry a bit of a Christmas, I think, did she ever git till now, and I'm thinking it'll be long before she'll be getting another like this. So take a pape and howld yer tongue."

But Tom had his "pape" without the hard condition, for after supper Mr. Holt gave Dora a huge book of pictures, and left the room, and while Margaret was clearing the table, Tom darted in with a little Irish whoop, and "Dade yer in luck, Miss Dora Scraps; it's in luck ye are!"

"Do you think he will give me a place?" asked Dora, eagerly.

"Dade, and I think he'll make yez an overseer or a superintendent entoirely," said Tom, and then went into a series of attitudes and gestures to express his joy, that made his mother threaten to turn him out.

And while the children made merry together, Robert Holt was pacing the floor up stairs, in his old attitude, hands folded behind him and head bowed. Back went his mind over the years that were past, when he had laid his dead love away, and taken up his life alone. True, he had dedicated these years to the highest good of his fellow men, and he found a field of most valuable labour in the homes and hearts of the multitude of labourers in the mills. Life was rich, and full,

and glad, and yet empty and tired with pain. There was something in the blue eyes of this desolate child that appealed to him. Of course he knew he could protect and provide for her; but the impulse that came to him when she asked for work, was to take her himself and train her to do, by and bye, a woman's work in the very fields where he himself had found so much to do. Should he do it? Would it be right to take upon himself so great a responsibility? Would it be well for the child?

He took from his desk the faded picture of a beautiful girl. Scanned it with eager eyes, then there arose before him the face of the child down stairs, a weary, unchildlike face, whose eyes yet had something in them that haunted him like a memory, and he could not hesitate long. He closed the picture, and with a new light of resolution on his face, passed quickly down the stairs.

"Tell your mother to come here," he said to Tom, who answered his call for overcoat and hat. When she came, her round, motherly face shining in her ruffled cap, he said, "Margaret, you may take the little girl into the room near your own, to-night; I am not going to let her go back to Bridget McCoon again."

"And will yer let her shtay here, surr," asked Tom, putting his head in at the door.

"Yes, Tom, on condition that you do not call her 'Scraps.'"

Tom blushed and hung his head.

"If you will help take care of her as you do me, Tom, and be very good to her, we'll keep her till the New Year comes, and as much longer as we can make her like to stay." Whereat Tom utterly forgot his manners, and gave an incipient whoop, and ran back through the kitchen to Dora, shouting, "Ye'r a Christmas and New Year's prisint, the two iv 'em in one—that's what ye are. Dora Schr—— no, I'm not to call yez bad names, and it's goin' to stay wid us' ye are."

"Whist now," broke in Margaret, "till I bring her up stairs and clain up her frock a bit, and comb out the currels, for its there, Dora darlint, ye're to have a little room, nate and clane, and near to me own, and yez must be nice, against Misther Robert comes in."

Then the bewildered child, too happy to comprehend more than that she was not to go back to old Bridget this night, nor the next, nor the next, was led away and made tidy in a fashion of Margaret's own. The process of untangling Dora's hair, and wrapping her shoulders in a huge red bandanna handkerchief to hide the ragged dress was laborious to the woman and a trial to the child, but the result was a picture of childish beauty that greeted Robert Holt as he entered the door and paused a moment in the hall. Margaret peeped from her kitchen, and Tom's head was half hidden behind his mother's gown to see what greeting the transformed child would get; but she never looked up from the picture-book in which she had been absorbed, and he stood in silent sadness, studying the down-cast face, when suddenly she started as if she felt his gaze, and running quickly to his side said eagerly:

"Is it true? Tom said it, and Margaret said it. Is it true that I can stay here and work for ever and ever so many days?"

"It is true, my child," he answered gently. "I shall find a place for a little girl."

"But, but—'bout Bridget, and 'bout mother's dress, can I go and get mother's dress?"

"I will take care of all that."

She looked after him as he went up stairs, with an expression of grateful thanks that it would have gladdened his heart to see. Already his kindness was bearing fruit.

"Margaret," he said, handing her the bag he had brought, "Open this; it was Dora's mother's bag, and I made old Bridget give it up. She has sold most of the contents, I fear."

With a toss of her head, and a sniff at having to touch anything more that had passed through old Bridget's hands, she drew forth the precious dress, then a few other articles of clothing for the child, and last a book—a Bible, which she handed to Mr. Holt. He opened it with a grateful feeling that this heritage at least was not destroyed, and his eye fell upon the title-page. At the top in a delicate hand-writing that he knew only too well, he read—"Theodora Kirke Walters, Belton, Jan. 1st, 1868."

The strong man suddenly dropped in his arm-chair by the window, and covered his face with his hands. Margaret thought he was weary, and went away softly with the dress. He did not see or hear her. The fire grew low in the grate, and Tom came in to replenish it, and he was sitting there still. The little girl down stairs grew lonely and tired, and at last Margaret led her away to bed. Passing the open door, the child saw him sitting

there, the light falling full on his bowed head and quick as thought she darted from Margaret and stood by his side. She did not speak. She dared not touch him, but he must have felt her near, for he lifted his head, and reaching, drew her within the circle of his arm. Margaret did not quite approve of the child's escape, yet waited respectfully till it should please the master to dismiss her charge. But he seemed in no haste to let her go, watching every look, and as if for something long lost and found, but which he feared to lose again.

When, finally, he released her, it was with a playful word, meant to hide rather than to reveal his feelings.

But that night, as he sat at his desk, he added a postscript to his sister's letter. "Tell cousin Mary, who is, I hear, just home from her long sojourn abroad, that since I began this letter I have received a holiday gift at the hands of God. He has sent me an orphan child, the daughter of the only woman I ever loved. I am going to keep and cherish His gift. Ask her, now that her husband and child are gone, if she cannot come and live here and so make the house home for me and the child. Tell her to come quickly, for my gift is already here, and unless she comes to mother her forthwith, we will have to depend upon Margaret for the care of the body and on me for the mind, and I very much fear, for social advantages, upon old Margaret's Tom."

And Mary Thorn, who had left the graves of husband and child in Rome, came, and the year began with three faces at the round table, and three voices joining the hymn, and three hearts less lonely and sad than they would have been but for Robert's Christmas gift.

How many hearts and lives were gladdened as time moved on, and the father and child worked together the good work of kindness to His little ones and bounty to His poor, no one can know until the years that we call new, are gathered into the eternal years of God.

JULIA GILDER.

"THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF."*

By PHŒBE CARY.

NOW, good-wife, bring your precious hoard,"
The Norland farmer cried;
"And heap the hearth, and heap the board,
For the blessed Christmas-tide.

"And bid the children fetch," he said,
"The last ripe sheaf of wheat,
And set it on the roof o'erhead,
That the birds may come and eat.

"And this we do for His dear sake,
The Master kind and good,
Who, of the loaves He blest and brake,
Fed all the multitude."

Then Fredrica, and Franz, and Paul,
When they heard their father's words,
Put up the sheaf, and one and all
Seemed merry as the birds.

Till suddenly the maiden sighed,
The boys were hushed in fear,
As, covering all her face, she cried,
"If Hansei were but here!"

And when at dark, about the hearth
They gathered still and slow,
You heard no more the childish mirth
So loud an hour ago.

And on their tender cheeks the tears
Shone in the flickering light;
For they were four in other years
Who are but three to-night.

And tears are in the mother's tone;
As she speaks, she trembles, too:
"Come, children, come, for the supper's done,
And your father waits for you."

Then Fredrica, and Franz, and Paul,
Stood each beside his chair;
The boys were comely lads and tall,
The girl was good and fair.

* In Norway the last sheaf from the harvest is never threshed, but it is always reserved till Christmas Eve, when it is set up on the roof as a feast for the hungry birds.

The father's hand was raised to crave
A grace before the meat,
When the daughter spake; her words were brave,
But her voice was low and sweet.

"Dear father, should we give the wheat
To all the birds of the air?
Shall we let the kite and the raven eat
Such choice and dainty fare?

"For if to-morrow from our store
We drive them not away,
The good little birds will get no more
Than the evil birds of prey."

"Nay, nay, my child," he gravely said,
"You have spoken to your shame,
For the good, good Father overhead,
Feeds all the birds the same.

"He hears the ravens when they cry,
He keeps the fowls of the air;
And a single sparrow cannot lie
On the ground without His care."

"Yea, father, yea; and tell me this,"—
Her words came fast and wild,—
"Are not a thousand sparrows less
To Him than a single child,

"Even though it sinned and strayed from home?"
The father groaned in pain,
As she cried, "Oh, let our Hansei come
And live with us again!

"I know he did what was not right."—
Sadly, he shook his head;
"If he knew I longed for him to-night,
He would not come," he said.

"He went from me in wrath and pride,—
God! shield him tenderly!
For I hear the wild wind cry outside,
Like a soul in agony."

"Nay, it is a soul!" Oh, eagerly
The maiden answered then;
"And, father, what if it should be he
Come back to us again!"

She stops—the portal open flies,
Her fear is turned to joy;
"Hansei!" the startled father cries,
And the mother sobs, "My boy!"

'Tis a bowed and humbled man they greet,
With loving lips and eyes,
Who fain would kneel at his father's feet,
But he softly bids him rise.

And he says, "I bless thee, O mine own,
Yea, and thou shalt be blest!"
While the happy mother holds her son
Like a baby on her breast.

Their house and love again to share
The Prodigal has come!
And now there will be no empty chair,
Nor empty heart in their home.

And they think as they see their joy and pride,
Safe back in the sheltering fold,
Of the child that was born at Christmas-tide,
In Bethlehem of old.

And all the hours glide swift away
With loving, hopeful words,
Till the Christmas sheaf at break of day
Is alive with happy birds.

A Merry Christmas.

By S. Annie Shields.

It all happened when I was housekeeper up at Winston's, before, yes, quite a long time before, Miss Ethel was married. Mrs. Winston died the same week that I lost my husband, and Mr. Winston sent for me and offered me the place of housekeeper. I was like one of the family, too, always well treated, for Mr. Winston was a gentleman, if ever one lived.

I was supposed to take care of Miss Ethel some, too, for she was not ten years old when her mother died. But, bless you, between her governess, and music-master, and drawing-master, and French teacher, and all the rest of them, it was little enough I had to do with her, till she was past eighteen.

Then Mr. Winston said to me—and let me tell you Miss Ethel was the very core of his heart—"Now, Mrs. Dare, I want you to teach my little girl all your nice housekeeping ways, and how to

make puddings and pies. Some of these days, when she goes to a new home, I want her to make it as comfortable as you make this one."

Many was the merry morning we had after that, in the pantry, linen closet, upstairs and downstairs, with Miss Ethel insisting upon knowing all the ins and outs of keeping house. A little at a time she took some control, too, and that was one way in which she became interested about Roger and Mary.

Roger was the coachman, a young fellow of about two or three and twenty, and he had a little money that was left him when his father died. He owned a cottage, too, that was shut up after he lost his parents, for nothing would do for Roger but to be about horses, and Mr. Winston took him for a stable boy when he was only a lad. When his father died, Mr. Winston took the care of his money until he was of age.

He was a good-looking young fellow, industrious, smart, and capable; but Roger would stray off into Hilton sometimes, and come home the worse for liquor. We all tried to save him, and Mr. Winston himself would talk to him seriously; but the temptation came over and over again, and every time followed a fit of penitence and promises to do better.

Mary Perkins was the laundry maid, one of the prettiest, most modest girls you ever saw, with a sweet face and a profusion of waving brown hair. She was tidy and smart, just the wife to help a man along, and not pull him down, as many a one does who is all love to begin with.

I was awfully sorry when the servants all began to notice that Roger was "keeping company" with Mary, and I had many a talk with the girl, being older and having a motherly feeling for all the younger servants. They always seemed to me more or less of a trust while I had them with me, and we very seldom changed. A new face now and then when one would marry or die, but for the most part the same men and women, year in and year out.

Well, as I was saying, I talked to Mary very seriously about the danger of marrying a man who had any love for strong drink. She would lift her shy brown eyes—her eyes always reminded me of the only fawn I ever saw in my life, they were just so brown and shy—she would look at me and say:

"But, Mrs. Dare, it is because I want to save Roger from that, that I am going to marry him. When he goes over to Hilton now, there are a lot of idle young fellows that meet him and coax him off to places where they drink and gamble; but when we are married, he will have his home to come to, his wife for company, and he will not go away from *me*, for any of his young men friends."

Miss Ethel was delighted at the idea of a wedding between two of our own servants. She declared it was like an English novel, and she bought nearly all of Mary's wedding clothes, and coaxed Mr. Winston to let her add a lot of new, pretty furniture to Roger's cottage. I declare, the parlour was as dainty as a ladies' dressing room, with white muslin curtains, a new carpet, and a set of oak furniture with rep covers of crimson. She put pictures on the walls and vases on the mantel-piece, and covered the table with a cover she had embroidered herself.

We all went to church, and Miss Ethel dressed Mary herself in white muslin with a square of soft white illusion over her hair that fell to her feet

Well, everything went on pretty smoothly for the first three years. The first baby was named for Miss Ethel, and was just about smothered in the pretty things she made for her. Two years later Harry was born, and it was after that, Roger began to go down hill so fast there was no stopping him.

You see the care of two babies, as one may say, took Mary from her husband more than he liked. He was always fond of her, I will say that for Roger, and when he wanted her to walk with him or sit with him, and she couldn't leave the children, he would go off in a pet, and come back reeling with the drink.

Mr. Winston did his best. After he was afraid to trust Roger to drive Miss Ethel, he kept him on for Mary's sake, letting him do the rougher work in the stables. That made the man feel degraded, and he drank worse and worse.

Often he would be gone from the house for a week at a time; and we heard of his abuse of Mary and the children, for he grew brutal when he was intoxicated. I do not think Mary would ever have complained for herself alone, but a mother is a mother always, and she could not stand by silent when Roger hurt the children. So there were fierce quarrels at the cottage, and when Bessie was born, Roger was drunk for a week, so that Miss Ethel had the two older ones at the house for fear of their lives.

It was Miss Ethel really who made Roger go away, poor child, she meant no harm. But you see she always gave herself more blame than she deserved, for having encouraged the courtship and wedding. Many a fit of crying I have seen her in after she came from the cottage, sobbing:

"Oh, Mrs. Dare, if I had only used my influence the other way, Mary never would have married that brute."

It made her very good to Mary and the children, and there was never want at the cottage, let Roger act as badly as he would.

But when the drunken fit was over, at the time when Bessie was a baby, Roger got one tongue-lashing from Miss Ethel I do not believe he has ever forgotten.

I was up in Mary's room, for Miss Ethel took the housekeeping and sent me to nurse the poor woman, and I heard Roger come in, sober and maudlin penitent as he always was. Miss Ethel was walking up and down with the baby, a sickly little mite I never thought would live, and she just spoke out for once.

Of course Roger pleaded bad company. Bah! that makes me sick, when a strong healthy man

admits he can be pulled by the nose by anybody to make a beast of himself.

"Then go where there is no bad company," flashed out Miss Ethel. "You are only a torment and a burden here! Go, try a new life, and see if you cannot find some manliness in you."

He just slunk away, without a word. But after she cooled down, Miss Ethel was frightened.

"Suppose he goes!" she said to me. "He is Mary's husband, and I had no right to send him from her."

"He'll not go far!" I said. "You make his home too comfortable for that. 'Bad shillings ever come back!'"

But I was half frightened, too, when a whole month passed without a word of Roger. Mr. Winston had enquired about him, for poor Mary was in a dreadful state.

After a month had gone, and we could not get any news, Mary plucked up a little heart for the children's sake. She put up a bill in the window for clear starching and fine laundry work, and there were plenty glad to employ her. Her ruffles and crimping were a perfect picture, and she never slighted an inch of her work. Of course she had all Miss Ethel's dresses and fine things, and everybody in Hilton or near, sent their clear starching to Mary. So she made a comfortable living, and after a time she stopped fretting for Roger, and made her happiness by watching the children.

They were pretty children, and good ones too. The two older ones went to school at Hilton, and Miss Ethel gave them prizes I do believe every time they spelled "cat" right. Bessie was nearly four years old, when one morning in December, just two days before Christmas, Miss Ethel was helping me as she often did, about the mince-meat and plum pudding, when there was a knock at the door, and—well you might have knocked me down with a feather—there stood Roger!

He was sober, that was certain, and he was dressed as clean and spruce as he ever was in his courting days. He was ashamed, but he looked Miss Ethel pretty squarely in the face, too, when he said:

"Miss Winston, I've come back, but I'll not go near Mary or the children till you say I may. You sent me away, and you must send me back."

She was very pale, and her face was very grave, when she answered him.

"Roger," she said, "you know well why I sent you away. Can I trust you to go back? Mary has had a peaceful, happy life for the last four years. She is bringing up her children as a Christian mother should. Can you help her? Will you be to her a loving husband? Will you be a true father to your children? I dare not send you back to thrust them down again to the misery you caused them before. Can I trust you?"

"God helping me, Miss Ethel," he said, "I think you can. I've not touched liquor in four years. You see I would not come back until I had tested my own strength. I've been with a good man, Miss Ethel; not a gentleman who talked to me and tried to make me better as your father did, but a working man who had been through the fire himself, and who knew just how a man is tempted when he has once let drink get a clutch on him. He's sat by me all night many's the time for fear I'd steal away, and I've laid cursing him in my heart for watching me. But we got the best of the craving at last, and I've a letter, Miss Ethel, from the livery stable in the city where I've been working. I've been there day and night for over two years, and you see the foreman's written for me that I've never touched liquor in that time. There were plenty to coax me to drink, too, Miss, and as much bad company as would ruin many an honest man. But I've been a praying man, I have indeed, Miss, and I've kept Mary and the children in my heart all the time. I think you *can* trust me."

"I will!" she said, quietly. "But oh, Roger, can you wait two days? I should like you to go back on Christmas Day."

"I'll do whatever you say, Miss."

"Wait here, then, till I speak to my father."

It was easy enough to make Mr. Winston do whatever Miss Ethel asked him, and before night Roger was back in his old room over the stable. I kept the servants from tattling, and we kept him snug till Christmas morning, when Miss Ethel sent me over to the cottage to keep Mary from the front, as she drove into Hilton.

So I went over, after I had put a great turkey, a basket of goodies and a bundle of toys in the carriage, and I found Mary very sad and quiet, with the children clustered around her.

"I miss Roger more on a holiday, Mrs. Dare," she said to me, "it seems so strange for him to be living and away from me. If he was dead, I could talk to the children about him better. But when I think of him far away, with no home, no wife—" and here she broke down, and just as I was wondering if it was not my duty to tell her, Miss Ethel came in like a breeze. In two minutes she had Harry blowing a trumpet, and Bessie in her lap in ecstasies over a new doll. I went into the buttery to see what would be wanted for the dinner, but I could see, through the open door, Roger, in his coachman's livery, coming up the walk with a turkey and a basket.

In another minute I heard a cry of joy from Mary, and then Miss Ethel came into the buttery, crying like a baby, but closing the door.

"If he breaks down again!" she sobbed. "Oh, if I am only bringing new misery to the house instead of happiness, what shall I do?"

"You are doing right now," I said. "You have no right to separate a man and his wife."

"God grant Roger may be strong!" she said.

And God granted the prayer. It is ten years since that happy Christmas, the merriest ever spent in the cottage, and there is not in all Hilton a pleasanter home or a more contented wife than are found under Roger's roof.

THE OLD YEAR.

WITH furrowed brow, white beard, and failing sight,
The Old Year lay,
Waiting the voice which him at dead of night
Would call away.

And many a watcher in the silence deep,
With awe-hushed breath
Gathered around to pray, lament, or weep,
And wait for death.

Ah! 'tis a solemn hour which ushers in
The death of years;
Time laden with the burden of our sin,
Our hopes and fears.

And many a heart that thoughtless long had been
Grew thoughtful now,
And passed, in swift array, full many a scene
Which dimmed the brow.

And memories of the gifts the months had given
With liberal hearts—
Stood side by side with thoughts of home-ties riven,
And sorrows dark.

Within one home a dimpled baby slept
Its last sound sleep,
And round its white-draped couch its parents wept
In anguish deep.

"With the new year you came to us," they cry,
"And on its breast
It bears you hence. 'Tis hard to have you die—
But God knows best."

Alone, in brooding sadness, with a form
Yet strangely fair,
A young girl stood, and battled with a storm
Of dark despair.

"It goes, the old year goes!" she cried, "and oh,
Could I go too!
This poor wrecked heart in dreamless sleep lie low,
Nor see the new.

"Ah, when it came, how happy then was I—
But now no more!
A dream of love, a dream of misery,
And all is o'er."

One sat amid a band of revellers light,
The laugh and jest
Rang out. But something deeper seemed to-night
To stir his breast.

His thoughts flew back, back to his earlier lot,
Fresh life and sweet,
When the years such dark stains of guilt saw not,
Nor strayed his feet.

"And oh!" he thought, "would I were pure as then,
Nor learned to drink
Of that cursed cup which only maketh men
In woe to sink.

"But all too late! My life has lost its bloom,
No help, no stay;
A drunkard's life,—a drunkard's death my doom,
And oh, for aye!"

And so they mused and mourned in many a home
With spirits sore;
But all in vain—the old year's hour was come,
Its life was o'er.

They could not live again the ill-lived life,
They could not call
Back from the past the hours of peace or strife,—
He took them all.

But ere he went, came from the death-bed there
A parting word,
A tone of hope or warning in despair
Its last breath heard.

"I go," the old year said, "and it is meet
Ye should lament
For loss of all the beautiful and sweet,
And months ill spent.

"Yet say not, think not that I with me bear
All hope from sight,
For lo! God sends to chase away despair,
A friend more bright.

"Parents who mourn your babe, he goes to spend
New Year above,
Maiden with drooping heart, there is a Friend
Gives changeless love.

"And thou, poor lost one, listen to my voice,
And turn to heaven—
And angels, when they hear it, will rejoice,
And peace be given.

"Yea, unto all I say, Give ear, give ear!
Repent, believe;
Learn, by past errors, in the coming year
More wise to live.

"I go—he comes—for so doth God ordain
The years that be,—
Till He, the King, shall come, for aye to reign,
And time shall flee."

FAITH CHILTERN.

HYMN OF REFLECTION.

JOHN ANDERSON. FRED WALKER.

KEY C.

:m .f | s :s :s | d' :t :l | s :l :s | f :m :m
:d .r | m :m :r | d :d :d .r | m :d :d | r :m :m
I have sat in the dwell-ing, where mu - sic was swell-ing, And
:d'.d' | d' :d' :t | l :d' :d'.t | d' :d' :d' | t :d' :d'
:d .d | d :d' :t | l :s :f | m :f :m | r :d :d

s :r :m | r :d :m | d' :t :l | s :— :m .f | s :s :s
r :r :d | t, :d :m | m :s :fe | s :— :m .r | m :m :r
plea-sure stood wav-ing her gar - lands of green; I have seen the wit
s :s :s | s :s :s | l :t :d' | t :— :d'.d' | d' :d' :t
t, :t, :d | f :m :d | l, :r :r | {s, s,} :— :d .d | d :d' :t

d' :t :l | s :l :s | f :m :m | f :m :l | s :t :d'
d :d :d .r | m :d :d | r :m :m | f :m :f | s :f :m
beaming, the har - mo - ny streaming, At night, when the bowl flung its
d' :d' :d'.t | d' :d' :d' | t :d' :d' | d' :d' :d' | d' :s :s
l :s :f | m :f :m | r :d :ta | l :s :f | m :r :d

r' :l :t | d' :— :s | s :r' :t | d' :s :s | s :r' :t
r :f :f | m :— :m | s :s :s | s :s :m | s :s :s
spell o'er the scene. But day - light came stealing, strange vi - sions re -
l :l :s | s :— :d' | r' :t :r' | d' :d' :d' | r' :t :r'
f :r :s | d :— :d | t, :s, :f | m :m :d | t, :s, :f

d' :s :s | d' :t :l | fe :s :d' | t :d' :l | s :— :s
s :s :s | d' :t :l | fe :s :s | s :s :fe | s :— :s
veal-ing; Then mirth was far dis - tant—fe - li - ci - ty fled— Wit's
d' :d' :s | d' :t :l | fe :s :s | r' :m' :d' | t :— :t
m :m :s | d' :t :l | fe :s :m | r :r :r | s :— :s

r' :l :t | d' :s :s | r' :l :t | d' :s :s
s :l :s | s :s :s | s :l :s | s :s :s
torch lay ex - tin-guished, and all once dis - tin-guished, Like
t :d' :r' | d' :d' :d' | t :d' :r' | d' :d' :s
f :f :f | m :m :m | f :f :f | m :m :s

f' :m' :r' | d' :t :l | s :l :t | d' :—
r' :d' :t | l :s :f | m :f :r | m :—
brown leaves in au - tumn, were wi - thered and dead.
f' :m' :r' | d' :t :l | s :f :s | s :—
r' :d' :t | l :s :f | m :r :s | d :—

The Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

2 I have joined in the chorus, whose melodies bore us
Away on their pinions to regions of light;
I have felt the appealing of friendship's fond feeling
At night, when the bowl was the source of delight.
But day-dawn returning, saw nothing but mourning,
Then friendship, deep wounded, lay bleeding in thrall;
And the eyes, lately glowing, with salt tears were flowing,
While bosoms so happy were flooded with gall.

3 I have heard the wise teaching, the lovely beseeching,
In accents as sweet as the voices of May;
I have seen the grave merry, the mourners more cheery
At night, when the bowl put their passions in play.
But, ah me! in the morning the sages lay scorning,
And furies held rule where the graces had sway;
Then bright beauty had vanished, and wisdom was banished,
And darkness came on with the dawn of the day!

ANOTHER YEAR.

T.B.
KEY D. EDWIN MOSS.

:m	f	:m	|r	:-.f	m	:r	|d	m	l	:fe	|s	:-.t	d'	:l	|s
:d	d	:d	|d	:-.d	d	:t,	|d	d	d	:d	|t,	:-.r	m	:d	|t,
A -	no -	ther	year	its	course	hath	run,	Since	last	we	thus	to	ge -	ther	met,
:s	l	:s	|l	:-.l	s	:f	|m	s	l	:l	|s	:-.s	s	:fe	|s
:d	d	:d	|f	:-.r	s	:s,	|d	d	l,	:r	|m	:-.t,	l,	:r	|s,

:r	f	:-.m	|m	:r	s	:-.f	|m	m	l	:-.m	|m	:l	t	:-.t	|d'
:t,	d	:-.d	|t,	:t,	d	:-.r	|d	r	d	:-.d	|m	:m	f	:-.m	|m
To	tell	of vic -		t'ries	we	had	won,	Of	foes	we had		to	con -	quer	yet;
:s	l	:-.s	|s	:s	s	:-.s	|s	se	l	:-.l	|d'	:d'	l	:-.se	|l
:s	f	:-.d	|f	:f	m	:-.t,	|d	t,	l,	:-.l,	|l	:l	r	:-.m	|l,

:d'	t	:l	|s	:m'	r'	:d'	|l	r	s	:-.f	|m	:f	r	:r	|d
:r	r	:f	|m	:s	f	:s	|f	t,	d	:-.r	|d	:d	d	:t,	|d
And	means de-vise		by		which we might			Still	spread a-broad true				Temp'rance light.		
:l	s	:s	|s	:s	t	:d'	|d'	s	s	:-.s	|s	:l	r.m	:f	|m
:fe,	s,	:t,	|d	:d	r	:m	|f	f	m	:-.t,	|d	:f,	s,	:s,	|d

2 Preserved by Providence divine,
Lord, in Thy name again we meet,
Now cause on us Thy face to shine,
And make our work in Thee complete:
In vain we toil unless Thou own
Our work, and with Thv blessing crown.

3 We praise Thy name that Thou hast wrought
By instruments so weak as we;
Abandoned drunkards have been brought
To hate their sin, and turn to Thee.
To Thee in prayer their voices raise,
And blasphemies give place to praise.

4 Encouraged by our past success,
We labour on at Thy command;
With warmer zeal we onward press,
To renovate our native land;
Nor will we cease, till o'er the world
The Temperance banner is unfurled.

5 Arise, O God! Thy cause maintain,
Our efforts bless, Thy work succeed,
Till every tribe of man abstain,
And earth from all strong drink is freed;
This curse remove, O God! we pray,
And bring the blest millennial day.

From the "Standard Book of Song," issued by the National Temperance Publication Depot.

VARIETIES.

"We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears."

THE PASSING YEARS.

Tis not for man to trifle. Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours:
All must be earnest in a world like ours.
Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we—
One, only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

At Christmas-tide the fields are bare,
A shiver of frost is in the air;
The wind blows keen across the wold
Gone is the Autumn's glimmer of gold.
But lo! a red rose opens wide
In the glowing light of the ingle-side—
A rose whose fragrance sweet and far
Is shed at the beaming of Bethlehem's star;
And once again the angels sing
That love is heaven, and Christ is King.

At Christmas-tide the children go
With dancing footsteps over the snow;
At Christmas-tide the world is bright
With the sudden splendour that thrilled the night,
And made the dawn a shining way,
When first earth awakened to Christmas day.
Ah! hide your faces, churls and rude,
For none have a heart to share your mood.
At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven, and claims it own.

At Christmas-tide are chiming bells;
O! silvery clear their cadence swells.
They smite the cold of arctic plains;
They ripple through falling of tropic rains;
In palaces men pause to hear
The wonderful message of peace and cheer;
In lowly huts the peasants pray
With blessing to God for the happy day:
On every breeze the joy is borne
Around the globe on the Christmas morn;
And loud once more the angels sing
That Love is heaven, and Christ is King.

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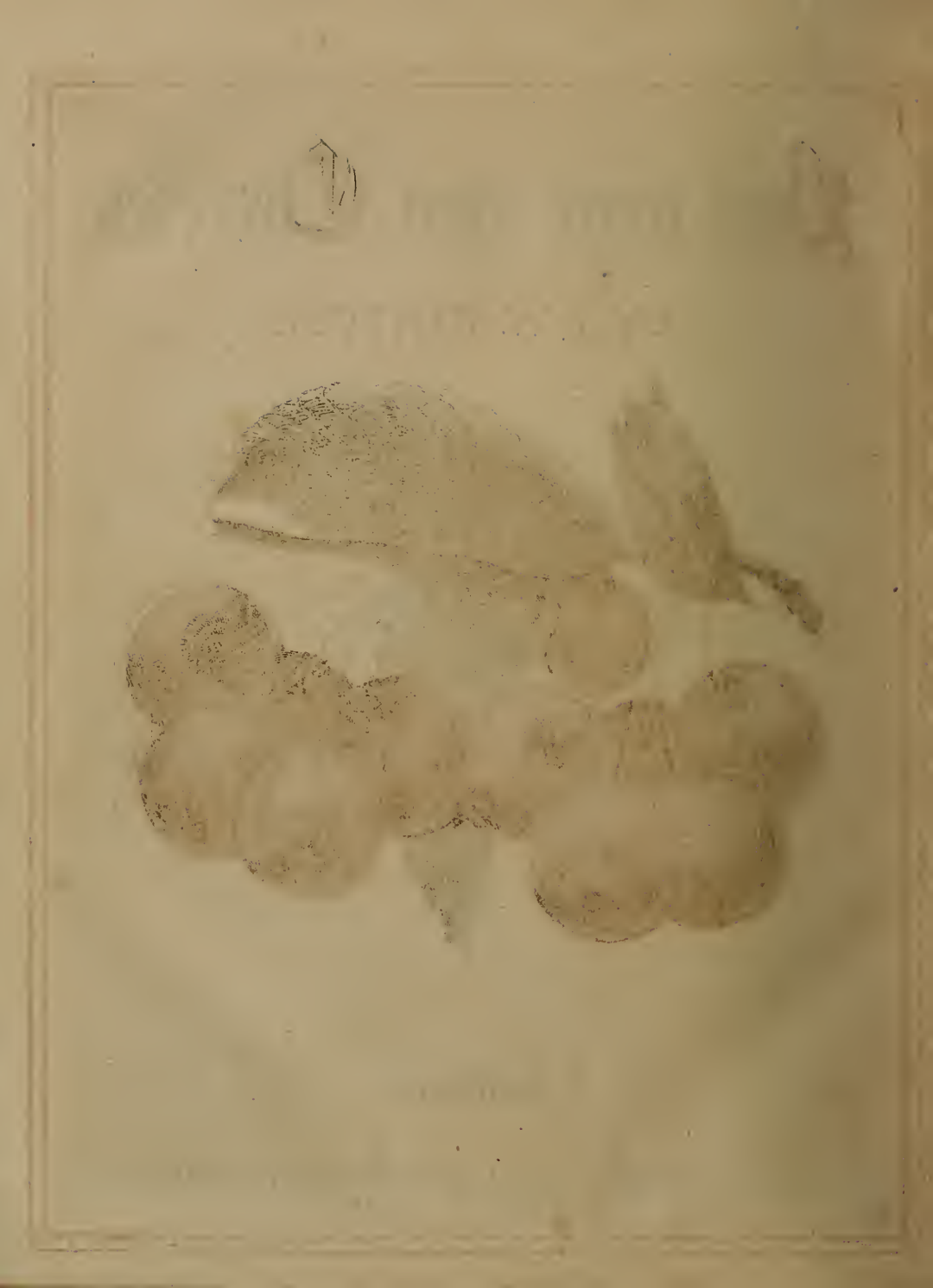

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It was about 3 o'clock one scorching hot Saturday afternoon in July, when John Lewis the carpenter laid down his hammer on the bench, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a few coppers, "Just the price of a pint," as he said to himself; so he resolved to step across the road to the "Golden Eagle" and have some ale to slake his thirst. Just as he opened the "Bar" door, what should he see on the polished counter, but a plate of beautiful ripe cherries, the sight of which made John's mouth water so freely, that, ere he knew exactly what he was doing, he had stretched out his hand to take a few, when the shrill voice of the landlady called out,

"You touch 'em if you dare, sir!"

John was startled; but before he could reply, she added,

"The idea of taking such liberties! I should like to know what you are thinking about?"

"Well, missus, I was only going to take one or two to wet my whistle."

"You had better not try it on," she replied with warmth.

"Why not; you won't mind my having a few, will you? I am so thirsty, and they look so tempting," said John, thinking she was joking.

"No, sir, not one. I have just bought 'em as a treat for my children; they are a fine sort, and very dear."

"Well, just let me try one."

"No, not one!" she answered, with determination in every look; "if you want any, go and 'buy your own cherries!'"

"Well, I was going to have a pint of your best," (?) replied John; "but I think I'll take your advice, and go and buy some cherries instead," and turning round, he walked out of the shop.

The landlady saw in a moment she had made a mistake, and called loudly for John to come back. This only made him

quicken his steps to get away as fast as he could.

"Well, I've done it now," she said, as, taking up the plate of cherries, she passed into the bar-parlour; "what a stupid I was not to let him have just one or two. He is too good a customer to lose without an effort, so I must look out for him when he comes to pay his score, and coax him; he must be won over again if possible." She thus tried to calm down her feelings while these thoughts passed through her mind.

As she was thus planning his ruin, he was far down the street, looking out for a shop where fruit was sold. As soon as he caught sight of some cherries, he called out,—

"Here, Master, let me have three pen'orth of those cherries, will you?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, and soon placed in his hand the cherries in a paper bag, with which John at once returned to the workshop. All this had taken place in a few minutes, and the events had come so quickly one upon the other that he had hardly had time to feel the full force of the treatment he had received. But when he had opened the bag of cherries on the bench, and put one in his mouth, its sweetness seemed to bring back the sour words of the landlady with such additional force that they seemed to "stick in his throat." As he swallowed the juicy fruit, each seemed to repeat the landlady's words, "Buy your own cherries."

"Yes, that I will," said John to himself, "if this is the way you serve a fellow, after spending many a pound with you; and now to begrudge me even a paltry cherry!" And striking his hammer on the nail, as he muttered the words, its sound seemed to answer back to him, "Buy your own cherries."

All the rest of that afternoon these words haunted him. Do what he would, the saw, the plane, and every other tool, gave the same advice. At times he appeared to grow desperate, and from his lips would rush the words, "Buy your own cherries."

"Ah! yes," said he, as his wounded conscience galled him, "I've bought them too long for her and her children: I'll take care of number one for the future. I shall then not only be able to buy 'my own cherries,' but many other sweet things beside."

At length the bell rang for leaving off work. John went to the counting-house and received his wages, which amounted generally to about thirty shillings per week. Now, although he was in the habit of paying frequent visits to the public-house, he was not by any means what people would call a drunkard. Indeed, he would have felt insulted if any one had dared to apply such a term to him, and, no doubt, would have been ready *in his way* to prove that he only took what he thought would do him good. It was true he did on a Saturday night sometimes get over the score, as the friendly glass went round more freely than usual, and also went home later now and then. But the cheerful song caused the time to fly so fast that he felt he must prove that he was a good fellow, who must do as others do. If at such times, the wife complained that the money left was barely sufficient to purchase the needful things for the coming week, he was apt to tell her to "mind her own business," and a few sharp words between them would often follow. But, alas! such scenes are too well known to need description, and Mary, like many others, had grown weary with complaining; so she had firmly resolved to do her best to make the house as comfortable as her limited means would allow, and, by kind words and looks, to strive to make the home as attractive as possible, feeling assured that by some means she might expect to draw him *from* the public-house: the opposite course would most likely *drive* and keep him there.

John, having received his wages went back to his bench, and for a few minutes stood with the money in his hand, evidently hesitating what to do.

"Well, what shall I do?" at length he said to himself. "I must go and pay my score, for I don't wish to be dishonest. If I

"HERE, MASTER, LET ME HAVE THREE PEN'ORTH."

knew how much it was I'd send it: but never mind, I'll go and pay her off and have done with her for ever."

In a few minutes he was once more within the reach of the landlady of the "Golden Eagle."

The moment she caught sight of him, she put on her best smiles, and without giving him time to utter a word, said in the most pleasant way she could,

"I am so glad to see you, John. We've just tapped a barrel of our best." Drawing a glass, and holding it to him, she added, "I wish your opinion of it."

"No, thank you, I don't want any," said John; "I've come to pay you what I owe. How much is it?"

"What's your hurry?" said Mrs. Boniface. "Come, take a glass like a man!"

"No, not a drop," said John; "I want to be off."

"Well, will you have a glass of something short?" she asked again, very pressing. "Tom Smith's in the parlour, and Dick Bates will be here directly; you're not going just yet!"

"Will you let me know how much I owe you?" said John, getting impatient, "or I'll go without settling."

"Ah! I see now that I put my foot in it this afternoon, and offended you," said the landlady; "but I hope you won't mind a few words spoken in haste: come, do let us be friends once more."

"Not a dram will I take here or any where else, if I know it; and as to offending me, I don't see that it matters to you so long as you get your money."

"But," said the landlady, while she was reckoning up the P's and Q's (pints and quarts), "I don't like to quarrel with any one, especially with you. Now do let us make it up; and as for the cherries, why I was only joking, as you will see, for I've kept them on purpose for you,"—fetching them out of the parlour,—see, here they are."

"No, thank you, said John, with a smile; "I took your advice, and went and bought some, which were delicious." Now, take what I owe you out of this sovereign, for I want to be off."

"I don't like," said the landlady, as she took up the money, "really to change this without your tasting something. What *will* you take?"

"Nothing, I say again; I don't believe in your throwing a sprat to catch a mackerel," said John, speaking impatiently. Taking up his change, he walked out, and was soon on his way home.

"Well, I have made a nice mess of it this time!" thought the landlady. "If ever I get caught again losing my temper, I'll be bound it shall not be over such a good customer as he has been. If it had been one of those noisy fellows I shouldn't have cared a bit; but a nice quiet fellow like John, who takes his glasses so regularly, and pays up so well every week. But I'll look out and lay my traps to catch him before long, and the first chance I get to set him going again I will. He is not going to slip off in this way, I can assure him; he is too good to lose without an effort; and he may depend upon it that when I have him right again, I'll keep him, I warrant."

While she was thus planning in her own mind John's future capture, he had hurried home, and reached it, much to the surprise of his wife, long before his usual time. She soon put the kettle on for his tea, and, while setting the tea-things the water boiled.

John took his tea almost in silence, which was so unusual that Mary was on the point of asking him what was the matter, or how it was that he was home so soon. Just as she was going to speak he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out some money, threw it in her lap, saying, "I suppose you'll be going to market soon, Mary?"

"Yes," said Mary, and she would have added, "And I shall be glad to go soon;" but she had learnt, by past experience, that she must not say too much on Saturday night. Taking up the money, she went into the bed-room to put on her bonnet and shawl. On looking to see how much he had given her, she was surprised to find some three or four shillings more than usual.

"I wonder whether he knows how much he has given me,"

thought Mary; but afraid, if she returned to ask, he might want it back, she quickly passed down stairs into the street, fearing every moment that he would be after her for the extra shillings. She had not gone far before she heard some one running fast behind her, and thinking to be sure it was he, she looked round, but found to her great joy that it was only a boy. So on she went; and being a thrifty body, who knew how to lay out the money in the best way, she quickly visited the different shops, and bought the needful things that her family would want during the coming week; adding to her store a few comforts which the extra shillings enabled her to buy. When she came back with her basket well filled from market, she found, from what the children told her, that John started almost directly after her, and had not returned: so she feared lest, after all, he had gone in search of her. When he did come in nothing was said on either side. Thus the night ended with that curious coldness which drink often causes between man and wife.

Sunday was spent in John's usual manner. In the morning he went out for a walk, and after dinner stayed at home to read the newspaper. When the shades of evening gathered around, he strolled out and did not return until after ten o'clock. (How many thus waste God's holy day through the cursed drink!) This being a regular thing with him, no notice was taken of it. Yet Mary thought John quiet and dull, and once ventured to ask him kindly whether he was well. As he said he was all right, she did not venture to question him any more about it, thinking it best to wait and see what was up. All the next week passed off at home without any change. But John, not liking to return home sooner than usual, went on Monday to a temperance meeting. He was so much interested with what he heard, that when another meeting was announced to be held not far from there the next evening, he decided to go; and from what the speakers said of the good it had done for them and their families, he signed the pledge.

"IS ALL THIS FOR ME, JOHN?"

On the next Saturday, when the bell rang, and John went to the office for his wages, he felt a thrill of joy run through him, as he retired to a quiet corner of the workshop after receiving them. Looking at the sovereign and a half which lay in his hand, he said, "It is many a long day since I could say you both belonged to me; and now I have got you I'll take good care I don't part with you unless I get plenty out of you." Clasping the money in his hand, and putting it and its contents into his pocket, you might have heard him say, "I'll buy my own cherries, that I will."

He at once started off home, which he reached of course even sooner than the week before. Mary was doubly pleased to see him, and soon placed the tea before him, and bustled about the room, doing her best to keep the children quiet. She felt once or twice almost on the point of saying how pleased she was, but checked herself, lest he might, when giving her the money, stop some for what she thought the last week's mistake.

When he had nearly finished his meal, he said, "Well, Mary, you'll be wanting to go a-marketing directly, I suppose: there's your money," throwing it in her lap.

She felt as if her heart was ready to sink as she took the money in her hand. "Ah!" she thought, "he has soon stopped the overplus of last week," but thinking by the light of the fire it looked rather yellow, she went to the window (for it was a narrow street in which they lived, where the daylight never fairly entered the room, except by accident, or when a streak of sunlight shot its rays down among them). "Can it be possible?" she thought; "a sovereign and a half!" as with an utterance of surprise she asked "Is all this for me, John?"

"Yes," said John, "and I hope you'll try and spend it well."

"I hope you havn't done any thing wrong to get it, John," said Mary, the tears standing in her eyes.

"No, my lass," said John, while his heart trembled with emotion; "I have done wrong long enough,

and I am going to try and do right for the future."

"But—" said Mary.

"Never mind any more questions now," said John; "get your bonnet and shawl, and let us both go to market."

Mary did not need telling a second time to get ready. But she kept all the while wondering how it was to be accounted for. However, while she was tying her strings, she resolved that she would quietly wait until John thought proper to give her an explanation. Bidding Sally and Tommy take care of the other children and put them to bed, and to be sure and mind the house, they went out together to market.

On the road, John briefly told her all, and the decision he had come to, and asked her to forgive him for the past, and help him to do better in the time to come. To all of which of course Mary listened with trembling, yet joyful interest. Their conversation was soon stopped by their coming to the first place that they should call at, which was the butcher's, who, when he saw them together, ceased crying, "What will you buy?" "For," thought he, "they won't want much. A small joint that every body else leaves, or some pieces in yonder corner at 4*d.* a pound." So he turned round to look at his stock of meat with his back towards John and Mary.

He was soon aroused by hearing John's voice, "I say, guv'nor, what's this leg of mutton a pound?" On looking round he saw John in the act of handling the joint of meat.

"The idea of your asking such a question!" thought the butcher. But quick as thought he said, "Eightpence a pound to you!"

"Take it down, and see what it weighs," said John.

"Yes," thought the butcher to himself, "I'll weigh it, and that will settle you, I know."

"It weighs just 8lbs., and comes to 5 shillings and 4 pence."

"Now you are done," thought the butcher.

"I'll have it," said John.

"Yes," thought the butcher, "when you've paid for it."

"Here, Mary," said John, "give

him the money, seeing the butcher looking rather doubtful at them both.

Mary pushed her finger inside her old glove and brought out the sovereign, and laid it on the butcher's block as carefully as if she was afraid of rubbing all the gold off.

The butcher watched every movement, and thought that all this care was only part of a plan to deceive him, and that the money of course was bad. So, taking it up quickly, he bounced it hard upon the block to test its quality. But when its ring assured him that it was all right, his face changed its expression and his voice its tone, as he asked, with great politeness,—

"Can I send it home for you, sir? Is there any other article—beef, pork, &c.?" while the change rested between his fingers, as if he did not wish to part with it.

"No," said John, feeling rather vexed, "nothing else to-night."

"Thank you, sir. Let me see, you live at No. 20, Broad Street, don't you?"

"Yes," said John, as Mary took up the change. They then passed out of the shop.

It is not necessary to follow them round to the other shops. It is only right to say that each shopkeeper was surprised and pleased to receive larger orders and more money, and of course showed an extra amount of civility.

While they were going from shop to shop to make purchases, the children at home were having their talk about the matter.

"How funny," said Tommy, "to see father and mother go out to market together."

"Yes," said Sally, "isn't it?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether any body has died, and left father some money."

While they were thus engaged in talking, a sharp rap at the door aroused them. Sally opened the door. There stood a butcher's boy with a basket and a leg of mutton in it.

"Does Mister Lewis live here?" asked the boy.

"No," said Sally, "there's no one of that name lives here."

"It's strange?" said the boy, "I

"TAKE IT DOWN AND SEE WHAT IT WEIGHS, SAID JOHN."

was told this was the house. Isn't this No. 20?"

"Yes, this is No. 20; but no one of that name lives here."

"Who does live here then?" asked the boy.

"My father and mother, and me," replied Sally.

"And what's *your* father's name?" asked the boy.

"They call him Jack Lewis."

"Well, that's the same man: Mister and Jack's all the same," said the boy. "Come, here's a leg of mutton for him."

"Oh, I'm sure you're wrong," said Sally; "we never have such things come to our house."

"But I tell you it's all right," said the boy, "for it's paid for."

"Well, if it's paid for, I'll take it in; but I'm sure you'll have to come and fetch it back again," replied Sally.

"Oh, it'll be all right," said the boy, as he went away.

"My word!" said Tommy, "isn't it a whopper?" And the little fellow fairly danced about the room for joy. While he was cutting his capers in this manner, another knock was heard at the door.

"Here he comes," said Tommy. "Shall I bring the leg of mutton?"

But on opening the door, a baker's boy presented himself with three large loaves.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" asked the boy.

"Well," replied Sally, thinking it strange, "my father's called Jack Lewis, if that's him?"

"All right! here's the loaves for him."

"Are they paid for?" asked Sally.

"Yes," said the boy. "Come, make haste."

"Well, I'll take 'em in, seeing as how they are paid for; but we never have such big loaves as them come to our house, and you'll have to fetch 'em back again,—there's some mistake, I'm sure."

"There, that's all fudge!" said the boy, and off he went.

"My word! ain't them busters?" said Tommy; "see, sister, they're quite new. Only fancy if they *was* our's, wouldn't we make a hole in 'em!"

Again he started off with a dance and a shout, in the midst

of which another rap at the door was heard.

"Here they are," Tommy said, "I'll bring 'em to the door."

But upon the door being opened, there was a lad with parcels of tea, sugar, coffee, &c. Again the same question was asked. But Sally by this time had decided to take in all that was paid for, telling each one, "They mustn't be surprised if they had to fetch 'em back again."

The greengrocer sent potatoes and cabbages; the butterman, eggs, bacon, and butter; and a few other articles from different shops arrived, until the table was full.

"I do wish father and mother would come home," said Sally. "Suppose a policeman was to come, what should we do?"

"I wonder," asked Tommy, "whether father and mother's going to keep a shop?"

"Don't be silly; you would be still if we were sent to prison."

While they were talking in this way they were rejoiced to hear the voices of their father and mother. They were soon told that the things on the table were for the coming week, and that all of them would have a share if they were good. Giving each a piece of the loaf, they were sent off to bed, and told to be quiet. But quietness was out of the question: no sooner were they upstairs than they began to talk of the morrow's feasting, and their tongues made such noise that it awoke the other children; and then Tommy was heard telling them that downstairs there was such a whopping leg of mutton, and such big loaves, and lots of other things. This soon led them to set up a shout which brought the mother to the foot of the stairs, and she said, "If you children don't be quiet, you shan't have any pudding to-morrow."

"Pudden! pudden!" said the little ones, "what's that?" And again the voice of Tommy was heard telling the others that downstairs there was flour and currants, and that on the morrow mother had promised to make them such a big plum-pudding. Of course, with this additional piece of news, was it any wonder that their eyes were not much troubled with sleep, and that, long before the proper time for getting up had

JOHN'S CHILDREN SURPRISED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

arrived, Tommy was showing them, by the aid of the pillows, how mother would make the pudding? Oh, how they longed for the time to arrive when they might be able to know in reality that the "proof of the pudding is in the eating!"

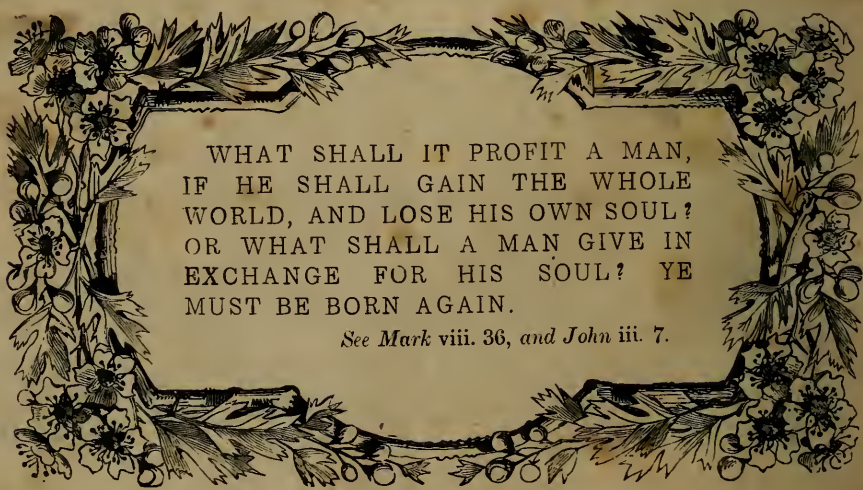
The day at length came, and the whole of the articles were displayed to the astonished eyes of all the children. When they were all seated around the table, and mother brought out a plate of nice rosy ripe cherries, was it any wonder that the children set up a shout of joy, and that Mary's heart was full of emotion? Indeed she could not help drawing close to John, while the children were making earrings of the cherries, and putting her arms round his neck, she kissed him, while tears of real joy trickled down her cheeks as she softly said, "John, if you will only continue to buy your own cherries we may be happy yet."

And so it was; for in a short time John found he could buy clothes for his children, then for himself and his wife. Then it began to be whispered that he was getting proud, for he moved into a better house, where he only had to pay a little more rent. Soon after he began to put his savings in the Building Society, and thus enable him to build a house for himself. The master finding him more than ever attentive to his work appointed him as foreman, at an advanced rate of wages. John began then to say, that "he found it vastly more pleasant to receive £2 10s. a week for looking after men do the work, then 30s. for doing it."

Step by step he rose, until he became a master himself; and instead of working, he could afford to pay other men to look after it and do it for him. He sent his son Tommy to a first-rate school; and in due time he was apprenticed to a doctor, and is now practising as a physician with a good connection. The rest of the children have been well educated. He himself has built a nice row of houses, from which he receives sufficient to keep him without work the remainder of his days. Now in a handsome "Villa,"

which he has lately had built, and fitted up with everything to make it comfortable, he may often be seen reclining in an easy chair, viewing with evident satisfaction and pleasure, through the drawing-room window, a cherry tree, which he has planted with his own hands, and on which he for some time past has been able to "*grow his own cherries*." It was a pleasant sight when, added to all this, he and his wife became hearty supporters of the "Grand Alliance," and the Temperance cause; and, by the blessing of God, consistent members of a Christian church.

WORKING MEN! the moral is soon told:—It is not how much money a week you earn, but *what you do with it* when you get it! How many home-comforts, in the shape of carpets, sofas, clothes, books, boots and shoes, etc., are lost by your spending the money in the wrong way and at the wrong shop.

If you learn nothing else by this tale of real life, you may learn this, that if you wish to have a "Home, sweet home," you must

"BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES!"